

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977

It's alive!

Dr. Victor Von Frankenstein

○○○

Everybody's a mad scientist,
and life is their lab.

David Cronenberg

○○○

So, come up to the lab and see what's on
the slab

I see you shiver with antici... pation!

But, maybe the rain isn't really to blame

So, I'll remove the cause... BUT NOT

THE SYMPTOM!

Dr. Frank N. Furter, *The Rocky Horror*

Picture Show

○○○

I know you're desperate, I really
sympathize

I see the morbid horror flicker in your
eyes



But rest assured I'm gonna
help to ease your pain

I'm gonna put a thousand
tiny implants in your brain

Motörhead, *I'm the Doctor*

○○○

Everyone's always in favor of

saving Hitler's brain, but when you put it
in the body of a great white shark, ooooh,
suddenly you've gone too far!

Professor Hubert J. Farnsworth,

Futurama

○○○

Professor Ivo: You must be that "mad
scientist" we're always hearing about...

T.O. Morrow: I'll have you know I
studied mad science at Harvard, you oaf!

Both: Ha ha ha ha ha!

Justice League of America #5

All men, however highly educated,
retain some superstitious inklings.

H.G. Wells, The Invisible Man

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed
or frightened but go on in fortune
or misfortune at their own private
pace, like a clock during a
thunderstorm.

Robert Louis Stevenson, *The
Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

The earliest origin we have been
able to trace from the crazy
scientific term is lost in the murky
late nineteenth century and is
awarded to an anonymous Newark
lawyer.

But we did not stop there, and we
discovered Johann Georg Faust
(Knittlingen, Germany, 1480);
Wandering astrologer, astrologer

April- May- June #155 2017

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterranà

ISSN: 2340-977

Directors: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen
Rosa Signes Urrea

Editor: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

Main cover: Científicos locos / *Rubén Paricio Font*
(Spain)

Back cover: Threads_04 / *Sergey Musin (Russia)*

Cover design: Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Contributions should be sent to:

minaturacu@yahoo.es

Avenida del Pozo 7 San Juan de Moró, 12130,
Castellón de la Plana, España

¿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/>

and alchemist; Of which he is said to have been accompanied by two infernal mastiffs (a gift from Lucifer himself), died during the explosion of his laboratory in 1550. This Faust (or Faustus of Latin "El Feliz") inspired Goethe, who gave him the solidity of a universal myth.

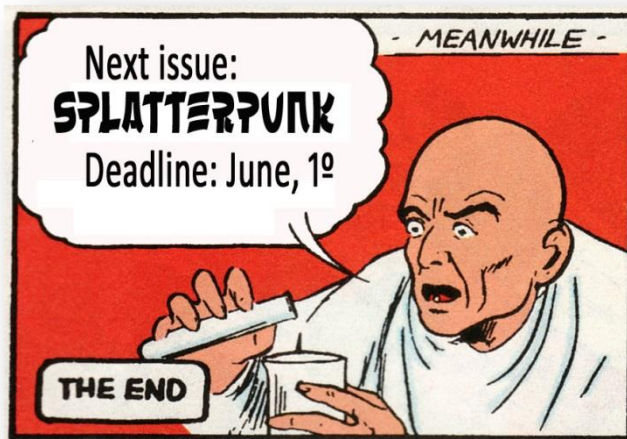
The mad scientist is a character marked by tragedy, despised by his peers and feared by the crowd, always ready to carry fire and gallows to what they do not understand. For that reason perhaps it takes refuge in old castles between tics and uncontrollable attacks of hysterical laughter. Let's fear the mad scientist because of him is the world of tomorrow.

With this issue we would like to congratulate also: Miquel-Lluís Rubio i Domingo (Spain), María Luisa Castejón (Spain), Norma Beatriz Demaría (Argentina), Xuan Folguera (Spain), Aurelio Gutiérrez

Cid (Spain), Maize Montenegro, pseud. (Cuba), Patricia Richmond (Spain), Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico), Dante Vázquez Maldonado (Mexico). Winner and finalists of our IX International Competition of Fantastic Poetry miNatura 2017 whose special number will come very soon to light.

As usual in our publication also to thank illustrators:

Rubén Paricio Font (Spain); Francisco Lezcano Lezcano (Spain); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Glen Collins (USA); Yailín Pérez Zamora (Cuba); Thierry Torres Rubio (France); Ariel Carlos Delgado (Colombia); Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain); Sergey Musin (Russia)



Acta del jurado del IX Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2017

Reunidos los votos del Jurado del IX Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2017, formado por:

Manel Aljama (Narrador, España)

Lynette Mabel Pérez (Narradora y poeta, Puerto Rico)

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Narrador, Argentina)

Elaine Vilar Madruga (Narradora y poeta, Cuba)

Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Narradora, España)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Poeta y narrador, Cuba)

Tras la lectura de los 71 poemas presentados, que provenientes de diferentes nacionalidades, a saber:

13 argentinos

1 argentino-australiano

1 brasileño

2 chilenos

2 colombianos

8 cubanos

1 salvadoreño

28 españoles

1 italiano

7 mexicanos

2 peruanos

1 puertorriqueño

4 venezolanos

El jurado señala la dificultad que, un año más, ha supuesto la selección del grupo representativo del que salió el poema ganador de esta novena edición del certamen. Felicitamos a todos los participantes por el interés prestado y naturalmente les invitamos a que sigan presentándose a nuestras convocatorias.

En breve verá la luz el dossier especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al IX Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2017 (Revista Digital miNatura 156) en la que serán publicados tanto el poema ganador como los finalistas, un número especial que contará con la colaboración de un excelente ilustrador. Tanto el ganador de este certamen como los finalistas recibirán por correo electrónico, a la dirección que nos han facilitado, diploma acreditativo de su participación en el concurso.



El jurado del IX Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2017 proclama como ganador del certamen el poema:

LA SEXTINA DE EDGAR ALLAN POE Seudónimo: Ufana Incorrupta
Autor: Miquel– Lluís Rubio i Domingo (España)

En palabras de Ricardo Acevedo miembro de nuestro jurado y director de la Revista Digital miNatura: “En estos tiempos en los que la métrica poética está siendo sustituida por los versos libres, se agradece encontrar un texto que cumpla con la misma. La sextina de Edgar Allan Poe escrita por Miquel-Lluís Rubio i Domingo (España) es una muestra palpable de que la vieja escuela está viva. Acostumbrados como estamos a banalizar la obra del maestro Miquel-Lluís nos advierte, desde la sencillez de una sextina, que el mejor homenaje es aquel que surge de la complicidad de un texto trabajado.”

Así mismo el Jurado decide hacer mención de la calidad de los siguientes poemas finalistas (orden alfabético según apellido del autor/ra):

CANCIÓN DE CUNA Seudónimo: El verdugo / Autora: María Luisa Castejón (España)

POR QUIÉN CLAMAN LOS FANTASMAS Seudónimo: Cliptograma /
Autora: Norma Beatriz Demaría (Argentina)

TEMPUS FUGIT Seudónimo: B4RG2S / Autor. Xuan Folguera (España)

EN EL PALACIO DE LAS SIETE MÁSCARAS Seudónimo: En el palacio de las siete máscaras / Autor: Aurelio Gutiérrez Cid (España)

LA CIUDAD DE LOS MUERTOS Seudónimo: Leónidas / Autor: Horacio Martín Rodio (Argentina)

URDIMBRE DEL ESQUIZO Seudónimo: Citce / Autor: Milho Montenegro, seud. (Cuba)

LA SOMBRA DEL SEÑOR OSCURO Seudónimo: La hija bastarda de Mary Pickford / Autora: Patricia Richmond (España)

NUMEN Seudónimo: Juan Centavo / Autor: Sergio F. S. Sixtos (México)

EL SR. DEL COSTAL Seudónimo: Alderix Cacto / Autor: Dante Vázquez Maldonado (México)

Un año más, nuestro más sincero agradecimiento por la buena acogida que sigue teniendo el certamen que viene a confirmar el interés que la poesía fantástica tiene entre los poetas contemporáneos y que queda evidenciada por la calidad de las obras presentadas. Os esperamos el año próximo en la 10ª edición de este certamen.

Gracias a todos.

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura

San Juan de Moró a 27 de abril de 2017



XV Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico 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 microcuento deberá ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.
3. Los textos tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:
revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com
4. Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de los siguientes datos: seudónimo obligatorio (que aparecerá publicado junto al microcuento para su evaluación, de

no enviarlo se le asignará el título del texto), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, e-mail de contacto y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados).

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

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

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

revistadigitalminatura@gmail.com

7. Los microcuentos tendrán una extensión máxima de 25 líneas. Y deberá ser enviado sin formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado, inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog.

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

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

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

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

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

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

11. En el asunto deberá indicarse: XV Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2017. (No se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

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

13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto.

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

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

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

17. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 5 de octubre de 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/>).

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

19. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 10 de mayo de 2017 y finalizará el día 31 de julio de 2017 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura



Summary:

01/ Cover: Científicos locos / *Rubén Paricio Font (Spain)*

02/ FrikiFrases

03/ Editorial

05/ *Acta del jurado del IX Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2017*

09/ *XV Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2017*

13/ Poster: Alquimista / *Francisco Lezcano Lezcano (Spain)*

09/ Summary

16/ Fear, Lies & China Ink: Situational temporary insanity / *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

Stories:

17/ Schizo / *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

19/ You will walk again / *Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)*

20/ Remedy for the headache / *Daniel Frini (Argentina)*

21/ The Modern Prometheus / *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

23/ Frankenstein / *Samir Karimo (Portugal)*

24/ The city of silence / *Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)*

26/ A great Discovery / *Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)*

27/ Of meat and bone / *Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)*

- 29/ I hate mad scientists / *Daniel Antokoletz (Argentina)*
- 30/ Radio Doppler / *Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba / USA)*
- 32/ Gender question / *Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)*
- 34/ Dreams / *Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*
- 35/ What the monster said to Dr, Frankenstein / *Daniel Frini (Argentina)*
- 36/ The last man / *Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)*
- 37/ Lagado Academy / *Amilcar Rodríguez Cal (Cuba)*
- 38/ First grade / *Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)*
- 40/ Project / *Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*
- 41/ Piety / *Alfredo Ojeda Torres (Chile)*
- 42/ The genesis of a new food chain / *Odilius Vlák —seud.— (Dominican Republic)*
- 44/ I found it! / *Daniel Frini (Argentina)*
- 45/ Solved / *Ricardo Manzanaro (España)*
- 46/ The universal portal / *M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (México)*
- 48/ Salvation / *María Victoria Vázquez (Argentina)*
- 50/ Science discoveries lost in history / *Daniel Frini (Argentina)*

Article:

- 52/ Crazy scientists and damn experiments / *Tomás Pacheco Estrada (México)*

Humor:

57/ Mad Scientist / *Ariel Carlos Delgado (Colombia)*

58/ Dr. Diaboliquillus / *Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)*

59/ La Biblioteca del Nostromo: Korad; Letras y Demonios; Sobre los nerds y otras criaturas mitológicas (Guantanamera); Fragmentos de la tierra rota (Sportula); Fragmentos de terror; Ray Bradbury en el umbral de la eternidad (Samarcanda).

69/ About the Writers and Illustrators

78/ About illustrations

79/ Back cover: Threads_04 / *Sergey Musin (Russia)*

Fear, Lies & China Ink: Situational temporary insanity **by** *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*



SCHIZO

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

If I am the chief of sinners, I am the
chief of sufferers also.

Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Strange
Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

"You will never be like Him, pathetic
little doctor," his irritating companion
says.

