

*The  
magazine  
of the brief  
and fantastic*



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“...there is an idea of a Patrick Bateman, some kind of abstraction, but there is no real me, only an entity, something illusory, and though I can hide my cold gaze and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping yours and maybe you can even sense our lifestyles are probably comparable: I simply am not there.”

*American Psycho*, Bret Easton Ellis



"Frank Cotton: I thought I'd gone to the limits. I hadn't. The Cenobites gave me an experience beyond limits... pain and pleasure, indivisible.

*Hellraiser* (Clive Barker, 1987)



“We have free will. Without that we couldn’t truly love God. Humans are corrupted by sins, and we have the choice



to choose salvation offered by God through Jesus Christ. Love cannot exist where there is not the freedom to choose. And because we have free will, we have the choice to do good or

bad.”

*The Angel of Vengeance - The Most Gruesome Series on the Market*, Wade

H. Garrett



“The remnants of her Georgia drawl always sounded a bit sad. She made him think of an aging Scarlett O’Hara torn from Tara’s halls but clinging to her pride and, with the help of a beauty parlor, her flaming hair.”

*Cuts*, Richard Laymon,

Think paranoia can be instructive in the right doses. Paranoia is a skill.

John Shirley

The luckiest die first

*The Hills Have Eyes* (Alexandre Aja, 2006)

"I could not help the fact that I was a murderer, no more than the poet can help the inspiration to sing". I could not avoid being a killer, no one but a poet can help inspiration to sing." It was H. H. Holmes (the first serial killer of America) who tried to turn murder into a clean, profitable business where the bodies were sold to hospitals. We as humans (potential victims) can not perceive such perfection in which blood and viscera form complex skeins that

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

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weave the lianas of society.

Perhaps the killer is a visionary beyond modernity and where we see a crime scene, he sees a complex writing system.

With this issue we would like to congratulate also: Cristina Martínez Carou (Spain); Guillermo Arturo Borao Navarro (Spain); Cipriano Boris Cáceres Mestre (Spain); Juan Alberto Dávila Ramírez (Colombia); Xuan Folguera (Spain); Sergio López Vidal (Spain); Francisco José Plana Estruch (Spain); Rocío Ravera (Uruguay); D. Pablo Eugenio (Spain); José Rodríguez Vázquez (Spain) y Beatriz T. Sánchez (Spain). Winner and finalists of our XV Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2017 whose special number will come very soon to light.

As usual in our publication also to thank illustrators:

Duchy Man Valderá (Cuba); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Ariel Carlos Delgado (Colombia)





## ACTA DEL JURADO DEL XV CERTAMEN INTERNACIONAL DE MICROCUENTO FANTÁSTICO miNatura 2017

Reunidos los votos del Jurado del XV Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2017, formado por:

Manel Aljama (Narrador)

Elaine Vilar Madruga (Narradora y poeta)

José Miguel Sánchez “Yoss” (Narrador)

Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Narrador, ensayista, conferenciante)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Poeta y narrador)

Tras la lectura de los 190 cuentos, que provenientes de diferentes nacionalidades, a saber:

*29 argentinos*

*1 boliviano*

*4 chilenos*

*16 colombianos*

*1 colombiano-español*

*1 costarricense*

*9 cubanos*

*1 cubano-español*

*1 ecuatoriano*

*1 estadounidense*

*1 estadounidense-argentino*

*82 españoles*

*2 guatemaltecos*

*1 italiano*

*1 macedonio*

*21 mexicano*

*1 nicaragüense*

*1 paraguayos*

*4 peruanos*

*1 portugués*

*1 puertorriqueño*

*1 salvadoreño*

*5 uruguayos*

*4 venezolanos*

La Organización quiere agradecer la dedicación, un año más, del jurado que se esfuerza siempre en resaltar con sus votos a los mejores textos. En esta ocasión se ha tenido muy en cuenta el adecuado uso de nuestro idioma común: ortografía, gramática y sintaxis.

El jurado del *XV Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2017* proclama como ganador al cuento:

**AMOR PUTREFACTO.** Seudónimo: Harmunah. Autora: Cristina Martínez Carou (España)

En palabras del director de la revista miNatura y miembro del jurado Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas: *Amor putrefacto de Cristina Martínez Carou (finalista ya del segundo Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2010) es una valiente propuesta de amor que sobrepasa al fantástico dándole al subgénero de zombies, siempre maltratado y falto en la mayoría de las ocasiones de sensibilidad, un matiz más próximos a los conflictos del siglo XXI*

El jurado destaca como finalistas los siguientes textos (la ordenación no implica puesto clasificatorio alguno debido a que los nombres de los autores aparecen por riguroso orden alfabético):

**LOS GRILLETES.** Seudónimo: Miguel Lora. Autor: Guillermo Arturo Borao Navarro (España)

**LLANTO DE SIRENAS EN EL ESPACIO.** Seudónimo: Vincent Midgar Autor: Cipriano Boris Cáceres Mestre (España)

**LAS MANOS DEL DOCTOR ORTIZ.** Seudónimo: Augusto Castell. Autor; Juan Alberto Dávila Ramírez (Colombia)

**IMAGINE.** Seudónimo: El otro Beatle I. Autor: Xuan Folguera (España)

**NALÚ.** Seudónimo: Walmares. Autor: Sergio López Vidal (España)

**PLAN B.** Seudónimo: Magopitágoras. Autor: Francisco José Plana Estruch (España)

**VISITA.** Seudónimo: Dew 21. Autor: Rocío Ravera (Uruguay)

**EL CAZADOR DE DRAGONES.** Seudónimo: Huma. Autor: D Pablo Eugenio y José Rodríguez Vázquez (España)

**PETER PAN.** Seudónimo: Bellatrix. Autor: Beatriz T. Sánchez (España)

En breve verá la luz el dossier especial de la Revista Digital *miNatura* dedicado al *XV Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2018 (Revista Digital miNatura 158)* en el que se podrán leer tanto el cuento ganador como los finalistas, todos ellos recibirán por correo electrónico, diploma acreditativo de su participación en el certamen.

Todos aquellos trabajos que no han sido seleccionados por el jurado serán destruidos, de forma que, en los próximos días, desaparecerán del blog quedando tan sólo en él el cuento ganador y demás textos destacados en esta edición del certamen, tal y como viene dispuesto en las bases del mismo.

Nuestro más sincero agradecimiento a los participantes. Os esperamos el año próximo en la edición número 16 de este certamen. Gracias a todos.

*Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas*

*Carmen Rosa Signes U.*

*Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura*

*San Juan de Moró a 5 de octubre de 2017*



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# The Joy of Battle

By *Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas* (Cuba-USA)

The children hack each other with swords, maces, axes, the whole panoply. There's brains on the ground, stumps, guts spilled, spurting blood. In the frenzy of battle they forget sides and it turns into a «last man standing». Nevertheless there's no winner, because the host's mother

shows up with snacks and all run or crawl towards her. The mother raises the plate above her head and advises that no one will eat until every body part is reattached and every wound is regenerated. While the kids look all over the backyard, the mother sighs and remembers her own wholesome childhood, when all violence was virtual, on screens or googles, and with command keys instead of real weapons.





