

MINATURA

*The Magazine
of the brief
& Fantastic*

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In consequence of inventing machines, men will be devoured by them.

Jules Verne



External objects produce decided effects upon the

brain. A man shut up between four walls soon loses the power to associate words and ideas together. How many prisoners in solitary confinement become idiots, if not mad, for want of exercise for the thinking faculty!

Journey to the Center of the Earth

(1864)



The moon, by her comparative proximity, and the constantly varying appearances produced by her several phases, has always occupied a



considerable share of the attention of the inhabitants of the earth.

From the Earth to the Moon

(1865)



The human mind delights in

grand conceptions of supernatural beings. And the sea is precisely their best vehicle, the only medium through which these giants (against which terrestrial animals, such as elephants or rhinoceroses, are as nothing) can be produced or developed

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the

Sea (1870)



Civilization never recedes; the law of necessity ever forces it onwards.

The Mysterious Island (1874)

Jules Verne Universe

What would one of our ancestors have said when they saw those boulevards illuminated with a brilliance comparable to that of the sun, those thousands of vehicles that circulated without making noise by the dull asphalt of the streets, those stores rich as palaces where the light spread in white radiations, those wide communication routes as squares, those vast squares as plains, those immense hotels where twenty thousand travelers lodged, those lightweight viaducts; those long elegant galleries, those bridges that crossed from one street to another, and in short, those effulgent trains that seemed to cross the air at fantastic speed ...

Une ville idéale (1863)

I must be honest with the readers, Jules Verne was not the first option to be discussed in this issue, I thought about Borges, Heinlein and even Pratchett, but I was caught in Havana by the II Verniano International Congress (where I

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

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

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

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

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made friends with Ariel Pérez, organizer of said event) there I met a boy, who at eleven tried to sneak on a boat to travel to India and when he was older during the premiere at the theater of *Around the World in Eighty Days*¹ he almost killed himself riding the elephant he was driving Fogg in the work.

Verne was much more than a writer of extraordinary trips, he himself traveled to the USA, Scandinavia, Germany, the Netherlands and Spain, the latter being not very well stopped in Hector Servadac (1877): "The Spaniards are a little fatalistic people, like the Orientals, and these are not impressed extraordinarily; a song on guitar, a little dance and castanets, and they will be happy. "

I did not want to touch Verne's most famous points where literature and premonitions of the future are blurred in his work.

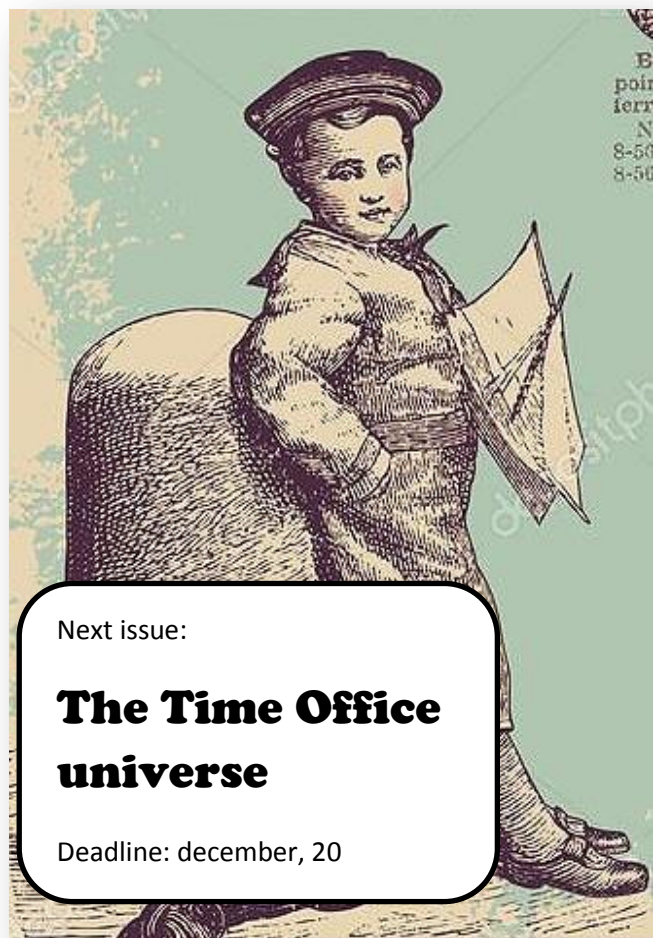
I only invite you to rediscover it in any of your works... again.

I do not want to close this note without thanking as always your illustrators:

¹ It is good to clarify that the first person to break this literary record was the American Nellie Bly with 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes and 14 seconds in 1889.

Gastón Barticevich (Argentina);
Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Miriam
Ascúa (Argentina) and Manuel
Santamaría Barrios (Spain).

The Directors





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

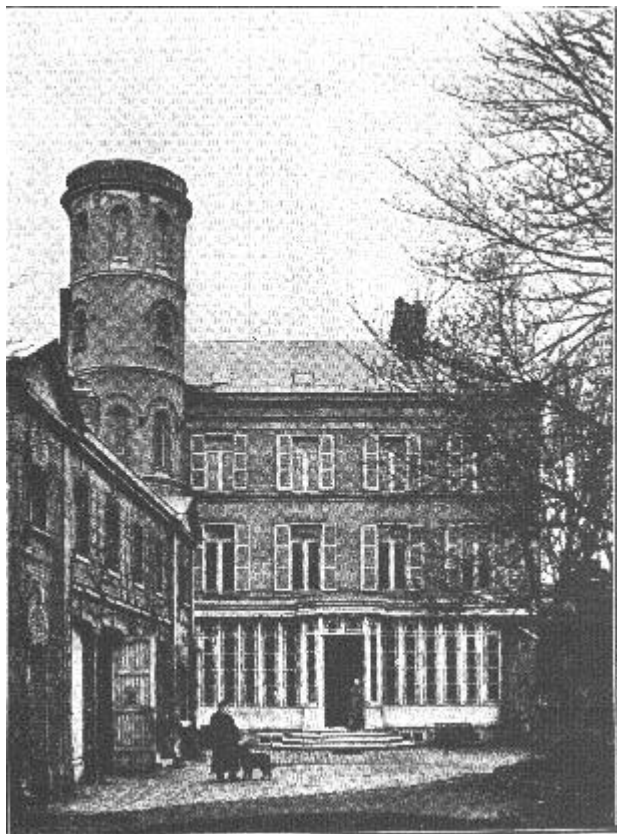
Jules Verne at Home

By Marie A. Belloc, *Strand Magazine*, February, 1895

THE author of “Round the World in Eighty Days,” “Five Weeks in a Balloon,” and many other delightful stories which cannot but have endeared his personality to hundreds of readers in every part of the world, spends his happy, well-filled working life in Amiens, a quiet, French provincial town situated on the direct route from Calais and Boulogne to Paris.

The humblest Amienois can point out Jules Verne’s home, No. 1, Rue Charles Dubois, is a charming, old-fashioned house, situated at the corner of a countrified street leading out of a broad boulevard.

The little door let into a lichen-covered wall was answered by a cheerful-looking old *bonne*. As soon as she heard that I had come by appointment, she led the way across the paved court-yard bounded on two sides by a picturesque, irregular building, flanked by the short tower which is so often a feature of French country houses. As I followed her, I was able to catch a glimpse of Jules Verne’s garden, a distant vista of great beeches shading wide expanses of well-kept turf brilliant with flower-beds. Though it was late autumn, everything was exquisitely neat and dainty, and not a stray leaf was to be seen on the broad gravel paths, where the veteran novelist takes every day one of his frequent constitucionals.



Jules Verne's House.

A row of shallow stone steps leads to a conservatory hall, which, filled with palms and flowering shrubs, forms a pleasant ante-chamber to the beautiful *sallon*, where I was joined a few moments later by my host and hostess.

As the famous author is the first to acknowledge, Mme. Jules Verne had played no small part in each and all her husband's triumphs and successes; and it is difficult to

believe that the bright, active old lady, still so full of youthful vivacity and French *espieglerie*, can really have celebrated over a year ago her golden wedding.

Jules Verne, in his personal appearance, does not fulfil the popular idea of a great author. Rather does he give one the impression of being a cultured country gentleman, and this notwithstanding the fact that he always dresses in the sombre black affected by most Frenchmen belonging to the professional classes. His coat is decorated with the tiny red button denoting that the wearer possesses the high distinction of being an officer of the Legion of Honour, As he sat talking he didn't look his seventy eight years, and, indeed, appeared but little changed since the large portrait, hanging opposite that of his wife, was painted some twenty odd years ago.

Age 45.

M. Verne is singularly modest about his work, and showed no desire to talk about either his books or himself. Had it not been for kindly assistance of his wife, whose pride in her husband's genius is delightful to witness, I should have found it difficult to persuade him to give me any particulars about his literary career or his methods of work.

"I cannot remember the time," he observed, in answer to a question, "when I did not write, or intend to be an author; and as you will soon see, many things conspired to that end. You know, I am a Breton by birth—my native town being Nantes—but my father was a Parisian by education and taste, devoted to literature, and, although he was too modest to make any effort to popularize his work, a line poet. Perhaps this is why I myself began my literary career by writing poetry, which—for I followed the example of most budding French litterateurs—took the form of five-act tragedy," he concluded, with half-sigh—half-smile.



My first real piece of work, however," he added, after a pause, "was a little comedy written in collaboration with Dumas *filz*, who was, and has remained, one of my best friends. Our play was called 'Pailles Rompues' (Split Straws), and was acted at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris; but, although I much enjoyed light dramatic work, I did not find that it brought me anything in the way of substance of fortune.

"And yet," he continued, slowly, "I have never lost my love for the stage and everything connected with theatrical life. One of the keenest joys my story-writing



has brought me has been the successful staging of some of my novels, notably 'Michel Strogoff.'

"I have often been asked what first gave me the idea of writing what, for the want of a better name, may be styled scientific romances.

"Well, I had always been devoted to the study of geography, much as some people delight in history and historical research. I really think that my love for maps and the great explorers led to my composing the first of my long series of

geographical stories.

"When writing my first book, 'Five Weeks in a Balloon,' I chose Africa as the scene of action, for the simple reason that less was, and is, known about that continent than any other; and it struck me that the most ingenious way in which this portion of the world's surface could be explored would be from a balloon. I thoroughly enjoyed writing the story, and, even more, I may add, the researches which it made necessary; for then, as now, I always tried to make even the wildest of my romances as realistic and true to life as possible.

Present day.

"Once the story was finished, I sent the manuscript to the well-known Paris publisher, M. Hetzel. He read the tale, was interested by it, and made me an offer which I accepted. I may tell you that this excellent man and his son became, and have remained, my very good friends, and the firm are about to publish my seventieth novel."

“Then you passed no anxious moments waiting on fame?” I asked. “Did your first book become immediately popular, both at home and abroad?”