He no longer tolerates it. That
untimely voice, always contradicting
him, invading his mind night and day,
causes him intense headaches. As he
deepened his investigations, he
became progressively more
unsociable, until he completely
isolated himself from the outside
world. Only the laboratory drove



away his apathy. Now his only company is that double that makes him mad, but he cannot do without.

The doctor resorts to the syringe again. Like other outstanding intellects, he began to use cocaine looking for lucidity. Now he continues to endure that petulant and cocky alter ego. When he misses a dose he is more irascible than usual and unable to concentrate.

Encouraged by the drug, the doctor remembers how it all started.

Conscious that the body is a mere container, easy to replace since the great Victor Frankenstein offered his contribution to science, he focused on reproducing the organ that housed his talent and his genuine spirit: his brain, a perfect mechanism.

For years he cultivated cells extracted from his own spinal bulb with little success, until one morning he woke up and the tiny spongy mass had grown. It developed under his

watchful eye, full of admiration and tenderness. Now, floating in its fishbowl, surrounded by cables that connect the electrodes placed on its surface with the horn that serves it as mouth, it seems a grotesque and cheeky octopus. Its frontal lobe appears abnormal. Hippocampus and amygdala look too small. More aberration than prodigy, he wonders whether it might be defective, if something has not failed in the experiment.

He created it to make sure that his mind will evade cognitive impairment in late life. However, it took him little to understand that coexistence would be impossible. He knows that it secretly conspires. It hates him because he, the original, is brighter. He knows that it is trying to kill him. "But you will not catch me unprepared, because I'm going to hit you first," he says as he aims the knitting needle straight to his own ear.

YOU WILL WALK AGAIN

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

A tycoon flew in his private jet to an island, landing on the runway was received by Dr. Vladimir Puchenko. The businessman was quadriplegic, a servant pulling his wheelchair. The scientist adjusted his glasses and said.

"Welcome, Mr. Brady, I assure you, you will walk again."

The handicapped man smiled, stood up and could take steps.

"That makes me very happy, Doctor.

He was taken to the operating room, the clinic was illegal and the Russian experiments were unethical or unethical. He proceeded to operate, with a saw cut the head of the millionaire and transplanted in another body, the surgery lasted eight hours. When Brady awoke, she

instinctively lifted her torso. He could move, so long trapped in a withered and obsolete body; At last it was free. When he took the sheet away with horror he discovered that his new body was a gorilla, he reacted angrily.

"What the hell is this, which made me a doctor?" I'm a monster?

Prisoner of anger threw the scientist against the wall, the impact was strong that killed him. An aide recriminates him.

— It cannot be, it killed a genius.

He told her that putting it on the gorilla's body was a prototype to know if the relationship of his brain to the primate's body was working. She was teaching him a well—kept corpse of an athletic young man.

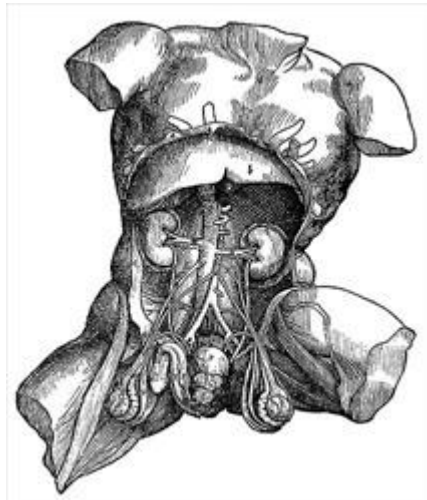
"That was his real body, you murderer that I could change him. Fool.

Brady let out a heartbreaking cry that shook the place, fleeing the clinic to get lost in the jungle of the sinister island.

REMEDY FOR THE HEADACHE

Tell me, Doctor Jeckill, do you have something less strong? When I take this pill you gave me, I transform.

By Daniel Frini (Argentina)



THE MODERN PROMETHEUS

By Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Mary did not listen to reason. She moved hysterically from side to side of the house, only the morphine managed to immobilize her. The excuses of his doctor to excuse his terrible acts were of no avail. Dismantling part of his life, Scotland Yard, moving memories, revealing secrets, searched quarter after quarter as the doctor tried to protect the body wrapped in the arms of Mary's Morpheus.

What the reason could not do, the money got it and, after disbursing a good amount of sterling pounds, those guards and inspectors left the house not to return.

The morphine had left her absent, a condition from which she could no

longer escape. He could never explain the alienation that drove him to rescue Percy's last cell that he had wept for in eternal mourning.

The putrid body they found in his room, with which he had presumably shared bed, wore elegant clothes. Scattered sheets of paper were scattered next to him. Hooked by a long goose-feather and ink-splattered were his fingers.

The work that this woman used to give life to her creation would be lost forever. He actually turned the vision that years ago prompted him to write his modern Prometheus, the one that earned him fame. He had taken the remains of his beloved, brought from Italy with the excuse that they rested in England, and once here proved, there is no doubt that he did, return it to life. And it was then that, nourished by the dream, she wanted to believe that she had succeeded.

Poor Mary! He gave himself to his beloved as he did in life. He undressed his body and lay with him.

He even hoped that he would make delirium, he believed it true.
the meeting into verses and, in his



FRANKENSTEIN

By Samir Karimo (Portugal)

Imagine If we could take out our heart and live without it, in this world anything is possible (this is not my idea, it's Victor's). The brain is separated from the body and now it wants to merge with it, so I decide to make a brain call specially created to this kind of situations. To be fashionable I use several spare parts,

then I take the brain from the freezer, the nose from the drawer and prepare the charm ... Well, I've almost forgotten and now that we all are fantasizing, yes, it's all pure speculation, imagine I incarnated in a cell phone, besides, the phone was my voice and through the parts I called to my missing pieces to be human again. And so I do it. Travelling through the retropresent, infrapast, subparalel dimensions, all answer to my calling, but there's a piece which doesn't want to form part at all of my BEING and that is the SPIRITUAL PIECE.... But without it, who really am I?

THE CITY OF SILENCE

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

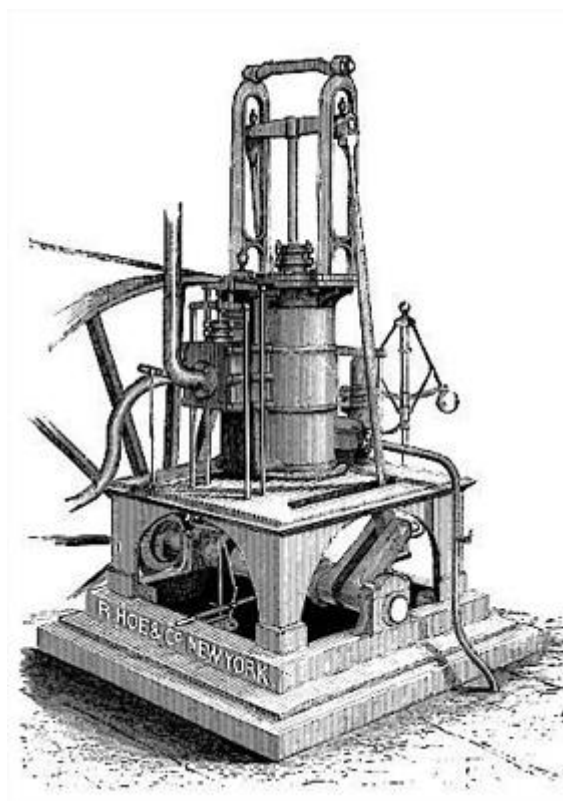
If we cannot comprehend God in
his visible works, how then in his
inconceivable thoughts, that call the
works into being?

Edgar Allan Poe, *The imp of perversity*

Until the tragedy of Benares very little was known about Dr. Miles Burford, the gentleman who introduced himself as a surgeon to the Royal House. However, rumors of his past included experiments with criminals, a large recount of abominations and the exile imposed by the Crown. There was, no doubt, a good deal of truth to the gossip because his obsessions followed him here, to the Northeast of India where he soon joined a sect of extreme

spirituality, the Aghori, worshippers of the god Shiva who believe that good and evil, the devout and the profane are part of a whole. And all sorts of infamies must be realized to attain enlightenment. And to this purpose, they wander naked among the funeral pyres anointing themselves with the ashes of cremated bodies. They also ingest excrements and the most fervent reach a higher state of consciousness by eating the floating corpses of the Ganges. It is their judgment that through these blasphemous acts they gain power over death. Although openly embracing the Aghori's creed our good Doctor Burford was driven by a different eagerness. At first, he was only allowed to participate in black magic rituals and to have sex with women during their impure days. Later, a guru initiated him in the infamous eating of dead flesh and, as a result, achieved the required asceticism, he challenged his mental sanity by tasting the flesh. Subsequently, he proclaimed himself

the Liberator of Death and during religious processions, it was not uncommon to see people approaching him with a corpse. But, as long as they were people from the Black Villages it was considered to be nothing more than a grotesque carnival. Except when a director of the East India Company brought his daughter, who had recently died of tuberculosis and the scandal unfolded. No such crowds were ever seen in the City of Silence. And perhaps Dr. Burford's faith was not strong enough or he feared failure because, in addition to necromancy, hymns and mantras, he added a dose of galvanism.



Whichever the reason or the tools, the girl's oval face began to move and the spasms became more evident. In the assembly room, many fainted and others puked out their guts. Then, inhabited by grimaces, the face of the deceased produced one last movement that resembled a diabolical smile before it deformed, exploded and splashed out on the onlookers. The girl's father killed the doctor on the spot and the Sipahi massacred all of the Aghoris. It was a shame. Electricity was not necessary. At least not to me.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

By Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

"Crazy psycho, the new Dr. Frankenstein, that's what they called me, I wish I could see their faces right now.

I had just gotten it, after years of failed attempts.

My "colleagues" scoffed at me, labeled my methods unorthodox, but time had proved me right.

"Diego, do you think they'll accept me?"

"Of course they will, they'll have no choice but you, do not worry, tomorrow I'll introduce you to those foolish" smart guys, "who call themselves" serious "scientists.

Jaime was very worried, tomorrow was the day of his presentation to the world council of scientists.

An aberration, a monster, a creation of a sick mind, nothing further from reality, Jaime was nothing like that.

"I told you, I knew they would not accept me.

My discovery had not been accepted, a politician incapable of lying, could not be anything good, people should be deceived, to my disgrace and Jaime's, there should be no trace of my investigation, I would be confined in an asylum , It would not be difficult to do it, before the public opinion was nothing more than a crazy genius, Jaime, for his part, would be exposed to a brainwashing, had to return to the normality, to return to be a "serious" politician.

OF MEAT AND BONE

*By Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez
(Spain)*

He gave her life in a verb, as if she
were in a hurry. The day her seduced
mother abused

The presence of the monsters came
to the world the creature.