# A different hobby

*By Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

I work in the services of release and cleaning, an unpleasant job, but that over time is going on. It's no big deal, you try to keep your head cool and not think that what you're doing affects people like you or me, you just do it because someone has to do it and you have to earn a living.

It happened during the first summer of my employment. That year the number of accidents was fired and there was no day when I did not have to go out with the patrol. I do not know who of all my friends was the idea, I do not remember, the drunkenness was monumental, but he challenged me and, of course, I could not prevent my ego from forcing me to do that savage. You will ask what can be so horrible as to qualify it? "Why can not you take something

from one of the dead and take it to your house?" And yes, I did it, without much dissimulation, we used to find our bodies mutilated to the full, I took the tip of one's finger, I put it in a jar, and once at home I poured some alcohol. My friend's face: indescribable. Afternoon I understood that it did not refer to organic remains. But I did not care, I liked what I felt and I took a fancy.

After ten years, my hands will have passed bodies of all kinds, age and condition, so it is all well classified, also recording dates and data. Is not it nice to think that someone still remembers them? Except once I had to return the head of a boy returning to the scene of the accident, nobody has suspected anything. If someday something happens to me, I hope they do not go crazy looking for corpses under the foundations of the house or garden, do not think that I am a vulgar psychopath who keeps trophies of their victims, mine is a hobby taken to the extreme. Of

course, the most complicated pieces  
to justify and that I appreciate the  
most: my wife's eyes and my mother's

scalp. What a pity that they did not  
die in a traffic accident!



# Psychosomatic gore

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

She didn't see it, but her son's corpse, her victim, swayed like the Damocles' sword over her head. She only heard the creaking of the pulley system's chains that transported it till that creeping zenith. The darkness was absolute. She couldn't remember anything.

The sound stop, the corpse's swaying too —the drop of blood fell down.

She felt a supernatural coldness when it impacted her brain after sneak through the implant on top of her skull. The coded sample of the victim's DNA released the hallucinogen recorded in its nucleotides. A knife braking through

his right eye was the first image projected in her mind. The scene's zoom was immersive. The perception of each microsecond of the knife's advance, the sound of the ocular globe jumping out of the socket cut by its edge, was hyperrealist. She uttered a frenetic shout that expired in an agonizing shriek when her own eye seemed to brake loose. She shook her body violently trying to cover with her hand the empty socket to stop the blood she felt was spraying out of it, but she was fastened to the chair. Her naked body convulsed.

A second drop of blood fell. Now from the mutilated neck of the corpse.

The sanguine channel opened by the knife seemed to stretches across her mind, across her body, across her sensations. The pain was hellish, the torture, definitely physical.

The begging for mercy was interrupted by the spurt of blood spit by her neck. The power of her mind wielded the knife against her body.

"Testing Subject number 88 with a psychosomatic effectiveness of 80 percent."

The voice came from one of the figures showed on the gigantic screen that covered every inch of the

dungeon's circular wall. His clothes were inquisitorial and futuristic.

"The Project Stigmas of Guilty is reaching its Divine perfection. Proceed with the Testing Subject number 89. Install the corpse devoured by the hyenas."





# Mors Tua Vita Mea

By *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

We knew not then, to whose lot it would fall next, either to die or be shot, and eaten like the poor wretch we had just dispatched.

Owen Chase (first mate of the Essex), *Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale-Ship Essex*

The companion, a short, plump man, gazes in terror at the piece of rope he holds between his trembling fingers. He immediately understands his lot is cast. The person in charge of his execution dispatches him fast with a letter opener. With the butcher's mastery, they proceed to dismember

him. To make the work more bearable, first they cut off his head, hands and feet. Then they skin him. Without such human signs of identity, he could be a lamb or a calf. He will give them about sixty six pounds of meat. Enough for muddling through for a while, until they be rescued. Heart, liver and kidneys, more perishable, will be consumed first. Then they will cut strips of meat from the spine, ribs and pelvis.

They should scrupulously ration the corpse, but once the voracious appetite is released, they do not even wait to cook it. Men pounce on the hot body. Once they have tasted the feast, their eyes become fierce. Saliva flows along with gastric juices. And the more they eat, the hungrier they feel. It only counts the most basic and animal instinct, an amoral—even immoral—will to survive at any price.

It is the law of the sea, survival cannibalism. Once finished the provisions, castaways draw lots for those of them who will serve as food

for the rest. These things happen in disasters. The crew of the *Mignonette* realized in 1884. That of the *Essex*—whose tragedy inspired Melville—did so in 1821. Before, in 1765, Peggy's sailors had understood it too. In 1710, those of the *Nottingham Gallery*... In cases of extreme necessity, morality can relax exceptionally: conscience learns to do without remorse.

How to explain that, in spite of all the sacrifices demanded, one of them will be dismissed. As he walks down the cold corridor he rehearses his

speech. Nothing personal, it is just an unpleasant but necessary measure.

Like the amputation of a gangrenous limb to save the rest of the body. But when the head of human resources enters the room with his deadly folder, is too late for the accountant: the work is already done.



# Little red riding wood, the untold story

*By Samir Karimo (Portugal)*

You didn't know where she get this name? beside of having tear apart the hunter and eaten its soul, she killed the nanny, and wears that red cape, but none knows why? She is a adopted child with personality issues. People say that every day she takes a bath with wolves blood whose globules drains to keep that appearance...



# Garbage dump

*By María Victoria Vázquez (Argentina)*

Even the devil suffered the heat that summer when the trash collectors went on strike.

The waste started to accumulate: it overwhelmed the sidewalks and invaded the streets.

As a response, the Company put even more pressure on its employees: it was a condition for the wages' agreement that they continued the garbage collection.

The workers obeyed, though outraged, and they showed that as much as they could.

The garbage truck came back to our small suburban neighborhood, but the men started to break the black plastic bags and spread their rotten contents along the streets. The stink

of the decomposing meat and vegetables forced us to stay inside our houses. The heat sped up the process: the air wasn't flowing any more.

During the day, some neighbors wrapped the bags up again, but the strikers' reaction to this was to make of them something even more untouchable: they peed and shit upon them.

They destroyed the dirty diapers and the female pads sucked in blood, and they scattered the pieces on the front gardens. Some of them even masturbated over the windscreens of the parked cars leaving a decoration of leaking semen above them.

We called the police, but they were busy cleaning their own rottenness.

One night one of our neighbors got fed up and faced one of the workers who was urinating over the bags. Shameless, the man directed his squirt to the face of the outraged man who ended up soaked in urine. The neighbor grabbed the neck of a



broken bottle from amongst the waste and dissected part of the striker's penis in a clumsy movement. As the wounded man shouted and tried to recompose his body, the blood flew against the assailant, covering him while it melted with the urine, and his own sweat, until it blinded his glasses with a thick red curtain.

