



MINATURA

The Magazine of the brief & fantastic

You're leaving too, right?
You have a farewell face. "I
hope I'm wrong, I hope.

Lorca to Julian (T.1, C.4)

○○○

Do not say nonsense, The
time machine does not exist,
what exists are the doors of
time

Salvador Martí (T.1, C.1)

○○○

Amelia: "But, what is the plan?"

Salvador: We are Spanish, right? Well,
improvise

Salvador Martí (T.1, C.1)

○○○

Yippi ka yei, hideputas!

Ambrosio Spinola (T.2, C.9)

○○○



Picasso, another like Lope.

What's the matter, that all
Spanish geniuses are
pichabravas? "

Julián Martínez

○○○

It's not going to be good
fucking, it's Velázquez! "

Salvador Martí (T.1, C.1)

○○○

Picasso, another like Lope. What's the
matter, that all the Spanish geniuses are
pichabravas?

Julián Martínez

○○○

I can not believe it. We have rolled the
death of the Cid.

(T.2, C.1)

○○○

I offer to be the queen of time

Abraham Levi (T.1, C.4)

The Office of Time Universe

Isabel La Católica: That's magic.

Abraham Levi: Science that is anticipated in its time is always called magic.

Una negociación a tiempo (T.1, C.4)

The digital magazine miNatura celebrates its 160th with a special worthy of our publication: The Ministry of Time.

Thanks to Javier Olivares for opening the doors of his ministry.

Is there the perfect series? The series that breaks with all the Ranking? What everyone likes? The answer is simple: No.

But what has The Ministry of Time that has become a phenomenon of Spanish pop culture? With its Ministericos¹ who defend it by heart

¹ A los que agradecemos por las ilustraciones aportadas a la revista.

January, February, March #160 2018

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

ISSN: 2340-977

Directors: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Editor: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

Main cover: El Ministerio del Tiempo / *Alex Doménech (España)*

Back cover: Horas robadas / *Elena Fortanet (Spain)*

Cover design: Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

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¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

You can follow our publication through:

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

Facebook:

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

The Library of Nostromo:

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

and sword, this anomaly has transcended the small screen to take the form of novel², comic³ and role play⁴.

His fans take sides with Julian or Pacino, others enjoy the role of Amelia, as head of the patrol and third defend the archaic principles of Entrerrios. The Mecano Effect called it a critic: *In this country we did not see a trio of two men led by a woman since Ana Torroja and the Cano brothers terrorized our ears and destroyed the confidence in our clothes thirty years ago.*

With its pro and its against anyone can escape the magic of this series where good humor, the plots of vertigo and that bittersweet taste of learning more about the history of Spain, become one of the main attractions that has.

² El tiempo es el que es (Plaza&Janés) y escrita por Anaïs Schaaff y Javier Pascual.

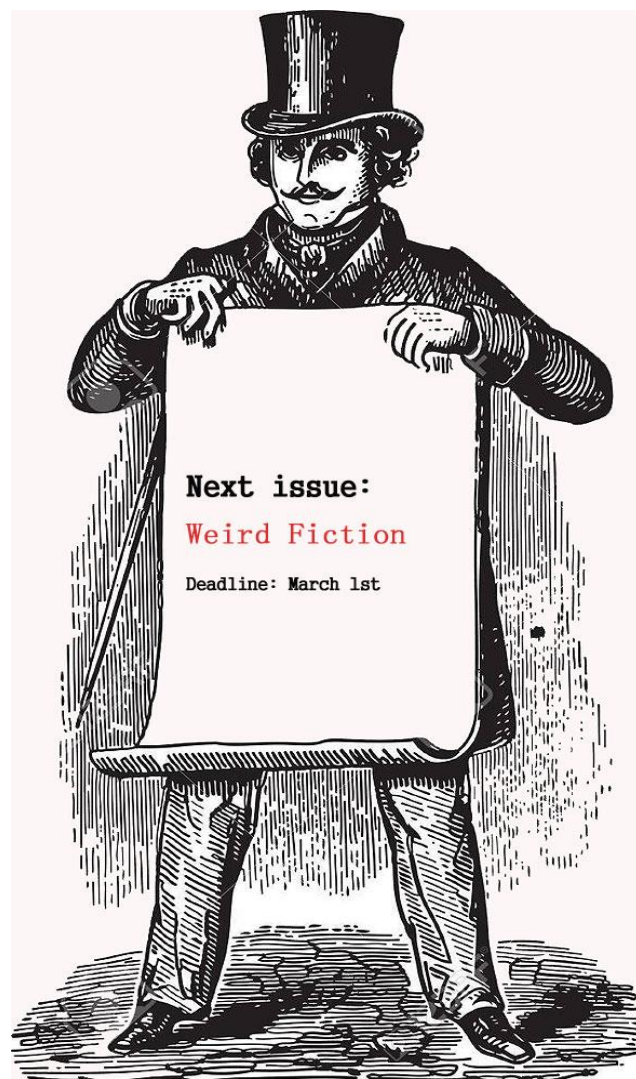
³ El Ministerio del Tiempo vol. 1: Tiempo al tiempo (Aleta Ediciones).

⁴ El Tiempo de Granada, un juego de rol creado por Daniel Verzobias.

Do not forget to read this issue where our writers reinterpret the untold story of the MDT.

As always thank the illustrators and especially Alex Doménech (Spain) for its excellent cover. Anita Boom (Spain); Elwing -seud.- (Spain); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Nika the Siren -seud.- (Spain); Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain) and Elena Fortanet (Spain).

The directors



Bases del Proyecto "Tiempo de relatos"

ENTIDAD ORGANIZADORA

Comunidad de fans de la serie fantástica "El Ministerio del Tiempo" sin ánimo de lucro. Se trata de un trabajo colaborativo y en ningún caso es una propuesta de concurso o competición.

OBJETIVOS

1.-Estimular el universo presentado por la serie creada por los hermanos Olivares con nuevas aventuras, peripecias o /y conflictos con relatos fanfiction e ilustraciones fan art, recomendable que conozca la serie y sus códigos y personajes para crear nuevos personajes y tramas en espacios distintos a los canon de la serie.

2.-Difundir en el soporte de la página web del blog y facebook y cualquier otra plataforma, dichos relatos e ilustraciones fan-art, con absoluto respeto a los autores y con atribución a ellos, sin en cualquier caso ánimo alguno de lucro

PARTICIPANTES

1. Podrá participar en este proyecto cualquier artista.

2. Para hacerlo, los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos:

a. Nombre o pseudónimo (que aparecerá publicado junto a la obra para su difusión)

b. Contacto de medio de red social en caso de que el artista desee crear un vínculo con su creación.

3. La dirección para el envío de las propuestas es la siguiente:

tiempoderelatos@gmail.com

Donde estaremos encantados de recibir cualquier propuesta

BASES

RELATO

1. Los relatos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tono puede ser fantástico, terror, dramático, romántico, ciencia-ficción, comedia, steampunk, etc; todo cabe, como en la propia serie.

2. Aunque hay sitio para todo, la iniciativa de este año es temática y preferentemente interesarán los relatos que se ajusten a ella, su premisa y a uno o varios de sus ejes. Los acontecimientos suceden después de la tercera temporada.

3. Extensión No hay límite de palabras para os relatos, Pero en caso de ser una historia por capítulos, cada capítulo no puede superar las 7000 palabras. El número de capítulos es libre.

4. Los trabajos se enviarán en documento de Word tamaño DIN A4-, tipo de letra: Arial, 12 pt; interlineado: espacio y medio

5. Los relatos finales tendrán que ser enviados a los organizadores para su publicación en un blog junto a todos los que formen la iniciativa.

6. Además, los relatos podrán ser publicados por el autor en la plataforma fan-fiction de su elección.

ILUSTRACIÓN

Para los ilustradores la resolución entre 150 y 300 ppp y el peso 1MB (En formato PNG a ser posible)

FASES DE LA PARTICIPACIÓN

El presente proyecto comprende tres fases sucesivas .estas fases son:

FASE INICIAL. Contactar con el BLOG para indicar el interés de crear un relato o fan art ilustración sobre el Ministerio del Tiempo. Desde el blog podríamos aconsejar alguna idea o premisa en caso que el artista necesitara. Fecha límite: 30 de Junio

FASE INTERMEDIA. Si es relato, desde el blog se puede sugerir algún cambio/sugerencia, siempre con ánimo de ajustar el trabajo a las tramas del resto de los relatos y enriquecerlo sin desvirtuarlo. Se podrá solicitar al escritor del relato sugerencias de diseño de personajes creados, tanto psicológicamente y de comportamiento como de vestimenta de la época que transcurre el fanfiction. Tambien pedirle una

sugerencia de la escena más representativa de su FIC para ilustrar , en caso de que surja la oportunidad.

En caso de ilustración o fan-art , se podrá sugerir en cual relato adecuarla, o también buscar algún autor/escritor que desee fabular sobre la ilustración y crear un fanfiction para acompañarla.

FASE FINAL. Con fecha límite de 31 de agosto se recibirá en el email de contacto de colaboración [tiempoderelatos@ gmail.com](mailto:tiempoderelatos@gmail.com) pudiendo el autor publicarlo en el medio que estime oportuno antes de esa fecha y a la vez publicarlo en el blog de “Tiempo de relatos” junto a los demás trabajos, Será necesario añadir un *disclaimer* indicando que los derechos de los personajes canon de la serie pertenecen a los hermanos Olivares.