“Yes,” he answered, modestly. “‘Five weeks in a Balloon’ has remained to this day one of the most read of my stories, but you must remember that I was already a man of thirty-five when this book was published, and had been married for some eight years,” he concluded, turning to Mme. Verne with a charming air of old-fashioned gallantry.

“Your love of geography did not prevent your possessing a strong bent for science?”

“Well, I do not in any way pose as a scientist, but I esteem myself fortunate as having been born in an age of remarkable discoveries, and perhaps still more wonderful inventions.”

“You are doubtless aware,” interposed Mme. Verne, proudly, “that many apparently impossible scientific phenomena in my husband’s romances have come true?”

“Tut, tut,” cried M. Verne, deprecatingly, “that is a mere coincidence, and is doubtless owing to the fact that even when inventing scientific phenomena I always try and make everything seem as true and simple as possible. As to the accuracy of my descriptions, I owe that in a great measure to the fact that, even before I began writing stories, I always took numerous notes out of every book, newspaper, magazine, or scientific report that I came across. These notes were, and are, all classified according to the subject which they dealt, and I need hardly point out to you how invaluable much of this material has been to me.

“I subscribe to over twenty newspapers,” he continued, “and I am an assiduous reader of every scientific publication; even apart from my work I keenly enjoy

reading or hearing about any new discovery or experiment in the worlds of science, astronomy, meteorology, or physiology.”

“And do you find that this miscellaneous reading suggests to you any new idea for stories, or do you depend for your plot wholly on your own imagination?”

“It is impossible to say what suggests the skeleton of a story; sometimes one thing, sometimes another. I have often carried an idea in my brain for years before I had occasion to work it out on paper, but I always make a note when anything of the kind occur to me. Of course, I can distinctly trace the beginning of some of my books: ‘Round the World in Eighty Days’ was the result of reading tourist advertisement in a newspaper. The paragraph which caught my attention mentioned in fact that nowadays it would be quite possible for a man to travel round the world in eighty days, and it immediately flashed into my mind that the traveller, profiting by a difference of meridian, could be made to either gain or lose a day during that period of time. It was this initial thought that really made the whole point of the story. You will, perhaps, remember that my hero, Phineas Fogg, owing to this circumstance arrived home in time to win his wager, instead of, as he imagined, a day too late.”

“Talking of Phineas Fogg, monsieur: unlike most French writers, you seem to enjoy making your heroes of English or foreign extraction:”

“Yes, I consider that members of the English-speaking race make excellent heroes, especially where a story of adventure, or scientific pioneering work, is about to be described. I thoroughly admire the pluck and go-ahead qualities of the nation which have planted the Union Jack on so great a portion of the earth’s surface.”

“Your stories also differ from those of almost all your fellow-authors,” I ventured to observe, “inasmuch that in them the fair sex plays so small a part.”

An approving glance from my kindly hostess showed me that she agreed with the truth of my observation.

“I deny that *in toto*,” cried M. Verne, with some heat. “Look at ‘Mistress Branican,’ and the charming young girls in some of my stories. Whenever there is any necessity for the feminine element to be introduced you will always find it there.” Then, smiling: “Love is an all-absorbing passion, and leaves room for little else in the human breast; my heroes need all their wits about them, and the presence of a charming young lady might now and again sadly interfere with what they have to do. Again, I have always wished to so write my stories that they might be placed without the least hesitation in the hands of all young people, and I have scrupulously avoided any scene which, say, a boy would not like to think his sister would read.”

“Before daylight wanes, would you not like to come upstairs and see my husband’s workroom and study?” asked my hostess; “there we can continue our conversation.”

The Workroom.

And so, with Mme. Verne leading the way, we went once more through the light, airy hall, where a door opened straight on to the quaint winding staircase, which



leads up and up till are reached the cosy set of rooms where M. Verne passes the greater part of his life, and from where have issued many of his most enchanting books. As we went along the passage, I noticed some

large maps—dumb testimonies of their owner’s delight in geography and love of accurate information—hanging on the wall.

“It is here,” remarked Mme. Verne throwing open the door of what proved to be a tiny, cell-like bed-chamber, “that my husband does his actual writing each morning. You must know that he gets up at five, and by lunch-time, that is, eleven o’clock, his actual writing, proof correcting, and so on, are over for the day; but one cannot burn the candle at both ends, and each evening he is generally sound asleep by eight or half past eight o’clock.”

The plain wooden desk-table is situated in front of the one large window, and opposite the little camp bed; between the pauses of his work on winter mornings M. Verne, by glancing up, is able to see the dawn breaking over the beautiful spire of Amiens Cathedral. The tiny room is bare of all ornamentation, save for two busts of Moliere and Shakespeare, and a few pictures, including a water-colour of my host’s yacht, the St. Michel, a splendid little boat in which he and his wife spent, some years ago, many of the happiest hours of their long dual life.

Opening out of the bedroom is a fine large apartment, Jules Verne’s library. The room is lined with book-cases, and in the middle a large table groans under a carefully sorted mass of newspapers, reviews, and scientific reports, to say nothing of a representative collection of French and English periodical literature. A number of cardboard pigeon-holes, occupying however wonderfully little space, contain the twentyodd thousand notes garnered by the author during his long life.

The Library.

“Tell me what are a man’s books, and I will tell you what manner of man he is,” makes an excellent paraphrase of a good old saying, and might well be applied to Jules Verne. His library is strictly, for use, not show, and well-worn copies of such intellectual friends as Homer, Virgil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, shabby, but how dear to their owner; editions of Fenimore Cooper, Dickens, and Scott show hard and constant usage; and there also, in newer dress, many of the better-known English novels have found their way.



“These books will show you,” observed M. Verne, genially, “how sincere is my affection for Great Britain. All my life I have delighted in the works of Sir Walter Scott, and during a never-to-be-forgotten tour in the British Isles, my happiest days were spent in Scotland. I still see,

as in a vision, beautiful, picturesque Edinburgh, with its Heart of Midlothian, and many entrancing memories; the Highlands, world-forgotten Iona, and the wild Hebrides. Of course, to one familiar with the works of Scott, there is scarce a district of his native land lacking some association connected with the writer and his immortal work.”

“And how did London impress you?”

“Well, I consider myself a regular devotee of the Thames. I think the great river is the most striking feature of that extraordinary city.”

“I should like to ask you your opinion of some of our boys’ books and stories of adventure. Of course, you know England has led the van in regard to such literature.”

“Yes, indeed, notably with that classic, beloved alike by old and young, ‘Robinson Crusoe’; and yet perhaps I shall shock you by admitting that I myself prefer the dear old ‘Swiss Family Robinson.’ People forget that Crusoe and his man Friday were but an episode in a seven-volumed story. To my mind the book’s great merit is that it was apparently the first romance of the kind ever perpetrated. We have all written ‘Robinsons,’” he added, laughing; “but it is a moot question if any of them would have seen the light had it not been for their famous prototype.”

“And where do you place other English writers of adventure?”

“Unhappily, I can read only those works which have been translated into French. I never tire of Fenimore Cooper; certain of his romances deserve true immortality, and will I trust be remembered long after the so-called literary giants of a later age are forgotten: Then, again, I thoroughly enjoy Captain Marryat’s breezy romances. Owing to my unfortunate inability to read English, I am not so familiar as I should like to be with Mayne Read and Robert Louis Stevenson; still, I was greatly delighted with the latter’s ‘Treasure Island,’ of which I possess a translation. It seemed to me, when I read it, to possess extraordinary freshness of style and enormous power. I have not mentioned,” he continued, “the English writer whom I consider the master of them all, namely, Charles Dicks,” and the face of the King of Story-tellers lit up with youthful enthusiasm. “I consider that the author of ‘Nicholas Nickleby,’ ‘David Copperfield,’ and ‘The Cricket on the Hearth’ possesses pathos, humour, incident, plot, and descriptive power, any one

of which might have made the reputation of a less gifted mortal; but here, again, is one of those whose fame may smoulder but will never die.”

Whilst her husband was concluding these remarks, Mme. Verne drew my attention to a large book-case filled with rows of apparently freshly bound and little-read books. “Here,” she observed, “are various French, German, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, and Russian editions of M. Verne’s books, including

a Japanese and Arab translation of ‘Round the World in Eighty Days,’” and my kindly hostess took down and opened the strange vellum-bound pages wherein each little Arab who runs may read of the adventures of Phineas Fogg, Esq.

“My husband,” she added, “has never re-read a chapter of a single one of his stories. When the last proofs are corrected his interest in them ceases, and this, although he has sometimes been thinking over a plot, and inventing situations figuring in a story, during years of his life.”

En l'année 1872, la maison portant le numéro
7 de Saville-row, Burlington Gardens - maison dans
laquelle Sheridan mourut en 1814, - était habitée
par Phineas Fogg, esq., l'un des membres les plus
singuliers et les plus remarquables du Reform-Club
de Londres, bien qu'il semblât pendant à tâche
de ne rien faire qui pût altérer l'atmosphère.
A l'un des plus grands orateurs qui honorent
l'Angleterre, succédait donc le Phineas Fogg,
personnage énigmatique, dont on ne savait
rien, sinon que c'était un fort galant homme
et l'un des plus beaux gentlemen de la
haute société anglaise.
On disait qu'il ressemblait à lord Byron -
par la tête, car il était irréprochable quant aux
pieds - mais un Byron à moustaches et favoris
un Byron impossible, qui aurait vécu mille
ans sans vieillir.

Facsimile of Jules Verne’s Handwriting.

“And what, monsieur, are your methods of work?” I inquired. “I suppose you can have no objection to giving away your recipe?”

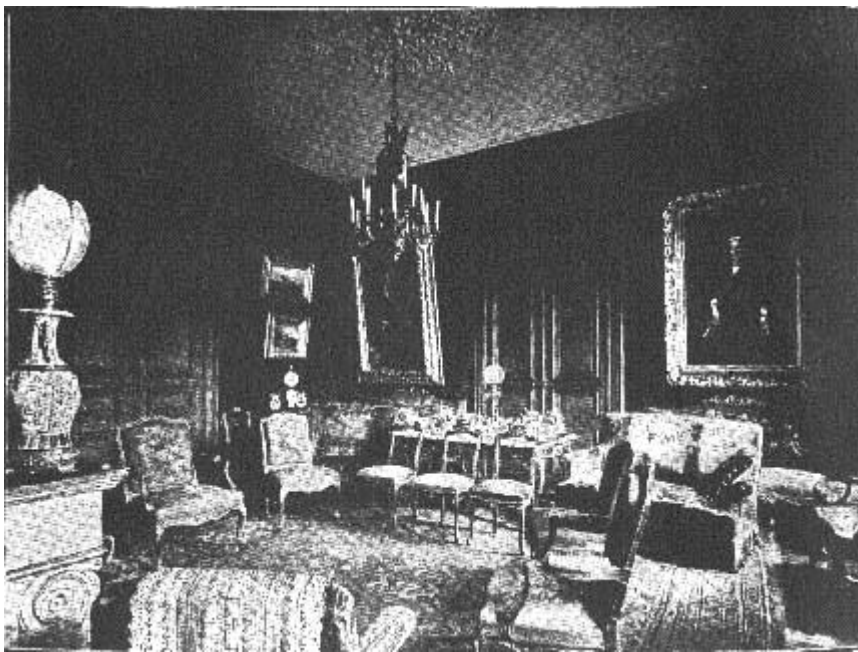
“I cannot see,” he answered, good-humouredly, “what interest the public can find in such things; but I will initiate you into the secrets of my literary kitchen, though I do not know that I would recommend anybody else to proceed on the same plan; for I always think that each of us works in his or her own way, and instinctively knows what method is best. Well, I start by making a draft of what is going to be my new story. I never begin a book without knowing what the beginning, the middle, and the end will be. Hitherto I have always been fortunate enough to have not one, but half-a-dozen definite schemes floating in my mind. If I ever find myself hard up for a subject, I shall consider that it is time for me to give up work. After having completed my preliminary draft, I draw up a plan of the chapters, and then begin the actual writing of the first rough copy in pencil, leaving a half-page margin for corrections and emendations; I then read the whole, and go over all I have already done in ink. I consider that my real labour begins with my first set of proofs, for I not only correct something in every sentence, but I rewrite whole chapters. I do not seem to have a grip of my subject till I see my work in print ; fortunately, my kind publisher allows me every latitude as regards corrections, and I often have as many as eight or nine revises. I envy, but do not attempt to emulate, the example of those who from the Chapter I. to the word Finis, never see reason to alter or add a single word.”

