

MILITARY



ISSN 2340-977

The Magazine
of the Brief &
Fantastic



I am the video word made
flesh.

Videodrome (1983), David
Cronenberg



Of course some sort of
general idea they must have,
if they were to do their
work intelligently —
though as little of one as
possible. For particulars, as everyone
knows, make for virtue and happiness;
generalities are intellectually necessary
evils. Not philosophers but fret sawyers
and stamp collectors compose the
backbone of society.

Brave New World (1932), Aldous
Huxley.



The face of "evil" is always the face of
total need. A dope fiend is a man in total
need of dope. Beyond a certain frequency
need knows absolutely no limit or
control. In the words of total need:
"Wouldn't you?" Yes you would. You
would lie, cheat, inform on your friends,



steal, do anything to satisfy
total need. Because you
would be in a state of total
sickness, total possession,
and not in a position to act
in any other way. Dope
fiends are sick people who
cannot act other than they
do. A rabid dog cannot
choose but bite.

Naked Lunch (1959), William S.
Burroughs



To take the choice of another... to forget
their concrete reality, to abstract them, to
forget that you are a node in a matrix,
that actions have consequences. We must
not take the choice of another being.
What is community but a means to... for
all we individuals to have... our choices.

Perdido Street Station (2000), China
Miéville.

Maybe this world is another planet's hell.

Aldous Huxley

That Saturday, January 18, 1803, promised an interesting afternoon: George Forster was executed. A hangman in Newgate was something familiar, but the presence of the scientist Giovanni Aldini (nephew of Galvani), no. As narrated in *The Newgate Calendar*: *"In the first application in the face of the process, the jaws of the deceased criminal began to tremble, and the adjacent muscles twisted horribly, it must be added that one of his eyes was opened. Following the process, the right hand was squeezed and lifted slightly, while legs and thighs began to move"*. The event provoked a good applause from the crowd and some other lady fainted¹.

¹ Mary Shelley was barely five years old when these events occurred, but in her introduction to

October, November, December #165 2018

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

ISSN: 2340-977

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¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

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Frankenstein's 1831 edition, the scholars of her work believe they see a clear allusion to this experiment.

Chimeras² and eugenics are the new fruits that should not be eaten from the tree of Good and Evil.

The origin of the second term goes back to 1883, when the British *polymathy*³ Francis Galton coined the word eugenics to designate the practices aimed at increasing the genetic quality of the human species.

Inspired by this philosophy on July 14, 1933, a few months after the coming to power of Adolf Hitler, the Nazi regime enacted the law for the prevention of offspring with hereditary diseases.

Fiction literature began to warn us a long time ago, about the dangers of playing at being god. From Faust to Case (*Neuromancer*, 1984), the

² They are those beings in which several different DNAs coexist, be they from the same or from different species. Let us not forget the attempts of the Russian scientist Ilya Ivanov to mix human gametes with those of apes to create a human-animal hybrid, attempts that, in spite of paying off with a general failure, served as a first warning about what the future would bring.

³ Is an individual who possesses knowledge that includes diverse disciplines.

theologian and the trafficker struggle against the established gods and corporations. Who will triumph in the end?

We cannot close this editorial without thanking as always all collaborators and especially the great work of their illustrators

Takahiro –seud.- (Spain); Hugo Abeis Ruiz Toranzo, (Cuba); Omau –seud.- (Venezuela); Evandro Rubert (Brazil) y Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Enjoy and read this special!



BASES DEL XI CERTAMEN INTERNACIONAL DE POESÍA FANTÁSTICA MINATURA 2019

La Revista Digital miNatura convoca el XI Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2019

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

Podrán concursar todos los interesados, sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.

Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tema del poema tendrá que ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.

Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:

revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com

En el asunto deberá indicarse: “XI Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2019” (no se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

La participación y los datos exigidos, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje que no debe quedar en ningún caso vacío. No se admiten adjuntos de ningún tipo.

Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos: seudónimo (que aparecerá publicado junto al poema para su evaluación), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, dirección postal (calle, número, código postal, ciudad, país), e-mail de contacto (importante su inclusión puesto que no queda

reflejada en el correo recibido), y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados). A aquellos trabajos que lleguen sin seudónimo se les aplicará, como tal, el título del poema; en el caso de que éste falte se entenderá que el poema lleva por título el primer verso y así será reflejado.

Se aceptará un único poema por participante. La publicación del mismo en las horas posteriores al envío dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura (<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/>)

previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo, porque la cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de las mismas no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes.

Cualquier consulta sobre el certamen o el envío del poema deberá hacerse a la siguiente dirección de correo electrónico: revistadigitalminatura@gmail.com

Importante: la cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de las participaciones no es un buzón de correo, sólo admite entradas, no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes, ni tan siquiera queda reflejada la dirección del remitente y no admite adjuntos.

