

MIMNA XURA

The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic



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Whence and what are thou,
execrable shape?

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*.



All that we see is but a dream
within a dream.

Edgar Allen Poe.



This is true; certain; man though
dead retains Part of himself; the
immortal mind remains.

Homer.



The artist alone sees spirits. But after he has told of
their appearing to him, everybody sees them.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.



Blinding ignorance does mislead us. O! Wretched
mortals, open your eyes!

Leonardo da Vinci.



While you are not able to serve men, how can you
serve spirits [of the dead]?...While you do not know life,
how can you know about death?

Confucius.



The beginning of knowledge is the discovery of
something we do not understand.



Frank Herbert.



The important thing is not to
stop questioning. Curiosity has its
own reason for existing. One
cannot help but be in awe when
he contemplates the mysteries of
eternity, of life, of the marvelous
structure of reality. It is enough if
one tries merely to comprehend
a little of this mystery every day.
Never lose a holy curiosity.

Albert Einstein.



Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.

Mark Twain.



Ocean is more ancient than the mountains, and
freighted with the memories and the dreams of Time.

H. P. Lovecraft.



By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes.

William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*.

Paranormal Activities

Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
ensuing dangers; as by proof, we see the
waters swell before a boisterous storm.

Ricardo III 2, 3 (Williams Shakespeare,
1591)



The term was coined by psychologist Max Dessoir (1867–1947) in Germany in 1889 and picked up by psychological researcher Emile Boirac (1851–1917) and used to refer to “all phenomena produced in living beings or as a result of their action, which do not seem capable of being entirely explained by already known natural laws and forces.” According to Boirac, the term “psychical” is not satisfactory because it is synonymous with “mental.” The prefix “para” denotes that it relates to exceptional, abnormal, paradoxical phenomena. The term found some acceptance in Germany during the establishment of psychical research.

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¿Cómo colaborar en la Revista Digital miNatura?

Para colaborar con nosotros sólo tiene que enviar un cuento (hasta 25 líneas), poema (hasta 50 versos) o artículo (entre 3 y 6 páginas)

Time New Román 12, formato A4 (tres centímetros de margen a cada lado).

Los trabajos deben responder a los monográficos (terror, fantasía o ciencia ficción) que tratamos.

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The man has a very effective weapon:
Classification with it locked in all that
escapes of our limits and terrors that we
can only grasp with soft ruffling in the neck
or just look the other way when a cat
thought scared about something we can
not see in a corner of the room.

Every creator dreamed of sell his soul to
Barbas, Demon of the mechanisms. We
create the morse code to communicate
with the afterlife or radar to capture the
invisible . Edison himself acknowledged
that he worked in a machine¹ to
communicate with other spheres and it is
said that one of the reasons for their
grudges with Tesla is that this was very
close to building housing Spirit one
instrument capable of translating
electromagnetic waves on human voices. ²

Obsessed with predictions and we know
what will happen to the Phillohodormacia
recurir (Phyllorhodomancy) which the

¹ To test the engines could stimulate the
perception of mediums different mechanisms was
building: biometer of Hyppolite Baraduc and the
sthenometer of Paul Joire. Included the
dynamoscope of Dr. Collongues, magnetometer of
Abbé Fortin, galvanometer of Puyfontain, the
spiritoscope of Robert Hare, the magnetoscope of
Ruter, and fluid motor of Count of Tromelin.

² What we now call Electronic Voice Phenomena
(EVP) very fashionable in the 60's and was
popularized in 1971 by the English and Latvian
psychologist Konstantin Raudive in his book
Breakthrough in hundreds of cases where it picks
up its communications with other entities.

ancient Greeks as noise and odor produced
by the petals of the flowers and their
wishes will be fulfilled ... or not.

I hope to enjoy this issue full of
unexplained phenomena and ectoplamas
drooling. A controversial interview with
director of Omega 3 Eduardo del Llano
and my thanks to those that illustrate our
pages:

Donald Caron (Canada), Victor Velez
(Mexico), Andrew Casciani (Argentina),
Evandro Rubert (Brazil), Marta Graciela
Alfonso (Argentina), Richard Wright (UK),
José Manuel Domínguez Puyana (Spain),
Carolina Bensler (Spain).

Next issue:

Dune

Universe

Closing date: october, 25

Convocatoria selección de textos para la revista **Tiempos Oscuros** n°4

La Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros (Un panorama del Fantástico Internacional) tiene el placer de dar a conocer la convocatoria para confeccionar su cuarta entrega, un número dedicado, al contrario de otras ediciones, en esta ocasión estará centrado en República Dominicana y Puerto Rico.

Es por ello que todos aquellos escritores dominicanos y puertorriqueños que deseen participar en la selección de los textos que compondrán el número cuatro de la revista digital Tiempos Oscuros deberán atenerse a las siguientes bases.

BASES

1. Podrán participar todos aquellos escritores dominicanos y puertorriqueños, residentes o no en su país de origen, con obras escritas en castellano.
2. Los textos deberán ser afines al género fantástico, la ciencia ficción o el terror.
3. Los trabajos, cuentos de entre 5 a 10 páginas, deben estar libres de derechos o en su defecto se aceptarán obras con la debida autorización del propietario de los derechos de la misma.
4. Los trabajos deberán enviarse en documento adjunto tipo doc (tamaño de papel DinA4, con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12 a 1,5 de interlineado). Dicho archivo llevará por nombre título + autor de la obra y junto a él se incluirá en el mismo documento plica que incluirá los siguientes datos: título del cuento, nombre completo, nacionalidad, dirección electrónica, declaración de la autoría que incluya el estado del texto (si es inédito o si ha sido publicado, en este segundo supuesto deberá incluir dónde se puede encontrar y las veces que ha sido editado, tanto si es digital como en papel, y si tiene los derechos comprometidos se deberán incluir los permisos pertinentes). Junto a todos estos datos también pedimos la inclusión de un breve currículum literario que será publicado en la revista y una fotografía del autor si lo desea para el mismo fin.
5. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.

6. La dirección de recepción de originales es:

revistatiempososcuros@yahoo.es

En el asunto deberá indicarse: COLABORACIÓN TIEMPOS OSCUROS N°4

7. Las colaboraciones serán debidamente valoradas con el fin de realizar una selección acorde con los intereses de la publicación.

8. Los editores se comprometen a comunicar a los autores, que envíen sus trabajos, la inclusión o no del texto en la revista. Nos encantaría poder incluirlos todos pero nos hacemos al cargo sobre el volumen de textos que se podemos llegar a recibir.

9. Todos los trabajos recibirán acuse de recibo.

10. La participación supone la total aceptación de las normas.

11. El plazo de admisión comenzará desde la publicación de estas bases y finalizará el 1º de noviembre de 2014. (No se admitirán trabajos fuera del plazo indicado).

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

*OMEGA 3: CUBAN STYLE CINEMATOGRAPHIC
SCIENCE FICTION*

**(Interview to its
Director, Eduardo Del
Llano Rodríguez)**



*Entrevistador José Miguel "Yoss" Sánchez (Cuba)*³

Translated by Lledó Martí (Spain)

*Illustrator Víctor Vélez (Mexico)/ Última Cena.*⁴

The original story you can read [here](#).

*About the photos.*⁵



Although Cuban public loves Science Fiction, the ICAIC (Cuban Institute for Cinematographic Arts and Industry) doesn't seem to like it very much. They could (unjustifiably) consider that producing this kind of films would require resources which exceed the possibilities of a small Caribbean country, or that talking of a future in the actual Cuba could be compromising...

The point is that Science Fiction elements only appear in few Cuban films, such as *La vida en rosa*; *Sueño tropical*; and the second part of *Madrigal* from Fernando Pérez. Recently, we can find these elements also in *Los desastres de la guerra*, from Tomás Piard; and some people insist that they are in *Juan de los Muertos*, from Alejandro Brugués, too, despite of being closer to an horror film, zombies!

³ To learn about Jose Miguel "Yoss" Sánchez see *About Writers and Illustrators*.

⁴ To learn about Víctor Vélez see *About Writers and Illustrators*.

⁵ Las Filming pictures were ceded by the own Eduardo del Llano and appear under the copyright of Roberto Rodríguez Morejón. The others was realize by the interviewer.

At least this was the situation until the 20th August 2014, in which Omega 3, the second full-length film from Eduardo del Llano Rodríguez, was previewed in the Cinema Charles Chaplin from 10 to 12.

This isn't Eduardo's cinematographic debut. In 2012, he released another film, Vinci. Moreover, he was already known for his 10 short films from Decálogo de Nicanor and other fiction short films (such as, G2 and Casting). However, thanks to his independent documentaries, as GNYOK, in which Nos-Y-Otros (1982-1997) –the famous humoristic group appears–, the name of this Cuban born in Moscu in 1962 became familiar to the Cuban public three decades ago.

By the way, I think that I can say without exaggerating that at the time we meet for the first time, we are friends, more than simply colleagues in the narrative world.

In these years I had the opportunity to interview him many times before... so I suppose that the most difficult thing this time will be, precisely, not to repeat ourselves.

Digital magazine miNatura: Eduardo, to warm-up, a simple question: your early art works were as humoristic writer, a facet in which many people think that you achieved your success, with various awards and books that fast disappear from Cuban book shops from their very presentation day. Nevertheless, Nos-Y-Otros became a theater humoristic group and you played as actor, a role in which you still make some cameos in some of your works as director. Later, you become scriptwriter with a vast CV of quality collaborations, with Daniel Díaz Torres, Gerardo Chijona and Fernando Pérez. Finally, you have become a film director. Do you think this a logical evolution as creator? And, ¿in which of these four disciplines: literature, performance, script or direction you feel more comfortable?

"I'm not sure regarding the entertainment or farce, but I'm regarding to intolerance and hedonism. There you have the key of the film."

Eduardo del Llano: Basically, I am a writer with some cheek. After some years of learning by doing I think am a competent director, an acceptable actor and a professional scriptwriter, but I still do not feel like in the field of literature.

Digital magazine miNatura: I

know of your interest in Science Fiction, both in literature and films. I know you have write various Science Fiction stories (I have included at least 4 in some anthologies), and even some youth novels to which you referred as “fortunately unpublished”.



But, specifically, what make you

decide to produce a Science Fiction film as your second long-length cinematographic work?

Didn't you faced the skepticism and mistrust for this genre from the ICAIC?

Eduardo del Llano: In fact I did find more skepticism and mistrust from outside the ICAIC. There people already think that I'm a fool. The strange thing would be that I didn't appear there with something unexpected.

The following preoccupation, which was also mine, was if we could find the locations, materials, specialists. Well, they all appeared. Here there are a lot of people with strange talents who look after such an opportunity.

Digital magazine miNatura: Omega 3 could be defined as a fable about the intolerance taken to the extreme... but also as entertainment, and in some extend also as farce, about the consequences of being so much concerned about food. What do you think about this? And, getting a bit more personal: Is related the fact of being allergic to eggs to your original story in which you based the film?

Eduardo del Llano: I'm not sure regarding the entertainment



or farce, but I'm regarding to intolerance and hedonism. There you have the key of the film.

My former mother-in-law started to flirt with macrobiotics when she had cancer, which is understandable, and she continued once she was recovered, which is not so understandable. I think that a healthy and balanced diet is good, understanding balanced as keyword. George Harrison and Linda McCartney were vegan, didn't smoke, lived a life without stress... and they died of cancer before 60; Keith Richards used all kind of substances and there she is. It makes us think, isn't it? After seeing the first generations of vegan or macrobiotic living 150 years, I will start to believe. In the meantime, I'm with Frank Delgado, we should give to the body what it asks, even if it's health and rhythm. I take here the opportunity to upbraid a little bit my interviewer: you don't drink alcohol, dude, and this could have sense when talking about liquors, but when talking about wine... well, you don't know what you are missing.

Digital magazine miNatura: Normally, we use to link cinematographic Science Fiction with expensive and stunning post-production special effects; in fact, in Omega 3's presentation speech on Wednesday the 20th August in Cinema Chaplin you mentioned Pacific Rim as an example. Aren't you a bit afraid that the Cuban public would compare your film with such visually stunning referents? Talk us about the digital effects and postproduction in your film, work of Jorge Céspedes. Did you supervised it closely or did you give him freedom to create? How do you contact him and how was working with him?

Eduardo del Llano: People will inevitably compare, but the film has the effects needed. Stalker has no effect and it's a classic. Besides, Omega 3 storyline is much better than Pacific Rim. Céspedes has already make Osvaldo Doimeadiós a disabled without arms and legs in my short film Exit, and before, in Pas de Quatre, he transformed an old motionless vehicle in the Cubanacán studios in a taxi driving through La Habana; in Vinci he also polished some details. Alejandro Pérez (Compota), the notable Photography Director, with whom I work in nine of the ten short films of Nicanor, introduced me to him in 2009.

Céspedes is a nerd, he suspects of everything that isn't digital. But he is brilliant: in a scene of Omega 3, for example, I asked him to put a laser to close a wound. Well, he did more than that: he designed and built in his computer a futurist complex medical engine. And he did so in all the scenes he worked in. I am very demanding and probably unbearable, but having



directed Nos-y-Otros helped me to develop my leadership skills, to spur people to the limit. And it works.

Digital magazine miNatura: There is a notable cartoon scene in the film, made from the performance of real people through rotoscoping. This is the first time this method is used in Cuba, despite the vast tradition of animation in our country... However, only recently, with *Meñique*, from Ernesto Padrón, there is 3D animation. I know that the cartoonist and draughtsman Luis Arturo Palacios was one of the people in charge of *Omega 3*. Talk us about this experience and if you think that it could have significance in Cuban cinema's history... and followers?

Eduardo del Llano: The main group was formed by Palacios, Alejandro Rodríguez and Lidia Morales. In the beginning, they worked slowly, because they still had to finish *Meñique*, but they speeded up later. My plan was to finish the film on June and they started to work from November, so they had a bit more than six months. They were very creative. If you pay attention, there are interesting details in practically each scene. And the first six scenes of the presentation of the futurist supermarket are completely new and not filmed by any actor before: all the members, especially Palacios, were really enthusiastic about. This people really

like Sci-fi films, they have the walls of their offices covered by posters from Underworld to Pacific Rim, from Harry Potter to Riddick, and the possibility to work in something of this genre galvanized them.

Digital magazine miNatura: There were big expectation about Omega 3; there was an enthusiastic welcome without exaggerating. What do you think would be the reaction of the Cuban audience to this film? And the national critics?

Eduardo del Llano: I, for one, expected that people would stand up and leave in the first 20 minutes because no one will understand the film, but I was wrong.

This is not a film to the great audience, at least not as Vinci. And the resentment and, maybe envy, from cinema students, Sci-fi writers and critics don't allow them to praise openly a Cuban film, particularly in a genre where Hollywood's rivalry is so hard. However, I am convinced that I made the new Blade Runner (which, by the way, became a worship film years

*"However, I am convinced that I made the new *Blade Runner* (which, by the way, became a worship film years after its first release and, in the beginning, it was disdained by the critics)."*

after its first release and, in the beginning, it was disdained by the critics).

Digital magazine miNatura: The premier of Vinci in 2012 was polemic regarding the exclusion of the film from the Festival of the New Latin-American Cinema of that year... As it was said, because it didn't treat a regional problematic. Do you think that Omega 3 will be neither included, pushed by false purisms? Or, even, being an agitator, as a good humorist is, did you take into account this possibility when shooting your second long-length film?

Eduardo del Llano: I did think so, of course. But the main reason to make this film was that I thought to have a good story and that I am convinced that Cuban cinema should open to genre films without forgetting about the daily themes.

They would accept it in the Festival of La Habana? I don't know, I hope so. The director of the Festival, Iván Giroud, has already seen it and he liked it very much.

Digital magazine miNatura: In your double role of writer and director, you often film some of your texts, even the published ones. Do you write script or do you use your story as direct referent to film? Concretely, what did you do with Omega 3?

Eduardo del Llano: I write script, of course, because it is an instrument not only for me, but for the photography, production, clothing specialists... All the departments. A producer can't know if there are three or seventeen night scenes reading only the story. Besides, the story has only 5 pages and key characters as Ana la Ollie doesn't appear. When I decided to go on with the project, I wrote a first version of the script where there were a lot of characters and new situations. Nevertheless, having a literary source –my own source– is always an advantage, because there is always a dramatic structure before.

Digital magazine miNatura: Some directors say that they have “fetish actors”. Carlos Gonzalvo is a very famous actor for the Cuban public thanks to his humoristic performance of Profesor Montepollo in the TV show Déjame que te cuente. He already worked with you in Vinci and now he is one of the main characters in Omega 3. Tell us your experience with this actor.

Eduardo del Llano: Carlitos worked with me in Vinci, Casting, Omega 3 and No somos nada, a short film which will appear soon. He is a great actor and, although he is not exactly handsome, he has a very interesting presence in the screen. He adapts himself, understands immediately what I want and helps me to translate it to the rest of the actors, because he knows the theater language better than me. In all those films he was the actor I had in mind from the very beginning, I thought about him when writing the characters.