“This method of composition must greatly retard your work?”

“I do not find it so. Thanks to my habits of regularity, I invariably produce two completed novels a year. I am also always in advance of my work; in fact, I am now writing a story which properly belongs to my working year 1897; in other words, I have five manuscripts ready for the printers. Of course,” he added, thoughtfully, “this has not been achieved without sacrifice. I soon found real hard work and a constant, steady rate of production incompatible with the pleasures of

society. When we were younger, my wife and myself lived in Paris, and enjoyed the world and its manifold interests to the full. During the last twelve years I have become a townsman of Amiens; my wife is an Amienoise by birth. It was here that I first made her acquaintance, fifty-three years ago, and little by little all my affections and interests have centered in the town. Some of my friends will even tell you that I am far prouder of being a town councillor of Amiens than of my literary reputation. I do not deny that I thoroughly enjoy taking my share in municipal government.”

The Drawing-Room.



“Then, have you never followed the example of so many of your own personages, and travelled, as you easily might have done, here, there, and everywhere?”

“Yes, indeed; I am passionately fond of travelling, and at one time

spent a considerable portion of each year on my yacht, the St. Michel. Indeed, I may say I am devoted to the sea, and I can imagine nothing more ideal than a sailor’s life; but with age came a strong love of peace and quietude, and,” added the veteran novelist, half sadly, “I now journey only in imagination.”

“I believe, monsieur, that you add the dramatist’s laurels to your other triumphs?”

“Yes,” he answered; “you know we have in France a proverb which declares that a man always ends by returning to his old love. Well, as I told you before, I always took a special delight in everything dramatic, and made my literary debut as a playwright, and of the many substantial satisfactions brought me by my labours, none gave more pleasure than my return to the stage.”

“And which of your stories were most successful in dramatic form? ”

“‘Michel Strogoff’ was perhaps the most popular; it was played all over the world; then ‘Round the World in Eighty Days’ was very successful, and more lately ‘Mathias Sandorf’ was acted in Paris; it may amuse you to know further that my ‘Doctor Ox’ formed the basis of an operetta at the Variétés some seventeen years ago. I was once able to superintend the mounting of my pieces myself; now, my only glimpse of the theatrical world is seen from the front, in our charming Amiens theatre, on the, I must admit, frequent occasions when some good provincial company honours our town with its presence.”

“I suppose,” I observed to Mme. Verne, “that your husband receives many communications from his immense English constituency of unknown friends and readers?”

“Yes, indeed,” she cried, brightly; “and the applications for autographs ! I wish you could see them. If I were not there to save him from his friends, he would spend most of his time writing out his name on slips of paper. I suppose few people have received stranger epistles than my husband. People write to him about all sorts of things: they suggest plots for new stories, they confide to him their troubles, they tell him their adventures, and they send him their books.”

“And do those unknown correspondents ever permit themselves to ask indiscreet questions about M. Verne’s future plans?”

My good-natured and courteous host answered for her, “Many are so kind as to be interested in my next book; if you share that curiosity, you may care to know what I have not yet announced to any but my intimates, namely, that my next story will have for title, ‘L’Ile Hélice’—in English, ‘Screw Island.’ It embodies a set of notions and ideas that have been in my mind for many years. The action will take place on a floating island created by the ingenuity of man, a kind of Great Eastern magnified 10,000 times, and containing, of course, the whole of what in this case may be truly called a moving population. It is my intention,”

concluded M. Verne, “to complete, before my working days are done, a series which shall conclude in story form my whole survey of the world’s surface and the heavens; there are still left corners of the world to which my thoughts have not yet penetrated. As you know, I have dealt with the moon, but a great deal



remains to be done, and if health and strength permit me, I hope to finish the task.”

Jules Verne in the Garden.

There was still half an hour left before the Calais-Paris train (once so eloquently described by Rossetti) was due, and Mme. Verne, with the gracious politeness which is so peculiarly the attribute of well-bred French- women, drove me to the beautiful cathedral, Notre Dame d’Amiens, a poem in stone, dating from the

twelfth century. Within its stately walls the chance English tourist may, all unknowingly, see, any Sunday, the fine old man to whose pen he cannot but have owed many happy hours as boy or man.

About the autor:

Marie Adelaide Elizabeth Rayner Lowndes (née Belloc; 5 August 1868 – 14 November 1947) was a prolific English novelist.

Active from 1898 until her death, she had a literary reputation for combining exciting incidents with psychological interest. Three of her works were adapted for the screen: *The Lodger* (1913 novel; numerous film adaptations), *Letty Lynton* (1931 novel; 1932 film adaptation), and *The Story of Ivy* (1927 novel; 1947 film adaptation). Additionally, *The Lodger* was adapted as a 1940 radio drama and 1960 opera.

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



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The Mysterious Island

(Fragment)

By Jules Verne (*L'Île mystérieuse, Magasin d'Education et de Récréation, 1874*)

Chapter 1

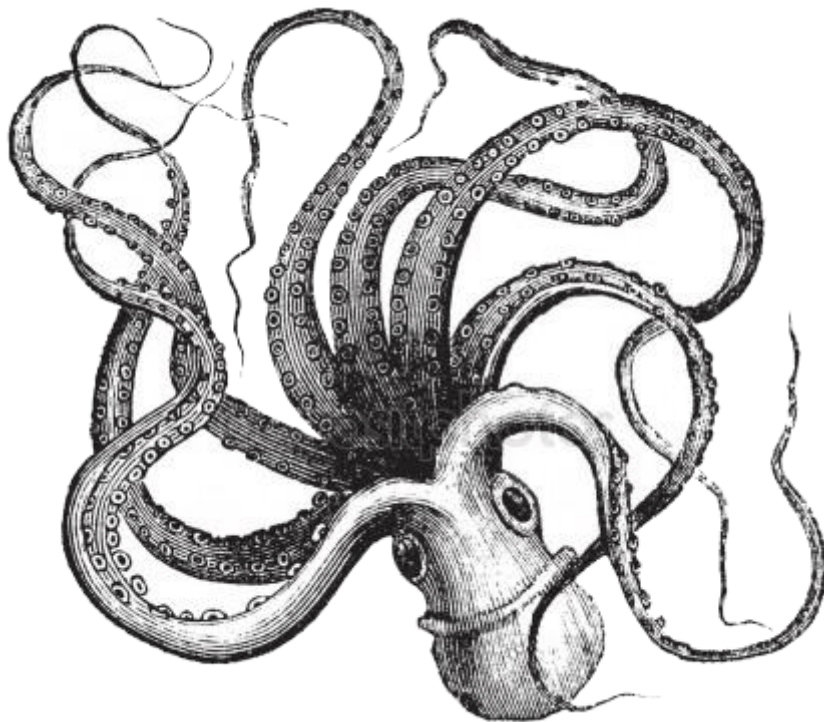
"Are we rising again?" "No. On the contrary." "Are we descending?" "Worse than that, captain! we are falling!" "For Heaven's sake heave out the ballast!" "There! the last sack is empty!" "Does the balloon rise?" "No!" "I hear a noise like the dashing of waves. The sea is below the car! It cannot be more than 500 feet from us!" "Overboard with every weight! ...everything!"

Such were the loud and startling words which resounded through the air, above the vast watery desert of the Pacific, about four o'clock in the evening of the 23rd of March, 1865.

Few can possibly have forgotten the terrible storm from the northeast, in the middle of the equinox of that year. The tempest raged without intermission from the 18th to the 26th of March. Its ravages were terrible in America, Europe, and Asia, covering a distance of eighteen hundred miles, and extending obliquely to the equator from the thirty-fifth north parallel to the fortieth south parallel. Towns were overthrown, forests uprooted, coasts devastated by the mountains of water which were precipitated on them, vessels cast on the shore, which the published accounts numbered by hundreds, whole districts leveled by

waterspouts which destroyed everything they passed over, several thousand people crushed on land or drowned at sea; such were the traces of its fury, left by this devastating

tempest. It surpassed in disasters those which so frightfully ravaged Havana and Guadalupe, one on the 25th of October, 1810, the other on the 26th of July, 1825.



From the Earth to the Moon

(Fragment)

By Jules Verne (De la Terre à la Lune Trajet direct en 97 heures, Journal des débats politiques et littéraires, 1865)

I The Gun Club

During the War of the Rebellion, a new and influential club was established in the city of Baltimore in the State of Maryland. It is well known with what energy the taste for military matters became developed among that nation of ship-owners, shopkeepers, and mechanics. Simple tradesmen jumped their counters to become extemporized captains, colonels, and generals, without having ever passed the School of Instruction at West Point; nevertheless; they quickly rivaled their compeers of the old continent, and, like them, carried off victories by dint of lavish

expenditure in ammunition, money, and men.

But the point in which the Americans singularly distanced the Europeans was in the science of gunnery. Not, indeed, that their weapons retained a higher degree of perfection than theirs, but that they exhibited unheard-of dimensions, and consequently attained hitherto unheard-of ranges. In point of grazing, plunging, oblique, or enfilading, or point-blank firing, the English, French, and Prussians have nothing to learn; but their cannon, howitzers, and mortars are mere pocket-pistols compared with the

formidable engines of the American artillery.



Robur The Conqueror

(Fragment)

By Jules Verne (Robur le Conquérant, Journal des débats politiques et littéraires, 1886)

Chapter I Mysterious sounds

Bang! Bang!

The pistol shots were almost simultaneous. A cow peacefully grazing fifty yards away received one of the bullets in her back. She had nothing to do with the quarrel all the same.

Neither of the adversaries was hit.