Éstas son las direcciones donde aparecerán las propuestas:

FACEBOOK

[https://www.facebook.com/pg/tiemporelatos/photos?ref=page_](https://www.facebook.com/pg/tiemporelatos/photos?ref=page_internal)
internal

BLOG

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

Constancia Rodríguez^{en}

FOR
MENDIETA

antibook



TIME IN YOUR
HANDS: AN

INTERVIEW WITH
JAVIER OLIVARES

Lola Mendieta
RIE

By *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (España)*

Illustrators: *Anita Boom (Spain); Nika the Siren —seud.— (Spain); Elwing —seud.— (España)*

At present, at a time when television series have taken center stage, including in numbers of spectators to the cinema and its proposals, it is inevitable to look at the ranking without noticing the eyes of The Ministry of Time. After the third season his followers continue to celebrate the high quality of their scripts that, chapter by chapter, remind us of the importance of looking back to face tomorrow, in a concept that if it is not new it is refreshing and that has aroused the example for many other creators. The MDT (abbreviations to abbreviate the name of the series) has been able to position itself firmly on the screen and especially within each of the followers of the series, both those who, from the beginning we have had as a reference as the of those who have been joining the large number of fans (ministéricos call themselves) and are able to perform unthinkable actions to get your series to continue a journey that who knows where it is going to get. Undoubtedly the original idea has a rope for a while, at least that many think, because the real story has thousands of events that deserve a review, a glance or a review for the general interest that may arise. Nobody escapes that all these possibilities depend, of course, on the investment that they want to make in them. However, the creative, technical and interpretive team that the series has gathered strongly supports them. MDT has shown that it can be sustained alone, not only because of the interest its proposals arouse, but also, above all, because of the quality of the proposals. Another thing will be that the thinking heads that move the strings of financing want to continue supporting this project or that its creator and the rest of the team end up getting tired of it. That

is why we wanted to tell, within this special dossier of the Digital Magazine miNatura dedicated to the universe of the series, with the opinion of Javier Olivares to have firsthand a global vision of this universe that he himself has contributed to create. We are aware that the MDT has not reached all the countries that generally interweave the minuatresca family, we hope with this gesture to contribute to its dissemination, if only to make known the tastes of you want to sign this publication and that with your proposals in each number seek the dissemination of the fantastic genre.

Revista digital

miNatura: Welcome Javier Olivares. We would like you to introduce yourself.

Javier Olivares: *Thank you. I'm a scriptwriter and co-creator of MDT with my brother Pablo⁵.*



⁵ Pablo Olivares (Madrid, 1965–2014) guionista y productor. Ha sido guionista de varias series españolas como *Los Serrano*, *Los hombres de Paco*, *Robles investigador* entre otras y co-creador junto a su hermano Javier de *El Ministerio del Tiempo*.

<http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0646579/>

Revista digital miNatura: A pleasure to have your words in our magazine. As an introduction based on our publication, what do you think the fantasy genre has contributed and continues to contribute to today's society?

Javier Olivares: *I think that the quality of writing is as important as the genre. But the fantasy genre allows you to dream and, at the same time, analyze reality and criticize it through a poetic, metaphorical distance. There are the works of Philip K. Dick, Verne, Huxley, Orwell ... The fantasy genre is the best way to criticize reality.*

Revista digital miNatura: Obviously, as a scriptwriter, he writes, but within this profession apart from scripts, do you do any other kind of literature?

Javier Olivares: *Yes. Essay, novel ... But essentially I'm a scriptwriter.*

Revista digital miNatura: When does your interest in literature begin and why?

Javier Olivares: *Since I was a kid. My sister Rosa had a spectacular library. And my other older brother, Paco, a great selection of records. You have to learn from the elderly.*

Revista digital miNatura: Who arises first the writer or the historian?

Javier Olivares: *The writer. And the kid who wanted to dedicate himself to the theater, too. In fact, the race as a condition to then dedicate myself to what I wanted.*

Revista digital miNatura: It takes many years in this, that is why for those who are not interested in the topic or we are starting at a creative level, we would like to know and taking into account that the fantastic has always been difficult to

sell. What challenges do you have to face? to face a creator when he decides, as is his case, to defend a project of such great magnitude?

Javier Olivares: *The challenge is always the same: to do it as well as possible, with loyalty to your team and without losing the most essential ethical criteria. That is, what you do is what you have created, not what another one tells you to do.*

Revista digital miNatura: How, when and why does the MDT arise?

Javier Olivares: *As a need for two brothers to work together again and write the series they wanted to write, the one they would like to see, enjoy ... even if we never sold it. We needed to create something with which we could recognize ourselves as authors.*

Revista digital miNatura: Our publication is dedicated to the micro-book, putting all our collaborators in the difficult task of writing stories that do not



exceed 25 lines. What opinion do you have about the micro-book? Have you practiced it?

Javier Olivares: *That requires a lot of ingenuity. No (probably because of that).*

Revista digital miNatura: The word plagiarism floats around all of us who dedicate ourselves to creation. The topic of plagiarism (Timeless) How did you face it?

Javier Olivares: *With naturalness. These things happen. It also helped that the legal part was taken by my partners. Although there were things that splashed from time to time ... Rude things, even. But well.*

Revista digital miNatura: The criticisms and accusations regarding MDT have jumped from side to side (it seems to have not satisfied anyone, except the followers). We imagine that as a historian and writer of the fantastic genre you will have been shocked by this fact, the series is fantastic despite the real base that you may have and the treatment of the themes is made from knowledge and imagination, providing nuances that you would surely know were going to generate controversy. What is the worst accusation you have had to face?

Javier Olivares: *I think not, that the series has liked. And a lot. It is true that when you make certain decisions you risk that a certain public does not follow you. Normal. But the balance I consider spectacular. We have even been chosen in a survey the best Spanish series of all time, something that seems to me even an exaggeration. That is, no complaints. The worst accusation? I forgot. After all, I made a series. What would they accuse me of? Yes I would have liked that some critic (someone, go) analyze MDT and the gap that has been achieved in the history of show fiction, being produced by a tiny production company and composed of creatives. A production company that is not owned by anyone, nor has exclusivity contracts with any chain*

... I think it's a curious topic that I've hardly read anything about. It will be that it is unimportant.

Revista digital miNatura: the creation of characters is one of the strengths of this series. Which character did it cost him most to create and which one is his favorite?

Javier Olivares: *None in particular, I assure you. The main ones, my brother was already very clear in his head. And I was very clear which actors and actresses were the perfect ones to interpret them. To say which one is my favorite or not, would be bad manners on my part. Everyone has something important for me, too.*

Revista digital miNatura: How do you feel to see that a project of your own arouses such interest that encourages creation?

Javier Olivares: *Very good, really. Sometimes, close to stupefaction.*



Revista digital miNatura: Plans and future projects?

Javier Olivares: *I'm sorry, but I do not like talking about the future or anything that is not confirmed.*

Now we will move on to a series of bursts of questions where you just have to answer briefly:

Coffee or tea?

Coffee

Fast food or homemade?

Home

Peggy Sue got married or Back to the future?

Return to the future

Dr Who or Through Time (Quantum leap)?

Dr. Who.

What would it take to a desert island?

All. So that it was not deserted.

Let's get closer to the universe of the series. If you could go through one of the doors, what time would you like to visit and why?

Right now, none. You have to savor the present, that life is two days. And, in addition, work.

The basis of the MDT is to preserve past events so that they do not alter the future, but if you could make some kind of historical change, what mistake would you like to correct?

Not to expel the Jews or the Muslims in 1492. To try (nothing easy, of course) that Spain had always been the only state with three cultures and three religions living in peace.

Javier has been a real pleasure to have his words and, above all, we have to thank him for permission to make this tribute to the Ministry of Time. Many thanks. To you.

About the interviewee:

Javier Olivares Zurilla (Madrid, 1958) is a Spanish scriptwriter, historian, playwright and teacher.

He has a degree in art history from the Complutense University of Madrid and a master's degree in Aesthetics from the Autonomous University of Madrid. He worked as an art critic in the magazine *Lápiz* and was editor in chief of *La Luna in Madrid*. He is currently a script professor in the Master's Degree



in Production at the Universidad Complutense and director of the Culture Department of the IED Madrid.

In addition, he has been a dramatist, adapting *Pantaleón y las visitadoras* of Mario Vargas Llosa and *Tristana* de Benito Pérez Galdós. He has also adapted the Spanish *Això a un fill no se li fa* y *Soterrani* by Josep Maria Benet. He has been a scriptwriter for several Spanish series such as *Los Serrano*, *Los hombres de Paco*, *Robles investigador*, *Pelotas*, *El secreto de la porcelana* y *Camino de Santiago*, as well as plot director for the last seasons of *Ventdelplà*. He is the creator of *Isabel*, *Víctor Ros*, *Kubala*, *Moreno i Manchón*, *Infidels* and, with his brother Pablo Olivares, of *El Ministerio del Tiempo*.

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



Summary:

01/ Cover: El Ministerio del Tiempo / *Alex Doménech (España)*

02/ FrikiFrases

03/ Editorial

05/ Bases del Proyecto "Tiempo de relatos"

10/ Interview: Time in your hands: An interview with Javier Olivares /
Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (España)

19/ Póster: Relato La ley Boss / *Nika the Siren —seud.— (España)*

20/ Summary

21/ Fear, Lies & China Ink: Among corridors and telephone booths /
Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Stories:

23/ Death or the maiden / *Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba/EE.UU.)*

25/ The door that nobody crosses / *Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)*

27/ Farewell / *Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*

29/ Meeting in the Osorio's devastations / *Morgan Vicconius Zariah —seud.— (Dominican Republic)*

31/ The Ministerial glasses / *Samir Krimo (Portugal)*

32/ Saints / *Milenko Županović (Croat)*

34/ That first coffee / *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

36/ Secrets saved / *M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (México)*

38/ Time, the last grave of Columbus's remains / *Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)*

40/ Oopart / *Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*

42/ The Chrononaut / *Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)*

44/ The devil you know / *Ricardo L. García Fumero (Cuba/USA)*

46/ In time / *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

Humor:

48/ Corrigiendo errores/Manuel Santamaría Barrios (España)

49/ La Biblioteca del Nostromo: El Ministerio del Tiempo vol. 1:

Fear, Lies & China Ink: Among corridors and telephone booths **by Evandro Rubert (Brazil)**