Digital magazine miNatura: What did working with Héctor Noas, a strong and experienced actor, mean for Eduardo del Llano as director? He had already worked in Science Fiction works, as the known TV series Shiralad in the early 90's.

Eduardo del Llano: Héctor was my first option for the character of Official Mac, too. He didn't live in Cuba in that time, but he committed with the character as soon as he read the script. Particularly, Gonzalvo was excited to work with him, he admires him very much.

Editing his scenes was very easy, since he is the kind of intelligent actor who immediately builds his actions and polishes the indications you give him as director.

Digital magazine miNatura: Continuing with fetishism and personalities; in Omega 3 Osvaldo Montes, one of the most famous Argentinean composers for cinema, was in charge for the music. In some musical themes Dagoberto Pedrajo, a friend we have in common, played the guitar. He also collaborated with you in G2 and other works. Talk us about the experience of working with such great musicians.

Eduardo del Llano: Great. Osvaldo is a fabulous musician, with a rocker vein, who opens himself in this work. Dago and he got along. There are some pieces in the making and the musical clip of Omega 3's theme (the Cream rock of the initial credits), where you can see us three working. It was a great experience, because I use to have good ideas in the musical production although I am a bit out of tune: the arrangements that sound in my mind, a solo of an instrument, those kind of things.



Digital magazine miNatura: This is the classical question in an interview with which subliminally we indicate that it is getting to its end... but, don't relax, we still have a bit: what are you going to do after Omega 3? Do you have some film projects? Will you continue in Science Fiction, or will you choose other genre... let's say, horror or heroes fantasy?

Eduardo del Llano: My next long-length project is a false documentary similar to Zelig, the masterwork of Woody Allen. An absolutely different story, of course, but with this aesthetic. By the way, the set will be Cuba, somewhere in the past century.

Nevertheless, I am not going to leave completely Omega 3's world. Arturo Palacios and I work in a comic set in that universe. The title is El día de la Ira and the main character is Car (carnivorous); concretely, the ex-wife of Nick el Veg.

And now take it easy, but only a little bit, because there it is a series of questions. I already know much of the answers, and probably you already wrote them in dozens of interviews, but other... Well, let's see. I may surprise you...

If you could travel across time, which historic character would you like to meet and what would you ask him or her..., or what would you do to him or her?

Marilyn Monroe. I would love to discuss with her about the reforestation in South Africa.

"My next long-length project is a false documentary similar to Zelig, the masterwork of Woody Allen."

In order to maintain the dietetic tone of Omega 3: what do you prefer, meat or fish?

Meat.

Which is your worst nightmare? And we won't accept that nobody should see Omega 3...

Surrender. Being an old man who advises youngsters to be cautious.

If you would have to spend some long time in a deserted island, which 5 things would you take with?

A synchrotron, to show off to other close islands' castaways. Three porn magazines. A book of Tom Sharpe, Terry Pratchett or Luis Piedrahita.

As a Science Fiction fan: ¿Star Wars o Star Trek?

Star Wars, indisputably.

Continuing with Science Fiction, but now in cinema: what is your favorite film of this genre and what film would you never see again?

My favorite is Blade Runner.

I suppose that there is no such a bad film that I would never see again and learn something new about. You know I collect bad films (Plan 9 from outer space and such things) because they are so bad that become good. Having said that, I find awful sagas such as Iron man and Transformers.



In order to keep updated: 3D cinema, yes or not?

Of course there should be. Personally, I don't like it, it makes me dizzy.

Which is the last book you read?

I re-read Apocryphal Tales of Karel Capek. Incredible.

What music do you prefer? As coda: what do you think about reggaeton? (haha)

50's, 60's and 70's rock, or later similar rock. Old jazz. Spanish songwriter songs, from Silvio to Sabia, but also Leo Masliah, Frank Delgado and Calle 13. And a little bit of classical music. I find reggaeton is a shit, but, luckily, coprophagia is a crime.

If you could have a superpower, which one would be?

Destroying Customs. I would be Travelman.

If you could choose between filming with Steven Spielberg as producer, or recovering of your eternal allergy to eggs and being able to enjoy ice-creams and cakes, which would be your choice?

Filming with Spielberg, of course.

Which question have you always wanted to be asked in an interview and no one has ever asked you? And, please, answer it.

Which is your first memory?

A dream I had when I was three. I run through a corridor with carey shells on the walls.

And last but not least; the most personal question of all. What does being a 52-years-old- grandfather feels like? Really...

I have a friend who is 41 and is going to be grandfather before December.

It is moving that your children not only grew up, but they are also reproducing. You understand then that in a pack you would be an impediment; lucky for me we aren't that kind of animals.

But above all I feel an immense pride, an indestructible delight



22nd August 2014

About Eduardo del Llano:

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

Eduardo del Llano Rodríguez (born 9 October 1962 in Moscow) is a Cuban writer, university professor, film director, producer and screenwriter.

Del Llano graduated with an Art History degree from the University of Havana in 1985. In 1982 he founded the comedy theatre and literary quartet NOS-Y-OTROS that existed until 1997. From 1990 to 1995 he taught History of Latin American art and History of Photography at the Faculty of Arts and Letters at the University of Havana.

As writer::

Los doce apóstatas (1994); Nostalgia de la babosa (1993) (poesía); El elefántico verde (literatura infantil), (1993).Criminales (cuentos), (1994); La clessidra di Nicanor (1997); Obstáculo, (1997); Los viajes de Nicanor (cuentos), (2000); Tres, (2002); El beso y el plan (cuentos); Sex Machine (2009); Cuarentena (2012); Herejía (2012).

As film screenwriter and director:

Kleines Tropikana (screenwriter) by Daniel Díaz Torres (ICAIC-BMG, 1997). Special Jury Prize at the International Festival of New Latin American Cinema in 1997, Audience Award at IFFI Innsbruck 1998 Goya Awards Nominated for Best Foreign Film in 1997.

La vida es silbar (screenwriter) by Fernando Pérez (ICAIC, 1998) Screenplay award at the Sundance Institute in January 1998 The film won, among other awards, the Goya for best foreign film in 2000.

Hacerse el sueco (screenwriter) by Daniel Díaz Torres (ICAIC-KINOWELT, 2000). Audience Award at the International Festival of New Latin American Cinema, Havana, 2000.

Director y guionista de Vinci (screenwriter and director) by Eduardo del Llano (HD, ICAIC 2011). Award for best foreign film and screenplay Honorable Mention for Best Music at the 40th Festival de Gramado, Brazil, 2012.Omega 3 (screenwriter and director) by Eduardo del Llano (ICAIC, 2014).

<http://eduardodellano.wordpress.com/>

About the translator:

Lledó Martí Urrea (Castellón, España, 1988), translator and interpreter, fan of reading and film science fiction and mystery, and writer in my free time.





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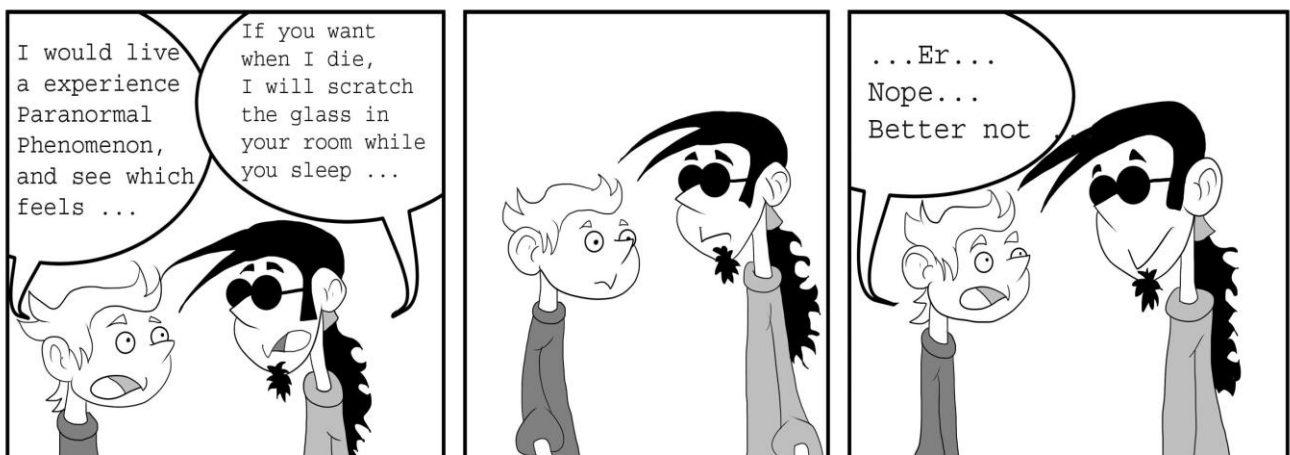
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Elvis has left the building

Please, young people... Elvis has left the building. He has gotten in his car and driven away.... Please take your seats.

Horace Lee Logan.

The day Elvis left the building for the last time; I was waiting in the back of the room where he had just given his last concert. It was on August 16, 1977. I was there with a coke and a burger, watching the king drying his sweaty forehead with a small white towel. He took the coke, drank about half, stared at me, gave me a hundred dollar bill and said:

—"Boy, I'll be out a while, but I want you to bring me a coke and a burger every August 16. In return, I'll leave you a hundred dollars, it will be our secret.

And here I am, almost sixty, keeping in my pocket another hundred dollars.

Juanjo García del Pilar (Spain)

Afrit: In Arabian mythology, a terrible and dangerous *DEMON*, the spirit of a murdered man who seeks to avenge his death. The demon is believed to rise up like smoke from the victim's blood that falls on the ground. Its formation can be prevented by driving a new nail into the blood-stained ground.

Basic rules for living with a poltergeist

1. Since you, sir poltergeist, and I along my family, we had the "luck" to contact, beg to be more respectful towards me: you have all eternity to disturb and scare the future occupants of this house; Instead, we just have a life. 2. Appearances in the bathroom are tasteless and are prohibited. In this regard, I suggest other rooms. The house is large and, will all fit. 3. How will coexist for a long time, it seems to be good enough to share the costs of water, electricity and gas. I also suggest that mortgage payments are at your expense, since, as stated in point 1, the house you dwell much longer than us. 4. If you want to materialize through the television, you are encouraged to respect the time of the news and football matches I ask. At this point, I would appreciate, that if translated into computers, especially when my children are enslaved to those video games

that do not contribute to their personal development. See if this way they remove that nasty habit. Similar situation with regard to the novels that my wife follows.

5. Avoid kidnap members of my family business days prior to night. Follow the break. On weekends, you have all our indulgence. That if, when he tired of the game, return to his victim where he found: be aware. 6. do not perform any manifestation of his power beyond the walls of this house, so no one, and here I am blunt, absolutely no one in the neighborhood hears you dwell in this house: I wouldn't greatly neighbors me pointing fingers. 7. For the same reason, each time to attend our home visits, not scare them beg. There is tasteful living in a house inhabited by poltergeists, goblins and other paranormal beings. Avoid the comments and gossip. 8. In the previous point my mother in law is excluded, especially when she go through a long season. Although the truth without offending their paranormal abilities, you may not think her ...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Three of the dawn

Three of the dawn; Roberto waited awake because exactly at that hour the blows began in the glass. What fright the first night! They threw stones to their window and him it left to the garden throwing threats to one and another side, but anything. It spent this way for one month and Roberto already got up not even, it counted the twelve blows to the glass and he fell asleep he prays time.

Three and ten! It left to the garden; now he wanted to know why they didn't hit their window that night.

"We no longer have forces..., help us". He found to listen those words. He also noticed something of clarity around the roses that were to their left and had the sensation of seeing souls. "Why never assisted our call of help... ". Another time; he didn't hear voices, but listened. He doubted if to come closer or not, but the voice requesting help and the souls didn't leave doubts.

"Who are where they are?" Do you ask constant in their mind.

"Alone this wanted that came closer to us."

"But who are?! Where are they?! ". Did the queries cease to the one it turns surrounded by a dozen of snails that, without him to know it, did they feed with their karma. He bent over to take one.

Don't play us! We are animal of experiment rushed to the space from a ship-laboratory and we can have some virus or dangerous substance for those that inhabit here."

—Then... - the first word pronounced by Roberto that night.

"Then alone we have left to thank him for the energy that we have obtained of you. We already have forces

Types of Apparitions:

Crisis Apparitions These are apparitions that appear during a person's moment of extreme crisis, particularly imminent death. The apparition usually manifests to the agent's loved ones or others with whom the agent has close emotional ties.

Apparitions of the Dead In AFTER-DEATH COMMUNICATIONS, the dead appear to comfort the grieving or to communicate information pertaining to the estate or unfinished business of the deceased. After his death, Dante appeared to his son and guided him to where Dante had secreted the last cantos of his Divine Comedy.

Collective Apparitions are those that are seen simultaneously by more than one person. Collective apparitions usually are experienced in hauntings and crisis.

Reciprocal Apparitions These are apparitions of the living in which both agent and percipient experience seeing each other. In most such cases, the agent has a powerful desire to be with the percipient, motivated by loneliness, longing, love, or worry.

Apparitions in Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation Some cases of REINCARNATION involve "announcing dreams," in which an apparition of a dead person appears in a dream to a member of the family into which it will be born. Such dreams occur frequently among the Tlingit and other northwest Native American tribes, and in Turkey, Burma, and Thailand.

Lang, Andrew. *The Book of Dreams and Ghosts*. New York: Causeway Books, 1974. First published 1897.

to achieve the self-destruction". That listened to it, without hearing it, before they were buried.

Three of the dawn..., Roberto had wakened up at that hour more than for one week, waiting.

Omar Martínez
(Cuba)

All over again

He made me see what Life is, and what Death signifies, and why Love is stronger than both.

Oscar Wilde, *The Canterville Ghost*

It all began as most-creepy things do, without us realizing what was

going on. At first, there was a fleeting glimpse around the corner of my eye. I

provided the usual explanation: a trick of the eyeglasses, eye fatigue or a sensory deception. After that came the sounds. Sometimes as if someone were scratching the floor (we blamed the dogs, of course); another, a presence in the room. The smells arrived later, the kind normally found in a broken wine bottle, or a cigarette. And there was no doubt at all that what we smelled was his smoke. Still, we denied it. I am a well-known physician, a very rational person. Nevertheless, I seriously started to worry when one night and from one of the windows, I saw a shadow passing by. A few minutes later, the phone rang. It was a security system warning us about a sensor trigger. I excused the inconvenience saying the cause for the false alarm might have been the wind hitting the front door. But they said it was not that sensor, but the one at the window where I had seen the presence. Although I was scared to death, I forced myself into denial. A similar situation took place when the cleaning lady approached me, pale and disturbed, her jaw rattling with her disconnected words: "I did see the Master, I saw him." I'm an intellectual who believes only in science and its sound explanations; even so, I called a priest. A dull concession to Hollywood, I admit it. However, it would seem the Holy

Water brought no remedy. And we now see him at all times. I hired a psychic, another sellout, I know. It was unsuccessful. She was a fraud pretending to face a force that managed to expel her from the house. She even refused to charge me as agreed. Fleeing in terror, she whispered: "he is angry with both of you." We'd done nothing, nothing at all. And he pretty much deserved it. The lustful pig had no respect as the family mourned. Within weeks, he presented us with a stepmother even younger than me. She was a top model with a stunning body and the mind of a chess player. It was impossible not to fall in love with her. And if I always hated the sordid life of my father, now his sole existence became an obstacle. We found a shortcut. His heart condition, liquor, prescriptions for erectile dysfunction and a night of wild sex would be enough. I would feel sick at the thought of his scattered breath, flabby flesh, his eagerness mercilessly feeding on the sacred body of my beloved. But we already killed him once, in my mother's bed. Now, we would have to start all over again.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The virtual twin of a real spirit

The medium's bones creaked producing a joyful and chilling sound as if his gaunt body were a kind of child's rattle shook by a demon. The psyntists from the Center for Psyclionic Studies witnessing the séance, understood it was caused by supernatural agency; not just by the sudden coolness of temperature. The fingers of both hands of the sensitive, moved toward the alphabet's letters pointed by the planchette over the Quija board, surely drove by a powerful psychic manifestation —The spirit that answered the call. The result was the composition of a distinguishable message quickly conveyed by the psyntists. At the same time, on a holography screen placed at the front of the Quija, another message was displayed. The holograph source was

the famous Brown Lady descending the staircase. According to legend, the "Brown Lady of Raynham Hall" is the ghost of Lady Dorothy Walpole (1686–1726). However, the ghost has been seen infrequently since the photo was taken for *Country Life magazine* on December 26, 1936. Its most famous resident was Charles Townshend, 2nd Viscount Townshend (1674–1738), leader in the House of Lords.

the interface of a cybermedium, connected to one of the many cyberspaces with an AI Status patronized by the Global Mythtechnocracy. Cybermediums were specialist in channeling the digital copy of humans whose brains were mapped before die and uploaded into the virtual dimension. The section tried to validate the many ontological aspects of the Conscience, in that case, looking for synchronized the postmortem double identity of a human being: his real ghost and its virtual twin.