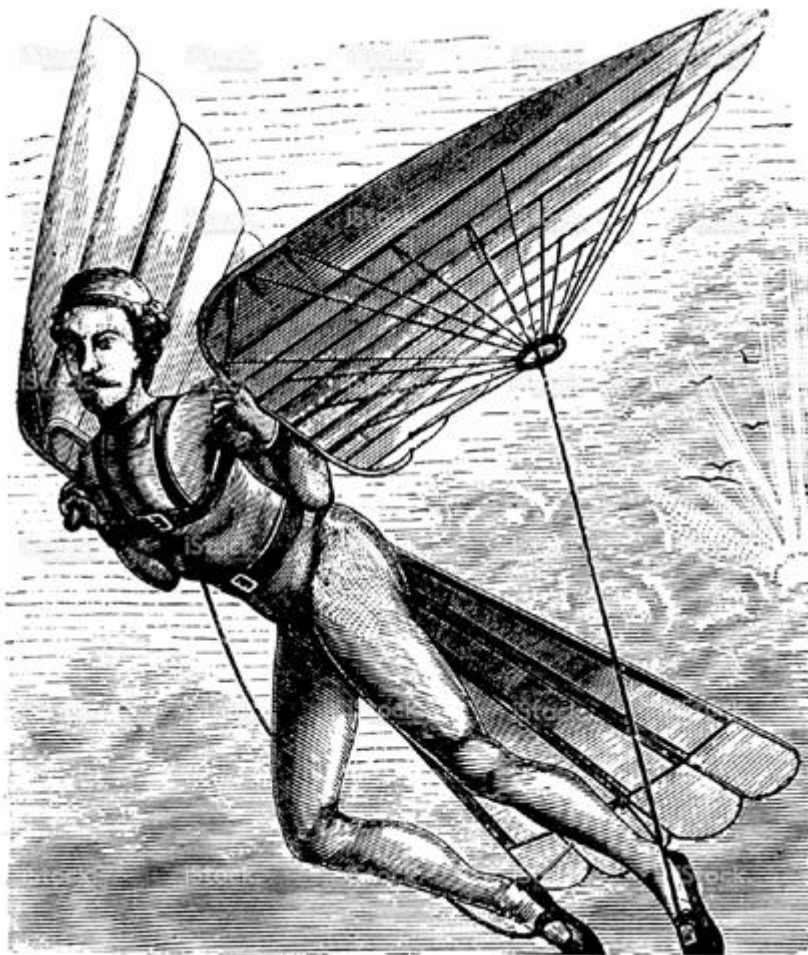
He was born skinny and with three
legs, fastened, each eye of a color,
hands of shrew and something earing.
Endowed with the amazing ability to
admit genes from three parents. Shit,
fucking shit of those who prick
themselves on a spade. The closest
thing to a product offered in the
section perfect damages of impossible
objects. Halfway between goop and
dunce, they said, lived afflicted with
the syndrome of the mother who
gave birth. Needed a relief the same

used a torpedo as a suppository. His
coming included frightening futuristic
predictions. From such a story were
told stories that prevent sleep. Within
the pseudo-scientific community,
unable to differentiate a specimen
from a potty, it was debated whether
or not to classify it among species of
living beings. He's crazy! He's crazy!
"Said the same guild madmen when
he announced that he was a scientist.

But that counterfeit aberration
continued to orient the gaze to the
infinite wanting to catch the horizon,
since, although his world was from
there, he arrived ready to save the
people here. Hard work. In his rustic
lab circulated everywhere forms
closer to the human origins and the
postulated immortality of the race.
Theorizing given to the cause studied
nomenclatures, compared algorithms,
abounded in arguments, elaborated
ignored theses and found the formula
- did not lack who said then that pure
luke. And of course he was wrong.
Was very wrong, which paid the

ground to his iron detractors. When the news of their advances jumped to the media there was controversy. Consensus never came. Claiming that he was a spy anthropomaker, they

stabbed him. Too late, destroyed the valuable vademecums already, found that he had a heart. And his brain is still preserved in formalin.



I HATE MAD SCIENTISTS

By Daniel Antokoletz (Argentina)

I've been working on this project for years. Nothing and nobody will be able to stop me. The world is full of hate, and it's all the fault of the damn mad scientists. I have everything prepared. The world will be a great place without those insane.

The first thing is to bring them together. And the big congress is the best way. They will not stand the temptation to appear, strut, and show to the rest how upset they are.

Once I have them all together, I will block the exits and no one will

escape. Hahaha! None of those fools can run away. Ha ha!

Then, the gas. I'll fill the salon with that gas I invented. Everyone will fall! Everybody! Ha ha ha!

I will take my time to inject into each of those bodies my nanobots to block the synaptic activity of those diseased brains. Never, never again will they make inventions that harm humanity.

Who knocks at my door?

Hey! Why am I wearing these clothes? The sleeves are long. Why are they tied them behind my back?

Do not! I must save the world. I'm the chosen one. Without me the world is lost.

Do not throw me into that room!

I do not like quilted walls!

What do you inyec...

RADIO DOPPLER

By Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba / USA)

Friends, there's no sound in space,
thus not in depressurized space
wrecks, but still the door made a slow,
ominous wooooosh when i opened it.

I raised my
flashlight, and the
beam sunk into a
darkness deeper
than the ship itself.
Had to adjust the
visor before i could
see a thing, and then
i wished i was less
skilled. Saw things
fragmentary,
random, loose, the
kind your mind
doesn't wanna get
or put together.

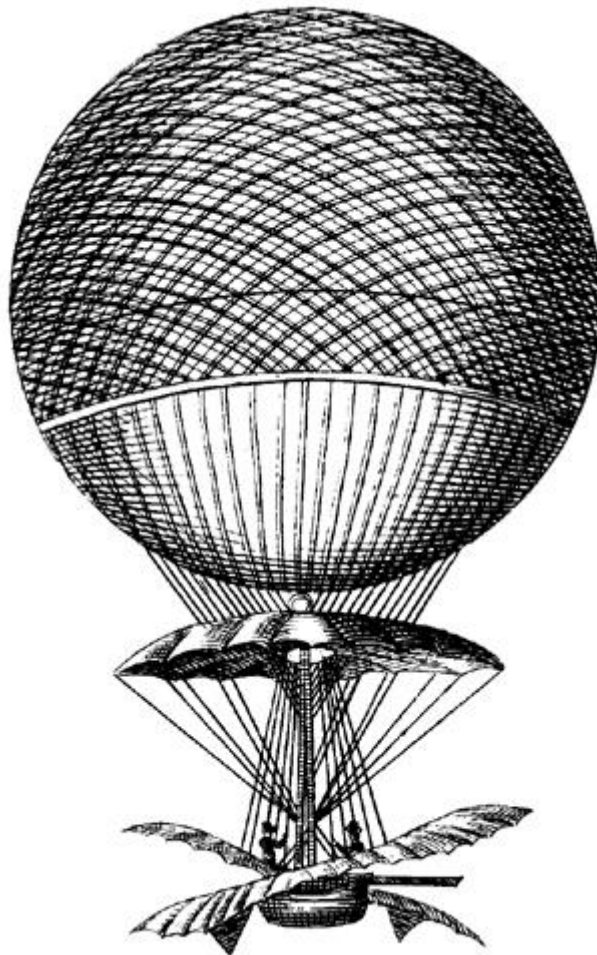


Vaguely rational apparatuses,
machines presumed mystical, rejects
more brilliant in concept than
mankind's greatest achievements.
Everywhere in shelves, hanging, over
the floor, floating in concerted
trajectories. They were glorious fail-
ures, disanthropic, apocentric,
metagnostic, circumfactual. I noticed
then, in the corner oppo-site to the
entrance, a dead person sitting at a
desk, his or her back to me. Got in,

and i swear, those
things begged me,
release me, put me
out there, make me
work. Kept walking
till i saw there on
the desk something
that, if you
dismissed all the
completely modern
I/O cables and
jacks, was very
similar to a
primitive house
radio receiver.

Stretched my arm over the cadaver
and stole the one among many
creations that he or she chose to have
closest at the end. Back in my ship i
tinkered the gizmo, and found that it
could pick any signal ever emitted by
man-kind, anywhere and anytime in
History. Later, that i could make
myself heard all over the human
space, simultaneously, using very little
power. The rest is legend, boys and
girls. I created Radio Doppler, called

such because the signal isn't subject
to that effect at all, in any point, pops
from the cosmic substrate just for
you, like Amy Wine house singing to
your ear. I say no more, except the
usual: we are analogical, you and i.
Back to black!



GENDER QUESTION

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

A beautiful female face inserted in gorilla body... A man submerged in a bubbling cauldron... A girl tied to a chair, the next victim. The material author, behind a city of test tubes, soaks his hands planning his next aberration.

"Help! Help!" Cries the damsel in distress, without much conviction.

"Silence!" He interrupts, with an unbearable foreign accent. Your screams do not let me think what I will do with you!

"I'm not screaming," she says, containing the yawn.

"Mmm... I could open your brain to plant a carnivorous mimosa..."

"That's silly", says the girl, perhaps for the purpose of losing control of that crazy scientist megalomaniac who seeks to dominate the world with his experiments.

-“If you do not shut up... You will serve as food for the white beast, my maximum invention...”

A noise interrupts speech. Captor and captive look back at the door. It opens and a gigantic figure is drawn in the backlight.

"The beast has awakened," murmurs the madman.

“What does this mean?” Asks a voice from beyond the grave. The alluded ones look frightened. “What does that doll do in my pot ???” She shouts wildly. “And this doll... where is your body? And the head of the Teddy bear?” Then he notices the little captive: "Marita ... what are you doing tied there?"

"I'm not tied up, Mom", the girl says, picking up the rope.

"That mania of locking up and messing up!" Why not go out to play in the yard, to take some sun?" The mother is leaving, as the children begin to order.

"Are we still playing tomorrow?" He asks his sister.

"Already. But I'm the mad scientist and you're the prisoner."

"There are no mad scientists women," he says emphatically. "Girls are not bad like us..."

"Are you sure?" She inhales an enigmatic smile.



DREAMS

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

My dream was to dominate the world, not a city, not a country, not a continent, no, I wanted the whole world ... That to begin with. Once achieved, Once achieved, it would go for the galaxy. Ah, yes, that was my great dream.

Even as a child, when they asked me what I wanted to be when I was older, my answer came swiftly to my lips:

“Mad Scientist! I want to be a mad scientist and rule the world!”

Of course, such a statement in a seven-year-old boy inspired tenderness and laughter.

Arriving at 17 and give the same answer, the reactions became less friendly.

But I did not give importance to the funny smiles or the faces of disbelief,

my dream, my vocation, my illusion was to be a mad scientist and in it I put all my efforts.

And I was close, so close ...

I had everything ready, my trained minions, my secret weapon, my plan ...

That's when my nemesis appeared and sent all to hell.

Before I knew it she had finished my plans and my dreams.

I fell into his trap, full, without suspicion, without suspicion, so sure was I of myself. When I wanted to realize, she had already caught myself.

And here I am now. A nobody. One more in the chain of life. Without highlighting anything, gray between gray.

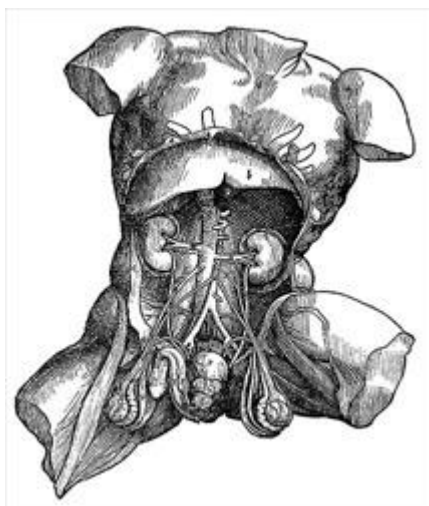
All because I fell in love with my nemesis. I married her and, instead of becoming the master and lord of the world, I became an accountant and father of a family.

Such are the sad turns of life!

WHAT THE MONSTER SAID TO DR. FRANKENSTEIN

Dad, look, I've got two left hands.

By Daniel Frini (Argentina)



THE LAST MAN

By Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

When makes already some years read the novel of Richard Matheson, am legend, not could or imagine find me in a situation similar to the of its protagonist Robert Neville.

By misfortune, not have her courage. I spend most of the day hidden in the basement of my house, rarely dare to go out.