A herd of strikers attacked him when they saw what had happened. They killed him with every sharpened

material they could find, they quartered him and then they threw the parts of his body in the fronts of the neighborhood houses.

Abandoned in the midst of the fury, the lifeless body of the first striker floated in the lagoon of his own blood. Flies would copulate over him and left their eggs on the open wound.

That same night the union arranged the salaries.

# Cargo

By *Lucía Pradillos Luque (Spain)*

The car skidded over the frozen road. The trunk opened. Her cargo

bounced farewell to the car behind him. They did not have time to avoid it. Two coffins passed through the driver's and co-pilot's heads, leaving their necks clean, where streams of blood flowed.

The driver of the car approached the scene of the accident. He opened the coffins. They were empty... until now.



# Sandra

By *Almilcar Rodríguez Cal* (Cuba)

First I thought it smelled like wet dog. Then, when I took the pills to remove the hangover, I realized that the emanations flowed from the pipes. It is a very old building.

The girl sleeps in the bed. His nakedness is covered by the many tattoos on his skin.

Snakes, runes, dragon, his name on one side of the neck. I met her last night at the Mortales concert. He reached me on the track, among the scaffolding. The biofluorescent light that fell on her from the headlights impregnated her with a ghostly aura. Contaminated by the holographic cycles we got to know each other. The basics, which can be known in two minutes. We ended up sharing

brandy and drugs. She brought me here. Her house inherited from the grandmother. We had wild, chaotic sex.

Now the pestilence returns with more force. In the bathroom the pipes run outside the walls. I hit them with a wrench. Unexpectedly a junction hand over and a blackish, stinky viscosity begins to flow. I check the viscosity, and I detect bones ... the bones of a human foot! I shake the drain. One after the other, the scraps of hair begins to appear, the finger of one hand with to a dirty silver ring. And blood flows from the pipes, a red spring, with this nauseating smell of dead animal. I lift the top of the toilet tank. In the interior the dismembered body of a child occupies all the spaces, strongly wedged.

A noise makes me turn around. Here is the girl, at the door.

Naked and with a double-edged ax in her hand.

# An unbearable end

*By Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez  
(Spain)*

Radha was not aware of the ballast until she felt the horror of the truth in which she had become. Although in the eyes of the other inhabitants of the cottages was a privileged since he lived in a stone building with shed located in Terruños de los Panochos, built by his laborer father of the quarry with the help of the firstborn Aditya, his fort attraction to the occult sciences guides him to Beelzebub.

The very depraved one stole the soul while copulating with him without calibrating the eternal torture that would weigh. When Radha decided to exorcise his infernal perversion was wrong, entered the Cyclones, the most execrable

bloodthirsty tribe where the good did not exist.

Following the repulsive pragmas of the idolized torture god, Brihmade, they quenched their primitive appetites of raw human flesh freshly dismembered alive and their thirst for blood sucked hot. Sponsored by sacrifices of the unfortunate victims of the peasantry attracted under the lure of healing of herbs, leprosy or tuberculosis, if not apprehended when crossing the valleys, the Cyclones celebrated their macabre feasts.

Haunted moon rituals presided over by the totem of the diabolical deity before the bonfires, where wild atrocities such as eviscerate live were the daily bread. Livers were macerated and hearts garnished in greenish herbs, the last rales that were ingested by the shaman presented in canopos, scourge of souls. Between truculent apparitions to the intoxicating sound of the tam-tams, Radha remembered only an ambiguous state of distant



happiness. His body was exposed to all sorts of aberrant sexual pleasures in the outskirts of reason. But the well-informed villagers restrained the passage through the gorge and there was no blood to drink or body to dismember. The Ciclidaida bestiary without morsel to ruminate emigrated to hunt other victims. Abandoned to her fate on the roads, the day

laborer's daughter ended up planting gigantic transgenics. Carnivores destined to the overproduction of petroleum substitute energy whose jaws devoured it.

Beelzebub was waiting for her.



# The dose

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

For what seemed an immensely long time I gazed without knowing, even without wishing to know, what it was that confronted me.

Aldous Huxley, *The doors of perception*.

Miles Burford, MD was the rising star of the London Galvanic Hospital. Once, as a fellow, he attended the experiments of Giovanni Aldini in which galvanic current was applied to the corpse of a criminal. On that occasion, the dead man moved his limbs and his body shook up as if he was breathing. After such promising outcome, the Young Miles fell into a

state of madness and decided to follow a definitive course of action, that is, with the help of electricity, he would defeat death. It was from that moment on that he devoted his career to find the dose capable to return the motility of the heart.

Despite his enthusiasm, years went by and there were many failures. Mainly, because the complexity of the process demanding more precise appliances. And these were expensive. However, his obsession gave birth to a treatment that would finance the whole project: the use of galvanism to restore all the exercises of a man. After all, that was also a muscle. Success or mere hope, the good news soon toured all the Gentlemen's clubs. Aware of such outstanding novelty, the eminent Sir Archibald Gladstone - who was none other than King George's personal physician- came to visit his young colleague. Discreetly, they appointed a date and time. The young doctor declined all payment

but did accept his designation as surgeon of the Royal House. The day arrived and the patient underwent the necessary preparations. His limping muscle was wrapped in copper wire and the lever pulled down. A sizzle ran through the wires.

After a moment's hesitation, the old bulldog smiled under his big mustaches as he watched the amazing signs of resurrection. Truly, the pain was considerable but the egregious director of the Royal College of Surgeons could not be happier with the virile cramp he wore down there. And so, imperative, he demanded an extra dose. Alas! It was not a good

decision. His jaws began to tremble and all his nerves convulsed horribly.

We do not know which happened first, the scream or the explosion but his manhood blasted like a rotten fruit spattering black blood as high as the ceiling. The smell of burnt meat was repulsive. Then, with a macabre hiss, the viscera began to slide through the smoky crater that blurred his crotch and Sir Archibald died with a gesture of disbelief. Upon learning of the tragedy, His Majesty ordered to conceal the misfortune and impose on Dr. Burford an immediate exile in India.

# Vetala

*By Samir Karimo (Portugal)*

Dear readers, forget everything you know about dinosaur's extinction.... They vanished due a vampiresk species which landed in our planet before MANKIND was born and Naledi was discovered....before starting to suck human blood, which had a highly vitamin genome, the vetalae as they called themselves drunk dino's placenta, I'm not lying because those facts are scientifically tested... besides, I tell you that Tyrannosaurus Rex was a humanoid who was infected by this nation, their teeth were the evidence we need to validate this theory... dinosaurs had canines like vampires...

As time went by, this special meal become to disappear and so the Vetala become to eat literally

humankind, but not all shared the same position....

And so the persecution of mankind to those aliens started...

Humans found out that the only way to kill a Vetala was to extract the fangs because these were closely attached to the brain, and like the bees without the stings, draculae become crazy and die. So to protect themselves they created a amour with holographic fangs but it wasn't enough because the WALKING MEAT created a artificial light to detect us, and so some become rocks, others in trees and others in...