Los poemas tendrán una extensión mínima de 10 versos y un máximo de 50 en su totalidad. Deberán presentarse en tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12, sin



formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado, inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog. (Para comprobar la extensión de los poemas se utilizará una plantilla de documento de Word tamaño de papel Din-A4 con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, eso quiere decir que aquellos versos se sobrepasen una línea en dicho formato quedarán fuera de concurso pues se entenderá que exceden el número de versos máximo admitido a concurso).

Aquellos poemas que no cumplan con las bases no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO. Los poemas no etiquetados de esta forma dispondrán de una única oportunidad, dentro del plazo de recepción, para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso (NOTA: se ruega a los participantes que revisen el blog del certamen en los dos días posteriores al envío para certificar la perfecta recepción del poema, de no encontrarlo escriban a la dirección indicada en el punto 6 de estas bases indicando título del poema y seudónimo).

Las obras, inéditas o no, no deben estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.

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

El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto. Los trabajos presentado serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos poemas que resulten destacados en el mismo. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.

El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 19 de mayo de 2019 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura).

También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook: (<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>).

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

El plazo de admisión comenzará desde la publicación de estas bases y finalizará el domingo día 24 de marzo de 2019 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

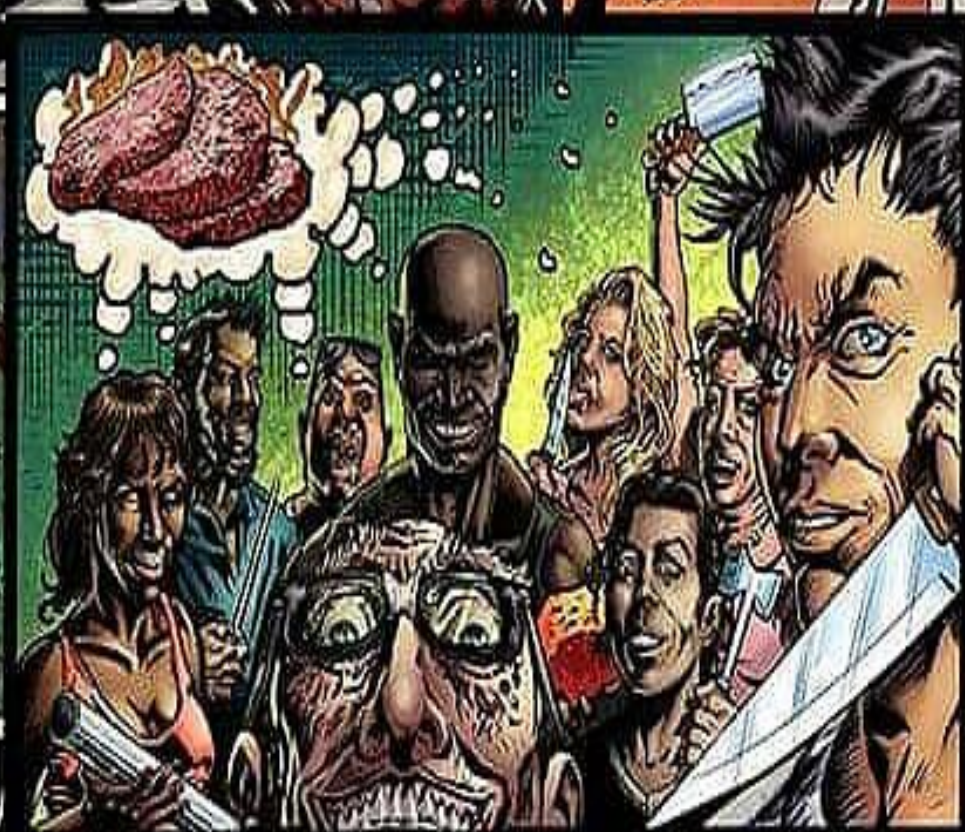
Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrània

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura







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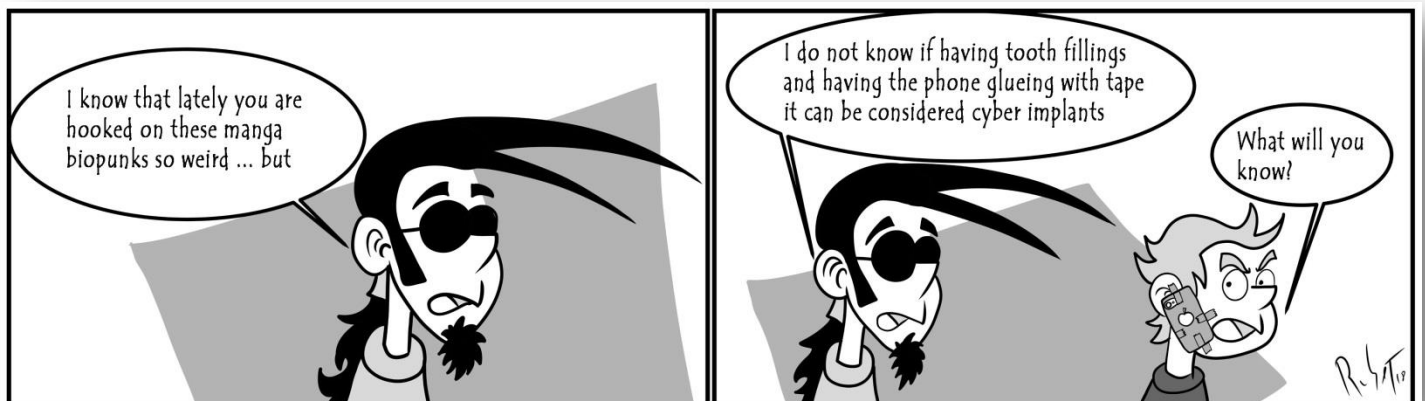
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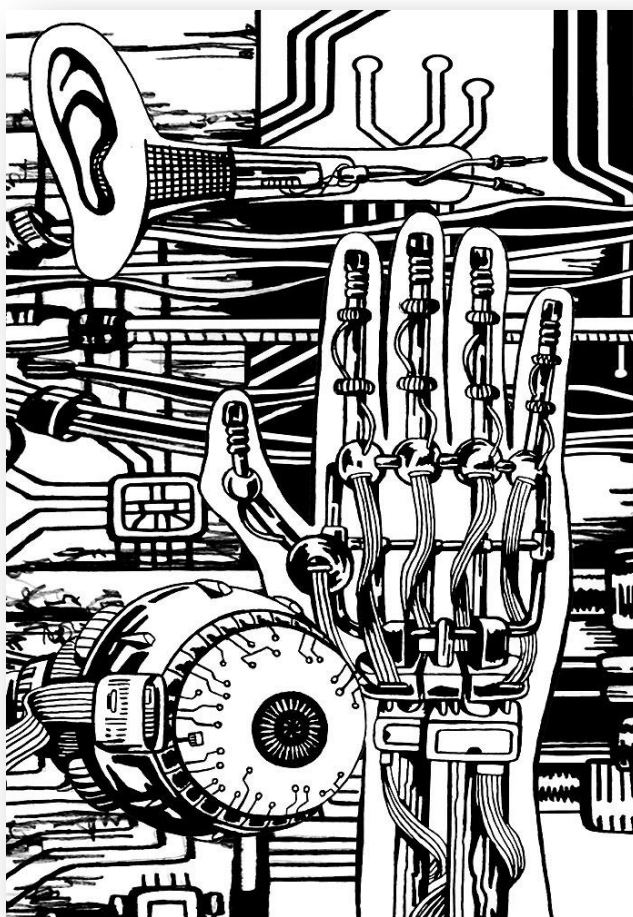
Sequences

By Bárbara Blas (Mexico)

Guardian opens your doors,
abandons your static and immovable
dimensions and moves the rock
obstacles of the entrances to keep
me away. Abstract and lost in your
images of the past, you are
reviewing them again and again as
the only tangible thing for you.
Artificial light accompanies the
sound of the static of the screens.
Only circuits, electrical impulses...
repetitive. Guardian opens your
doors, I know your world of
concrete, latex, fiber optics and
technology, let my brain connect
and the synapse be filled with
binary language...

Guardian absorbed in the repetitions
of the sequences...

I'm inside your system...



Esperanza Circus

By Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

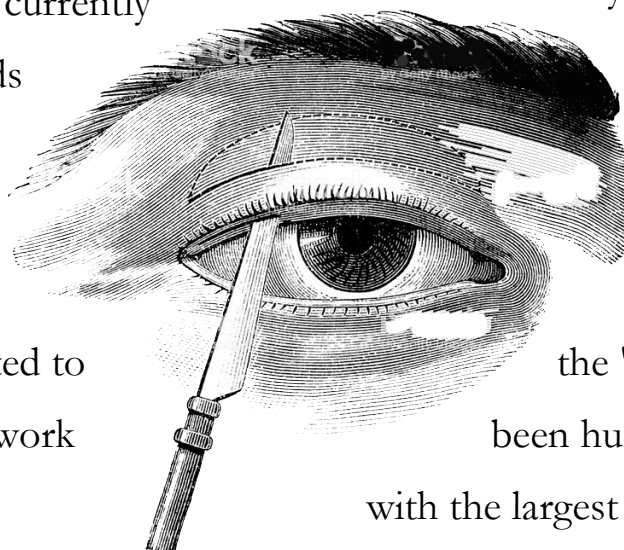
Ever since I heard his name for the first time I had tried to establish some connection between the grotesque animalism of the islanders and the aberrations of Moreau; now he understood everything.