Vampires have located me, late or early get going, anyway, if they do not, I shall die of starvation. This

morning I ended up with few food that I had. Am thinking in let them enter, perhaps convert me in one of them not is so bad, to the end and within, all it happened is by my guilt.

The best scientist of the world arrived to say of me, worthy of the prize Nobel, that deluded. Who I sent create that damn vaccine, and to them stupid rulers of the world, order the vaccination mass of all its inhabitants. They called the vaccine of immortality, they were not wrong. I never get, I didn't want to be immortal, most if they wanted to, and those who were not, forced to be.

The humanity in full, soon will see fulfilled the dream of the immortality, in the moment that the last man or I, is convert in vampire.

LAGADO ACADEMY

By Amilcar Rodríguez Cal (Cuba)

I had just been appointed director of the Academy when we received the visit of a distinguished scientist. We prepared a warm welcome. Then, for several days, I accompanied the visitor on his tours of our estates.

He was very interested in the works of the wise man who had spent years in the project of extracting rays of sun from the cucumbers, even contributed to the effort with a small donation. It was not the same in the enclosure of Bugugg Heele, because of the nature of his experiments to convert human excrements into the original food they once were, the tremendous reek was unpleasant to the visitor. We quickly moved on to

Brudrudd Haal team, who had recently discovered a method for building houses starting with the roof and descending to the foundations. In short, he admired our anti-colic therapy through the technique of contrasting operations through the same orifice, the language school without the use of words, and the math lessons through the ingestion of wafers and tinctures on an empty stomach.

Before parting the visitor wanted to leave us a contribution. He showed us the most practical way of prolonging life by eliminating in turn the foods that in some way do not do the man well: meats, eggs, milk, cereals, fruits and sweets, leaving at the end only water, totally harmless element for an individual and that with certain preparations can sustain human existence alone. We thank the respected Dr. Jonas Gulliver for his wisdom, and we inscribe his name along with his father's in our book of members of the Academy.

FIRST GRADE

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

The woman trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind. His face was a face wrapped in rice paper.

"Excuse me, Miss Viviana, for not being more explicit when you signed a contract", he said contritely, the bald man behind the desk. "I thought you knew what kind of school this was..."

A brief pause came. The man studied the young teacher experiencing pity: his hair disheveled, certainly by the application of electricity, the lack of the left eye, the arm—without hand—plastering, the bloody apron and the total absence of the nose.

—I understand that you want to resign ... If you do, it puts me in a serious predicament: it will not be easy to find a replacement and the

children.... The children will miss her and could affect her moral.

The young teacher emitted an overwhelming guttural moan as a response. The director listened intently, understanding that unintelligible language; so many years at the head of the school had allowed him to tune the only remaining ear.

"Yes, Miss Viviana... I understand..."

The guttural speech rose in volume, shaking the office.

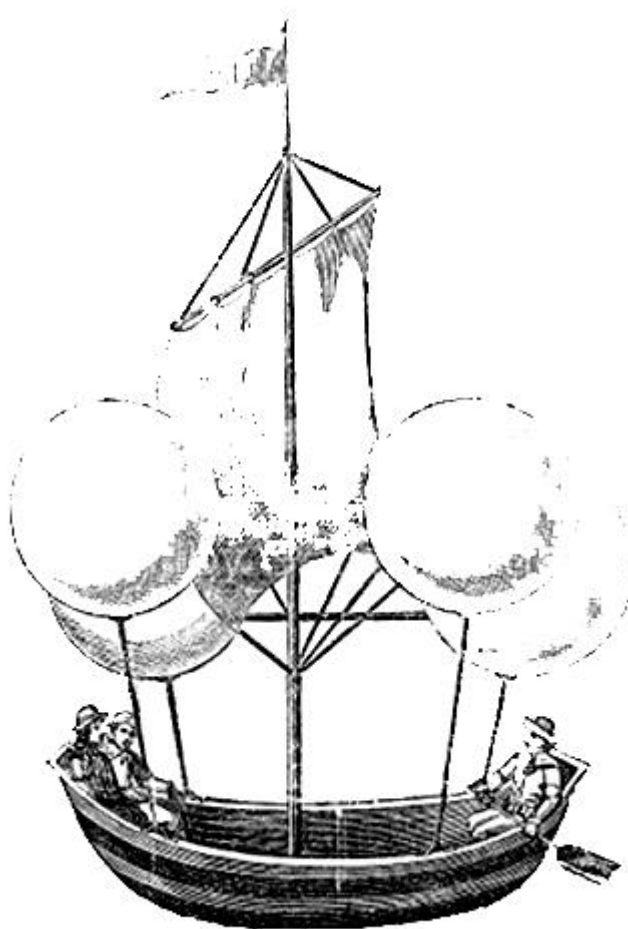
"The electric chair. Of course... It was not right for the children... Of course... The saw... Yes, his hand... A pity ...We continue looking for the rat that ate the nose. Do not worry... When we find her, the 7th graders will be happy to operate it... Do not worry: I'll personally supervise the operation... Do not be anything that hogs a pig's nose... Ah? The eye?... We have not been able to remove the baby yet. You know... She's a bit temperamental and insurance no longer covers wreckage.

The woman, totally uncontrolled,
began to cry and to move frantically.

"I promise...", he tried to say but she
turned and left, slamming the door.

The manager grimaced, then
shrugged.

"No way", he said, puzzled as he
began to write an e—mail. "Teacher is
needed for 1st grade Victor
Frankenstein Institute of Early
Scientists.



PROJECT

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

He paced back and forth muttering unintelligible words. He went forward, stopped abruptly, turned, retraced his steps. He would put an ingredient here, take something from there, shake it, clean it, pour it, watch it... He went from experiment to experiment without stopping at any, his head bustling with ideas run over. Thoughts thronged, reasonings pushed, inspiration came in uncontrollable waves. He had hundreds of projects and plans, thousands of things to research, discover and study.

Like that wonderful crucible before which he had stopped, his favorite without a doubt. The one who most happiness and knowledge brought to him.

The days when everything seemed to go to the other way, it was enough with stop a moment in front of his

little wonder, contemplate their colors, their shapes, their life, and, then, his stress disappear as if by magic.

But it was not peace what he wanted at that time.

The experiment had to keep moving forward, and conditions had to be changed.

With a slight movement of his hand, he diverted from its way a meteor that passed near him.

In a few moments everything would change in his beloved crucible.

It caused him some sadness to end those wonderful specimens he had enjoyed for so long, but his path to consciousness and intelligence had stalled and he wanted more, much more.

The time had come for the tiny, furry prototypes that, so far, survived half hidden.

Now they would have their chance.

He was convinced that the future would be theirs.

PIETY

By Alfredo Ojeda Torres (Chile)

Long after the trial, condemnation and execution of Dr. Frankenstein, no one knew the whereabouts of the creature that had escaped from the mill fire and terrified even the bravest men of the region. He was credited with crimes and disappearances, the death of domestic animals, and even the old women said that the land he walked on dried up, became sterile, because his origin was cursed, he was the son of the feverish mind of a scientist who had challenged To God, who had paid gravediggers to be able to become fresh corpses ... As he said, his presence became a mystery and a bad legend. They all believed that he was immortal. But in the momentum

of my youth, I set myself to catch the creature someday, if it continued to sow the terror in the region ... It was years and nothing. I became a poacher, with a long gray beard and an old-fashioned shotgun. Far away, however, from the old mill, and far from the abandoned lands of the Frankenstein, one afternoon I saw a tall, half-blurred figure moving among the thickets of the ferns, moving more subtly than I. I followed her with caution. After several hours, I kept dodging. Suddenly I felt a very strong smell, like a corpse, and in a clearing of the forest a man was crying on his knees. I recognized him for his baldness and scars. It was him, the monster created by the mad doctor Frankenstein. Surely his senses were too developed. He got up, looked at me with sad eyes but only articulated a phrase:

— Kill me, out of pity, kill me.

THE GENESIS OF A NEW FOOD CHAIN

By Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

"Stupid creationists!... They didn't understand that what I proposed was precisely the conservation of their obsolete and idolized organic life form... But my idea is part of the universe's agenda!... My genius was born with the Big Bang... Hahahahahaha!!!... Goletz!, start the activation of the Synthetic Genesis!"

The AI obeyed. A nebula of nanobots orbited around the earth. Its objective was to filter the sun light and inoculate its photons with the chemical composition bound to start a new stage in the evolution of earthly life.

"Yes!, now they'll found out how idealist and crazy I am...

Hahahahahaha!!!... "But how impatient you are, Daedalus," that's the impassive watchword of my colleagues in the Biosolar Equality movement. Well, and why to be it? I don't want to be recognized within a millennia like a genius advanced to my own time; to enjoy a compassionate glory while others get profit from my invention... Nooo!!! I want my glory now!...What...? The earth unfolded its solar reflectors...? Nevermind, Goletz... Such reflection will blind only their gods... Not the light I commanded to be done!"

The nanobots covered the earth. The Synthetic Genesis Project lighted its whole biosphere with the gift of artificiality; restructuring its chemical composition or, better yet... supplanting it. It was the last resource of Daedalus, after the Corporations-States rejected his original proposition—get food out of an energy produced by artificial life forms; preaching the

synthetic universality; a molecular singularity that would allow to preserve the natural ones. "As simple as to eat an artificial chicken to not kill an organic one." But religions got in his way with their creed of: "Not to any substitution of what God created naturally." They pressed his backers and... "Well, said Daedalus to himself

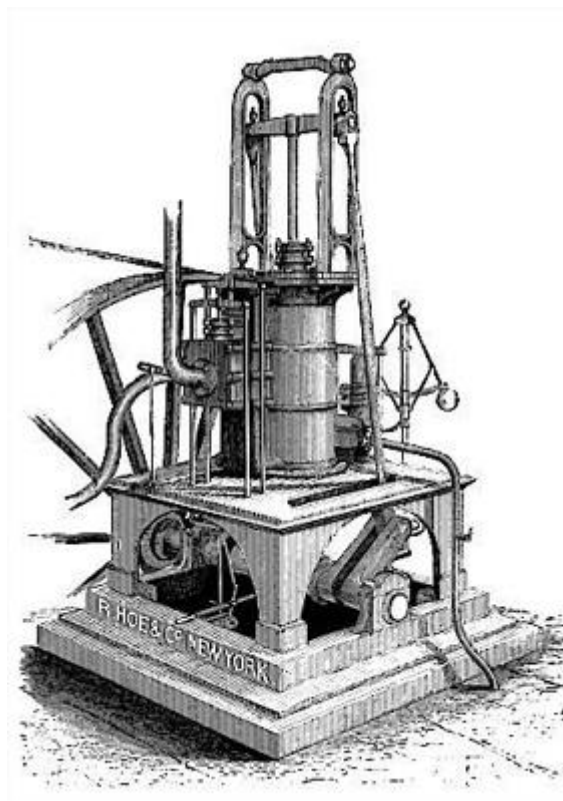
in his space headquarters..., from now on the only creationism will be to put new names to the chicken and the others animals, to the plants and man himself."



I FOUND IT!

By Daniel Frini (Argentina)

The silversmith who made the Hieron's crown was forgiven. The king, actually, never believed Archimedes and his little theorem. How could he believe the calculations were correct? No one, sane, can do it no matter how many Eureka's the wise man say, if he goes around the streets of Siracusa, naked, soaped up and screaming.



SOLVED

By Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

He was a mad scientist. Fortunately they managed to cure him. Now he's just crazy.