We aren't here because we want it, but because due to a curse which ravaged our community we were forced to leave our planet, all was changed, we couldn't go out by night and our brothers Lycantropiae were affected by moon rays which damaged the beautiful wolfmen hair...

What I want to say is that our race become biting dinosaur's throat,

assuming its form, but as we couldn't disguise we had to play other roles and...

Even today none knows how to explain all this, but I do... I even found that my members are spread by

the galaxy and are trying to rebuilt my body, I'm the Dracula's dismembered body... the only survivor from Vlad and Lycan... my armor with GPS is trying to assemble all pieces of my body....

# At home for Christmas

*By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*

The scene can not be more idyllic and typically Christmas. The father, sitting in an armchair by the fireplace, the pipe in his hand and his gaze fixed on the crackling fire. The mother, her glasses almost at the tip of her nose, sitting in the nearby armchair, with a book in her hands.

And I, the prodigal son, newcomer back to the family home, decorating the tree.

When I was a kid we used to do it together, remember, dad? I put the ones in the bottom area and then I passed you the ones that went at the high side. When it was all settled, you lifted me off the ground so I could put the star on the tip. And then,

before turning on the lights, Mom came in with the cookies she had just made and a few steaming cups of chocolate. She and I sat down while you, redoubling an imaginary drum, turned on the flickering lights.

Those were good times. We were happy. At least I was, and I've always assumed that you were, too—in spite of me.

Then it passed ... well, that. You know. No need to go back to it. The important thing is that we are all three together. Again. And that we are going to spend Christmas together, as before.

You do not mind me decorating the tree this year, do you, dad? No, of course it does not bother you.

It does not bother you any more.

You do not care about anything anymore.

And now, let me think where I'll put your eyes and mom's. Then, to finish, instead of the usual tinsel, I will put



your intestines. You will see how  
beautiful it will be.

I love being home for Christmas!



# The Aztec priestess

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

Again the Técpatl falls from heaven in a new cosmic cycle. Again, that mythic obsidian knife is fragmented into one thousand six hundred pieces over Chicomóztoc, the sacred place of the seven caves. From that fragmentation were born one thousand six hundred gods —the firsts on earth. The violence infringed on the space time of the multiverse by that event, expelled the subparticles that made up Normax Aguilar's conscience, toward the Psychogenetic Time Machine. It was the year 2500. Time travel was possible only to the future. Time travel to the past was a mere speculation till a few decades ago. That world was an interconnected place, where life

walked a thin line between the ethereal and physical planes.

“What happened now, Normax?,” asked a skinny young man, whose anthropomorphic image was crystalized thanks to a sophisticated manipulation of atomic energy. His half physic touch reached the blood stained corporal presence of Normax, whom he just took out from the machine set in the very center of the laboratory. After each journey, the features of a pre-Columbian goddess became more evident in her face. The world outside of the laboratory had changed without them notice it. The ruling race descended from the mexicas, living in which now was a Techno-Teotihuacán.

“Can't you see it?,” she answered. “It's other ritual sacrifice. The genetic travel back in time is not limited to our universe. I've incarnated several parallels universes in theirs Nahuatl cultures; though this time, I'm afraid to have affected the present, due to the multiverse' repercussions. I've

altered the human history. King  
Moctezuma unmasked Hernán  
Cortez and his followers. A dormant  
power awaked in Tenochtitlan. This  
time, the genes of my inner priestess  
took the task to open the chest of the

conqueror on the peak of the pyramid  
—his heart beat for a moment in my  
hands. Then, the blood thirsty Técpatl  
brought me back —bathed with his  
rotten blood.



# The last supper

*By Jaime Magnan Albarce (Chile)*

Tom is about to fall overcome by sleep. My gaze violates my mood, but it is not enough: he does not understand my guttural sob. Dinner is served, although neither accepted the invitation. Things of life, the bad reading of a road map in a foreign country. The damn idea of consulting in that hut in the woods. The nice elderly couple and their tea. Between dreams, the transaction: a good herd of notes for each. The buyer, an enigmatic friar. I woke up immobile, facing six men disfigured by fear, immobilized and holding in their mouths, by belts and contraptions, some funnels. Tom and I are no exception. Our host appears.

Watch us. And us to him. Everyone, except Tom, fallen from exhaustion.

The man chooses, injects something. He unties it and takes it. Come back with another guest and walk. The wait is long. He returns by pushing a stretcher where my friend lies, decorated with fruits and flowers; A macabre portrait of still life. He parks it among the twelve diners. Display a crow's knife. The metal blade slices the genitals. A heartbreaking cry feeds the silence. The bloody testicles are deposited in the funnel of the boy facing me. I listen to his arcades. The host squeezes the matter into the funnel, then ends up pushing it. Tom wakes up. The man opens mercilessly in his stomach. He inserts his gloved hand, ripping off the viscera. We feed them. Tom loses consciousness. Obligated, I tasted his bowels. I close my eyes, a futile act of protest. I open them and contemplate the face of my friend being sliced, layer by layer. I discover his hands and feet turned into stumps that distill crimson red. The final act follows: with a burin, the friar drills the chest of my friend and extracts his heart muscle.

Blood gushes out. Tom experiences  
a rattle and dies. I drown my eyes in  
tears. The exhaustion invades me. I  
think I doze for a couple of seconds.  
Hot liquid flows through my body.

Then an intense cold on my back  
awakens me. I'm on the steel plate.  
My place has already been occupied: a  
girl looks at me terrified. The rest is  
already used to the feast.

# The knowed killer

*By M<sup>a</sup> Del Socorro Candelaria Zárate*  
(Mexico)

I still remember that hot summer day when the "Vampire of Death", in front of a busy audience, that they had called the young woman's murderer because of her first statement after being arrested: "... and the taste of her blood made lose my head and kill her... "; that statement stalked us behind the platform to face the greatest horror that could have populated our worst nightmares.

I could not believe the sight of this man standing up and making his statement, dressed in an elegant black suit with white stripes that made him appear taller and thinner than he was; With his almost transparent white skin, red lips that looked like carmine, his electric blue eyes, his long blond

hair perfectly combed, gave the appearance of a modern Dracula or the leader of a satanic sect and his presence bristled the skin. I turned to see everyone in the room, with a haughty and derogatory tone began to speak:

"I,m sure you want to know what happened that night and I'll tell you. We had an argument and I slapped her so hard, the blow made her nose bleed; That was the beginning of the end. The blood drained to her lips and I wanted to kiss her with passion, but at the contact of my mouth with her blood madness took hold of me, I bit her until I pulled her lower lip with part of the flesh that surrounded her jaw, viewing the bone. Her screams made me angry and I pushed her violently, the blood drained from her ears and I threw herself on the floor to suck her, but desperation seized me and I bit her ears until they were ripped off, then ... " I could not bear, like the others, I retired from the room before finish his story. I did



not have the stomach to listen how he  
disfigured the young woman.