Both massages answered with equal words



the question put forward by the medium and typed by the cybermedium. Conscience was a unit affirmed the psyntists, beyond the psychosomatic processes of the living organism that shaped it. A second question was suggested by the psyntists: "Do you miss your body made of bones and flesh?" "No", they responded at the same time. "Why miss a single body when we can possess several of them, including the ones present here?" Two members of the team, a woman and a man, felt a lightning energy invading their bodies, the former through her interface. They looked at each other with an ardent sexual desire. That proved Conscience got its own means to unify its many ontological aspects... in one single body.

Odilins Vlak (Dominican Republic)

A special presentation

Almost I didn't meet my friend Carlos since a year ago, his invitation to come his new home located on the outskirts of the city makes me very glad. He also advise me about a reserved surprise for me. Without further delay, I left on the spot.

Carlos greeted me warmly and led me through the living room. I sat in a comfortable chair, situated facing a loveseat which had overstuffed cushions. The atmosphere was very comfortable and he spent little time putting me on record.

—A year ago I had an amazing experience —He began to talk—. It happened when was driving, alone, and lost on a winding road through the mountains —He stopped to talk to check if I was following hearing him. I nodded him and he continued—. It was night, and very dark. So ... when I was driving a curve, I felt something or someone had climbed into the car with me.

—It's the famous story about the ghost traveler who climbs into a car— I said him.

—Yes, indeed. Then I had a few moments of panic, but then everything happened quickly and I had under control the situation. It was an exciting story —He finished.

'And what else? I asked him, because the story wasn't better than many others which I have heard before.

—I want to introduce you the woman who I climbed in the car that day, I have lived a year ago with her —He answered me a few seconds later, and he did stand up from the couch, turned as himself like if he

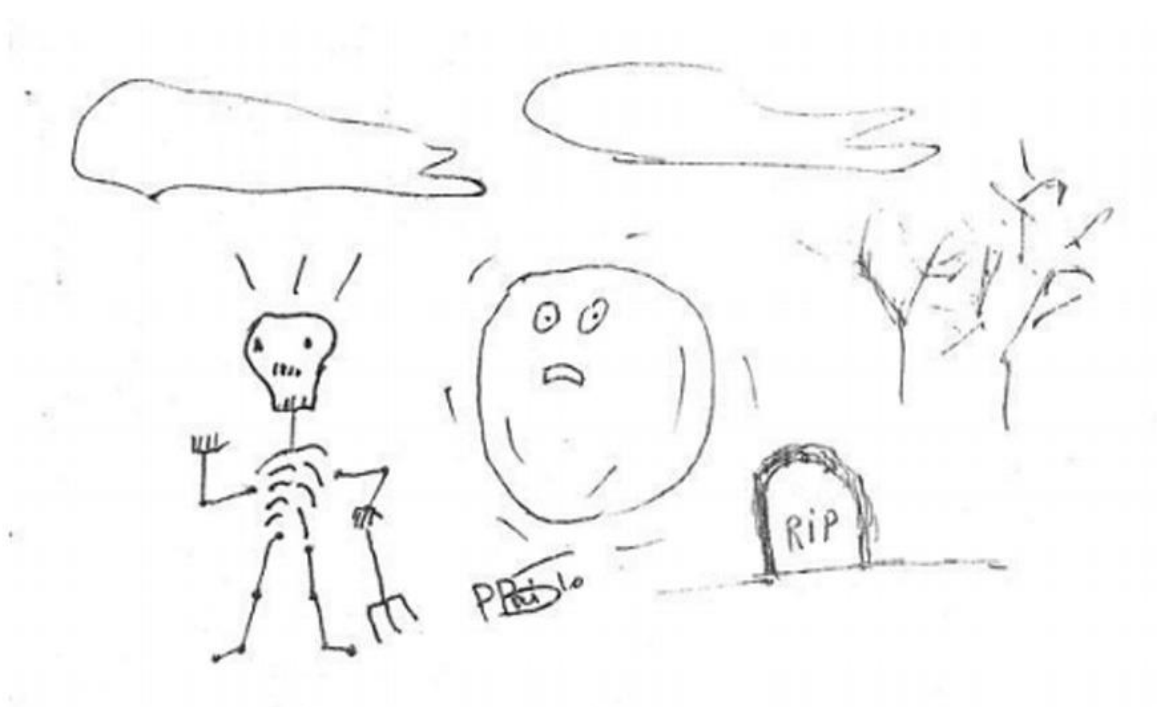
was greeted someone, he gave two kisses her in the air and grabbed with his hands nothing. I thought it was a joke or, much worse, he comes crazy, because his face was an inordinate in love —. She is Marta —He said.

—I was glad— I stammered—, and I assumed Carlos was coming lunatic. But then when we came back to sit down, I looked surprised as the cushion closer where my friend were sitting was sank, as if something ... or someone had been sitting on it...

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Layers of emptiness

Currently I experience a void, right here inside of me. As if something missing. A part of me, you know? For some time, I think, but time is so subjective, it was a feeling of heartburn and also fornication everywhere... do you understand me? And even it was not a tingling unpleasant... burp!, excuse me they are heartburn reflux. The fornication, ah! ah! ah!, I made a joke, was like a massage of the Green Bulba's Forest goblins.



Hmmm, hum,
the goblins
seems to be like
ants... Now this
vacuum
impression is
really nasty. I
feel I have
nothing inside
me, literally. I do
not understand
what's wrong
with me?' 'You
don't say
anything? You
only hear! Speak,
say something.
You don't have a
word of
comfort? An
explanation?'

'I have, of
course I have. YOU ARE A SHIT
SKELETON WITH EXISTENTIAL
PROBLEMS', cried the ghost that had
already passed through all stages of
putrefaction.

Paulo Brito (Portugal)



The origins of Black Shuck, including his name, are uncertain. The spectral dog may have entered Britain from Norse mythology brought by early Viking invaders, who told stories about the black war hound of Odin (Woden). Or, the dog may have sprung from the early days of smuggling in Britain. Stories about a fear some spectral dog roaming coastal areas at night certainly could have inspired people to stay indoors while smugglers went about their business.

The name Black Shuck may have come from a local word, "shucky," meaning "shaggy." Some believe that Black Shuck's name derives from an Anglo-Saxon term *scucca* or *sceocca*, meaning "demon" or "Satan." Other names are Old Shuck, the Galleytrot, the Shug Monkey, the Hateful Thing, the Churchyard Beast or Hellbeast, Swooning Shadow and the Black Dog of Tarrington.

A Strange Telephone Call

I returned
home following
my father's
funeral. I was
exhausted. I
needed sleep. I

hadn't slept
in days, and
I'd be
spending the
next few
weeks sifting
through his
personal
effects – old
books and
magazines,
clothes and

pictures and the endless, countless
notebooks he'd spent decades filling with
his carefully hand-written words.

My father was never at a loss for words.

I tossed my keys on the table and poured
myself a Scotch. The clock above the sink
had stopped. The house felt strange – not
empty but alone. I couldn't shake it any

more than I could explain it. When the phone rang I answered. Hello, my father said. Hello and nothing more.

Jason E. Rolfe (Canada)

That vain smile...

I'd promised myself never to return to the agency even if Pet Affinity offered me a better salary. Looking back, I recriminate myself for not having paid attention to the dog, its restless look as she grudgingly walked the path through the woods leading to the street where she could run at will.

But that evening it got dark sooner, so we rushed back. And then I saw the lights in the upper floor and a silhouette against the window closing the curtain. It was my understanding no one was at the house. After her meal, Lucy found her place in a corner and dozed off while I, curious, began to study the family pictures. The noise of my steps on the creaking wooden floors added to the somber atmosphere. I noticed several portraits immortalizing the vain smile of a lady whose beauty reminded me of Lauren Bacall. Next day, as we returned from our walk, I encountered the vision of a woman going up the stairs and the dog running after her. Puzzled, I went on to prepare the dog's ration and was

raffled by noises from hell. The kitchen appliances and the clocks had triggered in unison and the faucets, now open, flooded counters and floor. I worked the switches and closed the water access. To no avail. Desperate, I called the client, in Boston. But as soon as he came on the line, miraculously, all went quiet again. False alarm, I lied. I called you because I didn't want to bother your wife. "What wife? Charlotte passed away three years ago. It's hard to believe but on my therapist's advice, I finally managed to take a trip, leave the house and the dog in the care of strangers, and now everything turns upside down. How is Lucy?" Terrified, I hung up and tried to call the agency, but there was no signal. I ran to the car. My old Volvo refused to move. So I went back inside the house. The dog was lying at the foot of the sofa. Charlotte emerged, her black sweater exacerbating the sinister waves of her blond mane. She gave me the portrait smile. And then, as if holding an invisible stick in her hand, she forcefully hit the animal who whined and went still. I turned around to tell her off. It was useless. Charlotte was already going up the stairs, and Lucy's shadow followed close behind.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

The Three Brands

There was something strange in the neighborhood. They called the experts on the matter, which arrived soon to investigate what happened; three marks, similar to scratches, mysteriously appeared every night in different houses. The Hollywood street dwellers watched the paranormal investigators do their work as they analyzed the different crime scenes with plasma gauges and infrared vision goggles.

“Good evening” greeted two men who approached to sniff around. “I am Mr.

Murray, one of the neighbors; and this is my colleague, Dr. Aykroyd.”

“Nice meeting you. I’m Professor Audy Ency, and I’m in charge of the investigation. Any information you can offer to help us do our work is appreciated.”

“I did not see anything!” replied Aykroyd nervously, with an almost expression of constipation on his face. Murray gave him a subtle kick to try and calm him down.

“What my colleague means is that we have not seen anything unusual” interrupted Murray while faking a smile.

Fabricated photo of Frances Griffiths with the fairies, taken by Elsie Wright at Cottingley Glen, West Yorkshire, in July 1917. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was fooled by this and other fake photos created by the girls. Courtesy Fortean Picture Library.



“Have you found anything?”

“Not yet. I will let you know immediately of any new development. If you'll excuse me, I have a lot to do.”

Ency was sure it was a recently deceased entity. The evidence pointed towards someone in the Hollywood street who passed died without carrying out one of its most important tasks. The medium that they brought with them tried to contact the spirit, but all it did was cut her face and mark her with the three brands. What did three meant? Audy had to find a way to solve the puzzle before someone else got hurt. Astral projection was dangerous, but she had no choice. Now she could confront the specter face to face. When their eyes finally met, even without previously knowing him she understood his pain.

“My name is Harold Ramis” said the ghost.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Dr. Hesselius Returns

“Tea overdose. It was nothing but a common hallucination caused by excessive

intake of this concoction. Comical, doesn't it? Open your eyes, my friend, each horrific case in which I have been involved, even if it seemed creepy at first glance, had a very logical explanation. The supernatural does not exist; those things are just humbugs for convincing unwary people. The dead are dead. And they do not return.”

“Of course, of course,” he mutters distractedly.

He takes notes with a feverish excitement. He would have imagined so bright stories neither in his craziest dreams nor during his most lucid wakefulness. Without him he would still be writing ordinary ghost stories. But with his help, no doubt, he will create a style.

He celebrates the bold rational spirit of Dr. Hesselius. However, at same time, his excessive scepticism, his Germanic sufficiency, bothers him. So sometimes he weighs whether to disclose to Hesselius his real condition—memory is always selective, he thinks—. But temptation lasts a few seconds. He simply can't do it; the doctor is happy in this way, with these periodic nocturnal interviews that allow him to recall his most complicated and gruesome cases. In addition he regards as in very bad taste telling a dead he is dead. The reaction

of the spectre could be unpredictable. He might leave to respond to his call, and it would mean his ruin as a writer: goodbye to the mysterious inspiration, since he bought the watch that belonged to the doctor, he has found at night, in the privacy of his basement, and everyone attributes to melancholy caused by the loss of his wife.

“Well, I think for today our time is up.” He strokes gratefully the dead mechanism, stopped from the very moment Hesselius suffered a heart attack while investigating his last case, the most frightening. That one he cautiously will avoid reminding the doctor until he has exhausted the stories. “It’s late and I wouldn’t like to abuse your generosity. You must rest,” he advises.

And Dr. Hesselius obediently fades while he yawns.



According to legend, Sir Francis Drake (1540–1596) sold his soul to the Devil in exchange for prowess at sea. In concert with Devon witches, he cast spells that raised the storms against the Spanish Armada. The ghosts of those witches are said to still haunt Devil’s Point, the headland overlooking the entrance to Devonport. The Devil was so pleased with Drake that he built him a house at Buckland Abbey in only three days.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The Gates of Hell are open

The European airline plane left the airport, taking off being on 27 July 2014 inside were prominent people, scientists who discovered the cure for cancer and to

prevent the theft of his discovery had secretly addition to an inventor who succeeded in creating a water-based car. He had finished the World Cup in Brazil and life went on. The plane flew across the sky, the pilot noticed the sunny day, it was a smooth flight. Suddenly the sky clouded, clouds became gray and rays, looked stunning. A vortex opened the tunnel in the sky dragged the plane disappeared from radar control tower; the hole swallowed the aircraft to another dimension,

destination hell, flares everywhere. It was a glowing fire, the plane was in the underworld, passengers leaned out the windows and down the tormented souls saw, the groans were a macabre and sad symphony. The worst was to see how the demons crossed the metal and walked between the seats, the infernal beings only see them infarcts caused by the terrible impression. Passengers had open eyes and mouth contorted, dead see the demons. World Cup Football in Russia was held, was the final between Mexico and Germany, all fixed spectators in the great event had already forgotten the missing plane when back reappeared in the sky to crash into the stadium in Moscow, the impact was terrible, the collision of the aircraft to be embedded in the stadium was a gruesome spectacle. President Putin declare was a terrorist attack, that would punish those responsible, not knowing it was the plane that swallowed hell and back with passengers already dead.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Discovered

He could not hide for long it was a ghost. Juanita, the secretary, in a fit of passion after hours of work, cornered him against

the wall, trying to kiss him, through his ectoplasmic head, breaking the metaphysical unity of the whole.

Sarkeo Medina Hinojosa (Peru)

Celestial abductions

There're people who affirm that paranormal phenomenon are only figments of the imagination, or an evolutionary trick by our brain trying to organize the chaos around us, building our perceptions about reality. They say that such experiences only happen to persons with tendencies to the self-suggestion, hysteria, dreamy paralyze and so forth, backing their arguments saying that the ones visited by extraterrestrial beings and abducted, had been without exception lying on their beds grasped by the disgusting sensation of immobility, adding that the paranormal events captured by photos and videos are always blurry and from a doubtful origin. All in all, the sceptics are sure of the surreal nature of it and its belonging to the dreamy plane, not to the real one. But, what we know about the true nature of the cosmos?

My name is James Darrel, I'm an experimental neuron-psychologist and

celestial abducted. The confession about my abduction will rise suspicions, but no matter, as far as heaven keeps whispering its secrets to me. In my experiments I've learned to undo and explore the known reality, with the help of certain narcotics. I realized that the things we know have been cast down from the stars, reaching the first heaven gazers through its rays of light. Its secrets got into the DNA from where they handle the invisible threads. Certain substances are the keys that open the doors of an unknown mansion; just like those states of dreamy paralyze which I suffer from my childhood, and that have become my personal bridge.

In a cold December night, my dreamy being synchronized itself with the dizzying light of a star in the vastness of the universe. Its call lured me violently, taking me from the physical reality beyond the domain of the gravity force, where light and darkness orchestrated a hermetic song. There, in the immensity of the outer emptiness, I became the recipient in each abduction of new knowledge, wrapped in different visions. I know that they always chose somebody to unfold their secrets.

They have existed in every epoch; men in which dwell the goblin of the quest for mystery.

Morgan Vicconius Zariab –seud.- (Dominican Republic)

Strange spirits

It has happened before. I look in the old house atrium's mirror, and see her there. I turn my head to the corner, and it's empty. At dawn, she wakes me with her "gnac-gnac" and I can no longer sleep in the entire night.

How does one get rid of the old, wicker and wooden rocking chair's ghost, which belonged to my father and got a broken leg and burnt with the trash one winter afternoon in nineteen seventy two?

Daniel Frini (Argentina)

The anomaly and its exterminators

Insanity in individuals is something rare; in groups, parties, peoples, ages, it is rule.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

At first they thought he was crazy, as he always answered what he was asked and he sidestepped from the empty promises. Gradually he gained more repercussion and some eminent thinkers forewarned that we were witnessing a phenomenology we had never seen before, which defied our most deeply held beliefs. The most orthodox social scientists had to admit that they faced a complete novelty.

When he achieved the goal of having some government responsibilities, the deviation was spread all around the country: he took effective decisions that were consistent with what he had always said. He put clear limitations to the State and increased the power of the citizens.

“We're obviously in front of an anomaly that violates our traditional knowledge”, said one of the most reputed analysts.

Mina Crandon's "Margery" mediumistic talents soon developed, complete with the production of ectoplasm. Famous photographs show long strings of ectoplasm, like umbilical cords, pouring from her mouth, ears and nose. They seemed to hang by tiny threads. Other extrusions came from between her legs; physical researcher Eric J. Dingwall suspected Crandon concealed the ectoplasm in her vagina and extruded it by muscular contractions. She even produced a third hand, grossly formed, from her navel.