THE UNIVERSAL PORTAL

By M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate
(Mexico)

In this journal I will write my last entry before leaving. It is possible that no one will find it for two reasons: the first is that I live without any company, I am a lonely man and the second is that my laboratory is hidden in the basement of the cabin where I live. It is my duty to warn the world of the danger they are facing if they find this place and try to investigate what I have here. I know that many consider me a madman with sociopathic instincts; but I'm not. I have worked all my life for humanity and always looking for its benefit.

In my defense I will say that I am a man of science, dedicated to physics

and the study of space and the universe. I am the creator of the Universal Portal, which I built in order to give to human beings a door to the understanding of infinite worlds. According to my research, there are more than 9000 different dimensions to which you can enter through it; Giving us access to countless possibilities of knowledge. But one day something failed, I had an accident in the laboratory while I perfected the portal and it generated a Dimensional Crack that caused the "wall" that divides one of the many dimensions to break, opening an entrance to our world that today is without Protection.

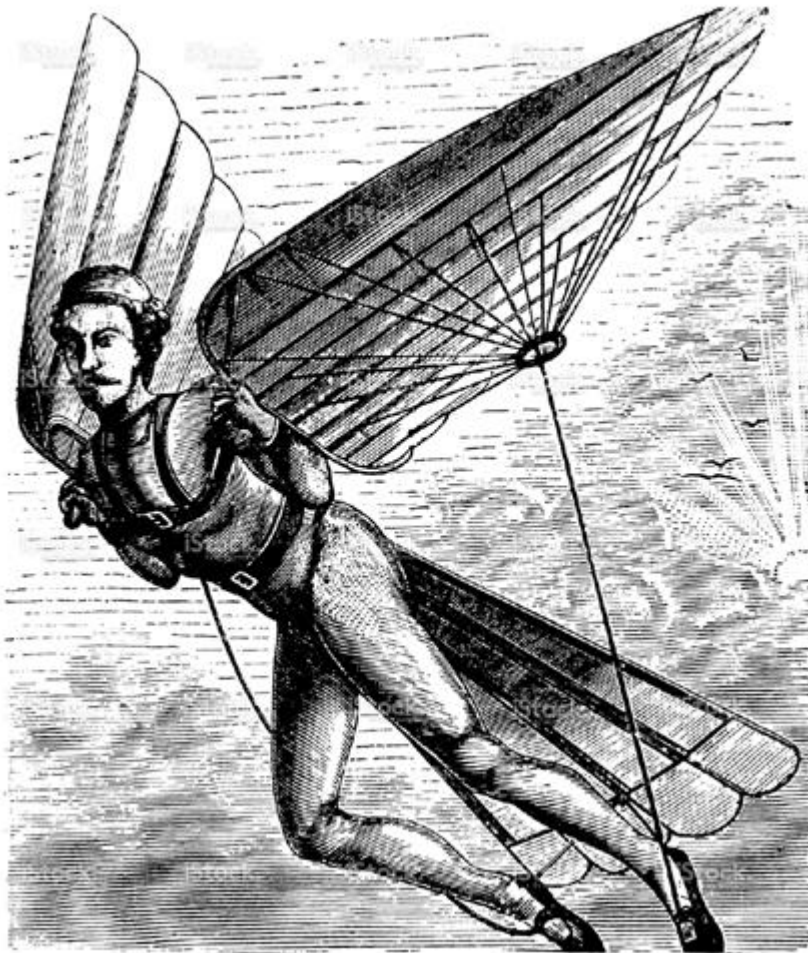
But I am responsible for my actions and there is a solution to this problem that I caused: the way to fix it is to enter the portal and to pass through the dimensional fissure; And being within the other dimension I must close the entrance to our world and thus protect it from what may exist there and that may put at risk men. I

will not be able to return, I will be lost forever in nothingness. I have programmed the portal to self-destruct once I have entered it. But it is my duty to warn you that if anyone ever finds this laboratory, the newspaper and especially the Universal Portal: do

not try to activate it, it is very dangerous. It is my right to say it and also my last will.

S. Filbrick P.

GF



SALVATION

By María Victoria Vázquez (Argentina)

I visited Ho Lin Wei two years after I received the diagnosis. Getting to him wasn't easy. He wasn't my first choice either: at the beginning I wasn't even aware of his existence. It was the Gonzalez family who put me in contact with his people. The Chinese wise man had saved their eldest son's life. They were silent about the details of the treatment. It was a good decision. After all, the only thing that matters to us, sick people, is the cure, not its cost.

I faced without a doubt the climbs of the inhospitable walls and the endless walks.

After several days of adventurous events I finally arrived at his presence. His was a small figure of indescribable age and shrivelled up face. He had a thin and dark

moustache, long enough to reach his shoulders. The red silk tunic embroidered with golden threads made him look more like a sovereign than a man of study and medicine.

He took my hands and pronounced my name out loud, as someone who had been expecting a visitor for a long time.

Nobody told him who I was. He already knew that. The rest was silence, except in my mind. I could hear his ideas inside my head and I understood everything he said. I agreed to all of his questions. Death was chasing me and this man seemed to be able to stop it. Yes, I answered him. Yes to everything.

A couple of days later I woke up at home. The medical review showed unexpected results. It revealed a total, definitive, unexplainable cure.

Happiness was complete until the insomnia and the thirst began.

The González's kid was waiting for me at my window's threshold the first night I decided to go out. He led me

to an animal prey, but that wasn't going to be enough for Wei, he warned me. So I captured a homeless man who couldn't react in time. We took him, still alive, to the transfusions center that functioned as a cover to a human blood traffic plant.

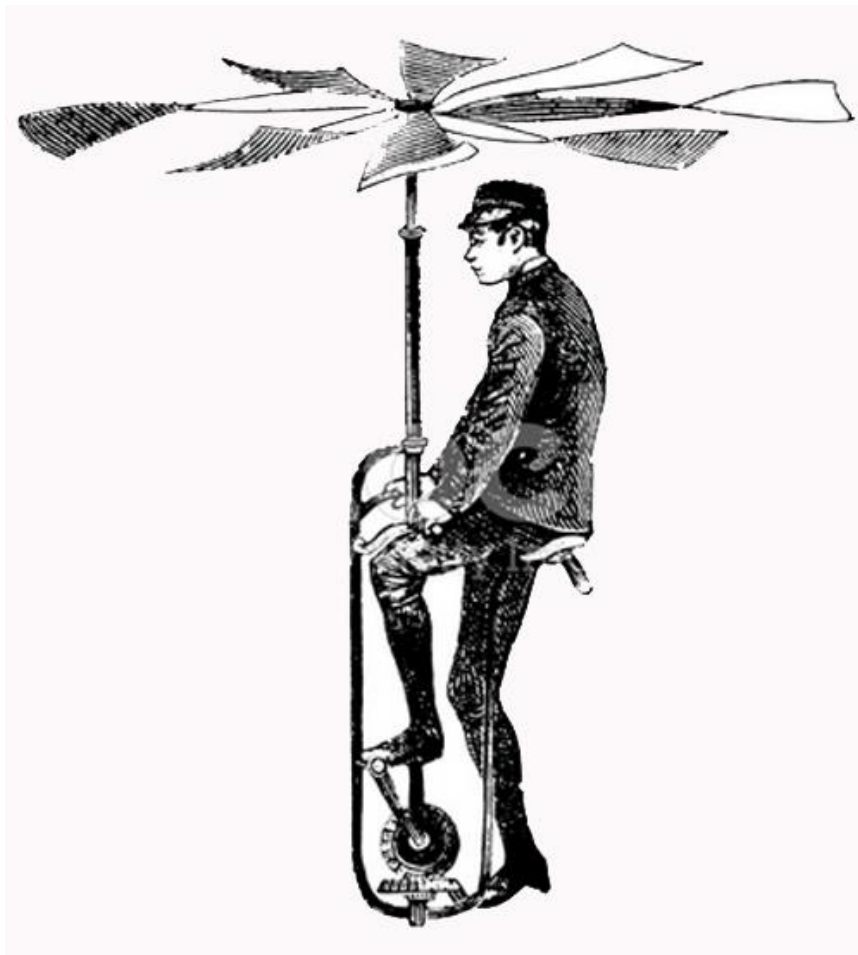
The employees let me taste a sip and the energy of life run through me with fury.

I haven't stopped ever since. I haven't gone back to animals either.

Now I am cured and I wander at nights.

I am healthy, happy in my own way and I fulfill my quota for Wei and his science.

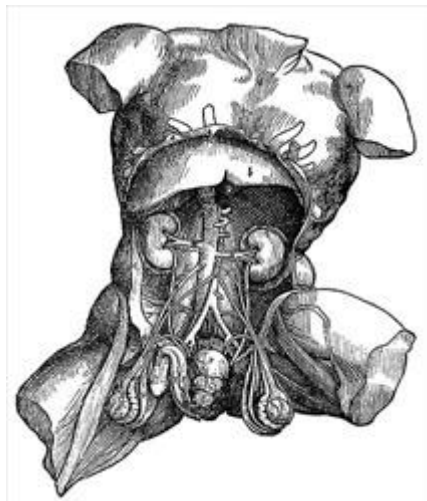
I am, like many others in his plan, his slave. I owe him everything.



SCIENCE DISCOVERIES LOST IN HISTORY

By Daniel Frini (Argentina)

Doctor Frankenstein's biggest contribution, besides his achievement on reanimating organic material after being dead more than twenty four hours, was eliminating the rejection between organs from different cadaveric donors. It turned out to be a shame that the ignorant and fearful Darmstadt Villa's people burnt the castle. The Doctor's documents, invaluable, were lost in that fire. Idiots.



Crazy scientists and damn experiments



thm 6-4-13

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Illustration: Obituario Darwin / Thierry Torres Rubio (France)



e will meet scientists with very rare ideas and we will tremble with those who performed cruel and ruthless experiments. Once Albert Einstein was asked, "What does it feel like to be the most intelligent man in the world?" Answering: "I do not know, you will have to ask Nikola Tesla" Start with the wonderful Serbian scientist who

gave us the future. That it is the

creator of alternating current, x-rays, radio, remote control, laser, etc. But let's talk about his unknown inventions, such as the teslascope, where he received signals from Mars, giving the message to the aliens who would soon conquer Planet Earth "The Lightning of Death, a weapon capable of attacking at great distances, when it was tested, did not work, but in that same year there was the explosion of Tunguskan, pioneering aviation, creating a vertical takeoff helicopter. A machine to create earthquakes, a diffuser of a free and unlimited energy and an altruistic spirit in order to give free electricity to the world, he imagined everything before in his mind and then put it on paper , Well said: The future belongs to me. The image of the mad scientist with white hairs and deranged mane is due to Albert Einstein. Who gave lectures, but he hated to drive and for that reason he hired a

driver to take him to the universities to talk his theories. One day, talking to each other, the employee told him that as soon as he heard his lecture he knew it by heart, Einstein told him that he would give the following presentation. So it happened, the driver stopped in front of the audience and repeated what he learned, at the end a teacher stood to ask a question. The impostor laughed and told him that his questioning was easy and elementary, so simple that even a driver could answer. All the curious followed the two to arrive with the real Einstein, the university teacher asked the question and the driver answered by clearing his doubts. Albert Einstein had his sins like mistreating his wives, being unfaithful, not recognizing a daughter born out of wedlock and abandoning a sick child of his mental faculties in a psychiatric center. Let us now turn to the scientists worse than to be crazy but insane, perhaps they did not try to conquer the world, but they did cruel experiments with animals. The terrible and scabrous thing is that they did not leave the cinema, or literature, but rather worse their lives inspired to create the fictitious crazy scientists. Russian biologist Ilya Ivanovich Ivanov obtained hybrids such as Zubron (hybrid between cow and bison) and Zedonk (hybrid between zebra and donkey). Expert in artificial insemination thought to create the humancé, a hybrid of human and chimpanzee. He obtained the support of Stalin to create the humancé, would be the perfect soldier: ferocious during the war and obedient in the peace. For that would inseminate a woman with semen of simian, but the primate died and suspended the experiment, but Ilya would try again. But he was arrested by the Russian government and condemned to exile for his failure, dying shortly thereafter. Russian scientist Sergei S. Bryukhonenko wanted to create the heart-lung machine for his experiments, cut off the dogs' heads and keep them alive with the autojector. He responded to the stimuli, moved his ears and licked his snout, all that was documented in recordings. The one who followed in the footsteps of Sergei was the scientist Vladimir Demikhov, expert in canine transplants to create