The island of Dr. Moreau, H. G. Wells

The circus ring closed and the water hoses erased the traces of the show. They picked up without delay. The night was going to be long, hours of crossing until reaching the new destination.

Alfred did not consider the job of track manager he was currently doing a step backwards in his status as a doctoral professor in genetics, because he was where he wanted to be and knew that his work could be known and,

perhaps, valued. The only drawback to deal with those who would persecute him for investigating without permission altering the most sacred of the human race, his DNA, and all this to recover inferior beings who had already gone down in history.



The invitations received an affirmative answer. At the ticket office the "no tickets" sign had been hung. The stands bustled with the largest scientific

representation in the country. The music sounded high. The function was going to begin. Alfred went out on the dance floor shouting the show, nor the sound of the circus march could silence the booing. Soon, the most absolute silence. The faces of the spectators spoke for themselves. The horror framed in his gestures before what he began to show there. The departure on the track of the circus roles fulfilled the archetypes established in everything except one thing. Those were not human beings, they looked like people, but their

faces, their movements, their voices, corresponded to animals, to wild beasts that after a first return to the track, either by the stroboscopic lighting or the loud sound of the band, they launched themselves against the terrified present biting, dismembering, mutilating and devouring without anyone, not even Alfred could remedy it ... or even try. The darkness surrounded the caravan, it had a lot of world to travel until reaching its first reproductive cycle. The Esperanza circus merged with the night.

A slave dies

By Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba/USA)

Neeto has a unique serial number but no individuality whatsoever. Lives, breathes, perspires a little, doesn't excrete at all. All the better, house cleaning is one of his main uses. Also washes, prepares and preserves food... even changes diapers and takes care of grannnie. Does everything perfect, and above all naturally, ecologically, because Neato is a biological robot developed from fast growing Leghorn chickens. Everything's fine till the day it starts to develop the equivalent of tumors, tissue decay, organic failures... infirmities. Its busy owners won't be bothered with recycling, and they have heard that feeding it to other biomechanical appliances could go very wrong. One night they quarter it as best they can and just drop it down the trash chute. But the intelligent

waste management system knows the building will be fined as soon as the collectors identify Neeto, so it gets detoured through the HVAC extractors, and the chunks of the former semi sentient house slave fall to the bottom of the megalopolis, quite below the 204 floor where it served its whole life. Even then remains functional, at least homeostatic, and aware of his parts scattered all over the filthy alley where it ended up. Its sensors capture the marginals, the social rejects that crawl towards it, knives in hand. Neeto never had high cognitive functions, feels no pain nor fear while its butchered, chewed, swallowed... when numerous digestive tracts start to shut down its fragments one by one, only then Neato identifies the phenomenon of the loss of existence.

Morbid obesity

By Francisco José Plana Estruch (Spain)

— Ladies and gentlemen, our laboratories have managed to develop a technology with which we are going to eradicate obesity on Earth.

The audience fell silent after the shocking announcement from Dr. Swan.