Who were these two gentlemen? We do not know, although this would be an excellent opportunity to hand down their names to posterity. All we can say is that the elder was an Englishman and the younger an

American, and both of them were old enough to know better.

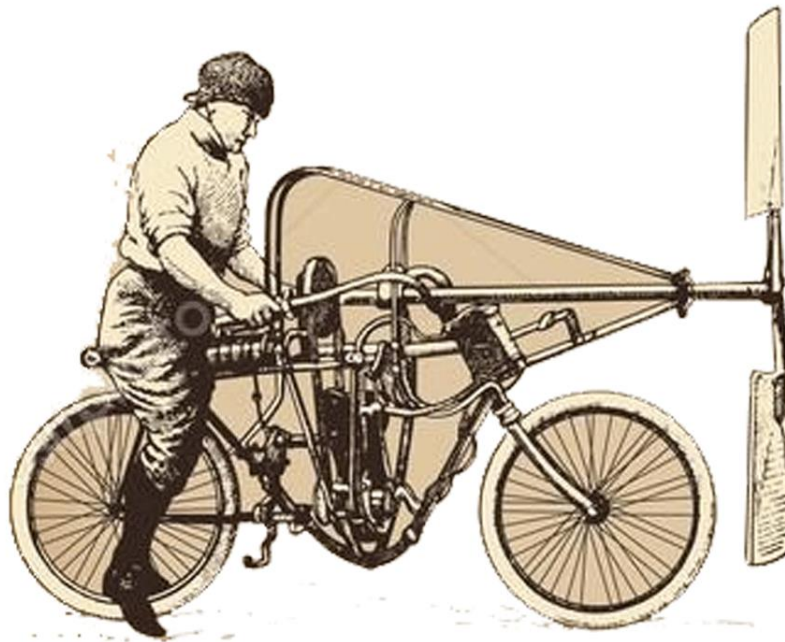
So far as recording in what locality the inoffensive ruminant had just tasted her last tuft of herbage, nothing can be easier. It was on the left bank of Niagara, not far from the suspension bridge which joins the American to the Canadian bank three miles from the falls.

The Englishman stepped up to the American.

"I contend, nevertheless, that it was 'Rule Britannia!'" "And I say it was 'Yankee Doodle!'" replied the young American.

The dispute was about to begin again when one of the seconds - doubtless in the interests of the milk trade - interposed.

"Suppose we say it was 'Rule Doodle' and 'Yankee Britannia' and adjourn to breakfast?"



The Castle of the Carpathians

(Fragment)

By Jules Verne (*Le Château des Carpathes*, *Magasin d'Education et de Récréation*, 1892)

Chapter I.

This story is not fantastic; it is merely romantic. Are we to conclude that it is not true, its unreality being granted? That would be a mistake. We live in times when everything can happen—we might almost say everything has happened. If our story does not seem to be true today, it may seem so tomorrow, thanks to the resources of science, which are the wealth of the future. No one would think of classing it as legendary. Besides, one does not invent legends at the close of this practical and positive nineteenth century; neither in Brittany, the country of the ferocious *Korrigans* ; nor in Scotland, the land of

the *brownies* and *gnomes* ; nor in Norway, the land of *ases*, *elfs*, *sylphs*, and *valkyries* ; nor even in Transylvania, where the Carpathian scenery lends itself so naturally to every psychagogic evocation. But at the same time it is as well to note that Transylvania is still much attached to the superstitions of the early ages.

These provinces of furthest Europe, M. de Gerando has described them, M. Elisee Reclus has visited them.

Neither have said anything of the strange story on which this romance is founded. Did they know of it? Perhaps; but they did not wish to add to the belief in it.

The passenger

By Natalia Strigaro (Argentina)

He walked down the narrow aisles of the submarine to a stop at the passenger's door, knocked politely and entered.

"Let me tell you that everything is settled, as agreed," said the Captain to the shadowy figure who barely turned to see him.

"I'm glad to hear that, Captain," he said from the darkness. "Maybe I can write again..."

"I really do not think it's enough to hide in the center of the earth ... maybe go to another planet ..." he dared to say begging the passenger to have a sense of humor.

-If he is right ... - said the writer again sinking into his thoughts

Then the next question turned on all the officer's alarms.

"Captain, you who have traveled, what do you consider to be the most abandoned place in the world?"

"A lighthouse, in a strait in the South Seas, but believe me when I tell you it's everything... everything there is.

"Interesting... a beacon at the end of the world ..."

The Captain understood immediately what was happening and did not like it. Like an Aladdin lamp, the pen of the writer had the condition of making every written word come true. He remembered all the times that he endangered his crew, as his submarine was filled with monsters, exotic animals and undesirable passengers

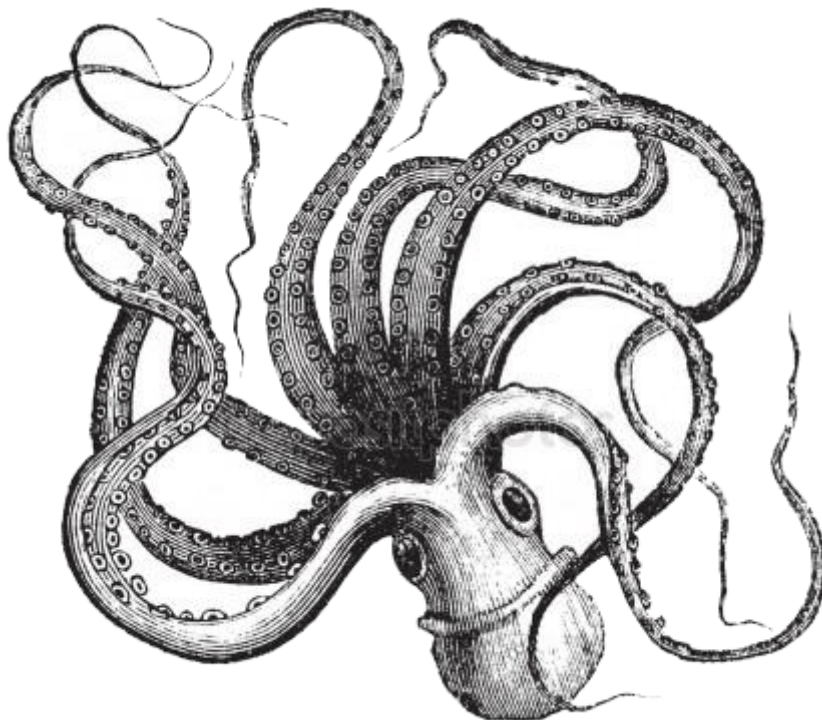
that appeared from nowhere; And then disappeared in the same way leaving the traces of their destruction.

Verne, we both know that for the good of all it is not convenient to start writing, those were the conditions. Remember?

"Oh! Dude, worry I'll just make a couple of meaningless scribbles, just this once...

Captain Nemo sighed, closed the cabin door and decided to warn the crew.

Once again they would have a restless journey.



The Grandfather

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Grandfather is very, very old. Or so it seems to me. Although not as old as Aunt Mag, the sorceress. He has a gray beard (the grandfather, not Mag the sorceress) and almost white hair, but he is strong as a rock and big as a tree. Despite being so old, the grandfather is still the best hunter in the whole clan.

At night we have a full belly or we have it so empty that the guts roar like lions, the grandfather sits by the fire, making figures with his knife and pieces of wood and, around him, the rest of the clan.

It's time for legends, stories about our ancestors.

When the grandfather sees that we are all, without looking up what he is doing, he begins to speak:

"What I am going to tell, my father told me," he says, "and my grandfather, to my father. and my great—grandfather to my grandfather, and my great—great—grandfather to my great—grandfather. And so they have passed from father to son for many, many generations”.

He always begins with these words, while he say them, the voices are silent and we stop shaking. And when it has already caught our attention, magic begins.

He tells the story of the man named Nemo, who travels in a strange underwater ship, or the so—called

Fogg who traveled for eighty days in a flying basket around the world. He tells us of fabulous trips to the center of the world, from men who came to the moon, from devices that allowed communication between people separated by many kilometers and many other wonders.

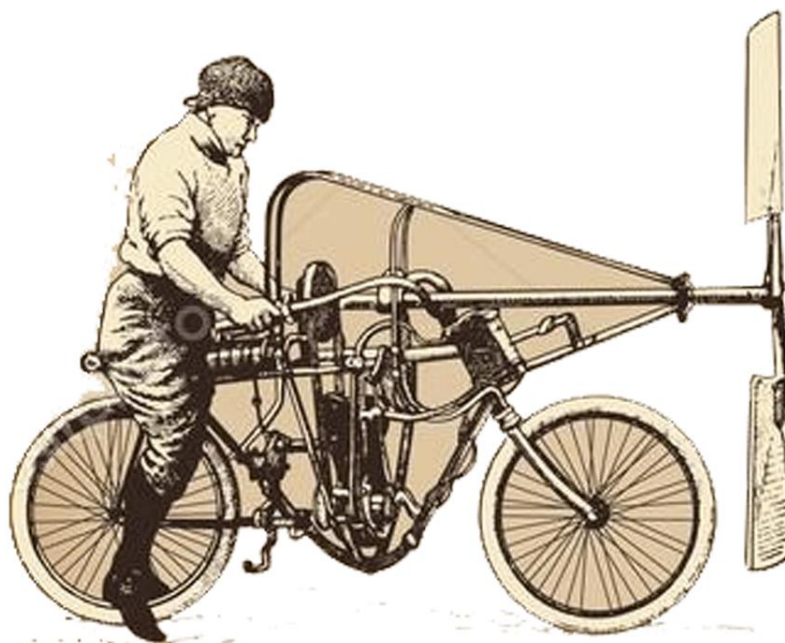
My grandfather's eyes sparkle as he tells us his stories.

He believes in those wonders.

He believes that the Great Cataclysm took all these things from us, but they will come back to life.

"The others call me crazy dreamer," he says to me every night, "but I do not care, you know why? Because only the crazy dreamers will give us back the future.

And I fall asleep convinced that that bright past will come to exist someday.



Master of the World

By: Juan Pablo Noroña L. (Cuba/USA)

Robur the Conqueror peaks over the starboard rail, patiently waiting for the Albatross II to fly clear of the sea of clouds under which Paris lies. He coldly contemplates what to do after his imminent brutal display of power: dropping a Roch Fulgurator on the City of Light. He gets the irony but his face, cut and burnt from two air shipwrecks, cannot longer smile. Yet his eyes show panic at finding that Minoo, the ship cat, has jumped out the hatch and walks the side plank

amidst the vapors the Albatross II is crossing. He beckons it, but the tabby keeps toward the stern. Robur chases without noticing the pet has gone beyond the catwalk and prances over the cloud like a spirit. The Conqueror fails to read the “Ne Pas Avancer” sign, missteps and falls to a screaming death. The crew members come out, see that Minoo returns nonchalantly, and stare at each other, scared and purposeless.