the dog with two heads. In 1954 he surprised the world by showing the bicephalous can through surgery to the astonishment of the people. To make the monster grafted the head, shoulders and front legs of a puppy on the neck of a German shepherd. The two-headed dogs did not live long. But there were not only Russian scientists there were also Americans including Dr. Robert E. Cornish who killed the dogs and then resurrect them, calling them Lazarus. The dogs were asphyxiated with nitrogen and ten minutes later he relived them again, but with brain damage, blind and with awkward movements, he wanted to apply his researches to humans, but the American government refused. The only thing he managed was to star in a movie. Dr. Robert J. White was the one who managed to transplant a monkey's head to the body of another, the ape tried to bite the people around him: he saw, he heard, unfortunately he was only alive for a couple of days. Dr. Jose Manuel Rodríguez Delgado was in a bullring, when an enraged steer is going to attack him, but suddenly stops, Dr. Rodriguez controls his mind as I install a radio transmitter in the brain to control his Movements, this scientist emigrated to the United States to be able to study the mental control but now applied to humans. Now let's leave these geniuses to talk about the cruel and ruthless scientists, who in the name of science used humans as guinea pigs, subjecting them to inhuman experiments. Let's start with the devilish Josef Mengele known as the Angel of Death, expert in eugenics and the eagerness to experiment on twins; Subjecting children to operations without anesthesia, amputations, and blinding them by putting chemicals in their eyes to make them blue. Everything to have aria people with white skin and blond hair. The Nazi scientist was never tried for his crimes and died in Latin America. But he was not the only one to make sinister experiments, also the malicious Dr. Sigmund Rascher collaborated with terrible tortures in the name of science, subjected the prisoners of war to tests of hypothermia, putting them in frozen waters to know how long they lasted alive, but Fell into disgrace of the Nazi regime and killed

him. But what about the infernal and dantesque Shiro Ischii and his squadron 731, in the region of China, where the Japanese microbiologist was hiding, where the prisoners were called Maruta (trunk) where they infected them with cholera, parasites, bubonic plague And typhoid fever. They were subjected to minimum temperatures to freeze them, dissected them in life or were subjected to tests of poisonous gases. When the war ended, the American government pardoned Dr. Shiro's life in exchange for his investigations by accepting Ischii. Truly abominable, but there were also cruel experiments like the so-called "Tungeskee Experiment" that was to infect blacks with syphilis and not give them treatment to study them, these volunteers were observed by Dr. Talraferro Clark to know well the effects of disease and power Analyze it. But what about Millgram's experiment, revealing that the human being is evil. Dr. Stanley Millgram asked volunteers to give electric shocks to a person when he made a mistake and the subjects applied the electric shocks to the individual, who only acted to receive the electric shocks. Most people subjected the victim to high voltages, to punish their offense. Let's go to Dr. Philip Zimbardo's Stanford jail experiment, the volunteers were asked to fake the role of guards or guards, as it will touch on the draw. The prisoners were subjected by real police and taken to the basement that would be the prison. The false guards practiced sadistic practices on the inmates, each group assumed its role. The study for ethics was stopped, those who pretended to be prisoners suffered stress and depression, but the guards enjoyed punishing the prisoners. Going back to Dr. Victor Frankenstein there were people who could be the source of inspiration. There was a damn genius Andrew Crosse, who dared to "create life." His electrocrystallization experiments, where he subjected high voltage electric current to mineral plates in a hermetically sealed enclosure. Where white granules appeared that later became insects, a species of mites. In making known to the public his results, he was accused of playing to be God or to be Satan's servant, totally discredited by other renowned scholars, abandoning their

experiments. There were scientists who used electricity with corpses, such as the Italian physicist Giovanni Aldini and Dr. Andrew Ure, famous for using galvanism. In the dead bodies they gave electric shocks to the legs causing them to move. In one hand the electricity to move the fingers to the deceased. They did shows and people were astonished to see how a corpse, when faced with an electric current, the deceased opened his eyes, made gestures with his mouth to the astonishment of the viewer. In order to finish with the creation of Mary Shelley we will mention to Johan Conrad Dippel, the scientist that looked for the immortality, doing its experiments in the castle Frankenstein. He created an elixir with bones and animal organs, when he wanted to try to improve his formula, he stole human corpses from the cemetery for his elixir. The mixture was lethal, killing the alchemist. Finding him lifeless, people rumored that his soul had been taken away by the devil. The CIA conducted the MK Ultra experiment that through the use of torture and drug use will change the behavior and personality of the individual, not finding volunteers recruited by force indigent and prostitutes, is very little known From the results. The American government carried out the Philadelphia Project, which consisted of teleporting a boat, when it was paid a high price, the crew went crazy and the worst; They found people cast into the boat, their legs and arms protruding from the metal. Such are mad scientists, sometimes cursed geniuses who would say, "They gave me all the powers of life, but I have become death, the destroyer of the world."



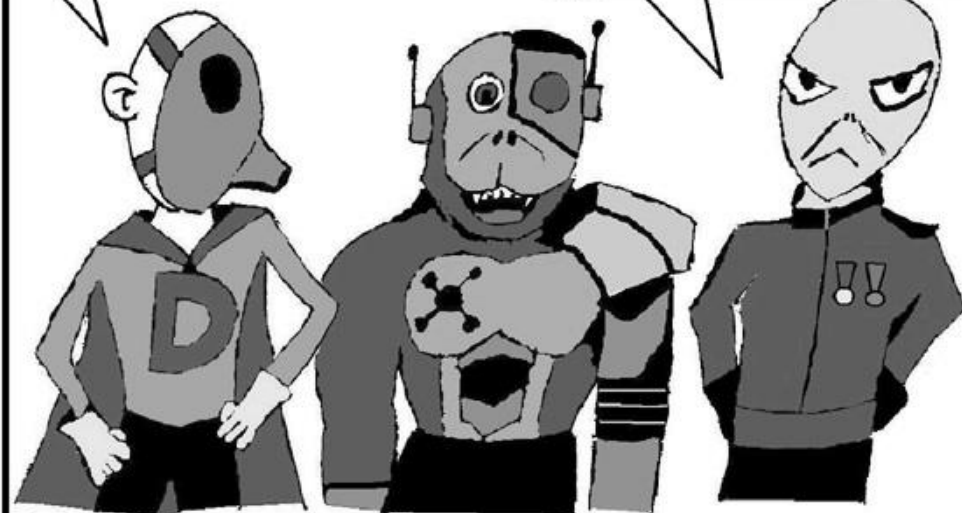
DR. DIABOLIQUEILLUS

SUPERVILLANO DE BARRIO, POR MANUEL SANTAMARIA (EL SANTA)

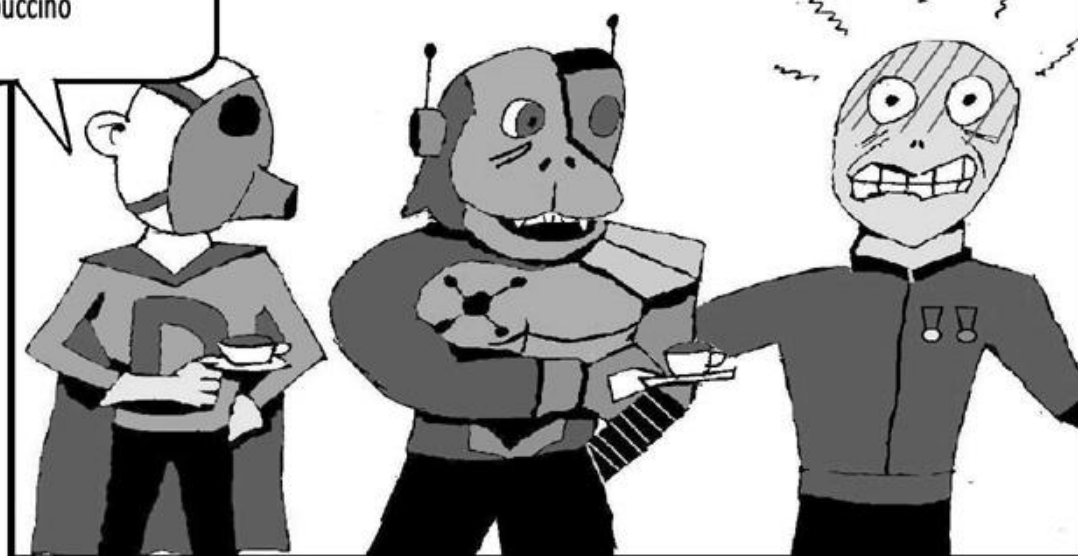
EL CYBORG-RILA

Welcome Blue Skull, here my new collaboration
with Hydra The Cyborg-rilla!

An impressive specimen Dr. Diaboliqueillus!
What can you do?



Prepare a perfect
cappuccino



Note: During the making of this comic strip no gorilla was transformed into cyborg

Revistas:

Korad nº27 (Cuba)

Editores: Raúl Aguiar y Carlos A. Duarte Cano

Corrección: Carlos A. Duarte Cano

Colaboradores: Cristián

Londoño, Daína

Chaviano, Erick J. Mota,

Rinaldo Acosta, Yoss

Diseño y composición:

Claudia Damiani

Ilustraciones de portada

y contraportada: Julián

Alpízar Barca



Ilustraciones de interior: Julián Alpízar Barca, Raúl Aguiar

<http://korad.cubava.cu/files/2015/04/Korad-27.pdf>

ÍNDICE:

PARADIGMAS PERTURBADOS (Artículo teórico) / Juan Pablo Noroña

RITMO PARODISIACO (cuento) / Pedro Luis Azcuy

AMANECER CON OCTAVIA BUTLER (artículo teórico) / Cristián Londoño

Proaño

HIJO DE SANGRE (cuento clásico) / Octavia Butler

SECCIÓN POÉTICAS A MANERA DE EPÍLOGO SOBRE HIJO DE
SANGRE / Octavia Butler

SECCIÓN POESÍA FANTÁSTICA

Leyendas Urbanas; Changeling; Miedos de la infancia (poemas) / Ricardo
Acevedo

SECCIÓN PLÁSTIKA FANTÁSTIKA / Julián Alpizar Barca

NOMINADO YOSS AL PHILLIP K. DICK (noticia)

SECCIÓN HUMOR

MOUSSE DE BIOCHOCOLATE ESPACIAL A LA SOLITARIA. PARA
DOS COMENSALES

CINE FANTÁSTICO

HISTORIA DEL CINE FANTÁSTICO Y DE CF EN LATINOAMÉRICA
(8VA PARTE Y FINAL) (artículo teórico) / Raúl Aguiar

RESEÑAS

LAUREL, ORÉGANO. Y MUCHO MÁS / Abel Guelmes

CONVOCATORIAS A CONCURSOS



Letras y Demonios nº1 (México)

Director y creador: Alfonso Padilla

Subdirectora y escritora analista: Verónica Orellana:

Escritores analistas: Alejandra Guerrero; Hugo Casarrubias; Anely Andrade;
Daniel Granados

Arte y diseño: Yair Salinas

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0ByCWbJytFwd5NmVJQ3Racy1jZEK/view>

INDICE

AGRADECIMIENTOS...	4
PRÓLOGO DEL DIRECTOR.	5
INTRODUCCIÓN	7
ESCRITORES SELECCIONADOS	9
LA GOTA / Roberto Omar Román	10
LA CARTA / Jorge Argenis Cerón Sánchez	13
LA QUE COME PORQUERÍA/ Daniel Abrego	19
SILENCIO / Carmen Rosa signes Urrea	22
EL MENSAJE DE LA BOTELLA / Víctor Grippoli	24
MI VISITA AL GRAN HOTEL REAL / Juan Pablo Goñi Capurro	31
KRAKEN / Gustavo Ramos	35
EL BARISTA / Emmanuel Esteban Pérez Hernández	39
LLAMADO A LA PUERTA / J.B. Gaona Medina.	44
FOBÉTOR / Rigardo Márquez Luis.	49
EL ENVIADO DE CLORISSA / Marcia Morales Montesinos	53
LA AVALANCHA DE METEOROS / Diego Alejandro Meléndez Yépez	55



EL ANILLO DE MARÍA K. / Eric Haym Fielitz 61

INVITADOS ESPECIALES 63

LETRAS DE SANGRE / Rogelio Retuerto 64

DOCE ROSAS/ Daniel Granados Rodríguez 67

ESCRITORES DE LA REVISTA LETRAS Y DEMONIOS 73

LOS OJOS / Analy Andrade 74

LO QUE ACECHA EN EL UMBRAL / Hugo Casarrubias 77

COMIENZA EL DIA / Verónica Orellana 82

PERFIL DE UN PSICÓPATA / Alejandra Guerrero 84

LA FIGURILLA DE CERA AMARILLA / Alfonso Padilla 86

CONTACTOS 91



Letras y Demonios n°2 (México)

Director y creador: Alfonso Padilla

Subdirectora y escritora analista: Verónica Orellana:

Escritores analistas: Alejandra Guerrero; Hugo Casarrubias; Analy Andrade;
Daniel Granados

Arte y diseño: Yair Salinas

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0ByCWbJytFwd5YXdUR2pySGltbUU/view>

INDICE

AGRADECIMIENTOS / 4

PROLOGO DEL DIRECTOR / 5

INTRODUCCION / 6

ESCRITORES SELECCIONADOS /8

EL TEMPLO DE VENUS Víctor
Gripoli /10

PECADO, PROFANACION
SEXUAL Y MUERTE- Marco
Rossi / 19

LA SESION- Rigardo Márquez /
27

LA CURVA- Dolo Espinosa / 36

EN EL CASTILLO DE
FROILAM IV- Diego Melendez
Yepez / 39

SALUDOS DE UN VIEJO
AMOR- Sarko Medina / 46

UN RELATO DE AMOR Y
MUERTE- HE Pérez / 49

DEPARTAMENTO 501- Ramses Ayala / 56

EL ROPAVEJERO DE LA CIUDAD- Thelma Delgado / 64

CITAS EN EL BOSQUE – Juan Pablo Goñi /71

RUTA A DESTIEMPO- Carlos Enrique Saldivar /79



ESCRITORES INVITADOS / 82

LAURA- Carmen Rosa Signes / 84

LA CHICA DE LA ESCALERA- Rubén Mesias Cornejo / 94

DE VIAJE SIN BILLETE- Gileblit /106

ESCRITORES DE LA REVISTA LETRAS Y DEMONIOS /110

NOCHE TRAS NOCHE- Analy Andrade / 112

LA PROGENITORA- Hugo Casarrubias /115

RECUERDO TODO MENOS SU NOMBRE, Verónica Orellana / 123

MI SANGRE TE LLAMA- Daniel Granados / 125

LOS CORAZONES DE LA FRUTA- Alfonso Padilla / 134

CONTACTOS /140

Invitados especiales de arte y diseño / 143

Cuentos:

Sobre los nerds y otras criaturas mitológicas

Autora: Maielis González

Editorial: Guantanamera

Sitio web: www.guantanamera.es

Sinopsis: Bajo la denominación de «nerd» se despliega un abanico de rasgos que describen a sujetos casi siempre introvertidos, obsesionados con el conocimiento, amantes de la tecnología y la ciencia. . . gente rara, en fin, que es mal vista y prejuizada por la «normalidad». Los cuentos de "Sobre los nerds y otras criaturas mitológicas" poseen protagonistas que pertenecen a esta mitología de seres marcados por la tecnología, los videojuegos, las tribus urbanas; pero también por

la soledad, la (auto) marginación, la violencia y la muerte. Se trata de criaturas que leen e interpretan el mundo a partir de códigos muy personales y, en ocasiones, incompresibles para el resto. El escenario, o los escenarios, en que transcurren la mayor parte de estos relatos parecieran pertenecer a un mundo extraño, una Habana extravagante y ajena; pero que a la larga resulta tan verídica y actual como la Habana de «los almendrones y las mulatas bamboleantes», aun si ésta está contada en clave de ciencia ficción.



Sobre la autora:

Maielis González (La Habana, 1989) Narradora y ensayista. Profesora de literatura en la Facultad de Artes y Letras de la Universidad de La Habana. Ha publicado varios textos y participado en varios eventos sobre los géneros fantástico y de ciencia ficción. Es graduada en el 17º curso de técnicas narrativas del Centro de Formación Literaria Onelio Jorge Cardoso y recibió en 2014 la beca de creación literaria Caballo de Coral, otorgada por esta institución. Obtuvo el segundo lugar en el concurso de cuentos de ciencia ficción Juventud Técnica, 2015. Obtuvo el Premio de Narrativa Breve Eduardo Kovalivker en 2016, a raíz del cual se publicó su primer libro de relatos Los días de la histeria por la Colección Sur. Su relato «Seudo» fue incluido en el volumen Alucinadas II: Antología de relatos de ciencia ficción en español escritos por mujeres, Spórtula, Barcelona, 2016.



Fragmentos de la tierra rota

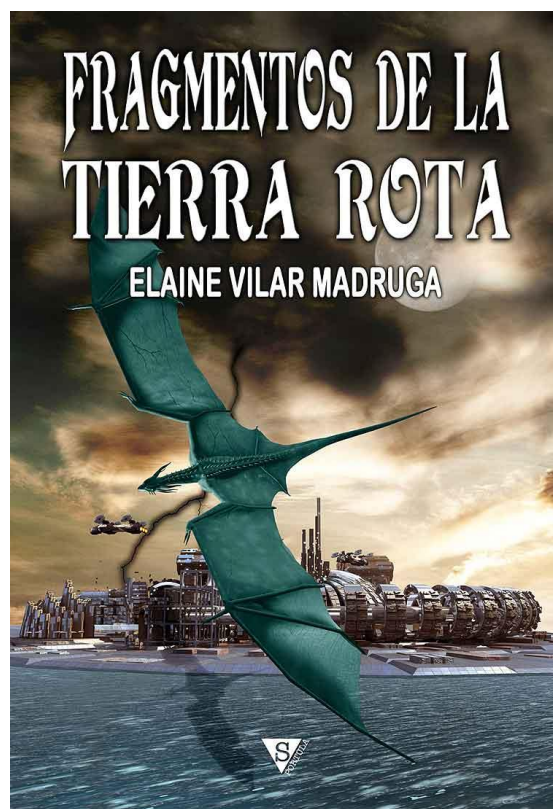
Autora: Elaine Vilar Madruga

Editorial: Sportula

<http://www.sportula.es>

Sinopsis:

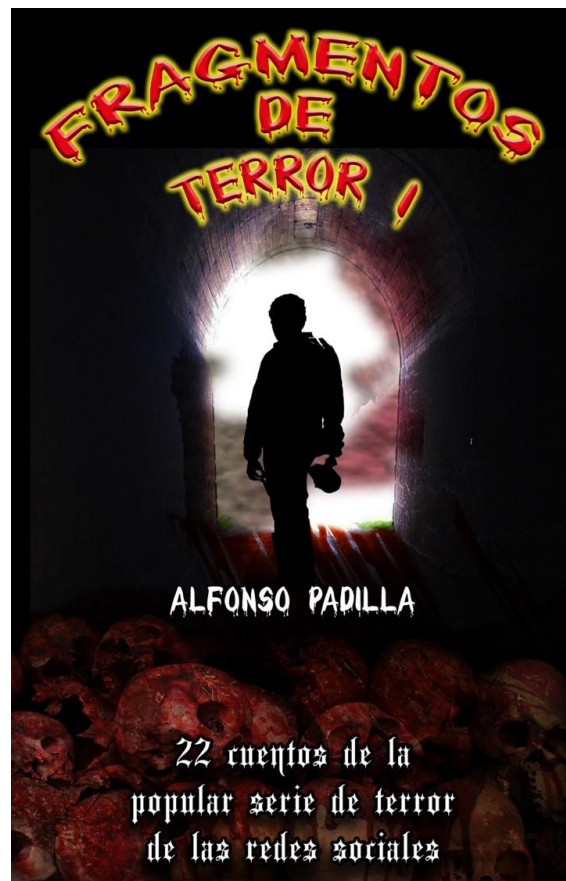
¿Quiénes son los solipdistas? ¿Cuáles son sus intenciones al pasar por el multiverso dejando tras de sí retazos de magia, tecnología, guerras, civilizaciones y plagas por igual? Estas y otras preguntas nacen de la obra de Elaine, de sus cuentos, que no solo se hallan maravillosamente escritos sino que evocan una infancia jamás olvidada, un presente incierto lleno de desesperanza propio de regiones mancilladas por la corrupción y un futuro inalcanzable. Desde dragones hasta males y experimentaciones genéticas, la prosa de esta estrella de las letras cubanas ha sido capaz de crear una tierra fragmentada, sí, pero plena de verosimilitud, que atrapa desde la primera línea y de la cual estaremos esperando cada vez un poco más.



Fragmentos de terror

Autor: Alfonso Padilla

Sinopsis: Fragmentos de terror son pedazos de pesadilla, son mundos paralelos donde el terror es un diario vivir, en donde la oscuridad y la perversidad son el credo de cada día. Son mundos que quizá no solo viven en la mente de un escritor, también pueden coexistir en alguna dimensión alterna. Por lo que te sugiero que abras tu mente y leas con toda tu imaginación cada fragmento, pues te conducirá a sitios de horror y pesadilla, a recónditos y enfermos lugares insanos, muy insanos.



Gracias a todos los seguidores de los sitios sociales, es posible este primer número. Aquello que comenzó como un ideal y con no más de 50 visitas mensuales, se ha convertido hoy en día en más de doce mil visitas mensuales. Por eso y después de un año ininterrumpido de cada lunes presentar un Fragmento de terror, este libro es un agradecimiento y un primer inicio. Contiene 22 cuentos del primer año de aniversario, algunos de ellos están basados en imágenes y los demás en simples acontecimientos de la mente enferma de un escritor de TERROR.

Descarga:

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/719342>

Contacto:

www.alfonsopadillaescritor.com

Novela:

Ray Bradbury en el umbral de la eternidad

Autor: Tony Báez Milán

Editorial: Editorial Samarcanda

Sinopsis: Báez Milán conoció a Bradbury durante muchos años. Luego de fallecer su héroe y mentor, el autor puertorriqueño se vio impulsado a rendirle homenaje.