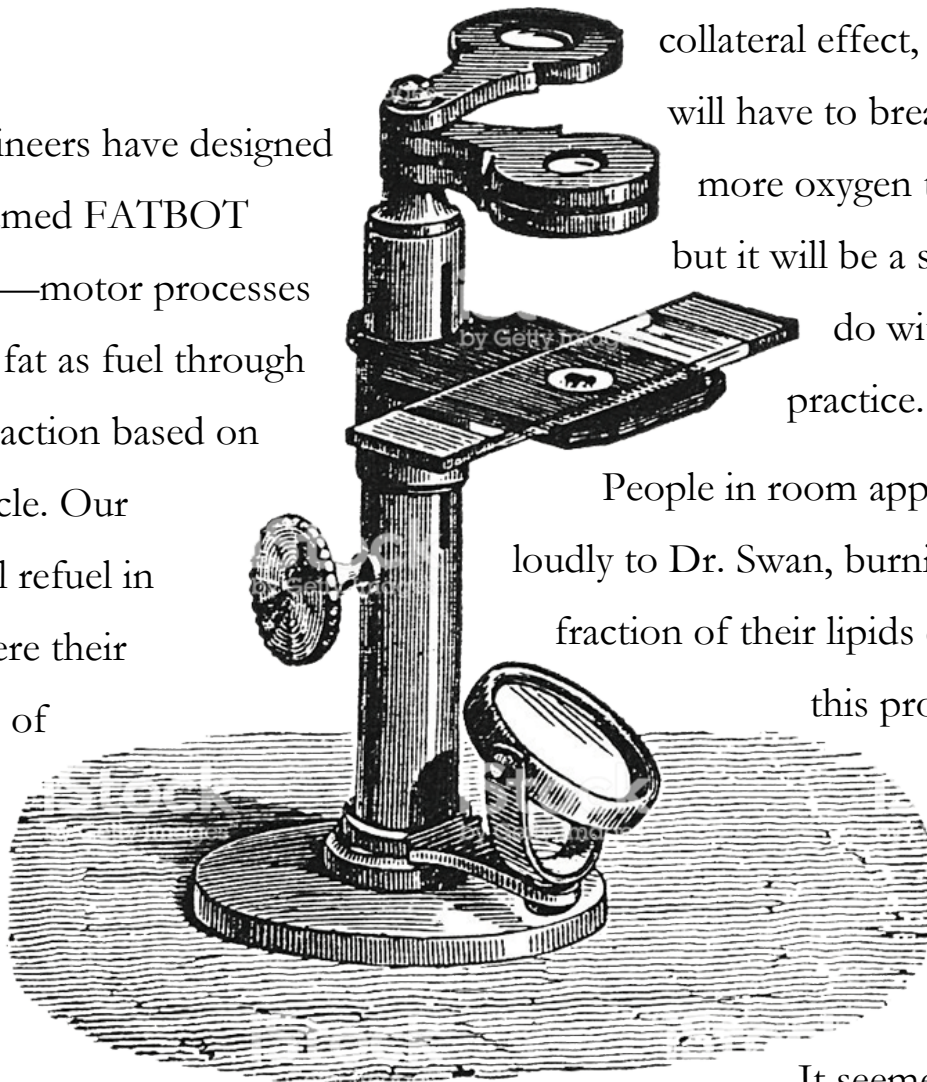
— Our engineers have designed a nanobot named FATBOT whose micro—motor processes human body fat as fuel through a chemical reaction based on the Krebs cycle. Our machines will refuel in the areas where their guests excess of fatty tissue and they will navigate towards the

lungs in opposite direction to bloodstream to increase energy consumption. Once there, they will be supplied with oxygen, discharge the residual carbon dioxide and refuel to complete their work cycle. As a

collateral effect, the guest will have to breathe 5% more oxygen than usual, but it will be a simple task to do with a little practice.

People in room applauded loudly to Dr. Swan, burning a tiny fraction of their lipids excess with this process, since most of them suffered obesity.

It seemed the



beginning of a new era for humanity.

Thirty years after this incredible announcement, the technology based on Fatbots was a complete commercial success. Eighty—percent of the population of rich countries used them. However, obesity did not disappear as had been speculated. In fact, it had increased by 3%.

People liked to eat and now took twice as much as before, compensating for this abuse with the purchase of more and more Fatbots. As always, the real losers were the pariahs of the third world. The demand for food increased in the rich countries and, symmetrically, so the hunger in the poor nations. The historic abuse was repeated...

Heaven's door

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

This apparatus is our previous Commandant's invention. I also worked with him on the very first tests and took part in all the work right up to its completion.

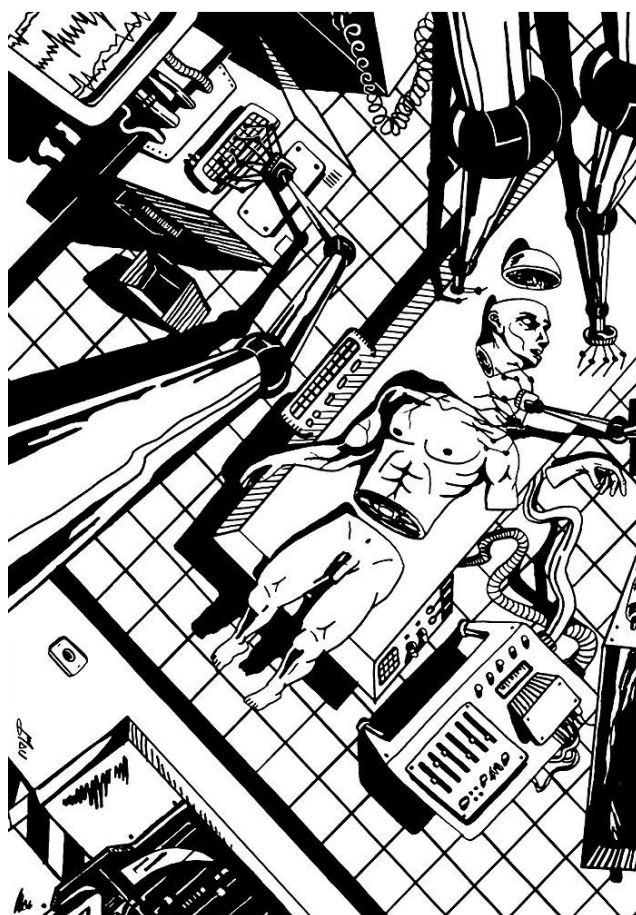
In the penal colony, Franz Kafka

I was a poor man. And the wonders of biomolecular medicine were never

available to poor people. Over decades, an abyss had opened among those who still get ill and those who are healthy by genetic manipulation. We, the humans and they, the so-called "novohumans." At that point in time, I