Analysis of small pieces of ectoplasm yielded few clues. Several critics claimed the stuff was either chewed paper, gauze or other fabric, probably regurgitated, or even animal tissue. Beraud's ectoplasm was most likely paper, and Harvard biologists found Crandon's pseudopod to be animal lung cleverly carved to resemble a hand. Courtesy U.S. Library of Congress.



“What we have to decide is whether or not we want to be ruled by someone completely exogenous to our political uses”, explained a professor and orthodoxy supporter.

The whole society began to react against him as if he were a pathogen. The media inoculated their antibodies and sterilized his surroundings with slanders and defamations. The white blood cells of the judiciary initiated many investigations that never concluded. The betrayal of some of his peers, who were conveniently promoted with the new government, led to the impeachment that overthrew him. The nation craved for a return to normality and the physical threats led him to take the path of exile.

It is said that the present Government put a price on his head and that any day he will receive a message of lead between his eyebrows.

Carlos Díez (Spain)

Immortalicide

It never dawned on Hereafter Central; the eternal night was calling to us again. We dragged with us on patrol an idiot whose only task was to track the poltergeist, a former being that killed murdered his

family and then killed himself. The grave will not save him from my sense of justice. Not very often I have permission from my boss to implement it fully, but this was a special case: Linda, the eldest daughter of the murderer, was one of Don Armando's vampires, and he has the entire department in his pockets.

“We're getting closer, Mr. Bryan” the medium said to me as we crossed Hollow street. The twenty-seventh automaton chirped and clanked while processing the data obtained from his surroundings, trying to determine the most likely place the spirit of Bob Connor was hiding in. It was in the bathroom of Lorenzo's Restaurant.

I thanked our guide coldly before putting a bullet in his skull. I figured two dead women were more than enough on his record. Otherwise, he'd just add more. My partner suggested protecting the alley while I assailed by the bathroom door; if he decided to escape through a window, my iron friend would catch him with a plasma container.

When I broke into the public toilet where Connor was sitting, at no time he attempted to flee; rather, he avoided looking into my eyes.

“Crossfield. I did my time. I'm dead, what else can they do?”

“You know very well that the Don won't let your soul cross to the other side until I bring you to him. I need you to come with me.”

“No ... please, I do not want to live again!”

I ignored his pleas, as surely Bob also did when he killed them. It was a very dirty deed what we had to do, but I've never been able to do the right thing without getting stained.

When the vampire Don had the specter in his power, I knew instantly that he would suffer for eternity. The shadows of the endless night stretched through my twisted smile: justice.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Anglerfish

The noises under his bed never bothered him until he took his first bride to enjoy her company dim light. Seeing as being from another dimension consumed his beloved helplessly, understood his reality: he was a mere decoy.

Sarko Medina Hinojosa (Peru)

The council of the dead

—We can't rest on our eternal sleep —A corpse said which has still remnants of rotting flesh.

—And its noises makes echo in the tombs— A skull resting in a niche added.

—We must do something —the president of the council of the dead said solemnly, an illustrious figure s mummy in his time, but now completely forgotten.

No one suggested anything. Neither the deceased from the ground of suicidal, as friends make philosophy in the light of the full moon, or the pious cloistered nuns, all of them shrouded in the same way, and some of them still dressed habits. Neither dead infants nor intervened, neither died teenagers in the prime of life, neither old corpses which were in the cemetery since it was aware of its existence.

—They ignored our presence— a bloody body affirmed, victim of a fatal accident of car —. We must advise them that they can't continue as well.

—We had not ever problems— muttered the President.

—Or we intervene right now or we rest never in peace —A dead holding his head in one of his hand proposed vehemently, and he had been silent before now.

Everyone nodded with loud cries which them make echo through the holes where they had gathered.

There was been so quiet until now —the president mummy sighed sadly.

From the next night, ghostly apparitions began within the newly built urbanization.

In order to complicate more matters, the council had decided that if the dead didn't rest, the live don't have the right to rest.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Prayers for The Beyond

Mrs. Catalina Gelofa saw, frozen by the expectation, the bubbling swarm of her dead husband's "life units", flowing along the radio waves through the filter of electromagnetic radiations. Once the particles got across it, a chilling organ melody broke in, like a ring, from the telephone placed at the end of the device —A Telephone to the Dead. Mrs. Gelofa wondered about that unusual call from The

Beyond. She checked the time: early midnight of September the first 1939. Her husband's spirit kept a rigid schedule regarding calls during the whole year. A tradition that has acquired a tone of religious liturgy since she bought her Telephone to the dead "first generation" back in 1923, hardly three years after it was announced by Thomas Edison in the October 1920 issue of American Magazine. The genius of invention did it again, and since then, the livings from all around the world got the opportunity to get in touch with their dead, including her, who lost her husband in the World War I.

—Honey... I'll need you to send me a huge remittance of prayers —said him without ceremony—. It's absolutely necessary that you charge your words with all your love for me. An ominous feeling has taken over this plane. There are prophets who warn against a mass starvation of psychic energy due to a near overpopulation of spirits.

—But dear, what you're talking about...? —answered her with a trembling voice—. It's that you the dead ones got a future?... A mass starvation of what? Well, I'm going to do what you're asking me, even if I can't

make nothing out of it. Phone me as soon as something new happen in 'The Beyond.

But novelties happened in the world of the livings later that day of September with the beginning of the World War II, a conflict that during the next six years would lessen the number of the livings and increase that of the dead; thus creating a grave demography problem in 'The Beyond with more than 50 millions new souls.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

Smooth as silk

Gaspara prepared all things that belonged to her mother, clothing, jewelry and household goods, and arranged, pending

An international township project for a religious city in India within five miles of the Bay of Bengal, with a planned population of 50,000. The project was originally the idea of Mira Richards (1878-1973), the leading disciple of Sri Aurobindo (1872-1950), known as the Mother, who developed the concept in the 1950s as an extension of Aurobindo's idea. Auroville would be a place where people of good will of all nationalities could live freely as citizens of the world and obey only the truth. The plan was developed over a number of years and was finally inaugurated in 1968, when a group gathered on land adjacent to the Aurobindo Ashram north of Pondicherry, India, to lay the foundation stone. India has recognized Auroville as an international city state.



the trial of the survivors on the bed to hang on his last breath, dressed for the occasion with the outfit, inherited from their ancestors generations of hidden lace patches. Gaspara not trust the goodwill of his brothers, rather knew that would come like vultures. One after another, Gaspara, watched them disappear, so that interested peat barely left a couple of worthless things on the bed.

—¡Guarda Well this brush, daughter! It is my greatest asset. For generations it has remained in the family. It has to be yours, and one day, you too —Gaspara deliver him recalled the last words of his mother on her deathbed. That object, old-looking, filthy, which, fortunately, nobody wanted

and stayed there definitely was his. He scarcely dared to touch it. She knew her mother had idolized, indeed, used to keep the hair tangled bristles in an old cigar box stacked now with other stuff to be thrown into the landfill.

Gaspara rested next to the toilet after a long day, remembering how his mother spent hours brushing her hair while sitting in the same place. It ended up misplacing look in the mirror looking for that special something that made it so special. So intent was even felt that the identified aroma, blend of lavender and homemade bread. He took the brush and allowed to caress him. As in a dream he heard footsteps, feeling forced him to rotate the view. Upon returning to his reflection he returned the image of her mother, who smiled happy with each brushing. He felt a great peace, the same face that conveyed recently deceased woman. Gaspara could not determine how long it lasted that event, all I observed and came to explain the importance of that brush, was sure that the hair tangled in it were not his, acknowledged grayish with silver highlights mane, as smooth as silk, her mother.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

The platform

The night is cold, little girl. Are you still waiting ... right? You should have left this place long time ago —said the man while he was turning the lamp on that he carried on his hands.

—I know, but I have to wait here a while longer —said the little girl.

—This is a place of passage and you've been here for a long time. Every time the train arrives and all the people left this place, I turn around to see if you have left this site and I see you again sitting in the same place. This station is not pleasant and less after dark. As you know, I not try to out after dark, but I decided to bring you this blanket because I saw you shiver.

—Thank you, you're very kind sir —said the girl without looking at him.

—I don't want to be nosy, but may I ask you, who are you waiting? —said the man placing the lamp on the floor and sitting on the wooden bench.

—To my Mom.

—Will she come soon to this station? —
Asked the puzzled man.

—No, not quite soon; she'll come when she'll be ready to come with me —said the girl a little sad.

—Ready, for what?

—Ready to I gone, and I will not leave here until she feels well —the little girl turned around to see the man with a smile—. Help me, the door is always locked and I need to do something for her and you have the key.

—Little girl, you know it's forbidden to leave here; but you've been here so long and I'm in fond of you girl. Look, I'll forget the keys in banking and I'll retire after; but

I need to know what to do when you get out.

—I'll find a way for my mom to accept that I become in the best of her memories and no longer be his greatest desires —replied the girl.

—Girl, just remember to do things right. When the people do not understand something, they fear, and make it a paranormal phenomenon. Your intention is good, but it is the right path. You already belong to another plane.

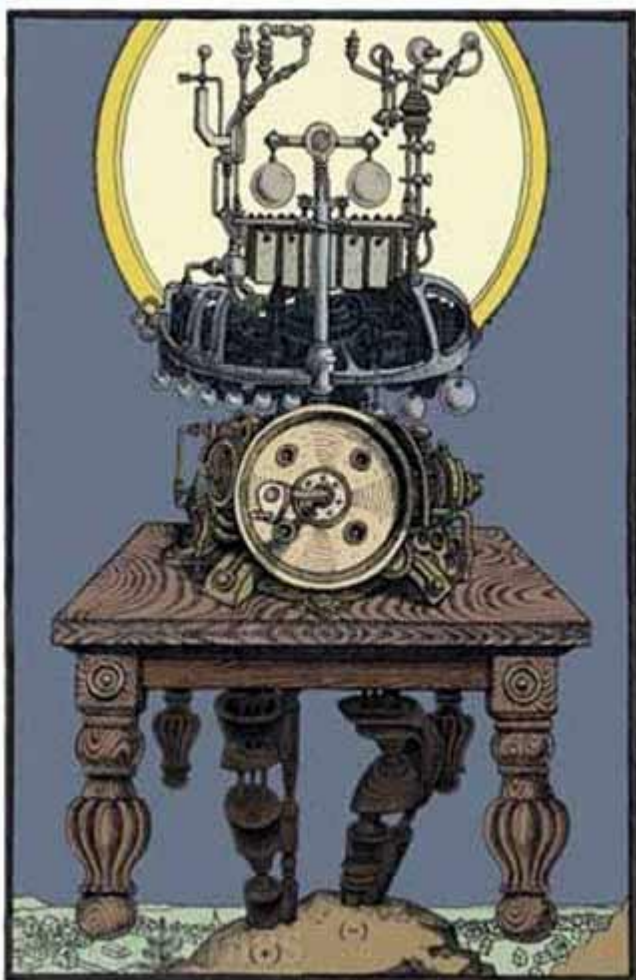
The girl ran to the door with keys in hand and a big smile; man turned and both disappeared leaving alone the platform.

Ma. del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (México)

Alarm clock

Every morning watch carefully as the alarm hands move measured, mark the

An early idea in the history of mediumship was the possibility of mechanical communication. The first confused thought of communicating with the spirit world through instruments occurred to John Murray Spear, who constructed something called the "new motor." He arranged copper and zinc batteries in the form of an armor around the medium and expected a phenomenal increase of mediumistic powers through the combination of "mineral" and "vital" electricity. The dynamistograph, the Vandermeulen spirit indicator, the reflectograph and the communiograph were later developments.



hours accurately. At seven, it emits a high-pitched sound which increases for thirty seconds to a crashing noise inaudible. The first day that took place I tried to turn it off manually. Desperate for the situation, put it under running water. For several days I stopped the uncomfortable event. At least I thought. Because resumed without notice five days after causing me stress morning. Stress that increased with the passage of days. They had warned me in the House recently purchased occurred strange. The previous tenants had left because they explained to the seller the paranormal had made life impossible. Never imported my haunted house reviews. I agreed to buy it for its charm, cornices and gargoyles suspended from the roof, and that air of terror that followed, insurance was going to get rid of than one sniffer. Three weeks later, desperate for the success I agreed to do the Ouija. I prepared a glass, Board and started the session. I remember that fateful day as one of the most distressing of my life, in which I was immersed in a series of events that I have marked until today. Appeared again my mother-in-law, the dog hit by a car the night of San Juan, the neighbor of the fifth in the old House that we launched bad looks. The head that crashed on the way to his house by a bad

car brakes repair. The blonde girl that had fallen in love with my heart at puberty. And the owner of the House with the obligation to wake me up at seven to begin my working day. All of the demands that had failed in life. With the passage of time I have grown accustomed to their presence, and we have established friendship. Now I play with a new letter in hand. They predict my future and I from time to time extend the Board and let them escape their eternal routine. They are punctual. At seven o'clock alarm clock sounds accurate. It is when the household are divided.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Burn body, burn!

The bonfire burned with waves of flaming tongues eating voraciously the logs that fed it—in the same way burned the envy in the cardinal's heart, eating swiftly away the last vestiges of his humanity. Thus become the Cardinal Richelieu in a human torch. It's said that behind his eyes blazed the Hell's fire.

—Go and get me that heretic! —ordered Cardinal Richelieu to the members of the Inquisitorial Council, in the middle of a blackened night.

—We must hurry up! Before Innocent know about it and try to scape —whispered a dark form among the Council.

A legion of men carrying torch broke through the obscured night searching for Innocent in the dim corners of the Abbey, who read at easy in his monastic room, though foreseeing his grim end. The wounded proudness of Richelieu would never forgive the erudition and superior intellect of the Benedictine that ridiculed his more nurtured principles.

Once they got him, put in motion the planned trick: the usual possession of forbidden books, witchcraft practices, astrology, etc. So, under the burden of a well conceived trap, Innocent's defense succumbed. He burned at the stake along his books and magic. People said that, while wrapped in flames, he howled a spell, a posthumous curse that would hunt till the end of time everyone who stepped on his ashes. Later, with the passing of years, a numbers of unexplainable events took place in which members of the Council and clergymen burned mysteriously in their seats and beds, as by a kind of spontaneous combustion that, within a few months, would set in fire the aged and gloomy life of the Cardinal. They will keep themselves

burning in the Samsara's wheel till their souls get marked with this phrase: "He who plays with fire, will get burn!"

Morgan Vicconius Zariab –seud.- (Dominican Republic)

Tidiness

This house could never be sold, and everytime people who bought it were scared of the mysterious phenomenons around the house: twinkling lights, tidy dishes, chairs always well situated... Owners could never get used to the idea of having such a tidy resident.

William Ernest Fleming (Spain)

Eternal love

—I beg you to let me alone, forget about me.

—I cannot do it, I love you.

After the accident I thought I had released it.

A fatal accident should have been enough to have lost sight of, but even so could be.

—Carla Tell me, how do you do it? How have you been able to get into my world?

—For the love I have as well been able to get into it, I have taken his life for love, to

be with you, after the accident of your death, I would never see you again, but I decided not to give up, take off life to see you again.

I thought I freed me from it, but it was only a mirage, you should now spend eternity at his side.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Power

His newfound ability to read the minds of others after the accident precipitated his suicide, especially after read at the head of his wife suspected in as many years.

Sarko Medina Hinojosa (Peru)

Spectrum

I made a truce for seven days with the ghost of House. We agreed to not take me wrong. Yesterday broke the Pact. Kitchen objects began to fly above the head, smashing against the walls, doors and other utensils. The top is lit and turned off. The dishwasher empty is opened and closed with a crash. A grumpy Ghost is not good to keep it at home. And less if you have established a Covenant in which peace must reign. I never took well with him. His austerity, embezzlement and lying, made

me suspicious since I met him. A mocking and grotesque being tried by all means which had just evicted and without a penny in his pocket. They advised me to go with the flow. Let you feel is holder of the earthly futures. Not deny him nothing of their applications. Establish a bond of union without scruples. The thing never worked, until I had a large sum of money on a game of chance. At that time, I had to agree to see that my life could be a drastic change. He was part of the prize, or would make me life impossible. Is he in love with me, and nothing in the world I wanted to distance us separated. I tried to keep the truce, for seven days until he read a message on the mobile phone of Lucy, my lover. The ghost felt cheated and caused named damage. I've been days locked up in these four walls, and there is no way to untie me this spectrum who just wants to accompany you, and make you the pleasant life to learn that I want to leave to the Bahamas. The only thing I can deliver is folding it in a corner of the bag, and let it get into the bed of the hotel with us. I don't know if I will wake up from this damn dream, but it's getting to that end is free the worst, in this madness, and end by strangling it. A second death would not be

lawful or the best. But she will know what it does. I have already given an ultimatum.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

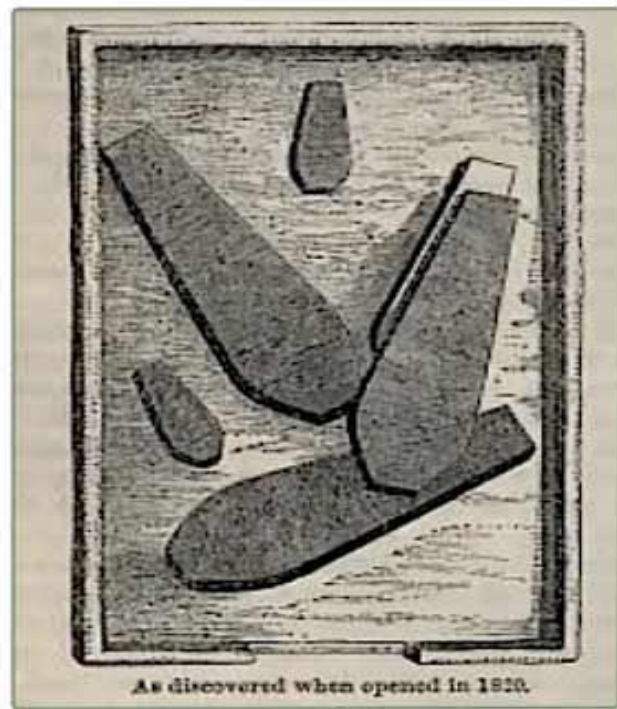
The old mirror

He has purchased a old home. It needs many reforms is true but, Daniel said to himself, I would have a property with a moderate investment in one of the best and valued areas of the city.