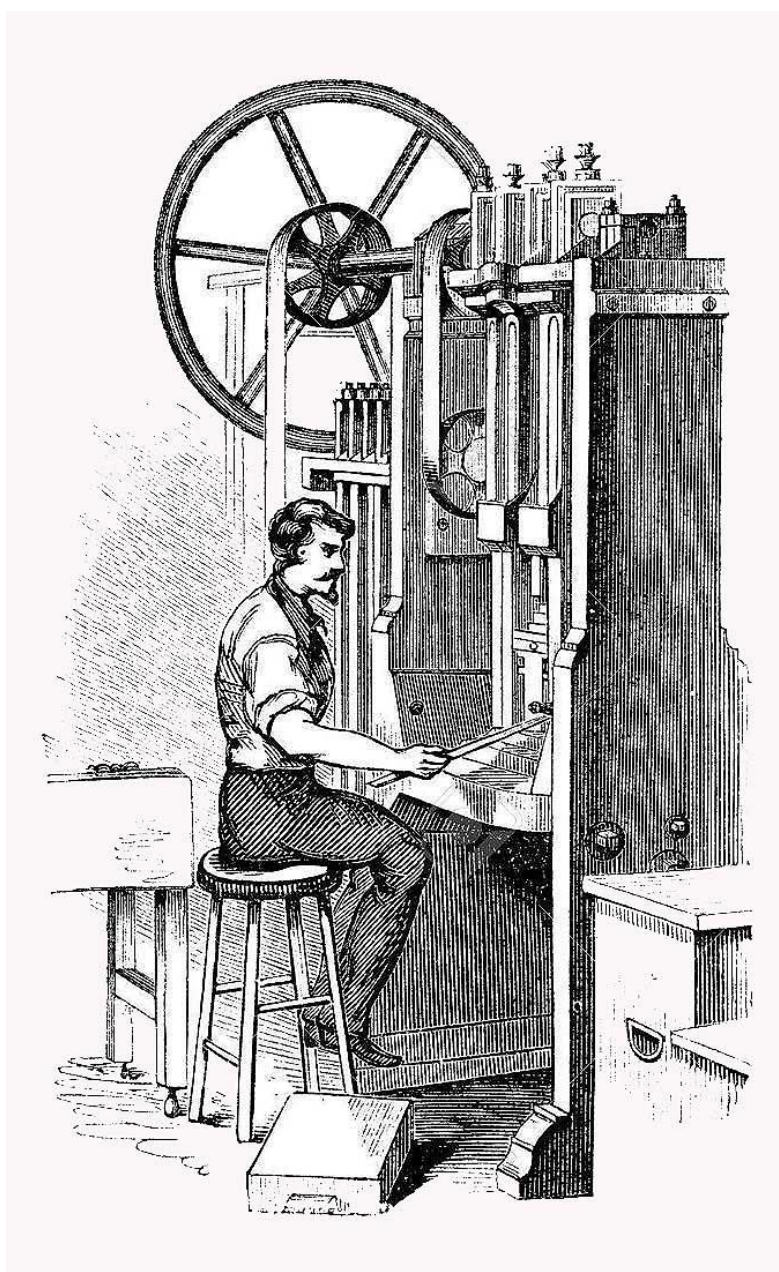


Tiempo al tiempo (Aleta-Evolution); Shadow Show. Cuentos en homenaje a Ray Bradbury (Kelsonia)

54/ About the Writers and Illustrators

60/ About illustrations

61/ Back cover: Horas robadas / *Elena Fortanet (Spain)*



Death or the maiden

By Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba/USA)

—The issue is this XIIIth century miniature —revealed Salvador—. It represents Alfonso X in a shroud and playing chess with Death. Its spurious, a substitution.

—Golly it looks like Death from The Seventh Seal —Pacino was amazed—. Don't look at me like that, i have ample tastes in movies.

—It does look like it, too much —Salavador showed another image—. The right one, The Wise King playing with a sarracene maiden. Not in a hurry but we must fix it.

—But they are almost naked! —Alonso shouted—. Wearing barely some... tulle.

—So there's Don Alfonso —said Julián—. Lothario, like any upstanding spaniard.

—Yeah, yeah, you are the utmost progressive, feminist offspring of the nation ever —chided Pa-cino—. But why is it an issue and how do we know its a substitution?

—Represents the same chess problem —pointed Ernesto—. And its an issue because it reeks of morbid fanaticism and Spain already has enough Black Legend that more should be added to the national imagery. The original speaks of sophistication and cultural coexistence instead.

—What would be the plan? —asked Amelia.

—At some point, for some reason, the chess playing maiden who inspired the miniature just vanished

and we must find a substitute. There starts our conundrum.

—In centuries of history —Ernesto picked the talk—, the Ministry of Time hasn't recruited a single sarracene looking maid. Not even one that speaks the language.

—Well, in Seville there's a plenty —said Alonso—, that for not necessarily plenty coins...

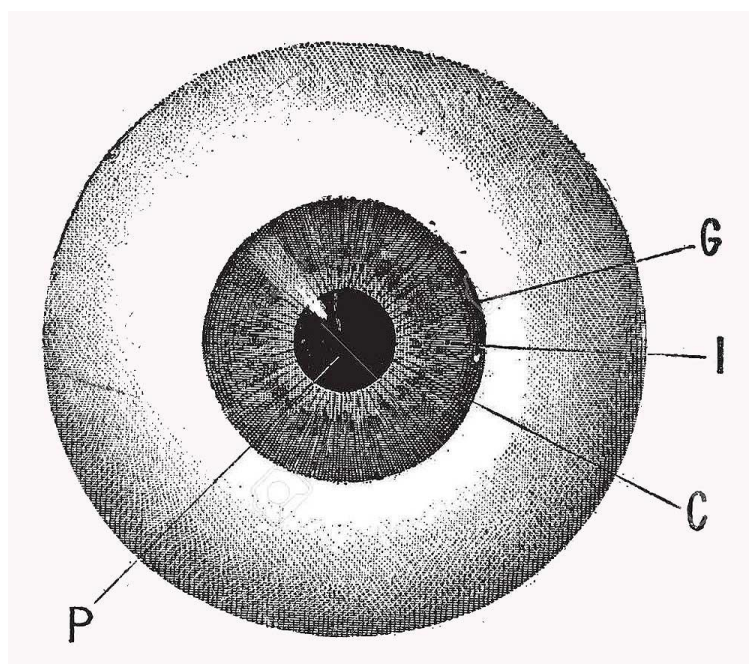
—If truly there's no hurry i could take Amelia to Formentera for a week —Irene smiled mischievously—, and bring her back nicely tanned. In the

mean time she could learn some arabic.

—Always wanted to visit the Balears —Amelia was rejoiced.

Julián hawked, bent towards Amelia and whispered something that made her blush.

Angustias, a tray of coffee and pastries on her hands, glared at naughty Irene.



The door that nobody crosses

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

It is the last one at the end of the corridor.

Nobody knows, exactly, what time it leads. All the officials avoid it. It is the door that nobody crosses.

Undoubtedly, an enigma to unravel but come on, this ministry is not for such a company or simply does not have enough balls to know what's on the other side.

From it voices are heard in an unintelligible language, there are disquieting shadows that interrupt the light that crosses the rickety frame of its structure, voices and shadows eager to get out. Martí intuits the secret but does not dare to inquire into it. At the express request of their superiors, they hide the key jealously,

in a safe, behind a painting by Velázquez.

Rumor has it that he, recently arrived at the ministry, participated in an exploratory patrol and crossed the vain. Of the five that made up the mission, only he returned, without remembering anything. Under hypnotic trance, Martí rendered a finished report of what he really found on the other side, and of the fate suffered by his companions.

Those who were present at the session were amazed. One committed suicide, two went crazy and the rest agreed to an airtight silence.

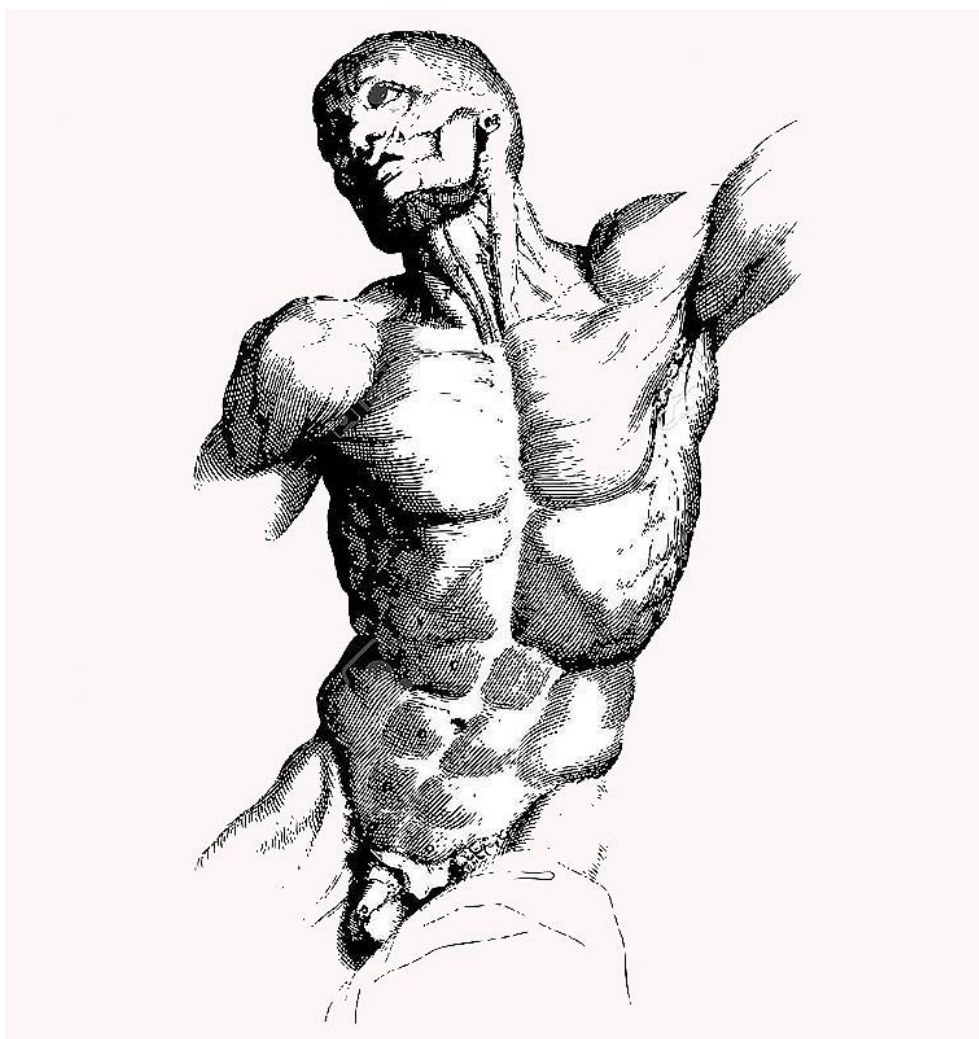
It is the best kept secret of the administration.