The Verne Mind

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

Reality becomes stranger than the elucubrations of fiction when we reach its most intimate and hidden springs. What lies beyond the reality in which we have been inserted would drive the most logical and mathematical mind crazy. But as I am always open to the experiences of consciousness, the encounter with that aspect of the universal mind seemed to me natural.

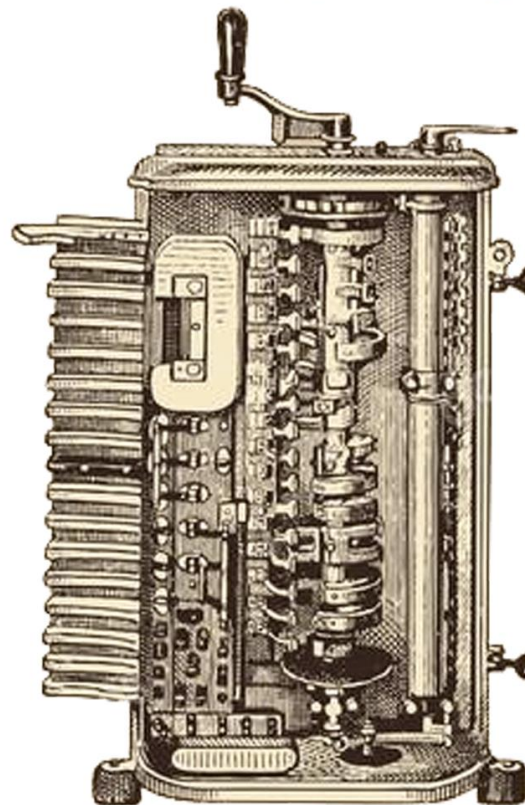
In my laboratory of consciousness researching an afternoon the repercussions of ideas on physical reality and its subsequent behavior in the multiverse, I found myself thinking suddenly and casually in the imagination of Jules Verne. The mysterious forces of the universe are capricious and that day through the

electrodes connected to my head, that lost thought sought me somehow for a revelation. As if it were a scientific ritual, I invoked the nature of Verne's thought back, in this Platonic and Socratic plane which was the mere world of ideas. My Mental body was devoid of all humanity on the plane of the same cosmic consciousness.

I sank with my mental body into the ocean of ideas. Soon I found myself in a submarine that was sailing every one of the visions and inventions imagined by Verne and then realized in the physical world. I walked through each of his adventurous worlds. I understood the importance of that imagination that made future scientists dream of inventions realizable for humanity. The owner of

that Nautilus made me disembark on a mysterious island that hung in the springs of a vast nothingness. There, like an anthropomorphic mountain in the world of ideas, a giant head was erected like a great hologram shaping the writer's face. The man let me

know that this was Verne's universal mind in its transcendental form, outside space and time. This is the mind of the universe that provided Jules Verne with the inventions of the future, which lay in the world of ideas.



The science of fiction

By M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

—My dear, these burns are quite serious —said the Doctor, examining both arms in the hospital emergency room— What did you do to them?

—I was carrying out an experiment and...

My father interrupted my explanation and shouting almost to the brink of hysteria said:

—Experiment?, No Doctor, the stupid one was creating a lightsaber and that's how it burned. Look Alexis, I'm not going to lose my son like I lost my father, you know? I will not accept your scientific evidence based on the fiction of hallucinating minds.

—Mr. Gonzalez, are you all right?
—Asked the Doctor, watching him.

—All right? Doctor my son got serious burns and you ask me if I am well; of course I'm not well When I was 15 years old I saw my father leave and I never heard from him again. He was as crazy as my son; he was a fan of Jules Verne, as well as Alexis of George Lucas. I spent my childhood surrounded by books by Verne that I could find anywhere in the house: Around the world in 80 days, The mysterious island, From land to the moon, Five weeks in balloon, The children of Captain Grant, La sphinx of the ice, A floating city and among all of them its true doom, Journey to the center of the earth. Convinced that this book was very real because of the visionary he considered the author; set out to follow in the

footsteps of the old wise man
Lidenbrock, but my father did not
have Axel's nephew and guide Hans,
he went only with the famous book as
a travel route and never returned.
Today my son wants to become a Star
Wars Jedi and making his lightsaber
almost loses both arms.

My father burst into tears and left
the emergency room; then I said to
the Doctor:

—I believe that my grandfather
succeeded in his mission, months
after his departure they found his
travel diary, where he recounted his
findings. I guess he lost it on the road
as he plunged into the depths of the
planet; although my father thinks he
died, I am very sure that he is still
alive in the bowels of the earth,
exploring them— I said convinced.



The nights of the Nautilus

By Carmen Rosa Signes (Spain)

The tight-fitting uniform barely masked the forms revealed by his imprisonment.

A whole lady relegated to functions that even her maid would not dare to play, only a maid of half penny a day could do them. But he had to start from scratch. Nobody notices a cabin boy who does his job well, and he struggled because it was.

The rag brushed the captain's boots, splashing the jet of his shoes. What to do? She could not look into his face, he feared that she would discover in his eyes the love and admiration hidden beneath long lashes and eyebrows.

The growl came with the force of thunder and seemed to be interminable. The words that followed the incident did not wait for the reaction and the consequences of the awkwardness of his actions. They invited him to continue without raising the officer's footsteps, which forced her into a hidden room, feared death.

That evening, the dinner and the ball gala unmasked the crew and officers of the Nautilus. The hard-nosed Captain Nemo gave himself up to the neat quarrel of more than thirty ladies who for a few hours could be again in a new attempt to conquer the most attractive man in the world.

Travel through the unexpected

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

"Julius Verne was the forerunner of Science Fiction," says the professor. His absent enthusiasm betrays that the elective has been imposed. Someone asks for the word and delivers interesting aspects of the author's work, including an unknown title.

"And what is its source?" "The inquisitive question, it wants to overwhelm the know-it-all.

"Le monde illustré" he states with propriety. "In this, he published a serial novel, under pseudonym and belongs to his stage of discovery, according to critics.

"Interesting," the teacher says in dismay. However, this course will cover his best-known works, "he says,

as he begins to read" Journey to the Center of the Earth, "to save the situation.

At the end of the class, I look for my partner, hitherto anonymous.

"And how do you know so much about Verne?" I want to know.

"Verne and I... How to say it? We are all together".

"Sure." Disappointment overwhelms me. Another pedantic master and master of truth.

"Julius Verne was a time traveler," he says.

The boy delirious. I make an excuse to leave.

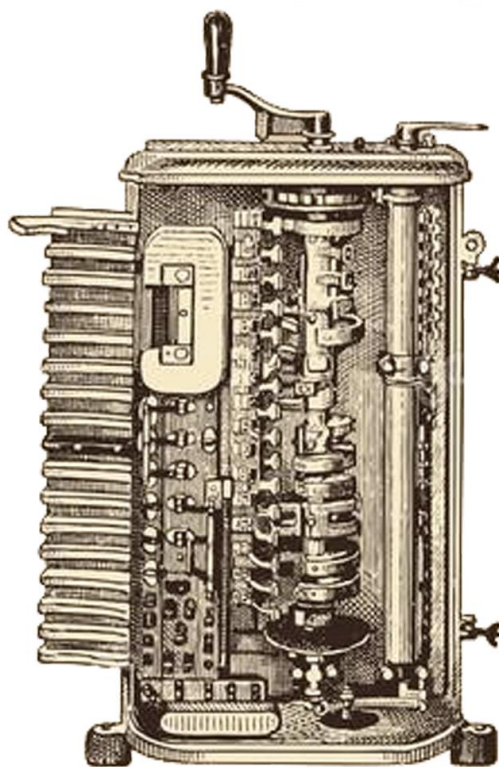
"Do you know Journey through the unexpected?" Ask before I leave.

"Do not. Is it from Verne? He nods with a smile. I think you're making fun of me.

"Not at all," he says as I watch him go.

Just to make it clear, I go to the library where Verne's complete work is. And there it is: "Journey through the unexpected." I examine the book.

I consult the internet. The title appears in hundreds of pages. I read a synopsis and find out what it is about: in an institute, a boy tells another about the possibility of traveling through time. I center myself on the Verne engraving printed on the back cover. I find a certain resemblance to my partner. What was your name? Julian Varnes?



Loose ends

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The unpleasant thing, which offends my modesty,
is that fundamentally I am every name in history

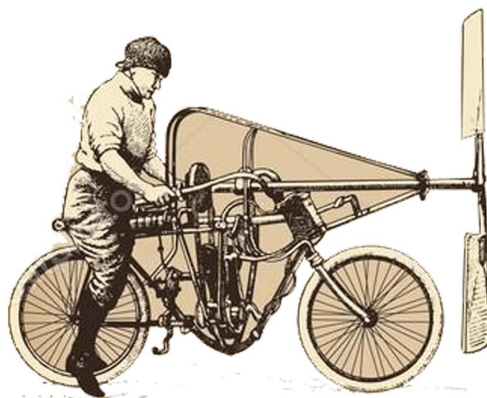
Letter from Nietzsche to Jacob Burckardt

Newspapers portrayed the catastrophe of Saint Pierre, capital of Martinique. More than thirty thousand people burned by a volcano's rage. Such slaughter had me desolated. I thought taking some air would be a clever idea, even if it was to investigate a death. A case of suicide, something very common in the Healthful-House, a hospice in front of the bay. The deceased was a Frenchman who before hanging himself wrote on the walls: "Ce ne fut pas le volcan. Ce fut le fulgurateur". According to his brief clinical history,

he was a severe schizophrenic who two days ago went into an unusual state of alteration with persecutory hallucinations. I started to investigate. Although the staff showed no desire to collaborate I managed to discover that the unfortunate man had a huge outburst when he learned about of the island's tragedy from a guard. I sat in the garden, and I lighted a cigarette trying to tie the loose ends. One of the inmates approached me for tobacco. Looking at the sky, he repeated several times that the dead man was a friend of a patient whom a

spy male nurse and some pirates had kidnapped in a secret place in the Caribbean. As soon as I wanted to find out a bit more, he shut up and began to hum. They were the words of a madman, but just in case, I asked for the files. It took some effort, but I managed to find the medical records of some Thomas Roch, an engineer, who lost his sanity when he did not find a buyer for "The Roch's Fulgurator," a so-called weapon of mass destruction capable of destroying ten kilometers around. Although they say that in Europe there is a doctor Freud who unveiled the unconscious, over here they still do not cure anyone. There was,

however, that brief annotation in Roch's records which discharged him. Something very abnormal. And much weirder, it turned out when two gorillas in white approached me and claimed I had missed my electro-shock session. Obviously, they thought I was someone else, not the sheriff of New Bern who is here to investigate a suicide and now, a missing person and a possible criminal conspiracy to blow up the island. In any case, I could not make them understand the situation, so I grabbed a piece of paper, and before I got my brains fried I wrote for help: Please, send someone to rescue me.