was recovering from a disease. I don't mention this as an excuse nor do I

want to exonerate my betrayal, but it would seem the worst day of one's existence is when you learn you have terminal cancer. On the other hand, you cannot fathom how difficult it is to bear the news that you have, in fact, healed and live with the



possibility of a relapse gnawing your will until you go mad. Chemotherapy is not for everyone; it poisons both the bad cells and the brain. I was seriously considering suicide when I received an offer from a Dr. Prendick whose Heaven's Door Program promised something forbidden to humankind. Totally unaware the process of DNA recombination is atrocious, I had no scruples about abandoning my mortality. At first, the body resisted the cannulas and enriched serums. But, in the end, I emerged purified and accustomed to a new appearance, aseptic and hairless. Next, I joined the new religion and became the most severe of the commissars in the Eugenics Project. It was in the large medical centers of each quadrant where all those patients selected by massive lotteries, received the latest biotechnological applications. And where we also heard the advent of the galactic

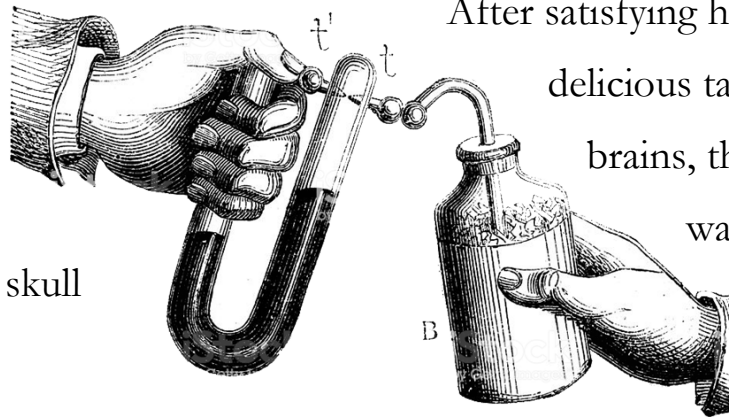
community was imminent. Alas! a solar storm affected the communication satellite. By mistake, I read a message that revealed the whole lie: there was no improvement plan in progress. On the contrary, the medical centers were reservoirs of extermination, devious apparatus of systematic annihilation. Diseases, no, no; all who were ill would be eradicated from the face of the planet before the return of those who in ancient times, came down from heaven. It was at that point that I rejected the inheritance acquired over the martyrdom of so many. It was difficult, yes but months of ignominious treatment restored my humanity. All tyranny begets the seed of its poverty. Now I'm poor again. Now, I am the leader of the rebellion against the novohumans. And all the while we wait, fiercely, for those who will come from outer space.

It's alive?

By Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

—It's alive! Said Dr. Victor von
Frankenstein
before the
creature got up
and with a swift
attack smashed his skull

with a bite to devour his brain.



After satisfying himself, tasting the
delicious taste of human
brains, that monster, which
was not alive, went in
search of more.

The Forgotten

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

We are the forgotten, the expelled,
the invisible, the hungry, the
persecuted. We are what you do not
want to be and that is why you do not
want to see or hear us. We orbit your
cities as famished satellites, we raise
our hands to you asking for help, but
you don't even dare to look at us
because if you don't look at us you
can pretend that we don't exist.

We are the pariahs, the exiles, the
beggars, the black sheep, the
cursed children, the
exiles of your neat
civilization.

We round your
cities like cockroaches. We camped
beyond your walls. We contemplate
your luxury and eat your garbage.
Desde lejos os envidiamos y os
odiamos: por ser ricos,