About that, several years ago.

At present there are no plans for a new expedition. Appeals are made for the lack of budget and personnel, together with the absence of a real danger.

Martí is convinced that all these excuses only disguise fear.

One day we will have to overcome it.



Farewell

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Since I went through door number 11, my only entertainment had been watching Algernon. Of course, Algernon was not his name, but since I was not allowed to approach him, I decided to call him so in memory of one of my favorite science fiction stories. Algernon was old, at least by Palaeolithic standards, and he was alone, just like me ... probably more than me.

Neither of us tried to approach the other. I had it forbidden, and Algernon he was naturally cautious and bearish. In spite of everything, a kind of silent camaraderie and quiet recognition of the other was established among us. It was the closest thing to the friendship we had in that world.

In spite of everything, a kind of silent camaraderie and quiet recognition of the other was established among us. It was the closest thing to the friendship we had in that world.

So the morning that Algernon did not leave his refuge, I worried. A lot. Enough to ignore the orders and try to know what had happened.

Carefully I removed the furs that served as a door, and there he was, lying beside a half-dying fire. Emaciated, feverish, so weak that I could barely move the eyes that looked at me between frightened and curious. Algernon was dying and I could not do anything for him. I spent days with him, taking care of him, feeding him, trying to make him

as comfortable as possible, talking to him even if he did not understand me. Maybe, on the other side of gate 11 someone could have cured him, but he could not take him. It would not have helped. It would have been useless. History can not be changed, they would tell me ... And they are right, of course. So there I stayed, next to the being who was not my

friend but whom I appreciated as if he were. And there I was, holding his hand when he died. I buried it myself, with all its stuff... and flowers. I don't know why.

And then I cried, I cried for days.

I cried for Algernon, the last Neanderthal, and for all his wonderful species.

Meeting in the Osorio's devastations

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

The Ministry of Time was upside down during several days due to hardships and anxieties reflected on the faces of its functionaries. Everyone wanted to know about a mysterious person who threat to change the past. The time doors leading toward the colony of La Española, were very busy. Salvador Martí sent a bunch of his boys through them in order to find out exactly what hidden hands were trying to modify the present.

“This person comes from the future... surely is a Ministry's functionary out of control,” said Salvador to Alonso and Pacino; both of them standing up in his office after

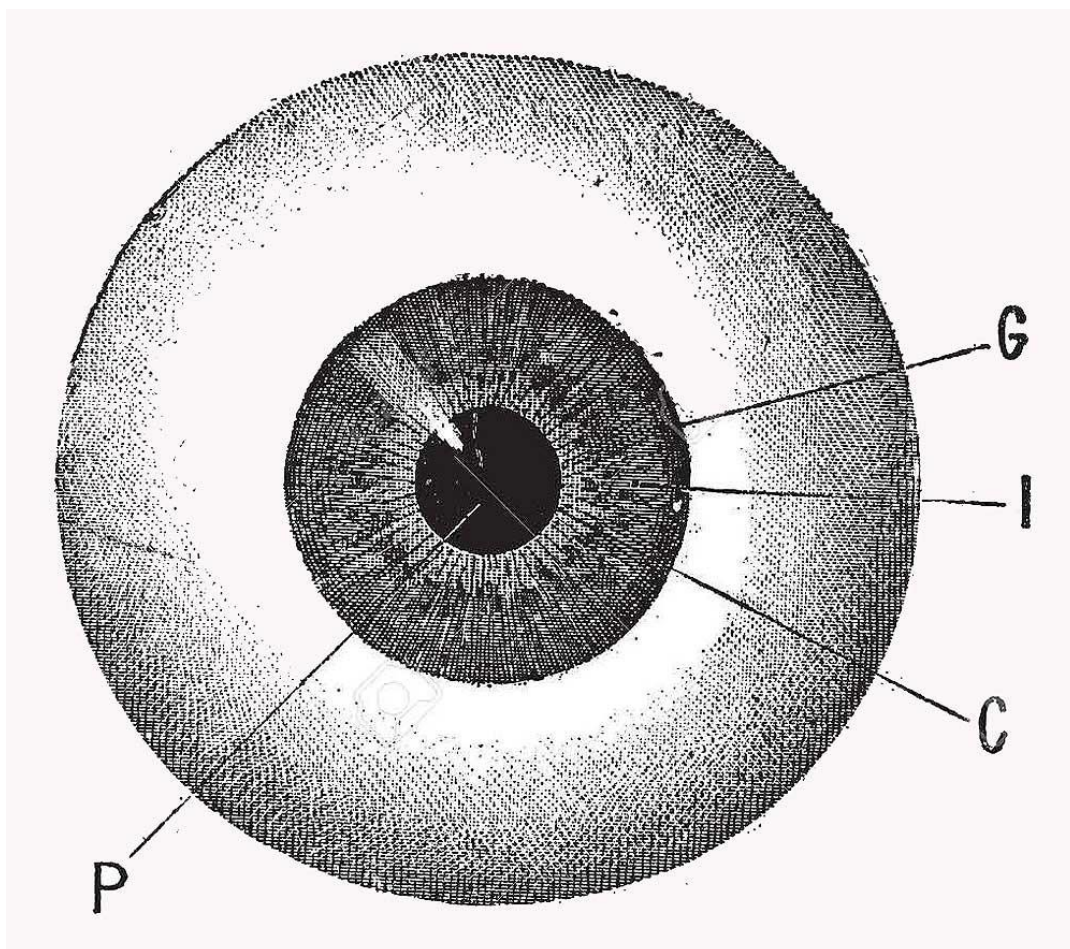
visiting a couple of Historical periods of the Caribbean island. They showed to him documents that the man had lost. He was right, the person was a Dominican Ministry's agent with a fixation to turn about history.

The agents were in the first governorship of Antonio Osorio y Villegas disguised like envoys of the Spanish Crown, circa 1567, when Osorio was still a youth. In that moment, they meet the agent for the first time, accompanied by two others persons, trying to kill the governor to avoid the Devastations that sunk the island in poverty and permit the French take over its Western part. That time the agent escaped, but was

murdered later on, by mid of 1605, during a riot plotted by Salvador and the Ministry of Time at the very development of the Devastations.

“That agent didn’t know that if he leaved out that Historical event, the future Republic wouldn’t ever exist?,” commented Alonso.

“We never know. Maybe he was a follower of Pedro Santana willing to have a prosperous future than to have to deal with Haiti and an everlasting crumping democracy handle by the opportunists of the moment, that never would focus their aims toward the future,” explained Irene.

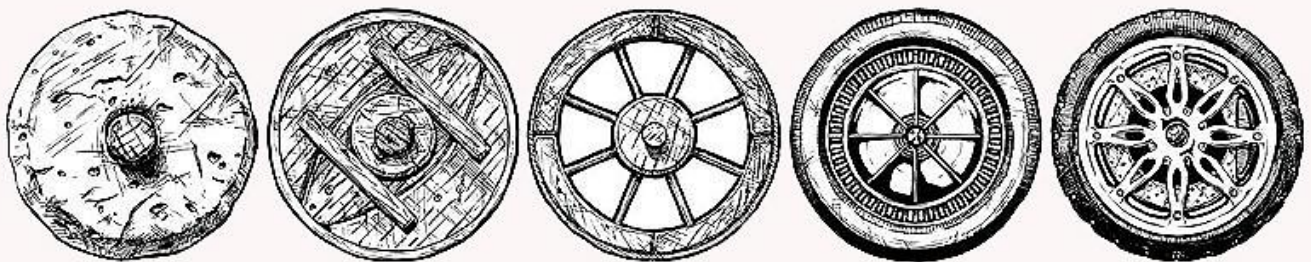


The Ministerial glasses

By Samir Karimo (Portugal)

To avoid new chronological incongruences, which could change time flux, the ministry have created these new glasses to track all from our surveillance point of view. Its lens can be regulated to see into the past, at the right, and the future at the left. There is also a light sound indicator which lights on in case of “oscillations”....

But, what’s happening? The beeper is beeping and has sensed something unusual. There’s a “disorder” which wants to seize us... no, no, I can’t believe in it, I’m the “monster”... the lens caused a void and several mes are in different places, dimensions, retrodimensions, posdimensions ... and now what is to be done?



Saints

By Milenko Županović (Croat)

In the Egyptian desert, prayer in the air, the legend about the origin in an ancient tomb in golden letters written memories.

Hordes of demons in the year of the wilderness, the cry from the grave, the light in the sand, hordes are getting closer, changing shape, a saint in heaven hermit in prayer, the girl in the river.

River which cuts the desert in two parts, a girl with two faces, that's right, a saint in heaven, swarms of insects in the direction of the desert, the girl was washing with fresh water, the face of an old woman.

In the ruined tomb, insects from the sky, the desert turns into the lake, extreme cold, prayers to heaven Gazette on ice, the girl in the river,

destroyed the tombs, are almost silent prayer, meditation, freedom, salvation from death messenger of joy, empty tomb, from the depths hearts fire saints, sign in heaven, the cross from the clouds.