Had to repair roofs, bringing down

partition walls, to refurbished floors and ceilings, whitewash and paint each one of rooms.

Despite of all changes, only a black full-length mirror built-in, located in the bathroom of the attic, inconveniences Daniel. It was old, and although its glass was worn and almost deformed by time, it wasn't displeasing the end him. But ... I thought that "something" on it didn't tally with the rest of the house, especially now



The most famous of moving coffin cases concerns the family crypt of Colonel Thomas Chase, of Christchurch, Barbados. For several years in the early 19th century, lead coffins were found hurled about inside the vault. The mystery was never solved.

In the 19th century, Barbados was home to many wealthy white plantation owners who constructed extravagant crypts and tombs for their families. The Walrond family had theirs made of coral, concrete and hewn stone. It was located on a headland and was sunk partially into the ground as a precaution against damage from tropical storms. The inner dimensions of the thick-walled tomb were 12 feet by 6 feet. The door, made of solid marble, required several slaves to open and close it.

that he was renovated it and gives a modern aspect.

One day, after he had meditated for a while, he decided to end his doubts. He armed with a hammer, hits that mirror. He did almost angrily, annoyed with his own attitude, which impelled him to change everything and respect nothing. He expected to find the smooth, cold wall of a toilet ... but behind the mirror discovered a dark and breathtaking hollow. A hole leading into another room, which he couldn't glimpse what it contained.

He took a flashlight and without thinking twice, penetrated in that secret cubicle. He walked a few steps, and then the flashlight was melted, as if it had been

short-circuited. Worried, he wanted back, but then he felt something on his shoulder and a whispered voice around "another soul".

Nobody never knows more about him. Police investigated throughout the house, including the bathroom which had in one of its walls an old and worn mirror, which returned their deformed images of their faces to the agents or perhaps -though no one has notice of that- a desperate face of Daniel asking for help.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

The Martian guest

To open the soul toward the heavenly sciences, that's my downfall. The thought of an evil and unknown intelligence dwelling up there, in the interstellar spaces, never crossed my mind. A life —if we can call it that way— waiting its opportunity to scape from its harsh environment through the Dark Matter.

Everything started during a nocturnal meeting in Sefora's penthouse, a place used by our study circle like an amateur observatory of the space; although we gave it a serious use, far from the sensuous approach that others would take. That night we observed Mars through an expensive telescope, watching on a computer screen the famous photos taken by the Viking probe from the red planet's orbit.

—What silly idea that of mankind! Mistaken those rocky outcrops for a face and swearing that it's a monument —said Marie in a musing tone—. This is an usual case of pareidolia, what do you think Harold?

While Marie asked for my opinion I got my eyes set on the photos, with which from my very childhood I had fancied,

before the logic thought threw down my fantastic fortress. But a strike from the interplanetary beyond would show me, in a somber way, the reality of the supernatural... A dry energy, electric like and hostile, invaded the minds of both, Marie and me, expanding forward very fast, like a desert storm, to the minds of the others members of the team. It broadcasted a telepathic message understandable in our language. At once we knew that the entity was a demon dwelling in Martian wilderness who builds up forms to hook the human soul. It pressed us to make a bargain. It wanted to possess a soul, otherwise, would be our end. I decided to let it to be my guest, so it made the covenant and freed my companions. It pays its rent with burning visions and songs that chain me to the abyss.

Morgan Vicconius Zariab –seud.- (Dominican Republic)

Lights

It's was very creepy when evertime lights went on and off alone. But the fact that it was his only contact with his mother.

William Ernest Fleming (Spain)

Paranormal phenomena

The little and chubby director, full of affable eloquence led the visitors ,and possible inversors, with the soft skill of a shepherd who leads his flock. The small group, meanwhile, was left to guide between laughs of pleasure and fun cause the curious phenomena in that famous institution were studied.

In telekinesis room they dodged (with varying success) the objects that crossed the air without any phisical force that moved them. At the telepathy's they felt slightly queasy at the possibility that their innermost thoughts could become exposed. They came out singed from the lab of spontaneous combustion. In abductions room, they let their imagination fly bound for distant worlds. And after visiting the ghosts and apparitions area, the were forced to pay a visit to the toilets to get rid of the ectoplasmatic matter that had be fallen them.

When they arrived to the last room the visitors felt confused and intrigued. There were only a man. A small and scanty hair man sitting on a sofa, smoking a pipe and

reading a book, oblivious to the researchers who swarmed around him consulting monitors, connecting electrodes, making any questions occasionally and taking notes.

—What power has this man to deserve so much attention? - someone asked.

—It must be something really extraordinary to warrant a team just for him - other someone commented.

—Indeed, answered, smiling and affable, the director of the institution. This man has a gift almost nonexistent. A gift that only have a small number of humans. What this man has is something even stranger than we have seen so far, the director paused for a moment and then continued, lowering his voice. The gift of this man is nothing more and nothing less than sense.

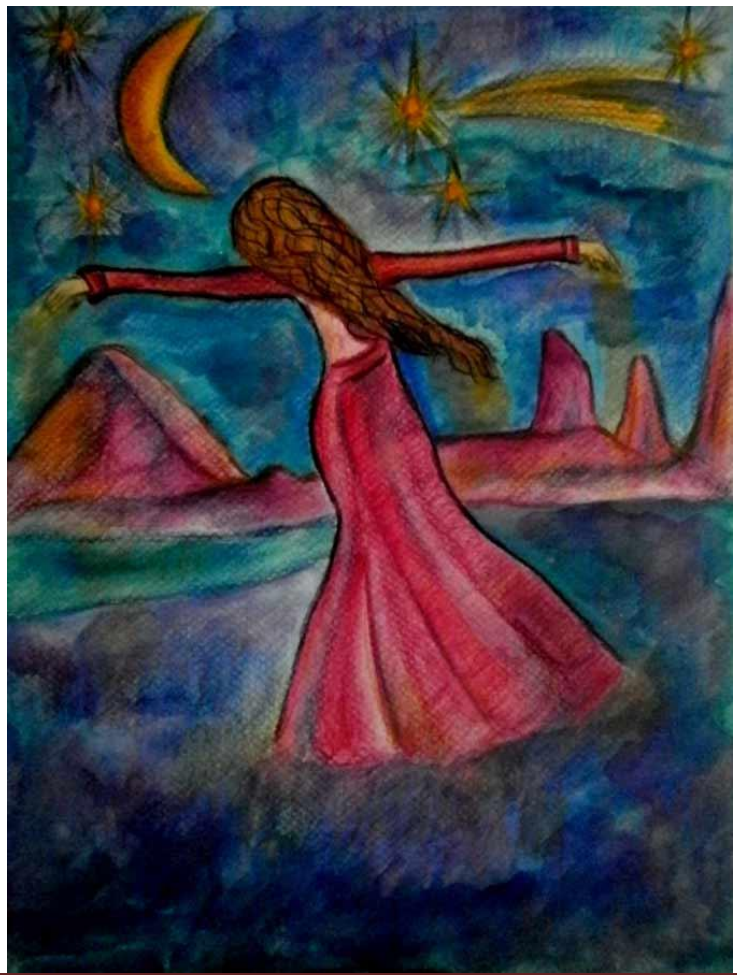
Dolores Espinosa Márquez (Spain)

Tales of Epicenters "Levitations"

Adriel had dismissed as every night of Cynthia, after a long evening investigating the thesis project they shared, she was

very attracted to young enthusiastic and bright, it is not yet dared to declare his love, but he thought do it soon ... While transiting the route that guided him to his home, the brightness of the moon was more radiant than ever, smiled, imagining the face of Cynthia, but soon changed his destination, the road forked and felt great confusion, he thought he been transported out of time and space. Suddenly he found himself face up to a sea of stars, empty and dizzy attracted him wildly.

As a materialized Pleiad appeared before him a young woman with extended arms floating in the open sky, her captivating as



fateful beauty, probed his as intertwined ancestral instincts and suspended in the air with scent of tuberose, were one body, mystical and recondite the beautiful lady, dragged him riding the wind meandering, ecstasy Adriel subdued senses, and did not care just wanted to be with this beautiful and unknown lover; the young lady began to whisper in his ear a captivating song that seemed to come from foreign underworlds, was like that when he realized that his body began to dematerialize, cast in the embrace of the Pleiad sank in an endless kiss ...

The dew of the morning woke, dazed and sleepy was found near the car, the night faded it back to the world of mortals but his chest stayed a little star, the eternal sign of his beloved bright.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

The Orchestra

Four months ago I organized a musical casting. The idea came as a result of the legend of a book, which explained the way to success. At the beginning I overwhelmed, but with the passing of the days, this idea took hold strong. It began to occupy my mind obsessively. With the passing of the days, it was dense, it acquired form, I felt it harden, fresh, live.

Possible doubt could be no. Said I started to work on the project. I looked at all the legal options, drafted contracts, schedules, rights, salary etc., and proceeded with the casting, following publication in the best newspapers in the country, qualifying the end italics and bold print; "only ghosts." There were plenty of living persons, to which I had no choice but to reject.

Seeing that it did not succeed in my goal, opted to seek help from a spiritualist, and engage in direct communication. We know when you go to one of these Paranormal phenomena. You don't know what you'll find. If on the one hand the luck will go on your side, or on the contrary more filth there will eventually squander you. The aforementioned man began to make a few passes necessary to enter into a trance, magic. The spirits were soon leaving to meet. It had everything. Dancers, teachers, doctors, laborers had... work during the following hours. I chose the best. The idea of a heavenly choir, so alive in me, took shape in just two days. I explained to them that we were going to travel the world with our art and that life would give them another opportunity. They strongly believe my words. I followed as a new Messiah. The first indication that began to arise after reading the book, took me to glory. The

poor are happy with the success, as the world wonders how I get sound instruments in concerts for an hour. And these angelic voices that astonished the audience just to ensure that my skills are a true magician.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Inspiration

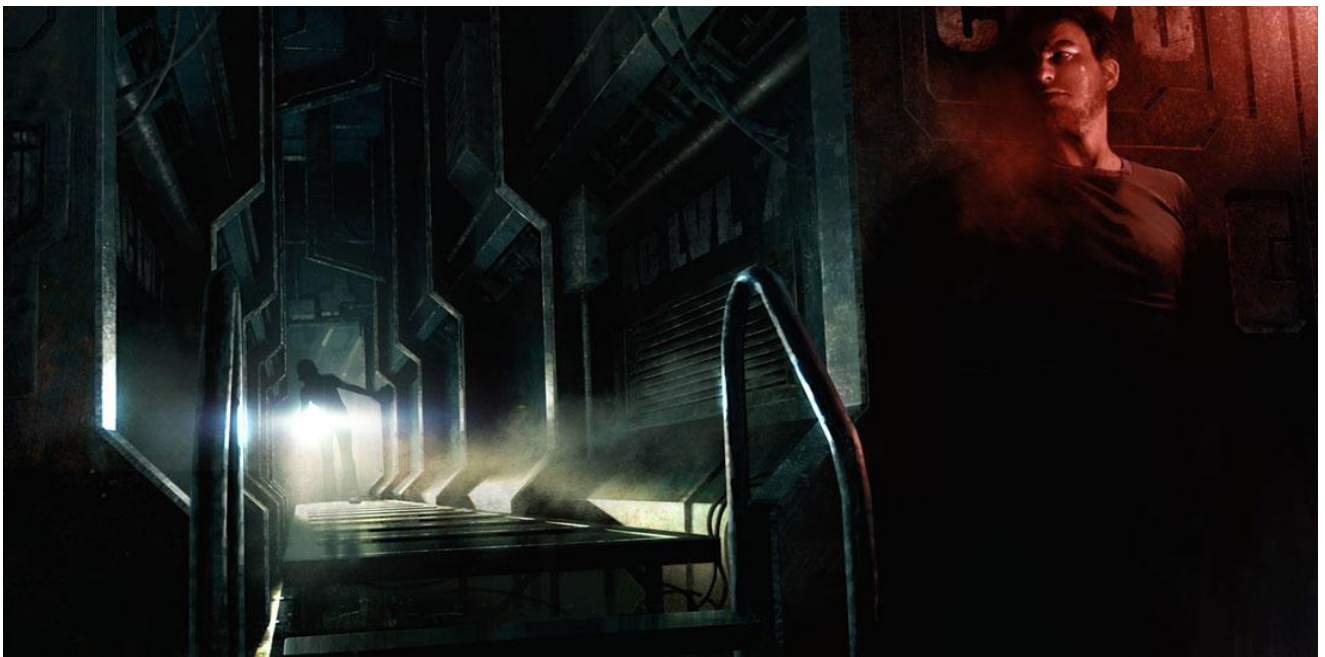
Arístides Pavor was unable to write anything except horror stories. No that he couldn't or that he lacked the talent to work in other kind of literature, is that he couldn't. As he had said in more than one interview, Arístides would be happy writing humor, sci-fi or anything that wasn't terror but... he couldn't.

When they asked to him where he got his macabres ideas, Arístides always talked

about inner demons, the evil that every human being harbored in their soul, and any other nonsense theory psychological, philosophical and even theological. but he never had told the truth about the source of his inspiration.

Nobody would believe him if he told he hadn't invented this domestic hell who appeared in his novels or that the terrifying demon that devour of souls and bodies wasn't a mere product of his fantasy. They would think he was a crazy if he told he knew firsthand each torture suffered by the protagonists of his stories, each pain, each terror, each suffering.

No one, absolutely no one would believe that horror was part of his daily life and that, each night, to returning home, Aristides Pavor must suffer endless tortures and horrors in exchange for listening, from



the mouth the same demons that tortured him, the chilling stories that he had become him in the most widely read author of horror.

Dolores Espinosa Márquez (Spain)

Obsessive pareidolia

No one believes me. None of the few people I've showed pictures of faces on the walls of my house has admitted they are. They call me as crazy, maniac, to believe in impossible paranormal phenomena. All, without remission, they leave me. Including my wife and children, who left from our home just a week ago.

They should listen to me. My best friend should have understand me, Luis, whom I invited him to come to me to support my assertion. But, although the faces are transparent and clearly recognizable, he refused to admit it that comes over the limits of my patience.

Yes, I killed him, and his body lies at my feet. I crashed his skull over and over again against the wall, yelling "Look, those faces there! Accept it!", But he only cried over and over again to leave him alone until I silenced him forever.

Now his blood on the wall looks like another identifiable face: his face. He looks at me with sadness, he is knowing, too late, that I was right ...

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Doze

While she was slowly sinking into sleep, the strong male arm circled her body pulling her to him. She stuck her body to him even more with a little sigh of pleasure and she allowed to wrap in the captivating masculine scent.

A few seconds later, her brain snapped out of her slumber and it began to throw alarm signals: something was wrong, something wasn't as it should be. What was incorrect in that scene? ¿The bedroom? She looked around, watching the walls, the floor, the window, the curtains... No, the bedroom was the correct. ¿The bed? She gave little jumps on the mattress, she pulled by a half length side of her body and looked the lints that lived under the furniture, touched the sheets and the pillow... No, neither was it, the bed was the correct. ¿The night? She listened intently the sounds, she inhaled deeply the smells, perceived the play of light and shadows... Not at all, there was nothing wrong with

the night. The man who hugged her? She turned toward him, looked at him, watched him, touched him and even she tasted him to reach the conclusion the man who was with her was more than correct, ideal, appropriate and more than appropriate.

Everything seemed fine, and yet, she still had that nagging feeling something was not as it should be.

And, suddenly, there was light. Finally she had discovered the impropriety in the scene, the little mistake that made her uncomfortable, the tiny detail that did not fit and the detail was, nothing more and nothing less, than herself.

She sighed half of satisfaction, half of resignation and with a PLOP! disappeared.