One day I thought I had seen  
everything and that nothing could

surprise me; But today I know that  
hiding in some hole of this great city  
is sure to hide an unnamed monster,  
poking his head from time to time to  
find some blood to drink



# Anne Frankenstein

*By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)*

In the concentration camp, mad Nazi scientists gathered several prisoners to choose the healthiest girls for various experiments. The chosen ones were torn from the arms of their parents in the middle of the weeping. The sadistic scientists subjected them to cruel experiments, were thrust into frozen waters to suffer hypothermia, others injected them with diseases to see how their body reacted. They cut off their arms and legs, the worst, without anesthesia, they had no mercy on the infants, all of them died in the name of science. To the concentration camp, Dr. Schumacher arrived with a crazy idea, to revive the dead to become the perfect soldiers, immune to pain and bullets. He asked for the arms and legs that had mutilated the

little ones and put them on a girl, looked at her dress and had a name: Anne Frankenstein, injecting a virus in her body rebuilt with members of other small ones, I hope, but as time went by He saw that nothing happened, he ordered the corpse to be thrown. That night it rained, Ana opened her eyes and rose from the ditch, entered the laboratory attacking Dr. Schumacher, all the hatred contained made his hands ripped off the head of a milestone, the Nazi soldiers entered firing their machine guns, Frankenstein came And ripped the viscera from each of the carriers of the swastika. The girl had one eye destroyed, the orbital basin was bleeding and one arm was torn, the bones were visible. The little girl took it away; Approaching the soldiers, one took off his eye and placed it in his orbital basin, another Nazi corpse bit his arm until mutilated and placed on the stump, quickly joined the meat, she could move his new arm like nothing. The formula had worked, in the concentration camp

they were dismembered the Nazis, all the hatred of Anne Frankenstein was the revenge of the deceased girls, who took refuge in his body. He smiled at

a sea of shattered corpses, his blood-stained dress, his hand wiping his mouth, going for the other Nazi criminals.



# Slaughter

*By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*

They dragged him out of the bed, half-asleep he was forced to stand up, they tied his hands and placed a rope around his neck. It took a while to get rid of the mists of sleep and wake up altogether, and the awakening he remembered and when he remembered, the terror struck their conscience with such force, that provoked him arcades.

It was the day he knew it had to come. The moment he had always expected and feared. The moment for which he was supposed to have been prepared but which, however, had caught him by surprise.

Terror filled his throat with bile and his sphincter relaxed without him being able to avoid it. He heard laughter around him, but fear left no room for shame.

Upon reaching at the square he was greeted with applause, laughter, music and shouts of enthusiasm that hid the relief of not being chosen and the terror because anyone could be next.

The same men who had brought him up there lifted him up and put him on a wooden frame, where he was tied tightly. The ropes were nailed to his flesh, making him bleed and preventing him from defending himself or escaping.

He could only move the eyes that, full of terror, turned everywhere, looking for a friendly face, a salvation, maybe a tear of commiseration and finding nothingness.

Then there was silence. A man, with a serious face and strong arms, came out of one of the buildings carrying a huge knife. He stood in front of him, exchanged words with the men who held him, threw a huge green spit, and without further ado, with quick and precise movements, he plunged the knife into the trembling flesh. The cry

of pain ran through the streets of the village and returned like an echo.

He torned it from top to the bottom almost to single gash, then he extracted his guts and dropped

them to the ground with a damp splash. He died drained off, contemplating his own entrails and smelling his own misery and that night his meat fed all the town.



# Sprinkle your madness

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

I don't know when all this started. As a child I was normal, my heart beating with a peaceful tranquility. I got a joyful approach toward life, and a very natural fondness for company. Later on, while growing up, my teenage sensibility and curiosity took me into books and solitude. They sheltered me from the real world which, as time went on, I came to hate it. It's empty of any purpose. Always I asked myself how a person stops being the same in the course of an existence; why, being a single entity, we endured so many transformations; why my yesterday ego wasn't the same of today's, while

being the same. It's like that famous phrase by Heraclitus: "Nobody bath himself twice in the same river." My self was passing and changing in that river. I came to realized that some of my formers best friends had nothing to do with me in the present; that our individual rivers turned their directions toward their own destinies.

Now, after my last deeds I'm not the same person either. I've changed. In a sorrowful way I recovered my calmness and reflexive faculty. Maybe is due to the four walls of this Psychiatry institution. Everyone knows that reclusion brings quietness. Those voices that spoke in my head as a grown up, were the rain torrent that overflowed the river. The turn of its direction wrecked my nerves —somehow that person wasn't me anymore. I remember how those voices whispered so many abominable things in my head, and how my self, once good nature, celebrated those thoughts that woke up my inner evil. Yes, I confess



it: I enjoyed that night in which I slashed their throats, possessed by an unnatural force that pushed me on. When my inner voice advised me to commit the crime, I sneaked carefully into the hotel room where the band was lodged.

Their music disgusted me. They tried to defend themselves, but my knife broke into their flabby flesh, time after times. My speed was amazing.

The white walls were sprinkled like a canvas by the bloody rivers of my madness. How ironic, that's the title of one of their song. And this night, my blood will sprinkle too the walls of this room.



## Witness

By *Dolo Espinosa* —seud.— (*Spain*)

I saw everything. I  
witnessed that heinous  
crime.

I was there when he  
left her unconscious.

I stared,  
motionless as he  
tied her to the bed  
and awaited her  
return to  
consciousness.

I witnessed each step  
of the torture that  
submitted.

I could relate, in detail, all the horrible process.

How he filled her skin with long and slow cuts.

How he tasted the blood that flowed from her wounds.

How he cut her breasts until almost separated them from her body.



How he opened her stomach and plunged his hands into her throbbing entrails.

Yes, I saw everything, I was present until the end.

I saw blood gushing forth from his mouth.

I saw her tears fall mingled with snots, drools, and bile.

I watched her life slip away, and I am sure she received with relief the cold embrace of death.

I was an immobile and inert witness to the murderer's cruelty.

I saw everything without doing anything.

Not because I did not want to.

Not out of cowardice.

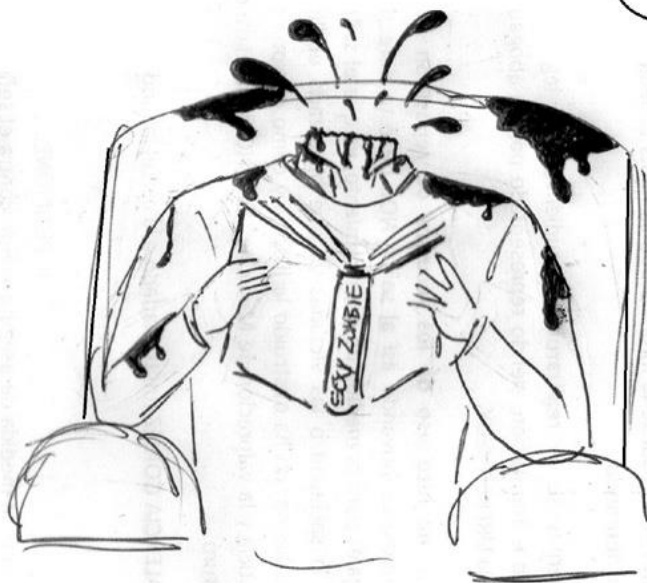
I would have helped her if I could, just to spare me that horror.