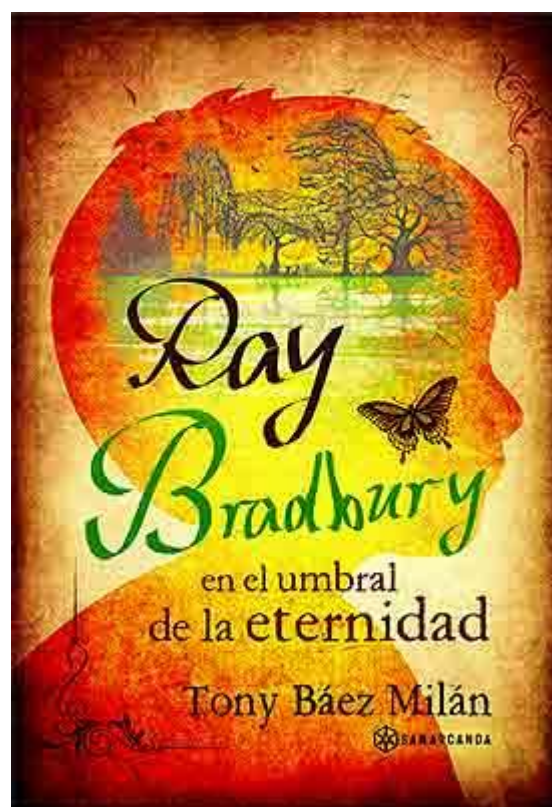
“Hubiera sido imposible no escribir este libro. Tenía que hacerlo. Se lo debía”, dice Báez Milán. “Siempre fue muy bueno conmigo, muy generoso. Lo recuerdo con mucho amor y lo dejo dicho en cada página. Quiero que él viva para siempre”.

Báez Milán señala que es un libro para todas las edades y para cualquiera que piense que los sueños son necesarios para la vida. Es también como una ventana hacia los misterios de la creatividad.

“El libro es una muestra de que hay que soñar”, añade el autor, “pero también de que hay que trabajar mucho para hacer de los sueños realidades. Los sueños, si no se persiguen, se convierten en meras fantasías”.

Sobre el autor:

Entre los demás libros de Báez Milán se encuentran Los mares antiguos, Cuentos medio macabros, El bueno y el malo, Noel y los Tres Santos Reyes Magos, y Dead, and must travel— acerca de un zombi boricua. Uno de los filmes que ha escrito y dirigido es el galardonado largometraje Ray Bradbury’s Chrysalis.



About Writers & Illustrators:

Directors:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Havana, Cuba, 1969) poet, anthologist, editor and writer of science fiction Cuban. He graduated from Naval Construction, studied journalism, marketing and advertising and served as a professor in civil construction in the Palace of Pioneers Ernesto Guevara in Havana. Currently resides in Spain. His literary career includes being part of the following literary workshops: Oscar Hurtado, Black Hole, Leonor Pérez Cabrera Writing workshop and Spiral. He was a member of the Creative Writing Group Onelio Jorge Cardoso. It belongs to the staff of the magazine Amazing Stories

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) potter, photographer and illustrator. Been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Red Magazine Science Fiction, Axxón, NGC3660, ICTP Portal Magazine Digital miNatura, Brief not so brief, chemically impure, Wind flashes, Letters to dream, Predicate. com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet,

Blog's count stories, book Monelle 365 contes, etc.). He has written under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages multiple blogs, two of them related to Magazine Digital miNatura who co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story publication.

He was a finalist of some short story competitions and micro story: the first two editions of the annual contest Owl Group; in both editions of the contest fantastic tale Letters to dream; I short story contest of terror square child; Mobile Contest 2010 Literature, Journal Eñe. He has served as a juror in both literary and ceramic competitions, workshops and imparting photography, ceramics and literary.

Editor:

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

Writers:

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.

Candelaria Zarate, M^a. Del Socorro (Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program Coordinator of San Luis de Potosí. He has

worked in different numbers miNatura digital magazine.

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

Story published in The Inkwell Publishing Atlantis. Giants short story published in the

Editorial Liliput Atlantis. Children's story published in the book It Could Happen to you.

Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 3rd Primary, Education, Editorial Santillana. Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 4th Primary, Editorial Santillana. Story included in the anthology 400 words, fiction, Publisher Letradepalo.

Frini, Daniel (Berriedale, Cordoba, Argentina, 1963) Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

He was editor and columnist in humorous magazines.

Contributes to various blogs, digital and paper publications. Are a class member and coordinator of Heliconia Literary Literary Workshop "Virtual Machines and Monkeys" magazine "New Scientist". He won several awards (Dinosaurio 2009 Black Sheep 2009, Garzón Céspedes 2009, The impatient lectotra 2011).

Integrated several anthologies of poems and short stories. In 2000 he published in book "Adriana Poems". Soon, the publisher

Andromeda publish his book of short stories "The Flood and other special effects."

He was sworn in various literary competitions.

In 2012, his short story "Cry of a fallen" was selected as one of the "Big microstories of 2011" by the readers of the "International Microcuentista"

Manzanaro, Ricardo (San Sebastián, Spain, 1966) Doctor and professor at the UPV / EHU (University of the Vasco Country).

Regular attendee since its beginnings to the TerBi (science fiction meeting of Bilbao), and presides presently the association arisen of the same "TerBi Association of Science Fiction Fantasy and Terror". Has published more than 40 stories.

He maintains a current blog about literature and science fiction cinema:

[Http://www.notcf.blogspot.com/](http://www.notcf.blogspot.com/)

Mari Carmen Caballero to Álvarez (Spain, 56 years old) I have published in paper diverse microcuentos included in anthologies of VV.AA, To be selected in the corresponding competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos de Amor II,

ACEN), Esmeralda (Tasty Bites II, ACEN) and Stimulus (Tasty Bites III). Your Name (Cachitos de Amor III). Equality (Tasty Snacks IV) One

Night (Cachitos de amor IV) Double personality (ACEN: tasty snacks V) Vibrations (ACEN: Cachitos de amor V)

The vital constants of a clock (IV Pen, ink and paper) My two lives (Microfantasies). Also in the II contest of micro-stories of terror appears a text of mine: Under the bed, is therefore published in the book (Microterrores II). The first edition of the micro competition dedicated to "Ellas" publishes a micro-report of my Manifesto (Ellas). The II contest of micro-stories Autumn and winter of literary diversity publishes in its volume II my work The whisper of the air. In the book Microrrelatos Libripedia (I contest of Libripedia whose theme is the book), appears the publication of a micro of my authorship: Convergence. In book III, La primavera la sangre altera, of Literary Diversity also published a micro written by me: The birth of the moon. And in the tome of I cert

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.

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

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973)

Having studied at the University of Pisa, La Sapienza University of Rome and Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome, she took a Doctor degree in Philosophy and Arts at the Autonomous University of Madrid (2005).

Member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the UAM. She has received many national and international literary prizes. Her work appears in numerous anthologies. In 2012 she published her first personal anthology of short stories: The imperfection of the circle. She has been member of the jury for the International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet, event organized by "Asociación de Países Amigos" of Helsinki (Finland). She acted as jury for the VIII Bonaventuriano Contest of Short Story and Poetry, launched by San Buenaventura University of Cali (Colombia). She regularly publishes literary essays in magazines and digital media. She prefaced The Portrait of

Dorian Gray, Nemira publisher. Her work appears in *Tiempos Oscuros: Una Visión del Fantástico Internacional* n. 3, and also in some anthologies of Saco de Huesos publisher.

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

Karimo, Samir (Portugal) translator

A fan of the fantastic, as the author highlights the texts *Santa Claus sideral y a gota de oro navideña* and *Delirios fantasmales*, both published in the phoenix fanzine and now comes with this first book of short stories or pre texts that are pretexts for new texts.

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, 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*, the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous and Fantastique magazine (Mexico).

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 "*Penumbbras 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.

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 I live and work in the city of Lebu, Province of Arauco.

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.

Rodríguez Cal, Amilcar (Santa Clara, Cuba, 1974) Bachelor of Sociology at the University of Las Villas. Annual graduate course narrative techniques of Literary Training Center of Havana. Mention in national competition SF 2003 issue of Technical Youth with the story "The Flight". Mention in the National Poetry Competition Regino Pedroso 2006. Texts published in anthologies on paper "Press release" and "The balance of the world", publishing Luminaria and Caja China. Chronicles published in national newspapers as a collaborator. First Prize in National Competition III Chronicles "Cuba Deportiva" 2009, with the text "A victory announced". Mention in Sport Cuba 2013 with the text "The Fall". Mention Regino Pedroso 2014 National Poetry Competition. IV Contest prize Chronicles Caridad Pineda in Memoriam, 2015. Mention in SF 2015 Technical Youth with the

text "Offering" and mention 2016 with "The foreign". Other activities: collaborating in several newspapers and literary magazines.

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

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/>

Illustrators:

Pag. 17 Collins, Glen (Oklahoma, USA) I

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/2013/04/glen-collins.html>

Pag. 57 Delgado, Ariel Carlos (Bogotá, Colombia, 1971) Lawyer, Criminologist

Honorable Mention in the International Short Story Competition Alfred Hitchcock, for the story "Parallel Distance", Honorable Mention in the International Poetry and Story Competition Windmills Edition 2009, for the "Final Embryo" Story, Finalist in the 12th International Contest Of Poetry and Story Organized by Editions My Writings 2013 by the story "Punto de vista".

Selected by the project of the University of Poitiers, France for the French translation of Spanish authors of the project Lectures D'ailleurs and that appears in the Lectures section of Colombie, unites anthologie vivante. Frequent contributor to the miNatura digital magazine.

Pag. 13 Lezcano Lezcano, Francisco (Barcelona, Spain, 1934) is a Spanish artist based in the Canaries since his childhood. He

has cultivated painting, drawing, poetry, science fiction, sculptor, mural, acting and was a pioneer of underwater photography.

https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Francisco_Lezcano_Lezcano

Pag. 79 Musin, Sergey (Russia) Concept artist, art director and matte painting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In 2010, due to demand for artistic works that had decided to leave his job in pottery to start his own art studio in La Vall d'Uixó, called Bombilla Negra, where, in addition to their

jobs, imparts drawing and painting classes for adults and children, which adores.

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

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

He has also designed and launched several web pages

www.labombillanegra.es

www.mondaiqua.com

www.webdepsico.com

Pag. 30 Pérez Zamora, Yailín (Havana, Cuba, 1975) She graduated in Graphic arts from the San Alejandro school of plastic arts. Writer, painter and illustrator, she has been published in the anthology of fantasy Rein Eterno.

Pag. 16 Rubert. Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from

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

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

Pag. 58 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 Latvería" 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.

Pag. 51 Torres Rubio, Thierry (Drancy, Francia, 1973) In his long career as an animator, the artist Thierry Torres has worked in several countries (Spain, Germany, Vietnam, United Kingdom, France ...) and has participated in numerous first projects Order, including 2 feature films nominated to the Oscars among other prizes and mentions: The Illusionist (Sylvain Chomet, 2010) and The Red Tortoise (Michael Dudok de Wit, 2016).

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

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 Científico loco / Rubén Paricio Font (Spain)
Pag. 13 El alquimista / Francisco Lezcano Lezcano (Spain)
Pag. 16 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Situational temporary insanity / Evandro Rubert (Brazil)
Pag. 17 S.t. / Glen Collins (USA)
Pag. 30 Tigrine / Yailín Pérez Zamora (Cuba)
Pag. 51 Obituario Darwin / Thierry Torres Rubio (France)
Pag. 57 Mad Scientist / Ariel Carlos Delgado (Colombia)
Pag. 58 Dr. Diaboliquillus / Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)
Pag. 79 Threads_04 / Sergey Musin (Russia)