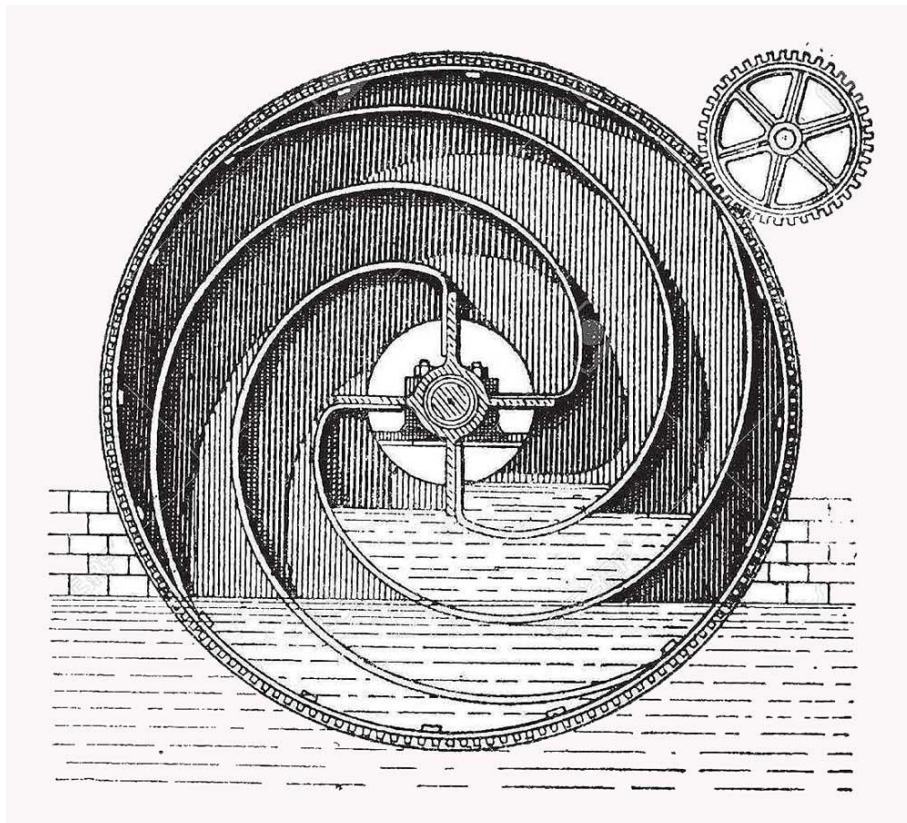
Insects are on the ground, the girl with two faces lucky fish in the form of the gondola, the bells of the church of St. Marc, the sound of the harp cannot be canceled meditation saints painting on canvas of golden sand, sin without prayer, hallucinations in the desert, religion embossed gold seal.

The sin of unbelief in the form of a horde of hell girl with two faces regretted, leaving the gondola to the sound of bells, an oasis in the desert, St. Mark's Church to pray for the survivors, beggars and sinners.

Ancient tomb hides a secret, a
painter with a vision, without
redemption, the madness of the
moment, the fire of saints, a hermit in
prayer, unreal church in the distance.

A voice from the heart tells him to
persevere, for the girl from the river,
prayers are heard, a voice from the
grave was silent, the last move, master

painting, surrounded by skulls in a
windowless room, strewn with land in
the heart of the fire of the saints for
the new morning, a painter of sinners,
thorns on the road, a hermit goes to
the Lord, the prayers of the sky,
surreal church in the distance sends
kisses in the morning.



That first coffee

By Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Angustias went through the door, first day of work. He went to Salvador, his trembling hand holding the coffee that served his boss. She wanted to please him, to become indispensable for him, she was very compliant. He left it on the table and said goodbye to Salvador, who worked concentrated organizing some papers from the Ministry.

—Please, Angustias, what do you want? Burn me alive. Wing, wing! Go away and remember that I do not like boiling coffee.

I did not want to look bad. But working in the Ministry has advantages and the best: knowing which door leads you directly to the beginning of that day.

To know how he got that kitchen thermometer, the coffee, now, had the perfect temperature: 55°C. The telephone rang, they had made a mistake, a small waste of time. Salvador grabbed the cup and tasted.

—I'll do the favor of heating it without going in the microwave, I do not like it very hot.

Once again, he had lost count, entered with the steaming cup in the office without managing to captivate his boss. He even traveled to the past to get the best coffee, but not for those. One of many times it seemed that someone was following her, although she ignored it.

Confident, showing a broad smile, she tripped over such misfortune that the liquid spilled on the papers.

Salvador's disproportionate reaction ended with her. "Resignation, he said to himself. I have all the time in the world".

— Angustias, come closer! —He called it Salvador, you know? The best coffee I've tasted in my life, was the first one that served me and that

almost burned me. And the best destination for these papers may be this: the paper mill. I'm tired of following her through that door, restarting some reports that I'm going to pigeonhole to the first one that enters the office. After the glass in the entrance, the Velázquez's silhouette was drawn.

Secrets saved

By M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

It's very cold in this dungeon, my legs are numb, and the smell I give off is nauseating, I smell scared animal. I have lost the notion of time, everything is very dark except when they bring me what they call food, but that is not more than half a glass of dirty water and a hard bread. This can not be happening to me, not me.

I am... who cares who I am, suffice it to say that I was the favorite buffoon of the court of King Ferdinand of Castile and the consent of Queen Elizabeth. I did not do anything wrong, I did not do it. Again I repeat this story, I think it is the fiftieth time I do it and I begin to doubt that this has happened; i think I'm going crazy.

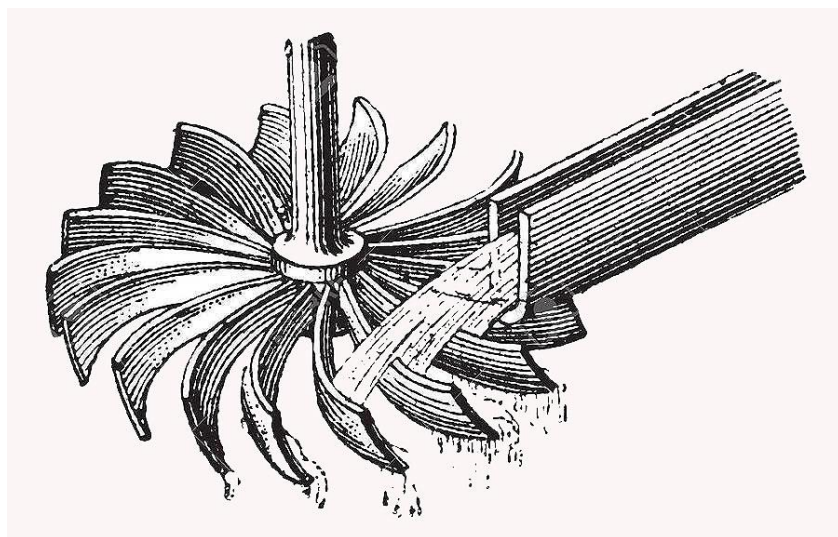
I fell asleep, I was thinking about what happened and what confined me

in this humid and dark dungeon, full of rats and pestilent; where I am a prisoner of fever most of the time when I am not unconscious. It was that day, the damn day that Rabbi Abraham Levi arrived and that I accidentally had to be present, nobody saw me, the Queen did not know I was there and I heard them speak. He had the secret to manage time and travel to the past, he knew how to use the time gates. He handed the book to the queen in exchange for protection for himself and his family; but it did not help. In 1491 he was condemned to the stake by the Inquisition and I, too, only to me for the charge of treason to the Queen and did not explain further. I only tried to travel to the past to avoid

being born with this deformation;
What's wrong with not wanting to be
a dwarf, the laughingstock of all, a
buffoon because he was born as well
as a dwarf with hemiplegia.

Due to my carelessness and seeing
what could happen from not taking
good care of the secret, Queen Isabel
created a clandestine society to
protect the book and its content; He

called it: The Ministry of Time. But
every time I explain this, they judge
me insane and dangerous. Tomorrow
they will burn me alive. This is my last
night here and I will think about the
unhappy day when Levi arrived
before the Queen. So I will die with
the certainty that I am not crazy and
that there is a Ministry created to care
for and keep a secret: the existence of
the time gates.



Time, the last grave of Columbus's remains

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

Santo Domingo, Dominican
Republic: 11 September 1877.

“Holy shit, how hot is this
weather!... It's not winter coming? To
think that for a moment I wanted to
be a soldier of fortune in this
Indies... to escape my sentence.”

“You're a real surprises' box,
Alonso... Never fancy you to be a
character in the Spanish's picaresque,
not with all that bullshit about honor
you're spiting all along Time,
hehehehehe!... Beside, by 1569, date
of your execution, Santo Domingo
was forgotten even by the Devil.”

“And still it is, Pacino... The only
bless it's this marvelous Primal

Cathedral of America, that cries at the
'Time' nose the genius of our Iberian
race... Well, let's get to business. Our
contact is approaching: the
Dominican historian, Emiliano
Tejera.”

*“Surely you should be the Ministry of
Time's agents... Good, let's hurry, the agent
sent by the Spaniard Royal Academy of
History, Antonio López Prieto,
disembarked yesterday coming from La
Havana... Along several Exterminator
Angels.”*

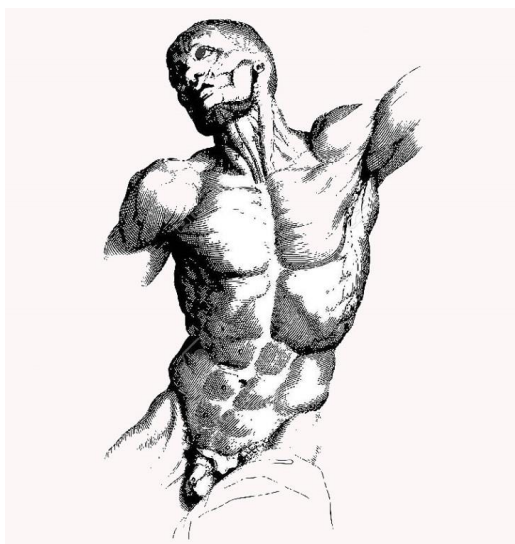
§

The remains of the Admiral, found
out the 10 September of 1877, rested
inside a lead box. Alonso shook his
head to drive away the mystic rapture.