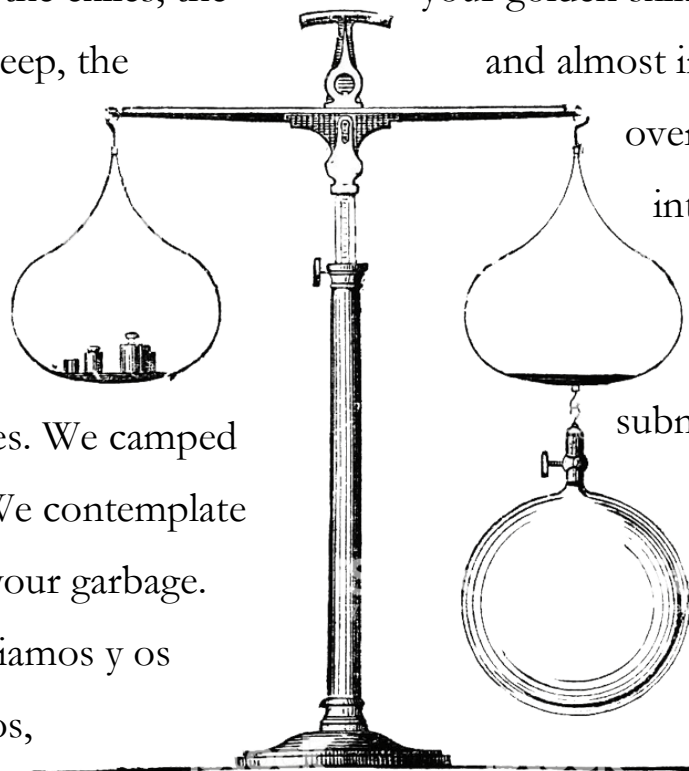
por ser sanos, por ser bellos y
radiantes, por ser todo lo que
deseamos ser y nunca lograremos.

You taught us that we were less than
nothing. Genetic failures without
solution. Debtors of an arrogant
charity that allowed us scrape out a
living in your shadow. You told us
that you were better, natural masters
of the planet, and we, bewildered by

your golden skins, your beautiful
and almost immortal bodies,
overwhelmed by your
intelligence and your
strength, we
believed and
submitted...

Until now.

Now we know
the truth, now we
know that it was



our ancestors who created you and
not the other way around. Now we
know that you took away our dignity

and freedom. Now we know that you
are not our masters, but our enemies.

Now came the moment of your fall.

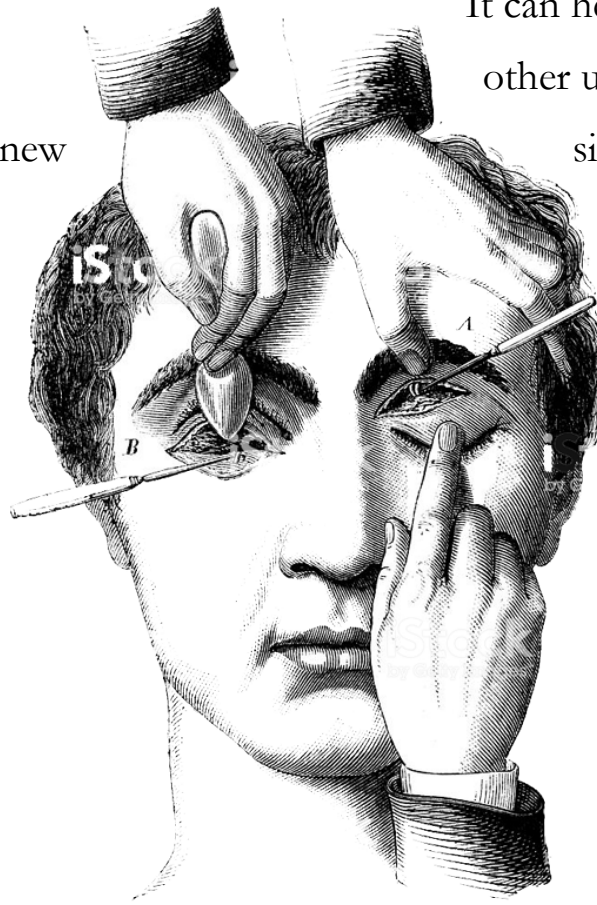
Dog tongue

By Samir karimo (Portugal)

Due to a scientific experiment, my
tongue is called "dog
tongue" which heals
everything. If people knew
what I am capable of,
they would stop
talking to me, even
kiss me... I can say

that wherever it goes leaves its trace ...

It can heal wounds... And
other unimaginable things,
since it has a genetically
changed canine
molecule to heal but
can also rave who
feels its breath to...



Nothing the god of bio-mechanics wouldn't let you in heaven for

By *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

They were men, men like yourselves...