The same horror I had spent a few minutes before, but ... What help can a corpse offer?

# SPIATTERPUNK

By Ariel Carlos Delgado

And that novel splatterpunk  
is so terrible as they say?



2017.



## Novelas:

Cenizas

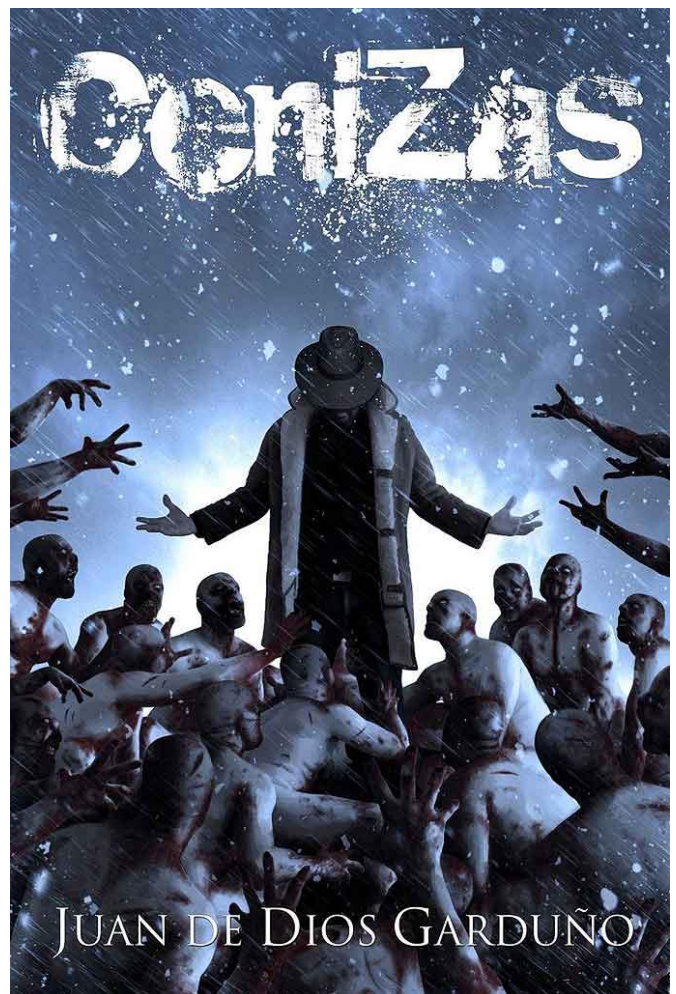
Autor: Juan de Dios Garduño

Editorial: Palabras de Agua

Sinopsis: Tras una década de relativa tranquilidad, un asesinato horroriza a los habitantes de Villa Salvación. Con el mundo muerto y sumido en frío y cenizas, Peter y Ketty no solo tendrán que hacer frente al terrible crimen: los albinos han regresado y no vienen solos.

Sobre el autor:

Nació en Sevilla en 1980. En 2010 publicó su novela Y pese a todo.... Vaca Films, productora de Celda 211, la llevó al cine con coproducción estadounidense, dirección de Miguel Ángel Vivas (Secuestrados, 2011) y actores de Hollywood de la talla de Matthew Fox (Perdidos) y Jeffrey Donovan (El intercambio) y la española Clara Lago.



La novela también obtuvo el premio Noche 2011 como mejor novela de terror española. Garduño ha publicado, además, El hijo del Mississippi (2016), El arte sombrío (2013) y El camino de baldosas amarillas (2012).

Asimismo, ha escrito guiones de cortometrajes finalistas en el Festival de Sitges, el Festival Internacional de Cine Fantástico de París o en el WorldFest de Houston.

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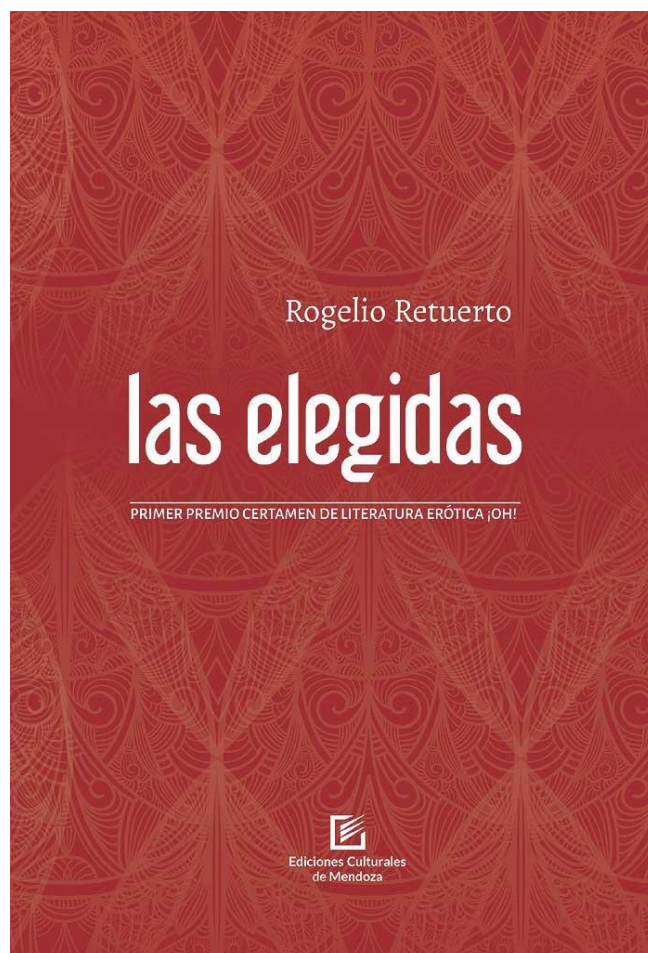
Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/EditorialPalabrasDeAgua/>

Twitter: @PalabrasDeAgua1

Las elegidas

Autor: Rogelio Oscar Retuerto

Sinopsis: Una joven na médica es la única sobreviviente de una masacre en una quinta de Exdespierta herida y ultrajada en un albergue transitorio del barrio de Once. Ualtación de la Cruz. Una joven estudiante despierta rodeada de cadáveres mutilados en una fiesta electrónica en Rosario ¿Qué las une? Las tres son homo sapiens féminas genéticamente perfectas. Alguien las busca, las escoge, las elige. Alguien procura inducir el perfeccionamiento de





la especie humana usando sus cuerpos. Alguien intentará detenerlo y para ello procurará detener el curso de los embarazos que pueden llegar a cambiar el rumbo de la humanidad. Una historia de sexo, terror y manipulación genética que los llevará a través de una huida desesperada por el norte argentino en busca de la supervivencia de una nueva especie. Policías provinciales corrompidas, mafias enquistadas en las instituciones del Estado, todo el engranaje del establishment mafioso se pondrá en marcha para aniquilar la simiente que puede subvertir el orden social de nuestro planeta. Novela ganadora del Certamen Nacional de Literatura Erótica 2016.