Agartha

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

The Nazi submarine was heading for the north pole, Admiral Ludwig Von Schultz and his crew had a map that would lead them to the land of Agartha. An empire that is below the surface of the Earth. When they reached the entrance, Schultz stared at the huge tunnel, to their surprise they were waiting, those beings were Aryans. The Hollow Earth theory was true and the Nazi civilization would settle with its new intraterrestrial friends. In the center of the Earth there are two suns that illuminate the green fields, they have dinosaurs and extinct species of the surface, the servants are automatons, the Aryans are a super advanced civilization. They live thousands of years, reproduce by cloning and are able to

repair their bodies, have flying machines like the Albatross and vehicles that float to the ground. Its constructions are megalithic, statues of reptilian men are everywhere. They have amazing war machines, like the Roch flash. Do not walk blondes with blue eyes and white skin, they levitate and travel anywhere, have rockets. Schultz and his crew are astonished to see that colossal gold statues carry the swastika's insignia. The millenarian intraterrestrials confess to them that they are not of human species, they are reptilian and in saying this, they remove the human skin leaving exposed the green and scaly skin. Together the Nazis and reptilians will create the thousand-year empire, but the truth is that the intra-reptilian

hope to return to the surface again.
But that will be when human
civilization has collapsed by a world
catastrophe and help human survivors
to resurface civilization. They did so
with Atlantis, Lemuria, Mu and after

the Universal Flood, soon with
nuclear wars looming or would
surface to surface in case an
extraterrestrial invasion was carried
out, to defend their home.



Twenty Thousand sidereal leagues Under the Sea and Christmas golden drop

By Samir Karimo (Portugal)

Jules Verne was driving the spaceship Nautilus when he was told that they were arriving at the three-shaped planet NAVIDATE.

Shortly after, his buddies and him stepped down from the floating ship and saw a tower like one that the Indians venerate. It had a yellow substance – it was killjoyed sulfuric acid.

After a moment of stupefaction in which they admired it, they cheer up and saw that potion decomposing the human Christmas spirits. But one of it

was well alive and told to Verne: bring us the Christmas golden drop!

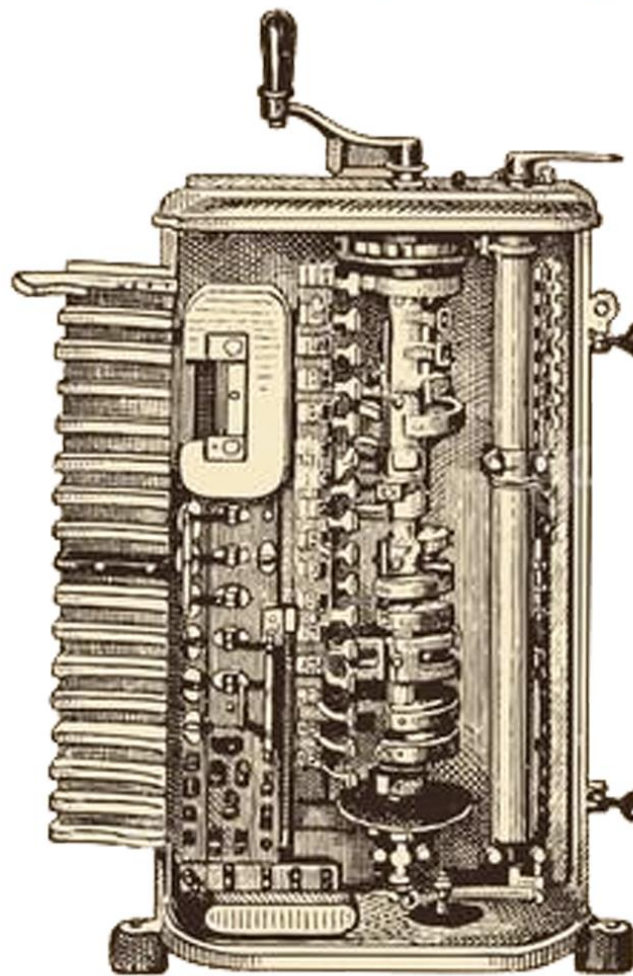
And so Jules remembered this legend that his father, Jason, told him and so he went for it.

On his way he faced a snake torso bat head monster, some winged vampire sirens whose kisses were deadly and looks lethally.

However, in planet Xmas Eve he found Phileas Fogg who indicated him the way to Christmas universe center where Aouda, the Indian witch, the three Kings' cousin lived.

As soon he arrived, he spoke with her. She knew the Christmas golden drop secret recipe. And so he spilled Hope, Love and Security into a pot, mixed all well and made the spell. All the sudden she had in his possession the Christmas golden drop and gave it

to Verne. His gnome friends and him went away from this planet. They arrived to NAVIDATE where they spill this exquisite liquid and so the Christmas spirit return, ending with Antinoeleskko's curse.



Paleophone Verne, fly to mars

By Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

The epicenter was the idea, not without marked suicidal nuances, of going one step further. Improvising the feat designed in his own cabinet he set to work and, despite the reckless project made him face many startles between lance and lance, never tempted him to abandon: "The impossible does not exist," internalized.

Little by little, that spirited little gadget of rudimentary machinery that managed to baptize Paleófono acquired life of its own with each piece assembled. His pretensions were more than the inventor himself, who murmured again and again that no, that "a machine is a product of man and can never outgrow it." The circuits and connections were turned

on and off on a whim. Disobeying orders Paleophone activated the cockpit wanting to take off, crunched the axles, loosened the nuts, cost to attach the reserve fuel tank to the spout. Despite his weight, he had to adapt the fuselage to module 3. However, admitting that his final form did not fit literally in the sketch or the model of tinplate and cardboard that was revealed on the secreter concluded that the psychedelic device, surnamed Verne, Without being anything was everything: robot, aircraft, UFO, could go through the dron of Tesla ... And it worked !!, dismantling in its achievement the very paradox of Fermi. He discovered it forty-eight hours later by perceiving

unmistakable cosmic signals from "the hosts." He looked at Heaven that night without stars, but he saw them. Palaeophone Verne displaced him to the outermost abode following the remote-controlled coordinates of the intelligent Martian civilization.

Although the genius was soon accused of spying the strange beings decided to elude the "methods" of the crater ReTA-O, in the icy area. He was only deprived of free rein.

And many are those who believe that from there sends encryptions, unknown light signs that the inhabitants of planet Earth do not know how to interpret.

Something in the ranks of the guild whispers: "The world still moves because it counts in the shadow with a point of support. Julio Verne".



The opportunity Verne had lost

By Héctor Ranea (Argentina)

I'd told him everything alright but he wouldn't listen or assent, he wasn't sleep, I know, he just did nothing. It's useless you to keep trying, were his unspoken words. What I was trying to tell him was my idea of mobile tatoos, nothing original for me, perhaps, but surely it should be for him. The tatoo was done as usual, probably with slight modifications of the needles and inks injectors, but the central idea was that those inks were nanomagnetic particles in quantities that I've provided him and with materials that get colored according to the magnetic field, so once a dragon was tatooed onto a client you could change it's shape into a text saying "I love Maria", a green bird or even a quetzal, when exposed to the

machine I've brought him, but he wouldn't even listen me!

Certainly, I've thought he would be deaf, or that I was invisible for him, but all my instruments show without any chance of doubt that he was only writing, and writing, perhaps because he would not wanted to see me.

"Master Jules, Master Jules! I've got a proposal for you", say I.

But nothing happens.

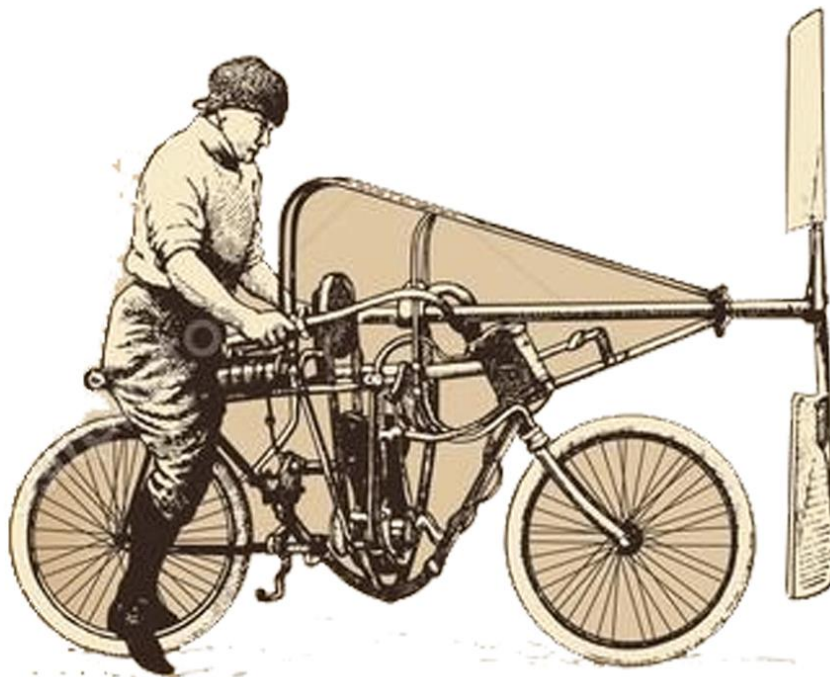
"It could change your life, you see. And in the event it didn't work, which I doubt, you could write some novel about it. Do you hear me?", I insisted.

But nothing happens.

"Look, you can pass a viper through a lion's mouth, if you wish."

But nothing happens. Jules Verne kept writing as a possessed man about two children at the incommensurable pampa, on a ombú tree, so because of his stubbornness and focusing ability

he lost my magnetic tatoo changing machine. Let him fought his editor's for the money he's losing. I'm now bringing the idea to another writer, period!



The inheritance of Kaw–Dyer No god, no master

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

My novel is me, I am my stories

Franz Kafka, letter to Felice Bauer

"The capsule dates back to 1900. According to X-rays, it contains various objects. Inside we find: a small lunar rock; a voluminous piece of black mineral in the form of a leonine claw that attracts metals like a powerful magnet; a 6.9-cm-length Plesiosaur tooth—the animal must have been of a good size—which had recently been removed, a little more than a century ago, not fossilized; a huge cephalopod horny beak, of similar dating, belonging to a squid about eight meters..."

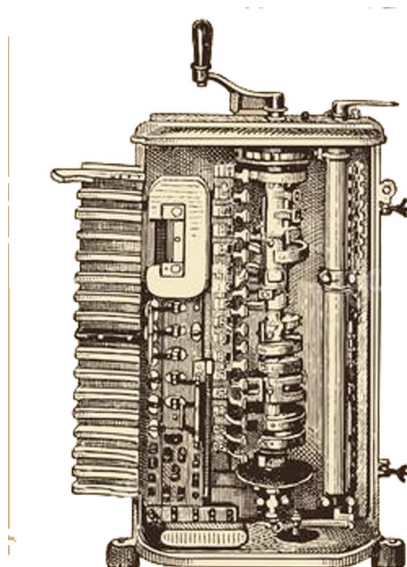
As researchers describe the contents of the box to the tape recorder, they cross glances of stupor and mutual understanding alternately. An absurd idea has begun to take shape in both brains, usually rational.