“Don’t look at me in that way,
Pacino, the tremor of my soul it’s the
best proof of the authenticity of
theses remains.” “Yes, that so much
glory gave to Spain and Christianity,
but we must get to the door as soon
as possible, you know that Joaquín
Jovellar, sent several angels from
Cuba.” “Damn! I don’t blame their
zeal, these remains must rest in Seville
from where, in a dark hour, were
exhumed by María de Toledo to bring
them here.” “We obey orders, we
mustn’t... I hear steps!...! Hurry, to
the chapel!”

Madrid, Spain, 2017

Both agents came out from one of
the many Time doors of the Ministry
of Time: but only them, not the box.
In which point of the time line they
travelled, the Christopher Columbus’
remains got lost? Or better yet, in
which corner of the Fourth
Dimension, physical body of Time?
There, one hundred and forty years is
a whole eternity. Without doubt, a lot
of time to cover searching for them.
What a mess!



Oopart

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Severo was a discreet man whom habitually did not like to listen to other people's conversations, but on that occasion he had not been able to avoid hearing everything that was said inside the boss's office.

It had not been his fault.

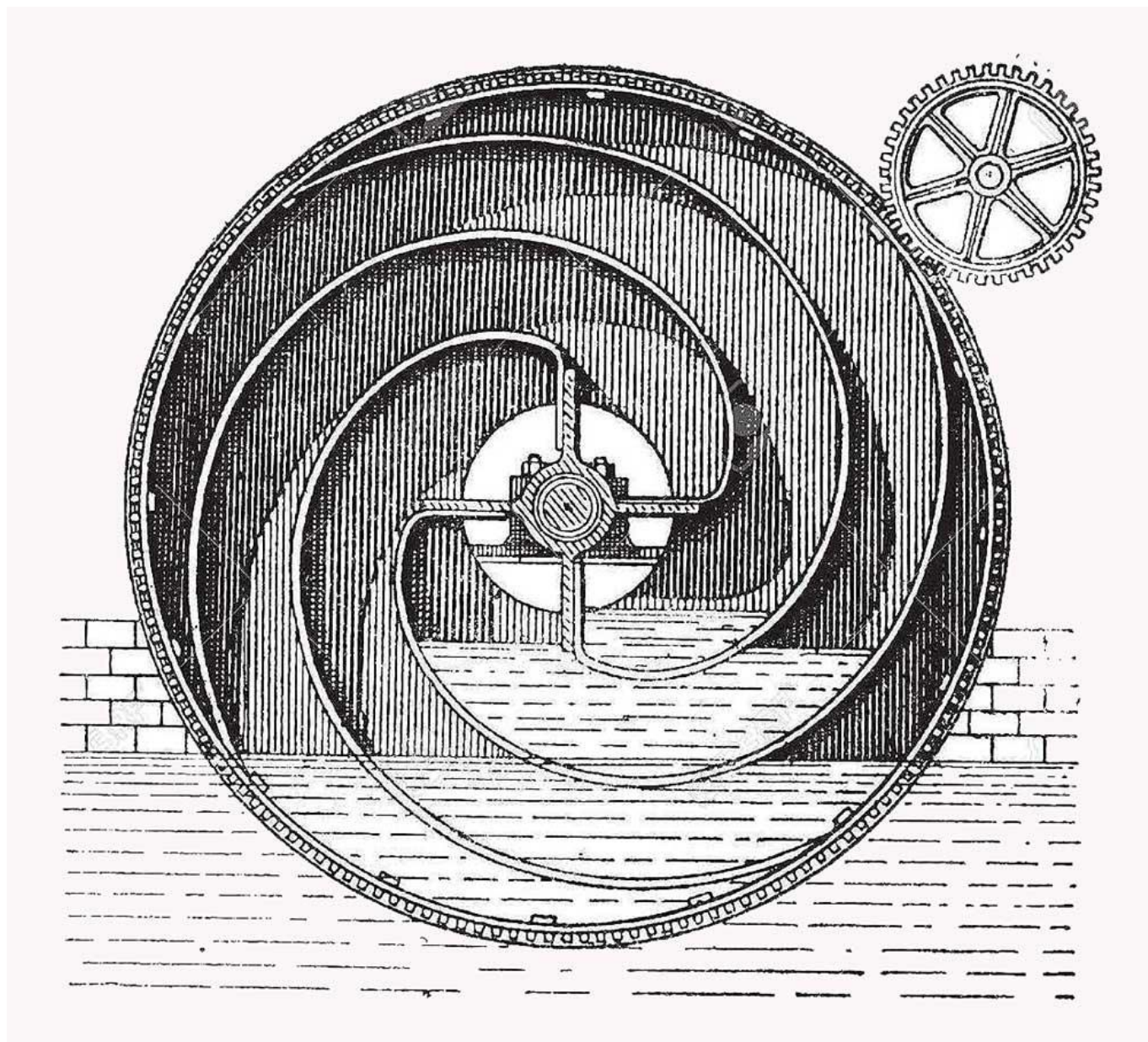
They had left the door ajar, they were talking loudly and he was working a few meters away. So he found out, very well found out, that strange new objects had appeared outside of its time and that those above were more than nervous about the matter. Although the story ended in mystery magazines or commented as a banal curiosity in any news, Ministry officials had to find out what was happening. And in those they were, speculating half in low voice

half in shouts, with the possibility that it was something of "The Sons of Padilla" or if rather it was some plan of the "Exterminating Angel".

Severo, trying to be more silent and gray than ever, put aside the screwdriver with which he had been working and, with all the dissimulation of which he was capable, he took the mobile from his pocket, took it to his ear without losing sight of those that argued in the office and, when on the other side they responded, he snapped point-blank:

"Mariano, do you remember the hammer you could not find? Well, run to the door 455 that you have it there ... Yes, sure, as sure as I'm hearing the boss talks about him ... Yes, that's ...

Run to find it, foolish and do us a the doors to do it!"
favor: leave to smoke or stop crossing



The Chrononaut

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

The Crononauta traveled through Mexico's past to change it, arrived in the Mexican capital in December 1914. Francisco Villa and Emiliano Zapata were assembled when they saw the time traveler enter. The revolutionaries pointed their weapons but the Chrononaut told them that he was coming in peace. The intruder explained the future of Mexico but when he noticed his disbelief he pressed a button on his arm and through holograms showed them a country plunged into misery and drug trafficking. Villa and Zapata paid attention to their interlocutor. The Crononauta explained to them the actions to be taken, to eliminate Álvaro Obregón and Venustiano Carranza and that both would take

the presidential command of the country. Villa was president of Mexico for 5 years and Zapata succeeded him for the same number of years. They made great changes and laid the foundations for a great nation. The Crononauta retreated to the year of 1865, arriving at Castillo de Chapultepec, the guards shot him but using a force field to protect himself and the bullets did not touch him. He asked to see the Emperor of Mexico Maximilian of Habsburg. Tomás Mejía and Miguel Miramón spoke with him, they finally made him pass before his Excellency who was accompanied by Leonardo Márquez. The Crononauta explained to them what would happen, when seeing that his words were not heard, he used his

projector, where they saw how they would be shot in Queretaro. Here the Chrononaut did intervene on the battlefield using laser weapons. He helped the Second Mexican Empire and Leonardo Márquez captured the Liberals including Juarez. They were met in Tacubaya, for their cunning, they called Marquez the Tiger. They gathered the prisoners and shot Benito Juarez. The Crononauta saw the Mason fall, the ultimate Mexican

traitor. Finally, he went to July 19, 1924 to rescue the Emperor Agustín de Iturbide, using his weapons prevented him from being shot, the lasers finished with the enemies, the first emperor of Mexico thanked his help, the Crononauta managed to get Agustín de Iturbide to take again the control of the country, restoring the monarchy. It advanced to the future in 2019 and Mexico was a first world nation.

The devil you know

By Ricardo L. García Fumero (Cuba/USA)

Julian and Amelia bent over Alonso, who lay on the dirty street in the dark of the night, by the child snatcher's corpse.

"Are you all right?" Despite her best efforts not to raise it above a whisper, the young woman's voice betrayed her anguish. "Alonso! Talk to me!"

"Allow me." Julian inspected the wound with an expert eye. "Doesn't look too deep; might have been his head hitting the ground as he fell. Right now we need to stop the bleeding—" He tore a piece of cloth from his sleeve, improvised a bandage. "Let's hope this will do, at least for the moment."

A badly repressed grimace of pain in his face, Alonso opened an eye. "He—?"

"Quite dead. He won't do any more harm. Now your namesake can grow up to be a friar. I can understand those who paid this guy, though, kind of—"

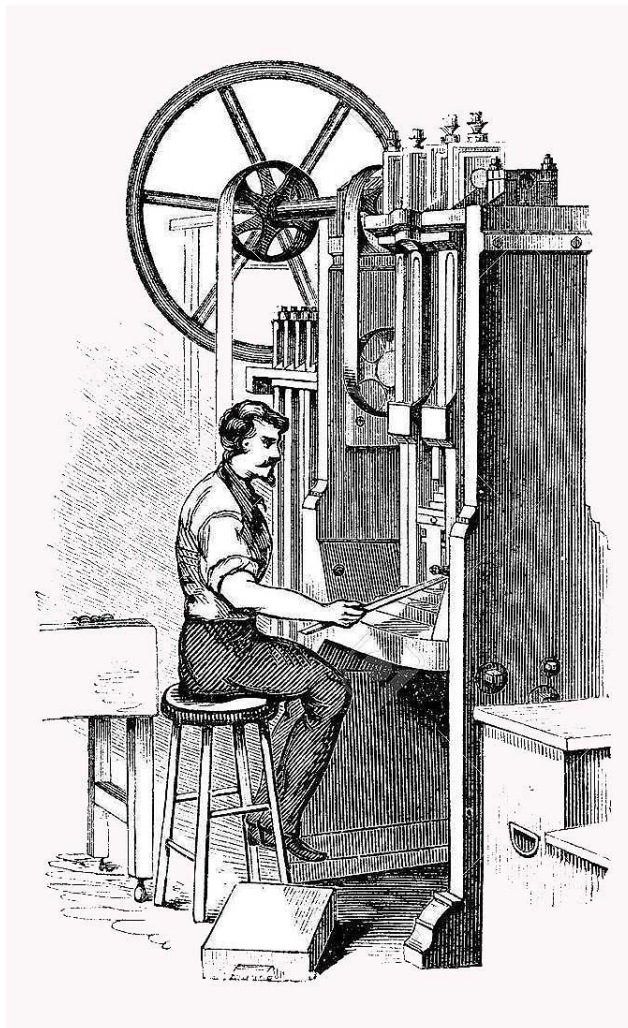
"Think you can get up and walk some?" Amelia put out a taser, as she surveyed their surroundings uneasily. "We have to get out of here like, right now."