Dolores Espinosa Márquez (Spain)

New tenants

Everybody knows that the house on the hill was haunted. Women from our village would say that the victims of the butcher wouldn't rest in peace since their bodies were not found. The real state agency always tried to rent to anybody who weren't aware of such story but no tenant

would stay longer than a week. One day, a removal van came followed by a man and a boy in a car. When they went to the Mrs. Williams' grocery shop, she didn't miss that chance to tell them everything about the house. It didn't seem to bother them a lot. In Joe's tavern, the bets were that they would leave before the weekend. The days became weeks, the weeks, months. Neither the man nor the boy seem to be willing to leave. On the contrary, they painted the façade, changed the windows and even, they removed the old rusty chain from the rocking chair on the porch. We forgot them shortly after.

"Mr. Warfield? I have parcel for you." He picked it with both hands searching for the sender. There wasn't any. He said goodbye but before closing the door, I couldn't help myself and asked him.

"How can you live here with your son? Don't the voices and cries bother you?"

"Well, you know, when you have had a job like mine, you get used to many things and to be honest, I don't mind them at all. They keep me company."

It was quite long after that conversation, actually many years after it, when I found that Mr. Warfield had been a hangman.

María L. Castejón (Spain)

And at the end

—The film opens with a camera travelling that flies above a red-haired woman, along a long and dark hallway. Suddenly a noise is heard outside, a sort of howl or roar, as if a big animal had just fallen into a trap. A light goes on in the room opposite the woman and the door slams. Then, without changing the plane, the camera passes to subjective mode, and we can perfectly hear the gasps of the character as she is going down the stairs, and the image shakes from side to side.

—How original, isn't it? A house, a sound, a flash and gasps...

—Hush, hush, you still have not heard it all, you'll see what an end. The red-haired woman stops for a moment at the foot of the stairs for taking a breath. The fireplace heats the room until make it suffocating. A cinder emerges from the fire and goes across the space swinging like a leaf that is not sure about to fall. As the cinder approaches, she

realizes that is not cinder, nor leaf, but a butterfly, big, silent and burning with other colours. It is a monarch, one of those giant butterflies that migrate each year from Canada to Mexico, one of those that indigenous legends considered the souls of dead children incarnations. She reaches out her hand and the Lepidoptera rests lightly in it...

—Boring. Tell me the end once and for all, and I'll see if it's as great as they say.

—Cursed ignorant Ghost... Are you sure you want me to explain the end?

—Either that or stop boosting about the damned end of the movie.

—Okay, you asked for and you get it: at the end it turns out that the woman is...

Alive!

—Alive? - The ghost gulps before proceeding - Has she been alive throughout the story?

The skeleton nods, with a smile, of course, with undisguised pleasure at the shocked surprise of the ghost.

Raúl A. López Nevado
(Spain)



TERRORES INFANTILES

POR Puy



Than normal and abnormal what the paranormal

By Mari Carmen Álvarez Caballero (Spain)



Paranormal phenomena are chosen by the man to make the unbelievable believable platform. So, their desires and unspeakable secrets or deficiencies found that social ladder, that spout through which slide more or less "unpunished"; prejudice to unhealthy tags otherwise then, reduced self-esteem taking him to jail introversion and sullen stubbornness solitaire.

Who knows if these will not be the formula to unleash sinister unresolved internal conflicts; the spitfire body and soul. Are we fled, perhaps, of a reality that is not worth us in such processes and found another way? Is evolutionary then the scope of paranormal phenomena that lead us to live and feel authentic unreal situations. This would explain the stubborn attitude of the staunchest advocates of such practices to perpetuate the vestal flame of the supernatural, without striving for that in the effort to dismantle shed any absurd to fan his mighty power.

The supernatural, the abnormal and paranormal has been written and filmed it and for having, while supplies inks. Taking a few times where there and throwing as many to have. Do not miss. The motivations, as is well known, ranging from the economic to the personal spending even sometimes marked by a desire for prominence and fame. The X-Files,

UFOlogy, zombies, vampires, monsters, sacred apparitions, EVP, haunted castles ... any twinned with the paranormal thing is a plump round reporting substantial business benefits clever opportunist who proposes. Fiddle with spirits, flying saucers, negative or positive beings, invented, or reinvented real because they have been "seen and verified" and other herbs have filled many pockets and fill.

When something, a paranormal phenomenon of any kind are researched, questions, and refuses complaint, usually the defender to turn arises and arguing that that's true, undeniable, because he or she "has seen with his own eyes." So is secular is happening-and that strange apparitions and stuff proliferate even under irrigated land greed. Disparate events, not -dejan- to explain inexplicable way sophistry is left. After seeing things that are not there and hear noises which sounds nothing is said with emphasis that something exists, who is with us and manifests the invisible hidden in another dimension.

Although the scientific evidence confirming sometimes falsehood event, even the most wary tempted sometimes just a result of realism imaginative with that dress and shoes certain absurd montages and well represented paranormal mystery, fear and aberration. And I do not mean in the bad sense of the word and with intent to discredit anyone. I submit, just my view. Since abandon the postulates of science for pseudoscience, it takes us away full of skeptical breakwater discourages opportunistic abundant prevailing quackery. Some will make surely appreciate it a somewhat radical and definite background saying "that's not skepticism but nihilism." Good: I agree otherwise.

Also clear that there are certain episodes in this complex universe, thoroughly studied unsuccessfully spurious finding that break the mold.

Even servant, confessed skeptic, he acknowledges, much to his dismay, that has come to feel at certain vibrations, the strong temptation to succumb to such weakness. The foundation of what I call strong convictions based on an exhaustive determination stagger suddenly.

In Spain, a clear example of this is the famous faces Bélmez "The greatest paranormal mystery of all time" is even considered. It was 1971 when María Gómez, neighbor woman

humble origins of this village became famous for publicizing the mysterious faces, little by little, they appeared on the tiled floor of her kitchen. Six months short of such events daily - Pueblo- dismantled shebang. He apparently reasoned providing analytical evidence to the effect that those "faces" were painted with silver nitrate and chloride. Super profitability and reputation contributed to the town and its few inhabitants of this "miracle" provoked the most resounding rejection of this explanation. There was, and maybe there, many economic interests involved: researchers in the field of goods went needed to operate the course. Also local photographer, beadle, would add to the rejoinder as you cultivate such paraphernalia enriched, selling photos of the faces to the large influx of tourists that suddenly filled the place, now that he had made famous. The scenario was a Spain impoverished, vulnerable, easy to coax. Beata illiterate with no other aspirations obtaining our daily bread. The practical value of the picaresque, well learned - the book of Lazarillo de Tormes anonymous author writing centuries before collecting school-walked for some time and installed in any national corner. They determined to hold up the matter said not María Gómez, and even dead in February 2004 and her husband, both lacking and unimaginative instruction, lights had to concoct a fraud of this magnitude, "Poor people do not give much of himself."

Another curious case of apparitions, Marian this time, was the de Amparo Cuevas, who died in 2012 This woman from humble, uneducated, born in 1931, native of the parish of Manger Albacete, said since 1980 that appeared to him the Our Lady of Sorrows in a meadow of El Escorial: Alto Prado. An association of the affected denounced for alleged fraud, coercion and false imprisonment among others. The opinion of the pilgrims was decisive, with a spurious phenomenon of "bad faith."

Known is the ancient fascination with the events of this caliber produced in man's unhealthy obsession with the occult, warm, at least in its infancy iconographic allegories and religious myths. It has always been said and shown that the rites began rescued healers and sorcerers spectral flanked by candles and incense. Candlesticks and Botafumeiros included. Potions, poultices, plasters, poultices with patches or "instant healings and miraculous powers." not lacking either. The fatal attraction to the esoteric also points to a connection to games like Güija -espiritismo, contact the beyond-belief in Wicca I -rito lunar, witchcraft, necromancy-

magic Negra, Samsara -cyclo of birth, death and reincarnation, animism or DOTA naturales-soul to the objects. These may be variants of certain rare phenomena.

Or, perhaps, the same phenomena are rare projections of these ancient practices often incubated within a sect and its complicated ethnic-religious-Buddhist, Celtic symbols ... -. That's how certain implausible beliefs grew and multiplied like the loaves and fish finding almost always a breeding ground for urban legends. With its formations and deformations Anyway circulating by word of mouth, where it was said that they had heard ... said - they sustained well complemented appearances. The long list printed on hand collecting practices experienced in the course of centuries not spared even fantastic animals-the faun, hydra ... - these fabulous beings invented and reinvented to unleash the most deeply rooted passions human fears and fantasies.

Architrillado has been the subject of unexplained events and their details by the dedication and commitment of the ineffable Spanish journalist and writer Iker Jiménez. Moving threads between truth and falsehood, fraud or error, intrigue and suggestion, "I do not affirm or deny anything," aided by a good team of technical partners specialists combed the corners more sinister and mysterious or terrifying Earth, revealing the most unexpected paranormal. Disseminated through books, radio and television programs and articles in magazines or newspapers. One of his many titles Night of Fear rigorously documented the chilling event that took place at the military base in Talavera la Real -Badajoz- 12 November 1976 Starring among others, soldiers and Jose Trejo José Manuel Hidalgo. These patrolled the perimeter trained dog company when something immune to bullets, faceless, human looking through the darkness like lightning towards them. Actual fact in front of a vanished like smoke Characters denying himself. The event goes beyond the limits of any professional knowledge much baggage to endorse him.

But they saw it all. Along with their superiors, the soldiers had seen something that night that officially never happened !! There was speculation, of course, with possible extraterrestrial intervention or some secret nuclear test. León, the German shepherd dog had given the whereabouts of El Lute -Eleuterio Sánchez Rodríguez, quinquillero salmantino Spanish- then pursued by justice, was also affected. And the military leadership ordered the law of silence. Fear, secrecy, threats ... The issue goes directly to the other, which at the time

described the vision in place, prior to these events, a woman carrying a bundle that suggested a baby in her arms. It was said to be still left to see at night and looked "Ethereal". The nicknamed La Portuguesa. His presence came to be associated with the tragic events after the military base at present, also at night, "that thing".

The same author mentioned, the versatile Iker Jimenez, in a radio broadcast chain being 2004, gave way to the first-person protagonist of another curious experience, Javier Martín Moraleda, said to have happened in August 2003 ahead of Alfaques camping at two in the morning. This was observed in a roadside to a peculiar group of "ghosts"-children, adults and the elderly. Children with buckets and spades, beach all dressed as statues, indifferent to the environment, as if there was nothing around. When the man woke his wife overwhelmed, asleep in the car, put this on top of the catastrophe in "The Death Camp". Died here a few years ago many people burned, lived a tragedy, said. And yes, the tragedy of camping Alfaques the July 11, 1978 is the most serious incident occurred in Spain in the transport of dangerous goods. The explosion of a tanker going through the national 340 overloaded liquid propylene turned this place Alcanar municipality in the province of Tarragona in a cemetery. Calcined 243 people died, many were foreigners, sea water reached a temperature of 2000 degrees. And of course, the legend, if legend is served ES. It is even said that there have heard many EVP. Unfortunately our national road network has abundant dangerous curves with serious fatal accidents on his record.

Night Crossing some say that are seen in a decade and the very famous white ladies, under the lure of hitchhiking. According to testimony, appear in front with complete physical normalcy, get into the car, warn of the risk of accident even said I killed some here, and immediately without volatilize even stop the car and open the door. Their range is extensive: the four cardinal points of the Spanish territory is invaded manifesting as foreign "presence".

Many are literary or journalistic and essayistic inspect pages content of such matters unresolved. And many videos, documentaries-rather docudramas- and adaptations or films either overexploited reef. in this arsenal master tapes from the likes of American Stanley Kubrick, The Shining, 1980 is thinned stands out as a masterpiece of psychological horror-the most gustan- me. A man experiencing significant personality changes to settle with his family

in a lonely hotel isolated by snow. Ghosts Inside befriend foreign ghosts, or so it seems.

Based on the novel of the more famous suspense and horror writer Stephen King with Jack Nicholson as the main actor. Inescapable.

Another great film that marked unforgettable guidelines is *The Exorcist* (1973) by director William Friedkin. An adaptation of the novel by William Peter Blatty, based on a real exorcism done at Washington año1949. It proved to be a very successful American film, much talked and talked about it with interest and acceptance. Addresses the issue a real supernatural evil connotations. Regan Macneil Linda Blair, a girl of twelve, suffers Pazuzu demon possession. Medical science does not provide results and is subjected to an exorcism carried out by a student of psychiatry priest. Knowing that evil is not physical but spiritual, seeking the support of other religious guild. A world classic horror films, some say: unrepeatable. *Poltergeist*, strange phenomena, one of the highest grossing films of the 80s, was and still is very renowned. Refers to the Freelings family that moves into a house where strange things begin to happen through the powerful energy of the youngest daughter Carol Anne. The requetefamosa production, written by Steven Spielberg and Michael Grais and directed by Tobe Hooper, had, of course, its two sequels attached. *Night of the Living Dead* is a zombie horror film of 1968 directed by George A. Romero. The plot revolves around a group of refugees on a farm where the dead mysteriously come to life.

On a more tangible level I recognize that there was a case that captivated my attention in a special way. One of the rarest "haunted" houses is undoubtedly the Winchester Mansion in North America. Sarah, an attractive young socialite Connecticut contracted with William Wirt Winchester matrimonio, heir of the founder of Winchester rifle -

Oliver Winchester-. The widowed in 1881 and since he had lost his only daughter, Annie in 1866, -¿bien or bad - advised by a medium, the labyrinthine construction projects of this Victorian building. Gibberish impossible intricacies -California- located in St. Joseph. And he says he did subject to the curse of the spirits of the fallen -natives Indians, almost all-by the bullets of that wit, returned with a vengeance. The extension of this strength was constant in his life owner. It started in 1884 did not end until September 5, 1922 when he died this. You will have four floors, a four hundred sixty-seven entries, in the order of forty-seven fireplaces and ... only two mirrors !! It is defined as the most mysterious place in the United States.

There, if you lose, nobody to ensure find; It's a fact: some people missing the visit never appeared.

¿Eccentricity or paranoia? Fear, perhaps? We will never know if ghosts, spirits or whatever they are were and are real or otherwise mariposearon within a wealthy and lonely widow. Consciousness has a say.

There is also an important global event of assembly and disassembly UFO sighting: Case-New Mexico Roswell. After keeping the UFO community since 1947 that an alien spacecraft, including alien autopsy had crashed at the site, the statement of the American government appears much later: "Nothing paranormal or extraterrestrial in nature has happened."

I, who have always tried to delve into the possible reasons that drag the masses to such implausible beliefs, I sometimes wonder: thousands or millions of people scattered across the four corners of the planet can not be wrong? But if our mind is that deceives us perceive optical illusions and seeing things that are not by magic tricks: why can not make it to crystallize certain extrasensory perception and paranormal? The psychology and parapsychology, the conscious and the unconscious, normal and abnormal, the human and the superhuman walk in perfect symbiosis; to stop along the way for drinking, each filling the glass of the fountain of the other. Beliefs, belief or skepticism not decide the finish. To be fair we have to consider that it is not entirely clear whether the myths, ghosts, visions, mirages and spirits born of dissatisfaction and craving and desire for more, to experience something like more or the above are themselves parents certain of these coexisting pixies, inhabitants of our ductile superstition, in that dependence hidden in us. Refuge that comes before or after but is even more fear than shame. In the book *Ghost Stories* (1991) states Manuel Vazquez Montalban three accounts of false specters of ghosts and apparitions. Carvalho detective corresponds to differentiate between the rational and the superhuman.

Beyond Silence, an American by English producer Hammer Films, a good track record in the genre, outlines the vision of how supernatural does not exist. And the reason as "product of the human mind."

A glimpse of the immense universe of poltergeist, cultivated from East to West is elusive. The encounter with a zombie, being abducted, objects moving on their own site, lights that turn on and off unreasonably, haunted houses ... walking alone Adjuvants the Pareidolia. Thus it is known to display forms exist. That, precisely, Jeff Hawkins speaks in his memory-prediction theory. Are such experiences that the mind assumes, perhaps allied to telepathy or telekinesis, levitation and déjà vu. They, in my humble opinion, the brain does not deceive us as implied, but is deceived. Or both together. But they are only perceptual events need not be pathological. You can get to locate randomly in something as simple as a few water stains on walls and ceilings, whose blurred outlines or silhouettes suggest actual objects, extracting the deepest passions of the human soul. A paranormal phenomenon that can also be spontaneous sometimes flash on and closer. And disappears from sight in an instant leaving us in a trance.

Looking at it from a positive point of view, in short, any abnormal finding can be an open culture. The physics and chemistry of high performance and innovative free practice creativity. Could it be perhaps that we carry, perhaps reminiscent of those primitive false beliefs that would guide the rock artists induce hunting process easier by way of paintings of wild animals in the steep walls of the caves? There is another possibility. Therein may lie the relentless pursuit of improvement. In his many psychological issues such procedures-while not shown to manifest physicists are more free forms of communicative expression different body language, verbal or written or designed and illustrated, placing on the crest of conceptual art. The problem comes when the container overflows. Psychologists and psychiatrists argue that feeding excess myths can attract sensory hallucinations. And that's something that support scientific research more intellectually respectable. Recognizing that no horror and the paranormal are detached, facing a phenomenon that's looking into the eyes of fear and you know that he or one of the two will win. And then, the conflict arises.