Under these curious and varied objects, apparently exotic souvenirs of an indefatigable traveler, they discover a handwritten note.

"I was suffocating in the bourgeois life, made of conformism and tedium, which others had imposed on me; I

needed to run away. One day I was in my despair, casually, I found the remedy. I opened a door to another dimension. And it never closed again. Thanks to this I traveled through other worlds and, after each return, I left a testimony of their wonders. I crossed the last frontier. I have contemplated the prodigies that the future holds, devices that nobody has yet dreamed; I have confidence in tomorrow. Sooner or later mankind will achieve its greatest achievement: human beings who are equal and truly free, in solidarity. Although most remain asleep, our brains are more powerful than we believe: my works

are not born of my imagination, but the discipline of my mind. In the not too distant future men will learn to exploit that potential as I did. Maybe you, who read now, have already seen it. If not, keep waiting and remember that no one can enslave the thought. One does not become a servant because a master says so, but because tolerates his chains. This is my gift for you, the secret that I leave you: a free man is the one who protects his kingdom to the end."



Travel journal

By Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Natura, the publishing house commissioned us the production of a book on the fauna and flora of the Isla de los Estados in Tierra del Fuego. As we arrived, the land, rough and hostile, filled us with emotion. There's plenty of material here, remarked Greta, my wife. Per our client's request, the local Argentine Navy personnel transported our equipment and provisions and set us up in the San Juan Lighthouse. In exchange, the sub-lieutenant asked us for a favor; to examine a case left



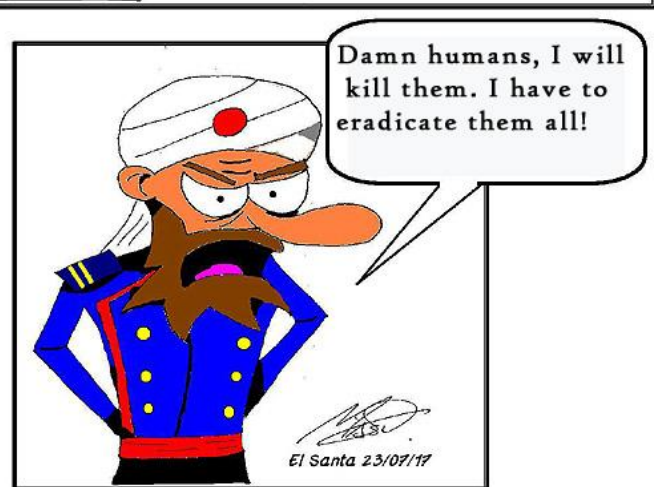
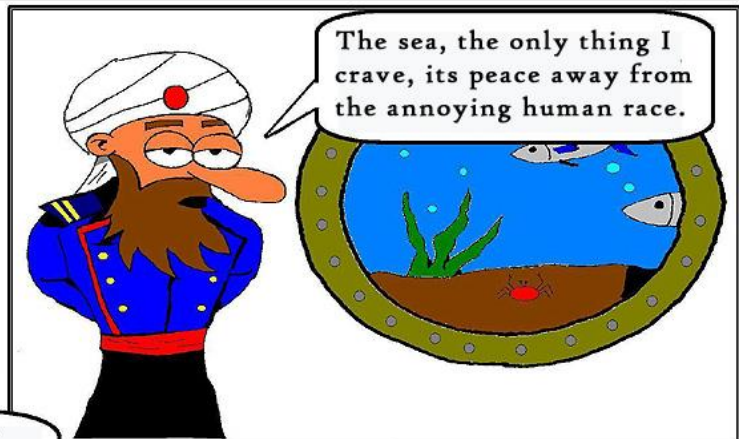
behind by Gunnar Fogg, the Danish painter who occupied the lighthouse back in 1890 and disappeared in mysterious circumstances. The wind and the cold hit us hard. We threw some logs in the fireplace, lit a fire and opened a bottle of scotch, courtesy of our client. The next day we organized the week's sorties. Taking a break from work we opened the case, looked over the papers, a note book written in Danish, (thank God, Greta is Danish) as well as the folders with sketches

and watercolors forgotten for almost a century. Fogg's work was masterful, especially the image of a being, human like covered in blue feathers, with an elongated beak and shining eyes. We could not attribute it to a disturbed vision of reality because the artist in his notes, had left proof of having met such an entity. The more we searched through, the more we marveled at his art. We had to inform the sub-lieutenant. Excited by our findings, in a hurry, we took off for the base without the compass and got lost. Shortly after that, in the woods, we heard a strange screech followed by the presence of a bird-man. He approached us. And with his finger, he touched our foreheads before flying away. Struck, we fell to the ground. How long were we there? I don't know. Upset, in a terrible state, we made it back to the lighthouse.

Inside, Greta confronted me. "Tom, can you tell me whose idea it was to send us here, to this God-forsaken island where no one is born, and many perish? She did not wait for my answer and furiously, started packing while I wrote in my travel journal. The following entry, Signed by Thomas Lewis on 15 January 1978 was found weeks later by the authorities. «We woke up with our bodies covered with feathers. We don't have any teeth; in its place, a corneous beak. Our legs rest on webbed feet. We can't speak but utter sounds and communicate by writing. It's now impossible to go back to our previous life. We have both agreed to join the bird-men who live beyond the fog, on top of the mountains; at the root of the universe. Cannot write anymore; my hands have turned into claws».

Captain Nemo. The begining of everything

POR: MANUEL SANTAMARIA (EL SANTA)



Cuentos:

El libro de las fantasías
eróticas

Gloria T. Dauden (España)

Sinopsis: En El Libro de las fantasías eróticas viajarás junto a Fae por diversos géneros literarios. Encontrarás sensualidad y fantasía a partes iguales, que despertarán tus sentidos con una lírica muy cuidada.

<http://roninliterario.com/tienda/el-libro-de-las-fantasias-eroticas/>



Sobre la autora:

Licenciada en Publicidad y RRPP con especialidad en creatividad, graduada en Historia del Arte y con una larga trayectoria en cursos de escritura creativa que la encaminaron con fuerzas renovadas hacia el erotismo y la fantasía. El steampunk es otra de sus especialidades.

Ha sido seleccionada y publicada en numerosas antologías de relatos como: Descubriendo nuevos mundos, La sombra de Polidori, la infantil Imaginaria y la antología de ciencia ficción Alucinadas 3. También se la puede leer en Windumanoth 1.

Su buena sintonía con el steampunk me ha llevado a estar presente en Ácronos vol. 2, 3 y 4, en Fuenlalabrada Steampunk en Calabazas en el trastero steampunk (Saco de Huesos) y en The Best of Spanish Steampunk (Nevsky). También ha probado el greenpunk en Chikara.

Sus últimas publicaciones han sido El libro de las fantasías eróticas (Ronin Literario), Volar sin alas y Alma de Cenizas (Cazador de ratas)

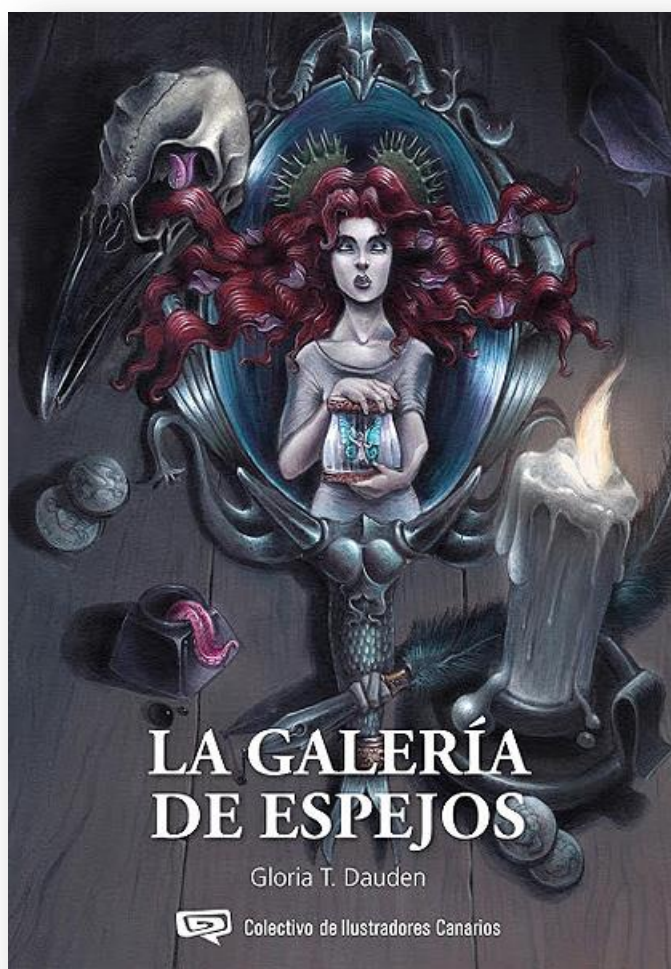
En enero saldrá su nuevo libro: Heroicas.

La galería de espejos

Gloria T. Dauden (España)

Sinopsis: ¿Qué se esconde tras los espejos?

Para descubrirlo has de abrir las puertas de esta galería. Sumérgete en los reflejos cambiantes del laberinto y guíate por apariencias engañosas. No te detengas. Solo sigue adelante, de un relato a otro, de una imagen a otra. Encontrarás la salida, pero quizás no serás el mismo cuando



lo logres. Ante ti aparecerán damas distinguidas, héroes, brujas, hadas, científicos perdidos, hidras, arpías, asesinos y víctimas, demonios, valquirias, artistas, buscadores de inmortalidad, monstruos y alquimistas empobrecidos. Sus historias reverberan entre las imágenes de esta galería de espejos. ¿Estás listo para perderte entre sus reflejos?