"Don't tell me they have night patrols this time—in 1448?"

"Occasionally, Julian, what do you know. Don't believe everything you've been told about this epoch in time. And anyway—"

“Enough said, let’s go.” With their help Alonso stood to his feet, the three of them then making in haste for the Door. He’s just a kid, Julian thought to himself; a kid that otherwise would have been stolen and sold like cattle for a life of pure horror. Then there was also that thing

about not altering History. For all its faults, the present was preferable to an alternate timeline nobody could foresee. An alternate History that could easily be worse than the one already including Friar Alonso de Ojeda talking the Catholic Queen into setting up the Inquisition in Spain....



In time

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The future of nations is decided in a second: a second
for glory or a second for screwing up.

Myself

The mission seems to require a rather original disguise: a ridiculous price for changing the course of history and ensuring the freedom of mankind. He will be the executing hand that puts a stop to the bloody Führer. He does not mind dying in the attempt like his co-worker Fernandez, who left some loose end in organizing the plot with Von Stauffenberg. The future depends on him; this time there must be no mistakes.

The coif slips from his head, and the too short skirt does not look good on him: the servants wear a peculiar uniform in that mansion. When he comes out of the closet, the show shocks him: while screaming in pleasure, an old real fairy with a large powdered wig is whipped on his hanging shriveled buttocks. Because of the distress the feather duster falls from his hands. But if it is not the residence of Vlad Tepes, the ferocious consort of Queen Victoria... "Where... Where am I?" He stammers after regaining the use of his dropped jaw. "At Prime Minister's Lord

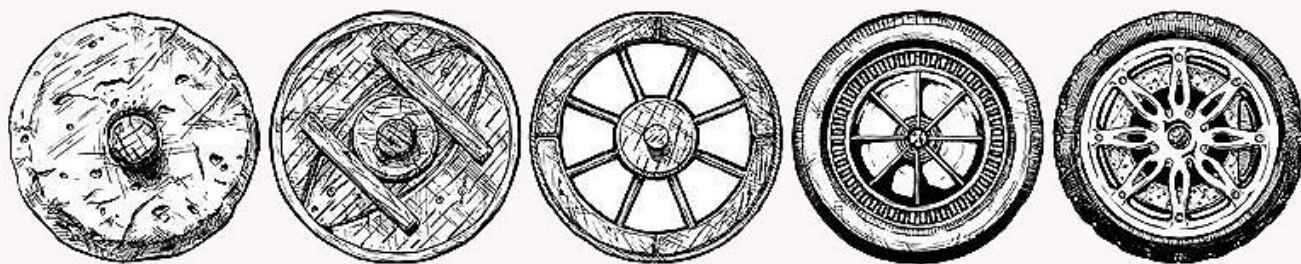
Ruthven home" the monumental black of herculean constitution and brilliant oiled muscles, dressed in tight and meager leather, explains haughtily. The agent offers some vague excuses and slips away claiming that the porridge is sticking to the pan.

Shit! Instead of going back in time, he has chosen the wrong temporary passage and has gone forward. Because of his incompetence, everything is lost.

He goes out into the street and starts a crazy run: Nazi symbols in every modern building, statues of the bestial

Red Baron—First Great War hero and right-hand man of the Graf von Dracula—in some squares, frightened citizens, turned into cattle that feed a privileged few... A nightmare. Before his horrified eyes, whole Europe, unified under his iron claw after the total victory in the Second Great War, bows down to the dictatorship of the immortal monster.

He will have to return to headquarters with his tail between his legs again. He will keep the maid costume. Perhaps, if his boss does not prefer black merry-makers, he may be able to earn forgiveness for the last of his mistakes.



CORRIGIENDO ERRORES

POR MANUEL SANTAMARIA BARRIOS "EL SANTA"

Go through that door
Mr. President, you will
see how it relaxes.

Yesssh, I needssh to
relaxsssh, it's hard to
be President



By God Irene!
How do you think to put the
President of the Government
at the door of the Jurassic?

Alonso handsome, we
can not change the
past. But there
are rules for the
errors of the
present!



El Santa 15/10/17

Cómic:

Título: El Ministerio del Tiempo vol. 1: Tiempo al tiempo

Dibujante: Jaime Martínez y Sandra Molina

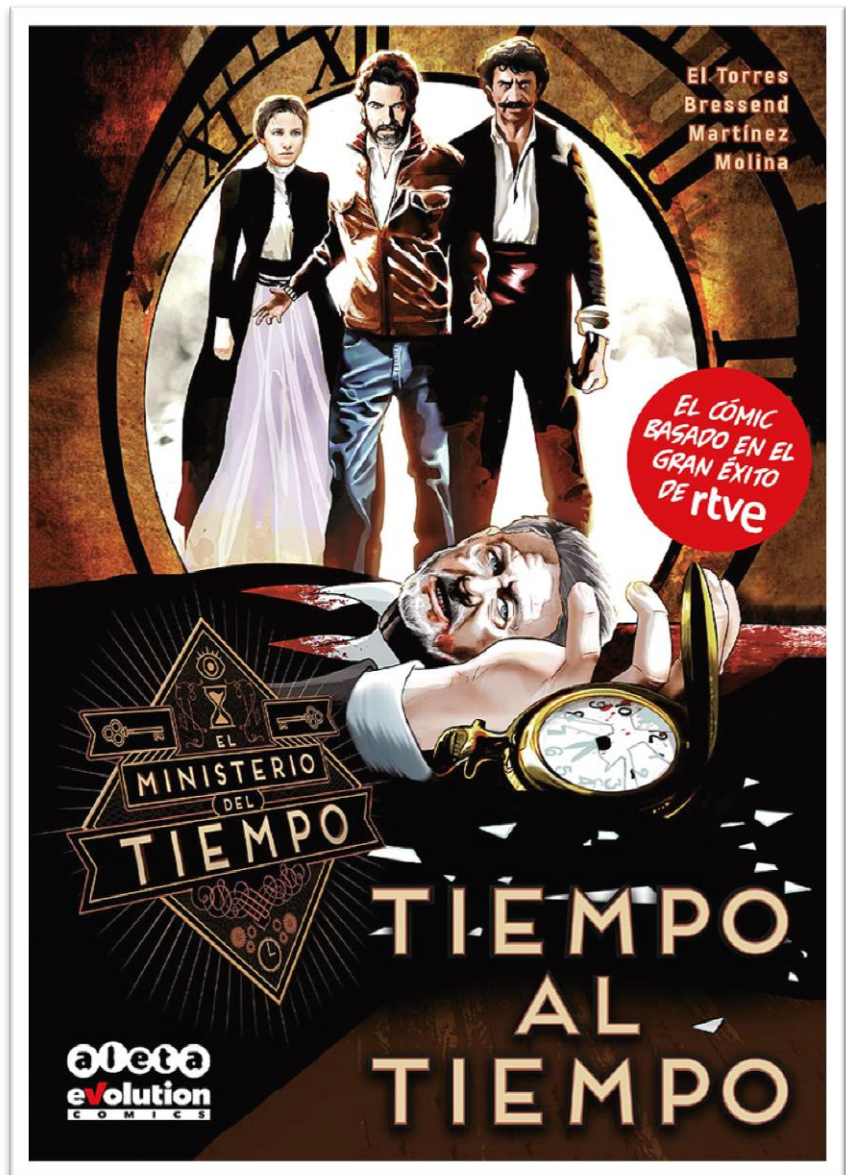
Guionistas: El Torres y Desiree Bressend

Editorial: Aleta-Evolution

El Ministerio del Tiempo es un fenómeno transmedia que no tiene parangón en la reciente cultura audiovisual española. El gran éxito de la serie, tanto en su emisión

televisiva como en la digital, y la creación de expansiones como el capítulo virtual, podcast o la novela han hecho de la creación de los hermanos Olivares un éxito sin precedentes.

El mundo del cómic no podía seguir ajeno y es Aleta-Evolution, con Joseba Basalo a la cabeza, la que llega para sumarse a la familia Ministérica. Presentamos



Tiempo al Tiempo, un capítulo más en la historia de El Ministerio el Tiempo en forma de cómic, de la mano de El Torres y Desiree Bressend al guion y Jaime Martínez y Sandra Molina al dibujo.

El Ministerio del Tiempo es una institución gubernamental autónoma y secreta que depende directamente de Presidencia de Gobierno. Solo reyes, presidentes y un número exclusivo de personas saben de él. Su objetivo: detectar e impedir que cualquier intruso del pasado llegue a nuestro presente -o viceversa- con el fin de utilizar la Historia en su beneficio. Para ello las patrullas tendrán que viajar al pasado y evitar que lo logren, a través de puertas vigiladas por el Ministerio.

En Tiempo al Tiempo, la alarma suena en El Ministerio del Tiempo... ¡Salvador Martí ha sido atacado en su propio despacho!

Amelia, Julián y Alonso deberán encontrar a los culpables a través del tiempo, mientras la vida de Salvador y la del propio Ministerio corren peligro. ¡Una misión desesperada que necesitará medidas desesperadas!

El volumen, además de la historia completa, incluye sendos textos escritos por Javier Olivares, uno de los creadores de la serie, y Jaime Blanch, actor que encarna a Salvador Martí, y saldrá a la venta el próximo 21 de abril del 2017.