Dijo el jurado:

"Novela crossover que maneja la trama en base a lo sexual. Hay erotismo, ciencia ficción, drama, suspenso y gore. De ritmo suelto y envolvente, mantiene al hilo al lector. De lenguaje acertado y actual, refleja, de cierta manera, adónde se orienta la literatura joven de género, transitando la segunda década del siglo"

Sobre el autor:

Rogelio Oscar Retuerto (Argentina) escritor de relatos de terror, fantasía y ciencia ficción y director de la revista Cruz Diablo. El año pasado obtuve el primer premio del Certamen Nacional de Literatura Erótica con mi novela de horror erótico Las elegidas.

## Revistas:

Revista Cruz Diablo N° 5

Cruz Diablo Staff:

Director: Rogelio Osca Retuerto

Editora: Natalia Cáceres

Equipo Editorial: Natalia Cáceres,  
Marcelo Adrian Lillo.

Arte de tapa e ilustraciones: Gastón  
Barticevic

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Retuerto

6 / “Mujer Loca” por Lore Morena  
(Arg.)

15 / “Intenta borrar esto” por Rubén Risso (Arg.)

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Oscar Retuerto (Arg.)

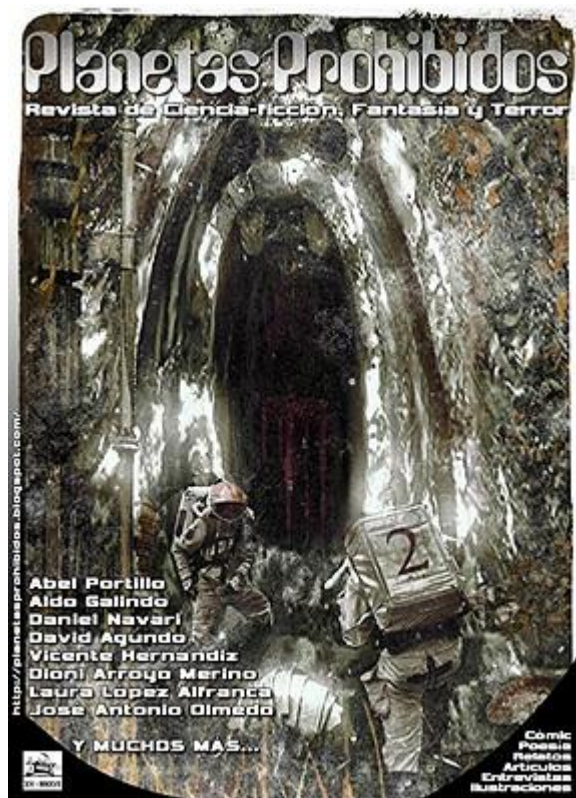
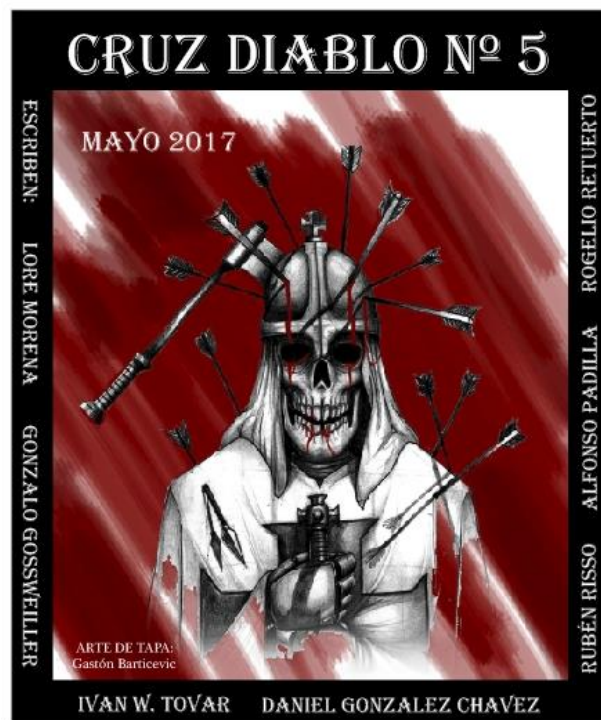
Revista Planetas Prohibidos N° 14

Portada: Angelo Donatti

-Editorial (William E. Fleming)

-Lee las cláusulas (Dioni ArroyoMerino)

-Dilatación Temporal (Aldo Galindo/Ángel  
García)



- Mariposa Roja (Laura López/Abel Portillo)
- Onironautas (Daniel Navari/David Agundo)
- Artículo: Herederos de Cthulhu (José Antonio Olmedo López-Amor)
- Me conecté a Bulbar el Sanguinario (Javier Sermanz/Karol Scandiu)
- Y ahora, ¿qué hacemos?/Anoche medité (Vicente Hernández)
- La juventud de Mamá Pulpa (Maximiliano E. Giménez)
- En los confines de la ciencia ficción (Daniel Benítez)
- Artículo: NGC3660 (Pily Barba)
- Cómics: /Fraga Cómics
- Poesía: J. Javier Arnau
- Reseña cinematográfica: un monstruo viene a verme (José Antonio Olmedo López-Amor)

<http://planetasprohibidos.blogspot.com/2017/09/planetas-prohibidos-14.html>

## **Antologías:**

El futuro es ahora

Autor: VV.AA.

Sinopsis: Relatos que componen esta antología se deslizan entre lo más clásico y cotidiano de la ciencia ficción hasta los confines más lejanos.

Podréis leer historias al más puro estilo «space opera», viajes en el tiempo con unos resultados insospechados, el fin de la civilización humana con consecuencias inimaginables o la lucha contra el invasor del espacio. Robots, implantes cerebrales, un pasajero no deseado y una misteriosa playa...

Déjate llevar por cada una de estas y otras historias que homenajean a los ochenta más puros.

«Ángel exterminador» por Rafael Marín.

«El intruso fantasma» por Ramón San Miguel.

«Al quebrarse la eternidad» por Vicente Hernández.

«Amanecer en la playa» por Ángel Torres Quesada.

«El enterrador» por J. Javier Arnau.

«No significa nada» por Anika Lillo.

«Amarga primavera» por Dioni Arroyo.

«Jaque mate» por Pily Barba.

«Con dados cargados» por Rodolfo Martínez.

«Cuestión de circuitos» por Laura López Alfranca.

«Atardecer en la playa» por Ángel Torres Quesada.

«Harim no podía llorar» por Alfredo Álamo.

«Christine, segunda opción» por Carlos M. Federici.