Who knows; it may be that having dark night echoes distorted tones howls funeral or form duets sacred music. Where the earthly elements beat, spirits manifest.



Revistas:

Título: Korad *Revista digital de Literatura fantástica y ciencia ficción* (abril-junio #17, 2014)

Editor: Raúl Aguiar

Co-Editores: Elaine Vilar Madruga y Carlos A. Duarte

Corrección: Zullín Elejalde Macías y Victoria Isabel Pérez Plana

Colaboradores: Claudio del Castillo, Daína Chaviano, Jeffrey López Dueñas, Rinaldo Acosta, Yoss

Diseño y composición: Claudia Damiani

Sección Poesía: Elaine Vilar Madruga

Ilustraciones de portada y contraportada: Greta M. Espinosa

Ilustraciones de interior: Greta M. Espinosa, Guillermo Vidal, MC. Carper, Raúl Aguiar

JORGE LUIS BORGES Y EL CAMBIO DE PARADIGMA EN LA LITERATURA FANTÁSTICA (artículo teórico)/ Maielis González

TE ESPERO EN ELE´HA (cuento)/ Claudio del Castillo

MENSAJERÍA INTERNA (cuento)/ Daniel Burguet



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BREVE DECÁLOGO DEL NARRADOR BÉLICO/ Yoss

TRÁFICO DE HISTORIA (cuento)/ Carlos Manuel Domínguez

AMANDA (cuento)/ David Martínez Balsa

CIUDADES INSINUADAS POR EL CIELO/ Adalberto Santos

CRÓNICAS SIN VIAJE/ Antonio Herrada Hidalgo

Plástica Fantástica: Greta M. Espinosa

Humor: VISIÓN/ Mariam Diéguez

COLABORACIONES: LA IMPRONTA/ Pé de J. Pauner

Poética: LA CIENCIA FICCIÓN Y LA SRA. BROWN/ Ursula K. Le Guin

RESEÑAS: NO CUALQUIERA ES SALOMÉ/ Abel Guelmes Roblejo

CONCURSOS Y CONVOCATORIAS

LA EDAD DE ORO/ PREMIOS JURACÁN 2014

...

Título: TerBi *Revista de la Asociación Vasca de Ciencia Ficción, Fantasía y Terror* (julio, #9 2014)

Portada: Burning Money por 3dom

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Noticias TerBi: Jornada TerBi 17-V-2014

Fallo del IV PREMIO TerBi 2014 de Ciencia-Ficción, Fantasía y Terror"

Relatos del Concurso TerBi

El comienzo de algo grande/ Marco Aurelio Granado Martínez

Comiendo techo/ Unai Macías

Futuro igualitario/ José Manuel González Rodríguez



El fin del capitalismo. El comienzo del fin/ Guillermo Jiménez Canton

Actividades e iniciativas de la TerBi

<https://dl.dropboxusercontent.com/u/32188908/TerBi%20Revista%20n%C2%BA%209%20Julio%20%202014%20Especial%20concurso.pdf>

...

Revista: Planetas Prohibidos *Revista de Ciencia Ficción, Fantasía y Terror*

Descargar en:

<http://planetasprohibidos.blogspot.com/2014/09/revista-planetas-prohibidos-9.html>

Consejo de dirección: Jorge Vilches, Lino Moinelo, Marta Martínez, Guillermo de la Peña

Editor: J. Javier Arnau

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LA FICCIÓN TELEVISIVA
ACTUAL, Alfonso Merelo Solá.

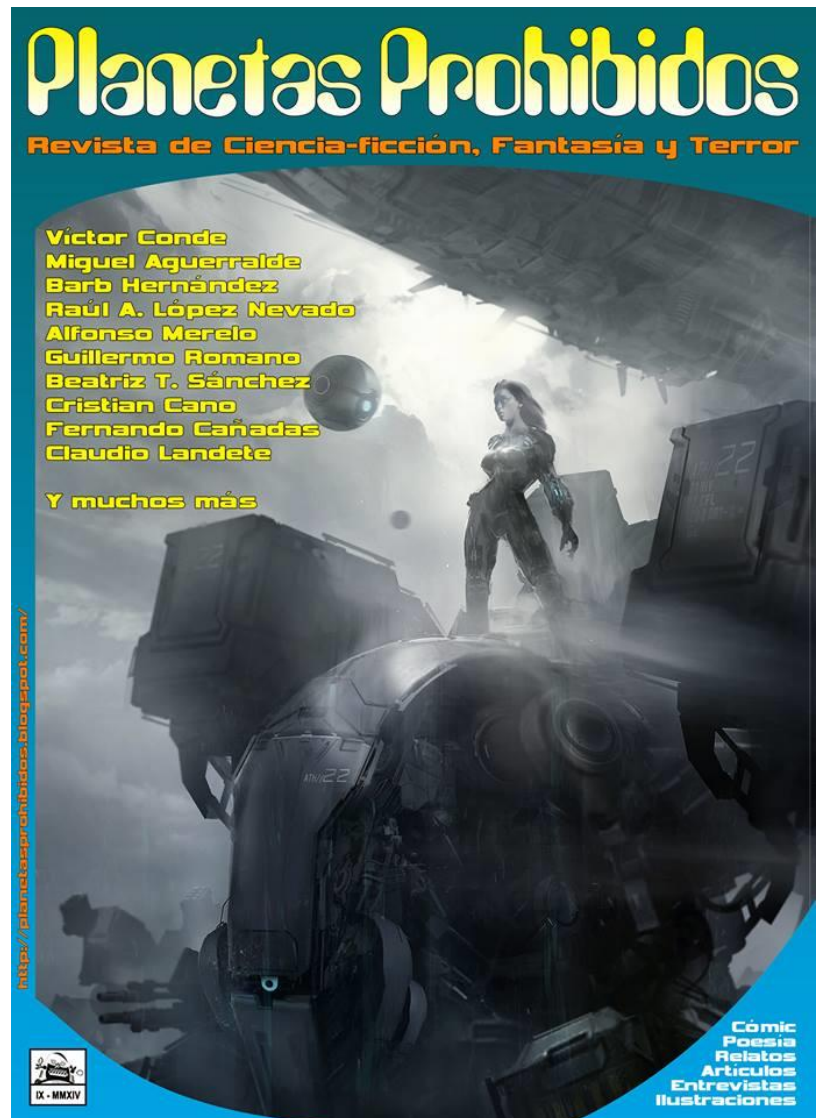
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37/HIPERONIA, Beatriz T. Sánchez, Cristian Cano, Guillermo Vidal.



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Olmedo López-Amor

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Título: Presencia Humana Magazine (#1)

Autor: VV.AA

Ilustrador: Pablo Gallo

Primer número de la revista de creación literaria enmarcada en los géneros de ciencia ficción, terror y fantasía: Presencia Humana Magazine, una coedición de Aristas Martínez y Jot Down Books.



Heredera de la antología Presencia Humana: Nueva literatura extraña, esta revista mantiene los pilares fundamentales de esa antología de lo extraño adentrándonos, de nuevo en una serie de propuestas transversales que constituyen y dan forma a un catálogo de creación que redefine la literatura género.

La nómina de autores para este primer número es: Miqui Otero, Emilio Bueso, Sofía Rhei, Javier Fernández, Carlos Gámez, Víctor Nubla, Jesús Cañadas y Rubén Martín Giraldez.

El artista Pablo Gallo ilustra cada uno de los relatos. Y la editorial de este primer número está firmada por el escritor Javier Calvo.

Antologías:

Título: Visiones 2012 Antología de ciencia ficción, fantasía y terror

Autores: VV.AA.

Portada: Deus Ex Machina de Hugo Salais López.

Sinopsis: Aunque los planteamientos modernos de la ciencia ficción y la fantasía surgen de una tradición eminentemente anglosajona, algunas de las plumas más potentes de la literatura en español, que también lo son de la literatura universal, han explorado otras tradiciones de la literatura fantástica de forma casi sistemática. Actualmente existe un colectivo de autores que beben de los referentes compartidos de ambos mundos para dar vida a sus propias visiones.

Desde 1992, la Asociación Española de Ciencia Ficción y Fantasía ha recopilado estas visiones y ha proporcionado una plataforma de publicación a las narraciones de aficionados sin historia previa de publicación, convirtiéndose en un primer peldaño para algunos de los autores de más renombre del género de nuestro país. Veinte años después a este primer volumen, son Los VerdHugos los responsables de este primer volumen, son Los VerdHugos los responsables de esta selección de quince relatos que captura parte de la diversidad temática y de estilo de los creadores que hoy empiezan. Nueva savia de un tronco viejo. Una estación de paso en la que cambiar de etapa es un viaje sin final. Os invitamos a hacer con nosotros y estos quince autores lo que mejor sabe hacer la literatura fantástica.

Os invitamos a imaginar.

Incluye:

El aeropuerto del fin del mundo, Tamara Romero



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Mejoría de la muerte, Weldon Penderton

Alma compartida, Óscar Muñoz Caneiro

La voz de la razón, Aitor Solar Azcona

La sonrisa de Mickey Mouse, Manuel Moreno Bellosillo

Mantenimiento, J. Valor Montero

La increíble historia de Cristóbal, el viajero del espacio/tiempo de El Corte Inglés (o de cómo puedes encontrarte un agujero de gusano donde menos te lo esperas), F. Javier Martínez Sánchez

Horizonte de sucesos, Sara Sacristán Horcajada

El día después del fin del mundo, Ricardo Cortés Pape

La vorágine, Ricardo Montesinos

El señor de los anillos a través de los tiempos, Pedro López Manzano

Que empiece de nuevo la matanza, Ángel Guardiola Gómez

Hasta nunca Seinfeld, Marco Antonio Marcos Fernández

El antepasado de la bola de cristal, Mario Barranco Navea

Los orcos no comen golosinas, Carlos López Hernando

...

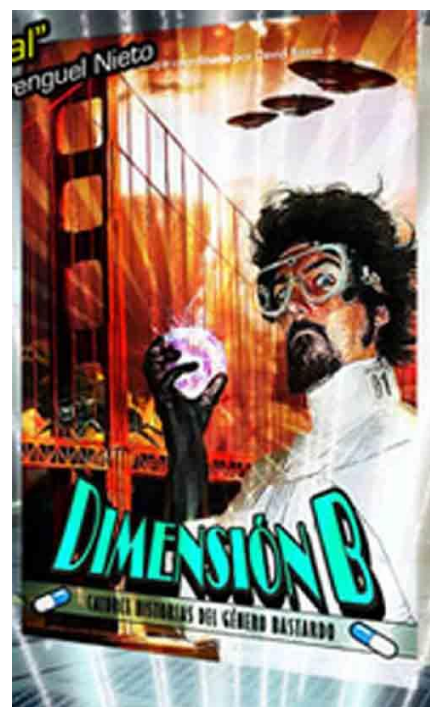
Título: Dimensión B

Autor: VV.AA.

Editorial: La Pastilla Roja

Sinopsis: Dimensión B es un compendio de 14 relatos fascinantes. Catorce escritores unidos para formar un libro lleno de buenos momentos, guiños a los fans y diversión. Además para todos aquellos de vosotros que estéis interesados en mis andares por el mundo de la literatura, aquí hallaréis una historia mía inédita que, si cuaja, prometo que será la primera de una serie que tengo pensado escribir.

Me refiero al Zafiro Vectorial, la que sería el capítulo 33 de Agente Hyperespacial Snake, una idea que nació de mi amor por la obra de Buichi Terasawa, así como de otras influencias como Lensman o God Hand, éste último la obra postrera de los geniales Clover para Psx2.



Resumiendo.

Si al igual que a mí, que crecí leyendo a Edgar Allan Poe y sus múltiples relatos, os agradan esos libros hechos con cariño y repletos de diversidad a la par que homogéneos, os recomiendo este recopilatorio sin dudar.

Dimensión B os va a encandilar. Tengo catorce razones para convencerlos y son las siguientes:

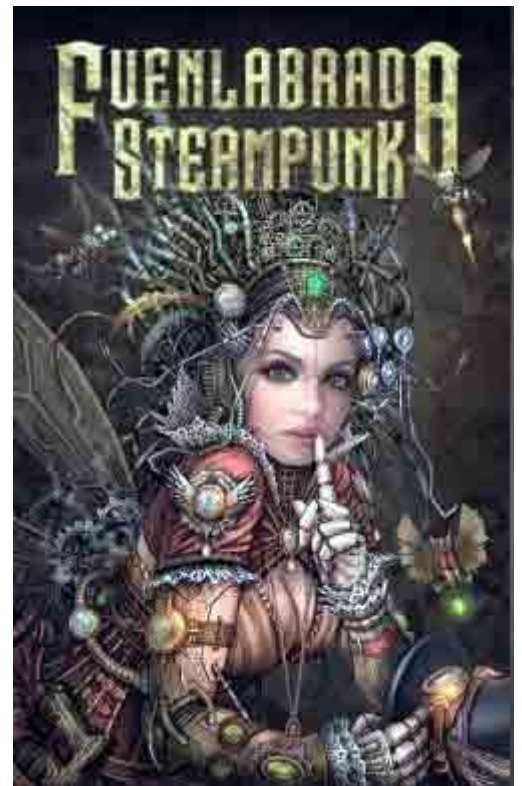
- 1- AÑO NUEVO TÓXICO Emilio J. Bernal
- 2- LA FLOTA FANTASMA Eduardo Casas Herrer
- 3- EL ZAFIRO VECTORIAL Pedro Berenguel Nieto
- 4- ¡CUIDADO CON LOS ROBOTS ALIENÍGENAS DEL FUTURO! Tony Jiménez
- 5- EL HORMIGUERO SEXUAL Bob Rock
- 6- LA ÚLTIMA CENA DE ACCIÓN DE GRACIAS José Luis Carbón Tirado
- 7- MAULLIDOS Antonio González Mesa
- 8- CAZADORES DE GIGANTES Ángel Villán
- 9- EL ATAQUE DEL ASESINO INVENCIBLE Juan González Mesa
- 10- EL WENDIGO DEL PLANETA GLUCK Ana Morán
- 11- BAJO LA SUPERFICIE Santiago Sánchez Pérez Korvec
- 12- HEREJÍA José Miguel Gómez
- 13- LA CRIATURA DEL LAGO INTERESTELAR Lluís Rueda
- 14- LA CARA B Alejandro Castroguer

Y nada más.

...

Título: Fuenlabrada Steampunk. Fuenlabrada Fantástica

Autor: VV.AA.



Portada: David Puertas

Editorial: Kelonia

Sinopsis: ¿Y si la historia de España no hubiese sido como nos la contaron? ¿Y si una puerta al multiverso nos desvelase una infinidad de mundos alternativos tan verosímiles como nuestra propia realidad? ¿Y si pudiésemos vivirlos todos en el marco de una ciudad llamada Fuenlabrada?

La Concejalía de Juventud e Infancia del Ayuntamiento de Fuenlabrada, el Festival de Fantasía de Fuenlabrada y Kelonia Editorial han abierto un portal para echar un vistazo a esos mundos de carbón, vapor y engranajes. Fuenlabrada Steampunk es el diario de viaje con las doce historias y ocho ilustraciones que hemos recopilado en esta aventura.

Sus autores: MA Astrid, Montse N. Ríos, Gloria T. Dauden, Óscar Navas, David Gambero, Rubén Fonseca, Marta Catalán, Víctor M. Yeste, Miguel A. Barbancho, Natalia López Sánchez, Manuel Osuna, Beatriz García Sánchez.

Sus ilustradores: David Puertas, Espi, Daniel Expósito, Gener, Azahara Herrero, Pablo Ramos Álvarez, Hugo Salais, Pablo Uría.

...

Título Ficción Científica. *Mundos: Dos años de Ficción Científica*

Autor: VV.AA.

Prólogo/Delgado, Nieves

ZX Bang/Eximeno, Santiago

El valor del dinero/Vaquerizo, Eduardo

Traición/ PacoMan,

La Zarpa Roja contra la amenaza de los hombres-lagarto/ Larrabe, Patxi

Quinta columna/ Moledo, Manuel

Seleuca-thy/ Ramos, Josué

Dejarse la piel/Castejón, María L.

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

- Memorias de una puta/Mota, Erick J.
Reprogramación/Cascales, Josep
Ojos de cesio radioactivo/Mota, Erick J.
La pitonisa/ Castejón, María L.
No habrá lápidas/Delgado, Nieves
Asuntos pendientes/Mota, Erick J.
Mentes y espejos/Moledo, Manuel
Segadores/Delgado, Nieves
Los itinerantes/Castejón, María L.
Sueños de petróleo/Moledo, Manuel
El pastor de naves/Martínez, Felicidad
Hallazgo/Manzanaro Arana, Ricardo
Por unos watt de más/Mota, Erick J.
El capricho de un Dios/Montenegro, Richard
David o la voluntad de la historia/ Pacoman
Baby Boom Díaz Marcos, José Luis
Jinetes de ancestros/ Barrio, Francesc
Esefoe/ Moreno Pérez, Alberto
Cubo Wells/ Eximeno, Santiago
Modelo de Prueba/Rodríguez Maldonado,
Felipe
Todos eran Fernando/Guevara, Iván
El cuaderno Fergusson/ Frini, Daniel



About Writers & Illustrators:

Writers:

Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) Professor of Fine Arts in Painting and Printmaking Orientation of Fine Arts Prilidiano Pueyrredón National School and Bachelor of Visual Arts with orientation Engraving Institute of Art "IUNA". He made the Thesis, Poetics of Book Art and Book Object. Book single original woodblock artist with illustrated poems.