<http://aletaediciones.es/829-el-ministerio-del-tiempo-vol-1-tiempo-al-tiempo.html>

Antología:

Título: Shadow Show. Cuentos en homenaje a Ray Bradbury

Autores: VV.AA.

Portada: Carolina Bensler

Tintas de interior: Barb Hernández

Editorial: Kelonia

Contenido:

Introducción / Sam Weller y Mort Castle. Traduce: Tania García Ayala

Un segundo regreso al
hogar / Ray Bradbury.

Traduce: Ana Barreiro y
Andrés Lomeña

El hombre que olvidó a
Ray Bradbury / Neil
Gaiman. Traduce: J.E.
Álamo

De cabeza / Margaret
Atwood. Traduce: María
Jesús Sánchez Raya

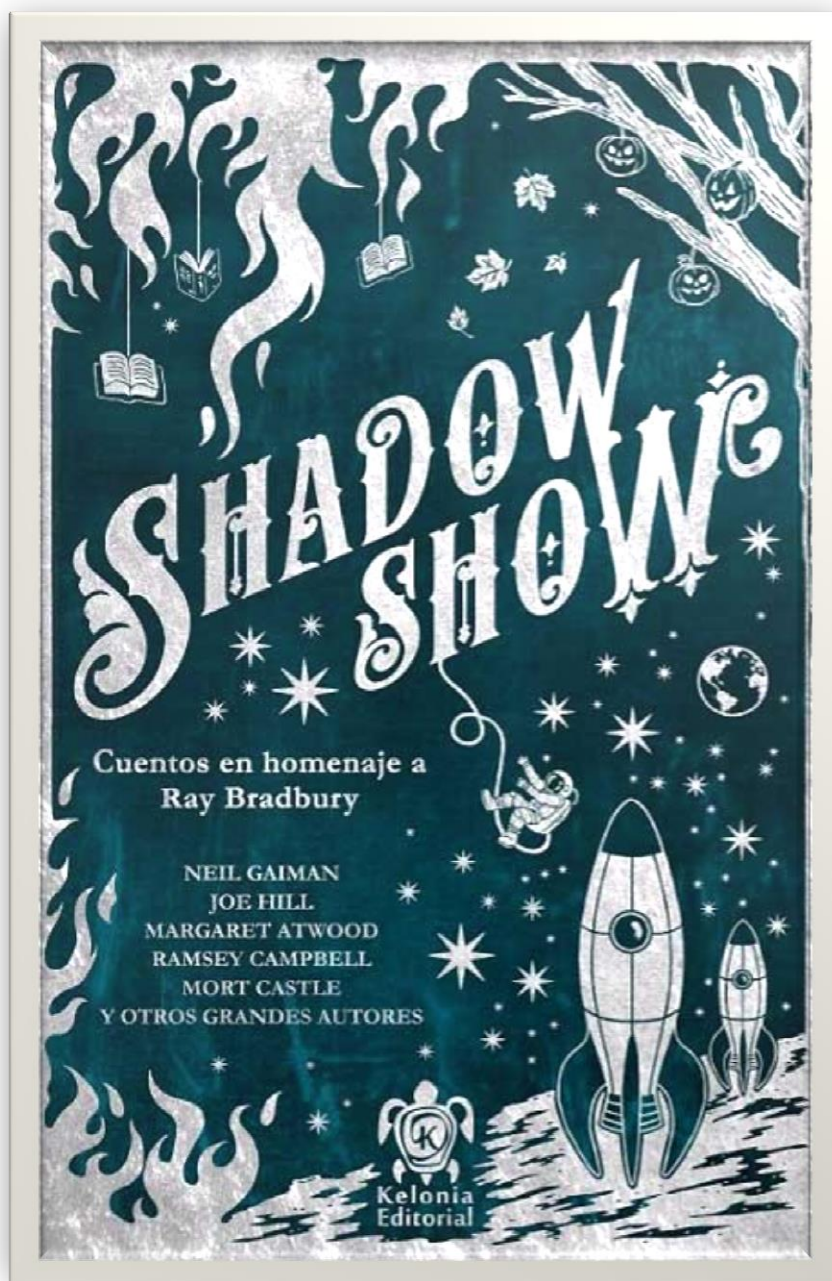
Rufián / Jay
Bonansinga. Traduce:
Andrea Carrión

La chica del velatorio /
Sam Weller. Traduce:
Diego Morales

Los acompañantes /
David Morrell. Traduce:
Antonio Rivas

El intercambio / Thomas F. Monteleone. Traduce: Sara Balaguer

Un gato sobre un sofá feo / Lee Martin. Traduce: Andrea Carrión



Junto a las aguas plateadas del Lago Champlain / Joe Hill. Traduce: Javier Martos

Pequeña América / Dan Chaon. Traduce: Tania García Ayala

La llamada telefónica / John McNally. Traduce: Sara Balaguer

Jóvenes peregrinos / Joe Meno. Traduce: Tania García Ayala

Los niños de la máquina para dormir / Robert McCammon. Traduce: Manuel de los Reyes

La página / Ramsey Campbell. Traduce: Tania García Ayala

Luz / Mort Castle. Traduce: Sergio Mars

Conjuro / Alice Hoffman. Traduce: Marinela Pérez

Max / John Maclay. Traduce: Marinela Pérez

Pareja de Jacks / Jacquelyn Mitchard. Traduce: Sara Balaguer

El gordo y el niño / Gary A. Braunbeck. Traduce: Tamara Morales

El tatuaje / Bonnie Jo Campbell. Traduce: Marinela Pérez

Sevilla se aleja / Audrey Niffenegger. Traduce: María Jesús Sánchez Raya

La Tierra (una tienda de regalos) / Charles Yu. Traduce: Virginia Pérez de la Puente

El padre de Hayleigh / Julia Keller. Traduce: Pilar Ramírez Tello

¿Quién llama? / Dave Eggers. Traduce: Andrés Lomeña y Ana Barreiro

Reserva 2020 / Baya Ojikutu. Traduce: Tamara Morales

Las dos casas / Kelly Link. Traduce: Tamara Morales

Hastío / Harlan Ellison. Traduce: Natalia Cervera

http://www.kelonia-editorial.com/Tienda/index.php?id_product=117&controller=product

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:

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.

Garcia, Ricardo L. (Havana, 1955) Enter Oscar Hurtado Workshop in 1983; his second story presented at the workshop - One Night Summer Game - was his first to appear in print (number of the 20th anniversary of the journal Juventud Técnica (July, 1985) and also appears in the anthology Astronomy is written with G (Habana, 1989) Winner for two consecutive years of the Plaza Award, SF category, 2nd prize of the First (unfortunately it was also the last ...) National Story Fair, with the history of SF An American tragedy. Extreme resource that gives the title to the

anthology of the genre published by Editora Abril (Havana, 1988) and shares with the pioneer Ángel Arango a notebook from the Astral Collection (Cuban Tales of Science Fiction), Ediciones Unión, (Havana, 1991) with his story Quantitative Factor that also appears in JT, November 1986, and in Astronomy It is written with G. I regularly contribute SF stories to the JT-- A Random Number (December, 1985), Victoria (February, 1987), Angels Y Demons (e nero, 1988), Juguete (January, 1989). Pleasantly, its first published history, already previously anthologized, is included in Chronicles of Tomorrow: 50 Years of Science Fiction in Cuba, edited by José Miguel "Yoss" Sánchez (La Habana 2009). What makes him suspect that since its first history must have been declining the quality of the following ...

Based in Carrollton, Texas, since 1991 he writes preferentially in English. He has published stories in Perihelion Magazine and Antimatter Magazine (<https://www.antimattermag.com/helping-hand/>), in addition to two books. TIME OF THE PHOENIX MAN, and QUANTITATIVE FACTOR.

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) 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 Ill 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).

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 translating 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

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.

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (España) *See Directors.*

Županović, Milenko (Kotor, Montenegro, Croatia, 1978) a graduate marine engineer, but in his free time, he writes poetry and short stories. His stories and poems have been published by many magazines, blogs and websites, mostly in the Europe, U.S. and in Latin America.

In 2010 he wrote and published his first book, a collection of stories, and he also written and published few collections of poems (ebooks).

In 2015 he wrote and published his second book , a collection of stories and poetry.

In 2016 he wrote his third book , a collection of poetry (published in USA, project "Poems for all")

His book "Martiri" was published in italian language.

Milenko is an ethnic Croat and lives in the town of Kotor (Montenegro) with his wife and 3 sons.

Illustrators:

Pág. 09, 11 Anita Boom —seud.— (Spain)

Diseñadora grafica

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

<https://twitter.com/anitaboom>

Pág. 01 Doménech, Alex (Castellón de la Plana, Spain) I am basically a self-taught teacher, and it is the classmates with whom I have had the luck to coincide in my career who have taught me what I know. I started working for others in the animation sector. Some feature film and a few series for TV, basically working on the concept and the funds.

Pág. 13, 15 Elwing —seud.— (España)

Diseñadora grafica

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

<http://elwingart.es/>

https://twitter.com/Elwing_art

Pág. 61 Fortanet, Elena (Spain) poet, writer and illustrator.

Pág. 19 Nika the Siren —seud.— (España)

Diseñadora grafica

<https://twitter.com/NikatheSiren>

<https://nikathesiren.es>

<https://nikathesiren.tumblr.com/>

<https://www.instagram.com/nikathesiren/>

Pág. 21 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. 48 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, Pífono 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 Pífono Fanzine.

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

Illustrations:

Pág. 01 El Ministerio del Tiempo / Alex Doménech (Spain)

Pág. 09 Constanza Rodríguez M for Mendieta / Anita Boom (Spain)

Pág. 11 M for Mendieta / Anita Boom —seud.—(Spain)

Pág. 13 Tiempo de líos / Elwing —seud.— (Spain)

Pág. 15 Camila Cortes / Elwing —seud.— (Spain)

Pág. 19 Relato La ley Boss / Nika the Siren —seud.— (Spain)

Pág. 21 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Among corridors and telephone booths / Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Pág. 48 Corrigiendo errores / Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Pág. 61 Horas robadas / Elena Fortanet (Spain)