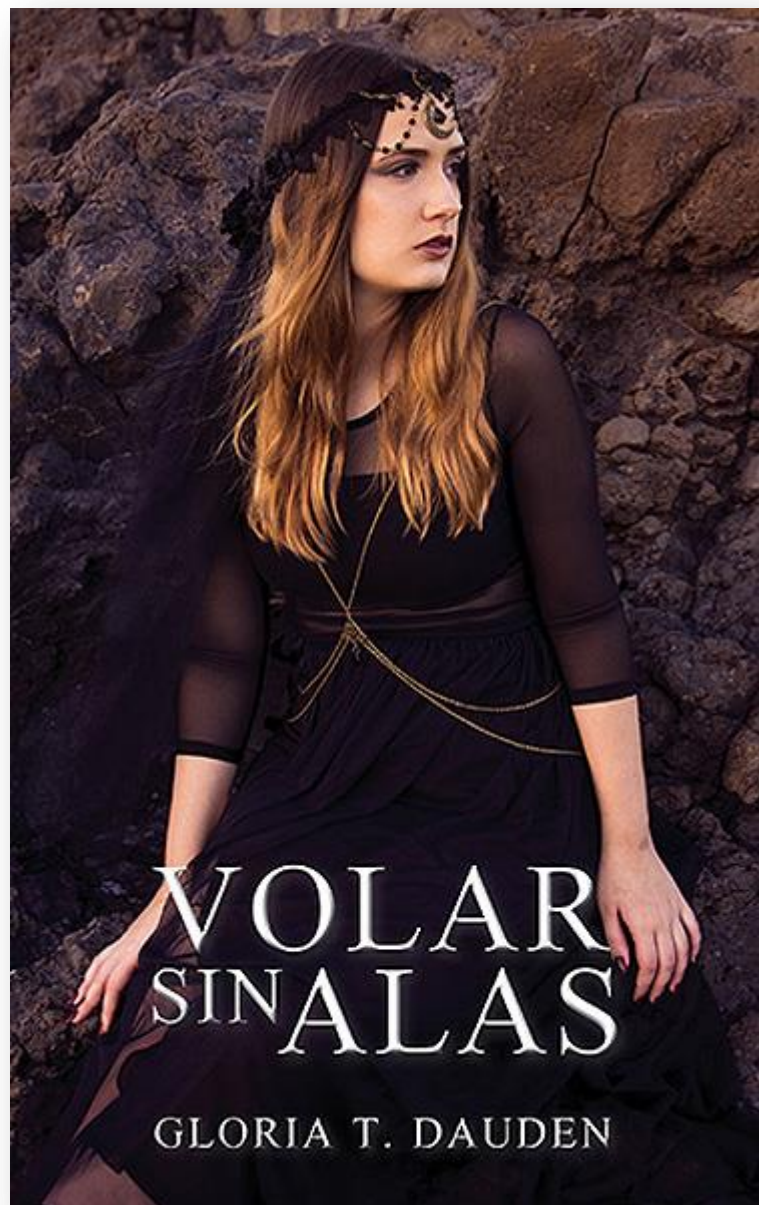
<http://ow.ly/rHUP30aDCAj>

Volar sin alas

Gloria T. Dauden

(España)

Sinopsis: En Volar sin alas vivirás un invierno en la madriguera de las hadas, conocerás misterios y crímenes en Edimburgo, te enamorarás locamente de esculturas que serán tu perdición, viajarás a lugares imposibles y descubrirás que hasta la muerte puede tener una cara amable. Buscarás también tu identidad bajo las olas del océano, te perderás en laberintos infinitos de la



mano de figuras de la mitología clásica y, ante todo, disfrutarás de la magia de diecisiete relatos escogidos con mimo para lectores como tú.

<http://rx.me/K5AQVS>

Alma de cenizas

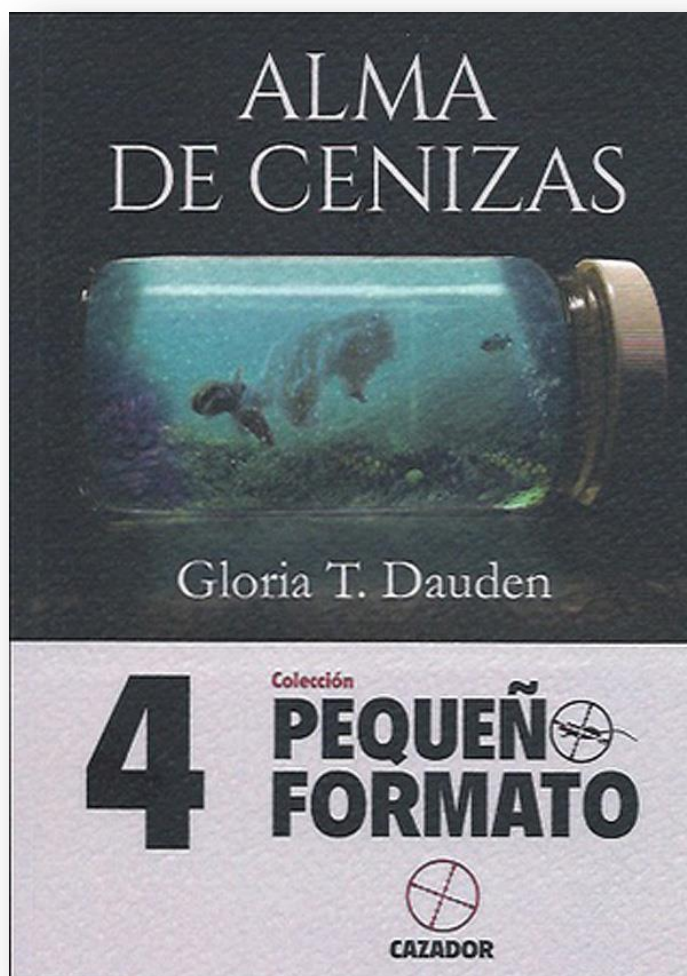
Gloria T. Dauden

(España)

Sinopsis: Cuando la oscuridad te lo roba todo, solo las sombras pueden llevarte cerca de lo amado.

Brujas, súcubos, ladrones de seres extraños, habitantes de otros mundos que se deslizan por la magia negra, el sexo y el amor.

<https://www.lamoradadelreplicante.net/peque%C3%B1o-formato/>



Crónicas historiográficas.

Odilius Vlák (República Dominicana)

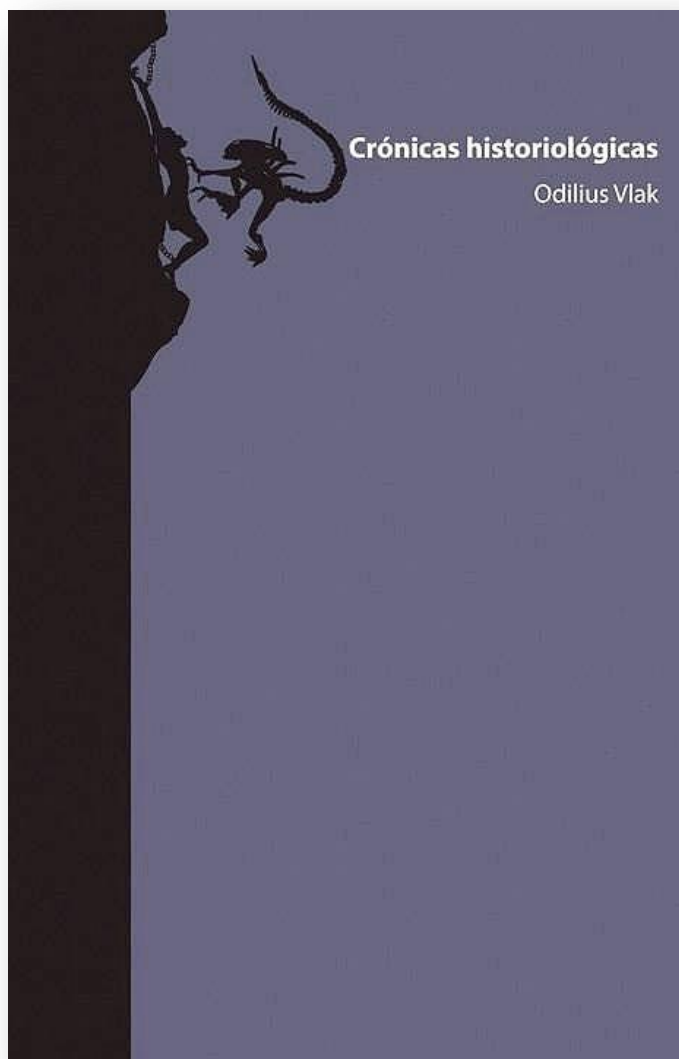
Editorial: Disonante (Puerto Rico)

Sinopsis: La interpretación de la historia, los mitos y el folclore dominicano en las historias que forman este ciclo, es una ucronía pero de carácter fantástico. En «Crónicas historiológicas» se altera el pasado interpretándolo como fantasía histórica; otorgándole realidad material a la magia, los mitos y las leyendas folclóricas con las herramientas de la ciencia y la tecnología de un futuro igualmente fantástico, con identidad ciberpunk y movido por los engranajes de la post singularidad y el transhumanismo. Ello convierte este ciclo en una propuesta original de fantaciencia, especialmente en la creación de un nuevo canon en la tradición latinoamericana en la literatura de género; pues para su autor, más que cualquier otro elemento humano, lo que se pretende explorar en estas historias es el futuro de la identidad cultural. Una identidad que necesariamente abarca, desde el ejemplo dominicano, toda la jurisdicción del Caribe.

Historias:

Descarga de meteoritos en la Batalla del 19 de Marzo.

Georitmo a la velocidad de la luz.



Cemíes de un mito virtual.

Pesadillas folclóricas.

Juegoedrox platónicos.

Artículos de consumo divino.

Tambores de neutrones.

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:

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

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunken and its digital version through Amazon.com.

Balián is also one of the 28 Latin American writers participating in Primeros Exiliados (First Exiles) a ci-fi anthology to be published in Argentina in March 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.com>

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 Manifiesto (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

Candelaria Zárate, 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.

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

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

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

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.

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.

Ranea, Héctor (Argentina) writer.

1993: Publication of "The hunters of the lost unification", Colihue, Sin Careta Collection.
1999: Publication of "Deep heart of the tide", poetry.

2008 - 2016 participation in several anthologies of stories, Dragees 2, Fictions in ten times, Tercentenary, Football in brief (Mexico), Dragees 3, All the country in a book, Minimalisms, Laprida Notebooks, Poisoned Peon, Austral Space (Chile) , Extremes, and participation in the magazines Trenes (Spain) and Galaktica (Hungary).

Participation in several blogs of literature, stories, poetry, literary criticism, etc.

Among the acknowledgments received, I highlight the finalist of the contest miNatura 2012.

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

Strigaro, Natalia (Argentina, 42 years old)
Writer and theater teacher, she is also an actress and filmmaker.

He began his career in magazines such as La ONO, Fierro, Dipsus, Rigor Mortis, Acido, and Axxón internationally.

Illustrators:

Pág. 61 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina) writer and illustrator.

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

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

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

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

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

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

www.barticevichblospot.com

Pág. 28 Rubert. Evandro (Brazil, 1973)

Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics.

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

Pág. 63 Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977). Bachelor of Nautical and

Maritime Transport. Currently I work as a freelance trainer of merchant marine courses which I manage from the facebook page "Nautical Training Cádiz".

I write because I like it without further aspirations. I have published stories in digital magazines such as miNatura, Pífano Fanzine, Zombies can not read and Anima Barda. I collaborate in the article and in Diario Digital Bahía de Cádiz.

Since 2014 I began to collaborate as a graphic humorist in the Diario Bahía de Cádiz and in the digital magazines MiNatura and Pífano Fanzine.

Other publications away from the literary genre that I have made are the preparation and revision of manuals for nautical education.

Illustrations:

Pag. 01 Universo Julio Verne / *Gastón Barticevich (Argentina)*

Pag. 28 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Literary journey / *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

Pag. 61 Papeles / *Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)*

Pag. 63 Captain Nemo. The begining of everything / *Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)*