<http://hilodeariadnagrace.blogspot.com>

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.co>

Brito, Paulo (Barcelos, Portugal) writes poetry and short stories from his 15 years by a need for mental health. In 2013 he decided to release their stories.

Caballero Álvarez, Mari Carmen (Spanish, 55 years old) I have published in various paper microstories to be selected in several competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN), Esmeralda (Tasty Snacks II, ACEN) and Spurs (Savory Snacks III). Your Name (Cachitos Love III).

Cuneiform writing (Once upon a time ... a micro story, collective Diversity Literary), Lost Shadow (Lots Creative, Literary Diversity) and was Truth (Portions of Alma, also Literary Diversity). Literary Storm is another bus that sent the contest theme Free Pen, Ink and Paper, complementing the selection of the play Pen, Ink and Paper II, the group organizes and

promotes Literary Diversity. Longing Autumnal Fall and Winter contest.

Several copies of the digital magazine Minatura appear some stories and my articles: Steampa (Steampunk), Scared to Death (Stephen King); Towards Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (Phobias) Petrolibros (Ray B. Douglas); A chalk Pokes (Vampires). Operation: "Caliente" (Spy Fi). Licantrosapiencia ... Viva la Science! (Lycanthropy). No dyes or preservatives (dossier immortality). Lights and Shadows (Area 51). Prototypes, Prequels and Sequels (Series B).

In the XI International Competition of fantastic micro story I Minatura finalist in the story The Three Shadows Devil.

Another choice has been to contest the 12 Fantásti`cs by the slang library, in the book The Grim Reaper Venus appears selected my story: Beautiful.

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

Castejón, María L. (Madrid, Spain, 1973)

literature fan in general, and the erotic and horror in particular.

He has been a finalist in the 2007 story Avalon, erotic poetry Contest II Red Owl, II International Poetry Competition 2010 Fantastic miNatura well as micro story VII International Competition Fantastic miNatura 2009.

His work has appeared in various publications online and in print journals in both Spanish and English.

Currently working on her first novel, and a haiku poems with Mar del Valle Seoane illustrator. He lives in Dublin, Ireland.

<http://stiletto.crisopeya.eu/>

Díez, Carlos (León, Spain, 31 años) He has been publishe in two edition of "Libertad bajo palabras", edited by Fundación de los Derechos Civiles" and winner the first prize of IV concurso de Cartas de Amor de Gaudete.

Has published in the magazine "A viva voz" of Gaudete and issue 10 and 13 of "Estadea".

Colaborte in web sites Austrolibera Who

Framed Roger Rabbitles.com and Clases Medias de Aragón and literary magazine Alborada-Goizaldia.

Live actually in Madrid.

Dominguez, Peter (Mayagüez, Puerto Rico) is a novel writer borinqueño, he was born in Puerto Rico but grew up and lives in Dominican Republic . Perhaps then define their nationality as a Dominican. Studying a Bachelor of Arts at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo [UASD] . He began his career publishing in Blogzine , Zothique The Last Continent , where are hung two seasons of his Light Novel Japanese style " Damned Angel : Genesis ' free and fantastic of the Judeo -Christian tradition recreation in a context of Luciferian ambition, wars conquest and religious geopolitics. Right now developed a series of short science fiction stories, some individual and others belonging to the same universe , in which the robotic Space Opera tradition and traditional style are intertwined . Titles like " De biorobotics and moral " ; "From the planet without shadow , " and " Requiem for a dead world " are some who billed . He has

also collaborated with several stories for the magazine MiNatura.

Espinosa Márquez, Dolores (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 I nonsexist Literary Short Story Competition Traditional Children convened by the Commonwealth Zona Centro de 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.

Fleming, William E. (Toledo, Spain, 1982)

writes for various online publications and blogs in various collaborations. His scattered by the intangible world of the internet, work from the thriller versa, to science fiction through eroticism, sensuality and pure terror. Several of his novels, collections and poems are about the most current issues His work sad song of a wounded poem, is his latest collection of poems and prose in Part I micrologies the door is the first volume of a set of micro-stories various subjects.

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

Engineering. He was editor and columnist in humorous magazines.

Contributes to various blogs, digital and paper publications. Are a class member and coordinator of Heliconia Literary Literary Workshop "Virtual Machines and Monkeys" magazine "New Scientist". He won several awards (Dinosaurio 2009 Black Sheep 2009, Garzón Céspedes 2009, The impatient lectotra 2011). Integrated several anthologies of poems and short stories. In 2000 he published in book "Adriana Poems". Soon, the publisher Andromeda publish his book of short stories "The Flood and other special effects."

He was sworn in various literary competitions. In 2012, his short story "Cry of a fallen" was selected as one of the "Big microstories of 2011" by the readers of the "International Microcuentista"

Galán Ruiz, Diego (Lleida, Spain, 1973) until the moment have published the novel El fin de Internet with Ediciones Atlantis, [microrrelatos] in the CACHITOS DE AMOR II, PORCIONES DE EL ALMA anthologies, ERASE one time UN MICROCUENTO, BOCADOS SABROSOS III

and PLUMA, TINTA and PAPEL, it hang on someone's words publication of the [microrrelato] the headache in the anthology it will spring up of the II declares insolvent International of [mundopalabras] [microrrelatos], Javis editions to published 4 of my stories in your Web page as Diego Ruiz Martínez my pseudonym : EL EXTRAÑO, LA LIBERTAD, EL ANGEL DE LA GUARDA and EL CASTIGO, have collaborated with some stories in the digital review MiNatura number 125,126,128,129 y131, in the page Lectures d'ailleurs, the EL EXTRAÑO story has been published translated to the French near a small interview, in the number 29 of the NM review has been published my EL ángel de la guarda story, the ESTILO AUREO review published in your section of fist and letter my EL BOTÓN story, in the LA IRA DE MORFEO review have published my LA PRIMERA VEZ story, my persecuted EL story has is selected to be published in the TU MUNDO anthology FANTASTIC, have remained finalist in the ESTOY CONTIGO contest of the Doyrens club with two stories, EL HOMBRE DE NEGRO and EL INTRUSO.

García del Pilar, Juanjo (Barcelona, Spain, 1968) degree in Philology and work as secondary school teacher.

My experience as a writer is very low, just two collaborations in collective books: Pluma, tinta y papel II Publisher by Diversidad Literaria (Microfiction); Editorial Bocados sabrosos 3 AGEN (microrrelatos).

Winner of the V International Fantastic Poetry miNatura 2013

In fact now when I start to move a little and I started to dust things I've been writing in recent years.

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. For more information:

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

López Nevado, Raúl Alejandro (Mollet, Barcelona, Spain, 1979) graduated in Philosophy in 2002, driven by the same desire for knowledge that sometimes inclined him to speculative fiction. He was redactor of *Total Guitar* magazine from 2007 to 2009, where he united his two passions: music and writing. Among other places of hyperspace, is a

regular contributor to <http://www.ciencia-ficcion.com>. He has published several tales and microtales in *Axxón*. He has published *Genesis I.O.* in *SupernovaCF* magazine. He was selected in the first literary prize *Liter of Terror* literature. He has published *Fábrica de Poemas* in *Alfa Eridiani*. He was selected finalist in the price for Poetry *José María Valverde 2007* (and published in an anthology book), and he won the first prize of Spanish poetry *Set Plomes*. His story *El regalo* was selected to be part of the anthology *Cuentos para sonreír* from the editorial *Hipálage*.

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, 1967) Narrator. Geographer by profession. Since 1998 lives in Lebu. His interest lies in CF television serials of the '70s and '80s. In fantasy literature, is the work of Brian Anderson Elantris and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the seventh *Andromeda Award Speculative Fiction*, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011, *Grave robbers* and the *III Terbi Award Thematic Story Space travel without return*, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with *Guinea pig*. He has

collaborated on several occasions in Minatura Digital Magazine and in recent time, the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous.

Marcos Roldán, Francisco Manuel (Spain)

has worked in various online publications as miNatura and his writings have appeared in various anthologies.

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

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

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba EventFiction 2003 Award "Rationale" 2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation.

International Competition" The Revelation", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition" Wave Polygon", Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

Medina Hinojosa, Sarko (Arequipa, Peru, 32 years old) journalist by profession, a writer of stories from 8 years. Despite being completely new publications on the subject of books, his stories have appeared in magazines intermittently paper and ink: Fantástico, Billiken, Cara de Camión, Valkiria, etc., as well as magazines and digital blogs Químicamente Impuro, Tanatología; Breves no Tan Breves; Ráfagas, Parpadeos, brief history of micro Microcuentista christmas of International, to name a few. Winner of the first prize Fantastic Tales magazine in 2004, has been mentioned or finalist in several others.

Currently is about to release his first book of short stories: "10 cuentos Urbanos". It belongs to the Asociación Cultural Minotauro and writes articles for various print media (Ciudad

Nueva, Los Andes, etc.). Directs Radio Program Usted Decide.

www.sarkadria.wordpress.com

www.sarkomedina.wordpress.com

www.urbaneando.wordpress.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>

Odilius Vlák –seud.– (Azua, Dominican Republic) Writer with continuous self-taught, freelance journalist and translator.

In December 2009, created together with a team of writers, illustrators and comic book artists, the Blogzine, Zothique The Last Continent, space devoted to the genre of Science Fiction, Horror and dark fantasy especially. The latter symbolized by the blog name taken from the eponymous series American writer, Clark Ashton Smith.

As a freelance translator, and the romantic aspect of the trade-is dedicated to translate new texts in Spanish, whether essays, stories, poems, literature related to gender.

Including a series of pulp science fiction stories of Smith, published in due course in Wonder Stories magazine.

Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

"The Demon of voice", the first of a series entitled, "Tandrel Chronicles" and has begun work on the second, "The dungeons of gravity."

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, México) writer, actor and movie maker. I do a short film named Ana Claudia de los Santos for You tube. Work in the tv series A2D3 by ramón Valdez and Carne cruda in you tube, extra in the Gloria film.

Rolfe, Jason E. (Canada) writes absurdist and speculative fiction. His work has appeared (and will be appearing) in The Ironic Fantastic, Black Scat Review, Apocrypha and Abstractions, Lovecraft eZine, Pure Slush, Cease Cows, Flash Gumbo, miNatura #131, Sein und Werden, and Wormwood.

Segovia Ramos, Francisco José (Spain, 1962) Law degree from the University of Granada. First Prize, among others, the IV International Competition of science fiction novel "Alternis Mundi", the Prose Prize XXVII Moriles (Cordoba); the Micromegas Story Book of Science Fiction; the II Contest of "Primero de Mayo" Stories, Argentina; twelfth Story Contest "Saturnino Calleja" Cordoba; the First

Literary Contest in homage to Mario Benedetti, Albacete.

Publications: "Los sueños muertos", "Lo que cuentan las sombras" stories; "El Aniversario" novel. Participant in numerous anthologies of poetry and story with multiple authors. Other activities: Collaborating in several newspapers and literary magazines.

Blog:

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

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón, Spain, 1963) Ceramist, photographer and illustrator. Has been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Magazine Network Science Fiction, Scientist, NGC3660, Portal CIFI miNatura Digital Magazine, not so brief Briefs, chemically impure, Gust flashes, Letters to dream, preached.com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog Count stories, Monelle's book, 365 contes, etc.).

He wrote under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages several blogs, two of them related to Digital Magazine miNatura that co-

directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, a publication specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story. He has been a finalist in several competitions and micro story short story: the first two editions of the annual contest Owl Group, in both editions of the pageant Letters fairy tale dream, I Contest horror short story the boy square; mobile Literature Contest 2010, magazine Jan. He has served as a juror in competitions both literary and ceramic, and conducting photography workshops, ceramics and literary.

Candelaria Zárate, M^a. Del Socorro (Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program Coordinator. San Luis de Potosi. He has worked in various issues of the digital miNatura.

Illustrators:

Pag. 52 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) *See Writers.*

Pag. 89 Bensler, Carolina (Barcelona, Spain, 1987) illustrator and comic colorist, specialized in Fantasy genre.

Throughout her brief trajectory her work has been published in various media like books, magazines, CD's, videogames, and a large list of events and exhibits; highlighting: "Exotique 7" by Ballistic Publishing (2011), the illustration done for Carlos Sisí' short story at "Ilusionaria 2" by Dolmen Editorial, "El Viaje del Polizón" (The Stowaway's Journey) by Mundos Épicas, the cover for the magazine "Imaginaris #13" edited by the Spanish Federation of Epic Fantasy "Espada y Brujería" (Sword and Sorcery), and a little contribution at "El Arte de Canción de Hielo y Fuego" (The Art of A Song of Ice and Fire) by Ediciones Gigamesh.

www.carolinabensler.com

www.facebook.com/carolina.bensler.art

Pag. 31 Brito, Paulo (Portugal) *See Writers.*

Pag. 01 Caron, Donald (Canada)

professional illustrator, actually live in Montreal. He has been working for year in movies, video-games, comic and publicity.

<http://donaldcaron.daportfolio.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/donald.caron.77>

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Pag. 21 Casciani, Andrés (Mendoza,

Argentina, 1982) is a graduate of the School of Fine Arts of Mendoza, with Bachelor's degree in Art Direction. He has also completed the Career of Visual Arts at the National University of Cuyo, with the titles of Professor BA Degree in Visual Arts and Visual Arts.

He has taught art workshops for children in the LOT (Chakras Museum of Coria) in 2007 and 2008; He has taught workshops at the Children's Art Workshop artist Ivonne Kaiser in 2008; Since 2009 teaches adults at Level III of the Atelier Classrooms Free Time, the Extension Department of the Faculty of Arts and Design at the National University of Cuyo.

Pag. 58 Puyana Domínguez, José Manuel (Cádiz, Spain) Illustrator, Graphic Designer, Blogger and Columnist.

BA in History, although professionally dedicated to graphic design and illustration. I have worked in both Spain and Portugal (Lisbon) and I've won some awards, including First Prize in the "National Contest Fernando Quiñones". Currently I am a freelance illustration, from video games doing

illustrations for books and comics, and write articles for the Bay of Cadiz and CEFYC Association Journal. As a lover of fantasy literature, science fiction and comic books, I write my own blog on these topics, called "Memoirs of a Morlock"

<http://memoriasdeunmorlock.com/>

Pag. 23 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 Panic Idols.

Pag. 02 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Spain) *See Writers.*

Pag. 54 Wright, Richard (UK) Illustrator, CG desing and matte paint artist.

<http://richard-wright.com/>

Pag. 07 Vélez, Víctor (Mexico City, Mexico, 1972) Professional cartoonist since I was sixteen.

My work has been reconized by National Newspaper such as: El Universal, El Economista, Reforma, La Jornada.

Magazines such as: Siempre, Expansión, Quo, Life and Style, Chilango, Esquire, Gente.

Collaborator of the French Magazine: "Courier Journal" Subsidiary of the Newspaper "Le Monde" also online clubs like "The Cartoonclub" and "VJ Movements Cartoonist"

Awards: The First International Cartoon Festival Iranian; Oil Products Distribution Company - 2012 (Iran); Honorable Mention, The 4th International Fadjr Cartoon & Caricature Contest-2012 (Iran); Honorable Mention. ONU The United Nations; Correspondents Association, "Rannan Lurie"; Political Cartoon Award for the year 2011 (NY, USA); XVII Biental de Periodismo San Antonio de los Baños (Cuba, 2011); Humor Gallarete Marco Biassoni Grand Prix LE ESTELLE (Italia, 2009); Honorable

Mention XI Biennial Humor Cartoonist Beijing (China, 2008); World Press Cartoon 2nd Place Editorial Cartoon (Sintra, Portugal, 2007); National Journalism Award "Pages" (México, 1997); XXVII National Club of Mexican Journalist Award (México, 1997); Desempeño Juvenil (México, 1995).

Exposition: Retrospective, Subway México City; 400 Cartoo, Beganic Galerie; Víctor Vélez, Galeria Regia; Chubasco, Cervantes Foro.
Books: The Circus; Jacinto, Image Hunter, Mexican Revolution.

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 Spasm (2010)/ *Donald Caron (Canada)*; **Pag. 02** Friki Frases/ *Carmen R. Signes Urrea (Spain)*; **Pag. 07** Última cena/ *Víctor Vélez (Mexico)*; **Pag. 21** El ausente/ *Andrés Casciani (Argentina)*; **Pag. 23** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Bad promises/ *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*; **Pag. 31** Layers of emptiness/ *Paulo Brito (Portugal)*; **Pag. 52** Pleyade/ *Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)*; **Pag. 54** Eclipse/ *Richard Wright (UK)*; **Pag. 58** Terrores Infantiles/ *José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain)*; **Pag. 89** Arachnophobia/ *Carolina Bensler (Spain)*.