«Todo lo que un hombre pueda imaginar» por Juan Miguel Aguilera.





«Cromatóforo» por León Arsenal.

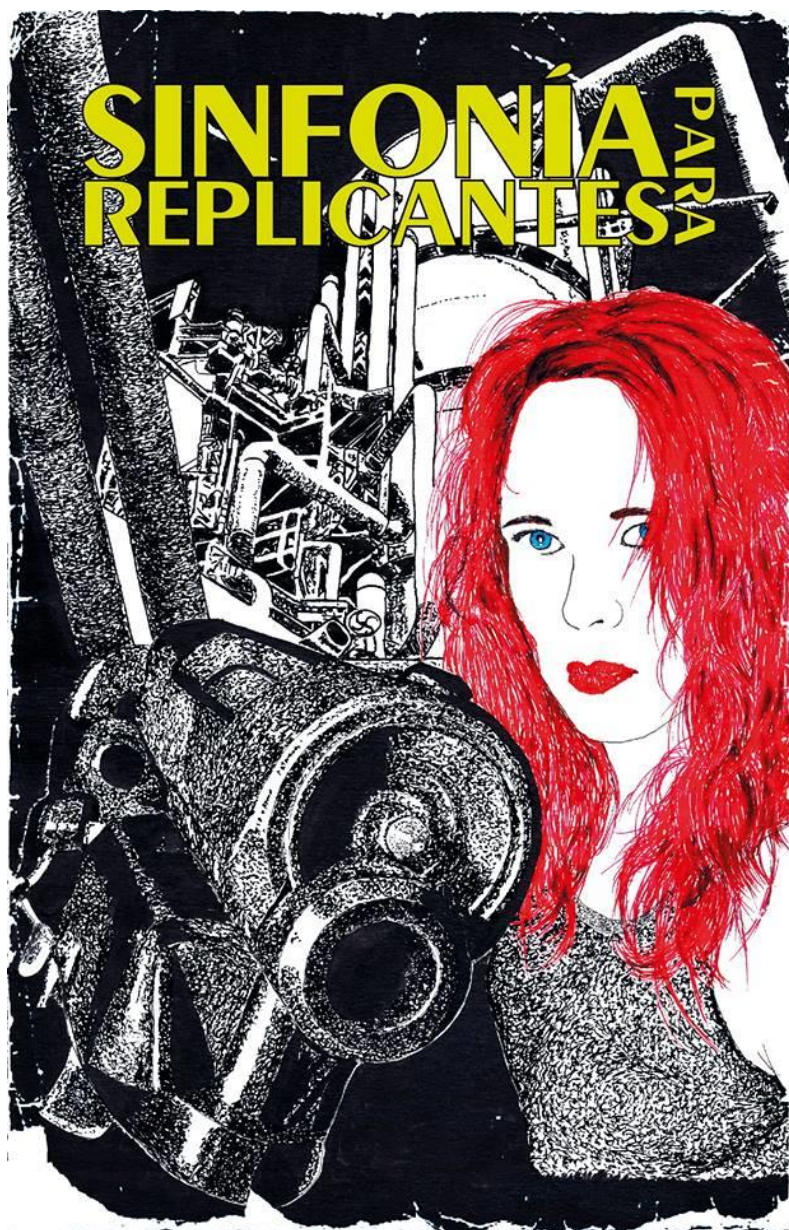
«Anochecer en la playa» por Ángel Torres Quesada.

## Sinfonía para replicantes

Autor: VV.AA.

«Sinfonía para replicantes», una antología en la que 14 autores nos presentan quince relatos de ciencia ficción, a veces fusionados con otros géneros que consideramos hermanos (fantasía, terror). Autores más o menos conocidos, algunos con obras ya publicadas, otros con menos visibilidad en este mundillo, nos traen relatos que, en las condiciones actuales de conocimiento y técnica, es difícil que suceda en nuestra sociedad tal y como la conocemos; una literatura que engloba muchas temáticas, y al mismo tiempo

podemos decir que también forma parte de algo mayor, como puede ser el género Fantástico... es decir, de auténtica ciencia ficción. James Crawford Publishing homenajea al clásico pulp de ciencia ficción con estas historias que deleitarán a aquellos aficionados a Asimov, Clarke, Ellison... Entre las páginas podrás encontrar una campaña militar por la colonización, el inicio de una invasión



alienígena, el viaje de regreso de una nave desde lo desconocido, o extrañas sensaciones en una nave espacial infestada de... te dejamos que lo descubras por ti mismo. Abre las páginas de este volumen y disfruta.

Los autores de esta antología son:

CONCIERTO DE CUERDA EN RE MENOR Álvaro de la Riva  
Hengstenberg

LA NOCHE DE LOS GOLEMS PRIÁPICOS Ana Morán Infiesta

HEIL RÜHMLICH Miguel Chamizo

EL FILÓSOFO Y EL ANDROIDE Axel A. Giaroli

SABOTAJE Lorena Hache

HURONES Jorge del Oro Aragunde

LÍNEA DE LUZ Toni R. Pons

LA NAVE Carlos Arnau / J. Javier Arnau

CUANDO EL CIELO SE AGRIETÓ Edgar Segá

SIEMPRE HE SIDO HELEN Daniel Gutiérrez

¡MALDITA CARROÑA! Beatriz T. Sánchez

VIAJE DE REGRESO Tony Jiménez

LA ÚLTIMA ADVERTENCIA Yersey Owen

LA FLOR DE LA PEREZA Miguel Chamizo

EL ESCUADRÓN L-201 Edgar Segá

## 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:

**Caballero Álvarez, Mari Carmen (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/>

**Candelaria Zarate, M<sup>a</sup>. 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.

### **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.

[www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com](http://www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com)

**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](http://www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.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.

**Pradillos Luque, Lucía (Spain, 28 years old)** Finalist IV Contest "New Voices for Peace" Literary Edition (USA) and publication in the anthology. Publication of poems in the magazines "Aliar" nº2 and "A la luz del candil" nº6.

**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. 46 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. 10 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. 01 Valderá, Duchy Man (City of Havana, Cuba, 1978)** painter and illustrator.

He studied at the Plastic Arts Elementary School October 20 (now José Antonio Díaz Peláez Center) and the Manero Workshop, Havana City (1993-1995). She has been a student of artists and designers Tulio Raggi, Rafael Morante, Carlos Guzmán and Alexis Lago.

Member of the Hermanos Saíz Association (AHS).

Graduated from the Literary Training Center "Onelio Jorge Cardoso" directed by Eduardo Heras León, City of Havana (2003-2004)

Founding member of the creative group "Nueva Gente", conformed by illustrators of the editorial Gente Nueva.

Founding member of the literary group  
"ESPIRAL", of the AHS.

## Illustrations:

**Pag. 01** Splatterpunk / *Duchy Man Valderá (Cuba)*

**Pag. 10** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Splatterpunk of every day / *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

**Pag. 46** Splatterpunk / *Ariel Carlos Delgado (Colombia)*