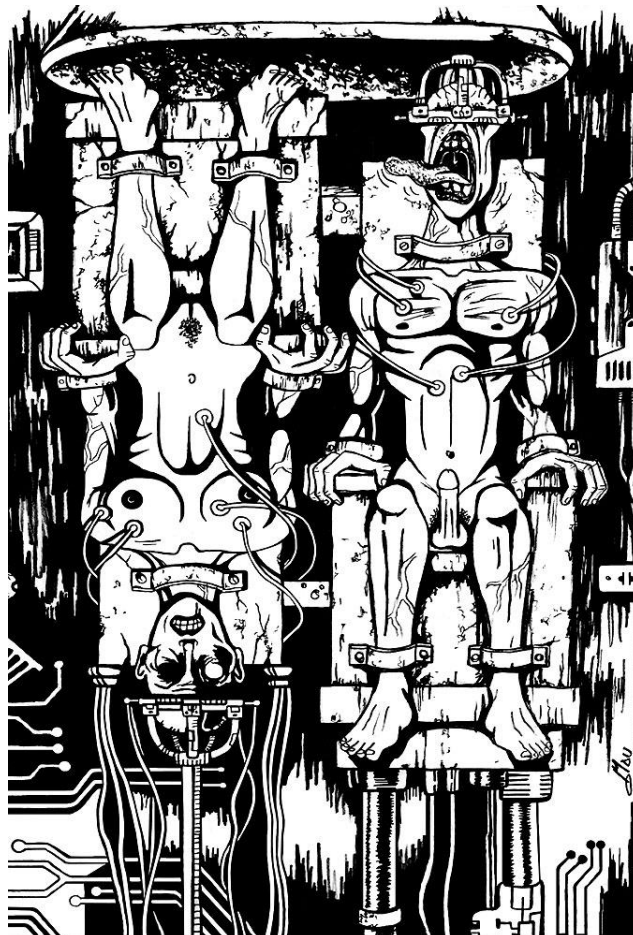
The Island of Doctor Moreau, H. G. Wells

"Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the heavens..." He used to repeat that passage of the Bible while the heterogeneous genetic material is mixed in the test tubes.

But that laboratory is not a temple. And if it was, it would have been erected in

honor of a cruel god that only cares about his small-minded self-interest, always eager for new sacrifices. On

the walls, in niches excavated on the fake white, jars with fetuses of zoomorphic features that once would have been considered monsters, a macabre homage to the origins of the most important genetic and social



engineering program.

“Only the one that adapts to change survives,” says the project director.

Maybe is playing with him. They may have discovered all. They have so many informants...

Back home, in the sordid suburbs that extend beyond the security perimeter, he buys noodles under the acid rain, in one of the many street food stalls. He has no time to lose; a long night of work awaits him.

In his corridor a motley crowd gathers: humans improved for the glory of the State and the optimal functioning of the system. Gills for the operators of the oil platforms; wings for the builders assigned to the construction of the skyscrapers from where the elite manages their fates; enormous and sensitive ears for the

sappers — blind — in charge of excavating the underground labyrinth that is home to the most disadvantaged levels of the torn social fabric...

Although he will not be able to reverse the genetic manipulation that gave them life, he will try to alleviate its sequels with surgery and pharmacological treatments.

No one in their right mind would have risked so much; but, when the first one appeared asking for help, he could not refuse. After all, he's a doctor. That is why, although he has not been sleeping for a long time and he knows that one day the police will knock at the door, from his mouth, instead of reproaches, only the word that everyone expects comes out: “Next!”

Exobiology with a terrestrial origin

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

"Sir, the organic restructuration process of the mammal *Sus scrofa domestica* is finish... Should we set him free?"

"Good. Yes, liberate him. I hope that the expensive genetic augmentations to endure the geochemical of this damned planet don't fail us in this occasion, as in the case of the crustacean... Else, we are

bound to waste the small budge for the exobiology tracking in the search of this psychotic extraterrestrial with his cells full of mud —just like his ancestry."

The swine went on among the exobiology diversity growling and sinking, from time to time, his snout on some pedestrian clothed with an exoskeleton in a biological symbiosis



with its host DNA. Most of them avoided him, glad that his growl doesn't indicate their genetic affiliation with his genes. The swine also rooted the alien soil each time he stumble upon a spot soften by the myriad of substances oozing in that Babel of sidereal outcasts, Édendroid Primus —galactic lair for fugitive extraterrestrials.

The recreated terrestrial animals were, of course, genetically improved. They could explore a whole planet without the necessity to eat anything. At the end, that resistance paid off. That case wasn't the exception. The swine snout sunk, with a frantic growl, on a pedestrian leg whose

exoskeleton couldn't avoid the recognition—by the part of the original terrestrial DNA— of its extraterrestrial lineage.

The Sentinels of Moreau Project for the creation of alien life from terrestrial animals, confirmed the affinity reading the swine DNA while it assimilate the information of its synthetic counterpart.

"We got him!", informed a voice without trace of carbon in its tone, "The AI Dr. Moreau will enjoy the process of regression of this extraterrestrial to his primitive biological archetype —another swine to be sell in a public auction.

How could it fail?

By Juan Pablo Goñi Capurro (Argentina)

On May 17, I deposited my semen in BIOCMÉ, like every month, before entering work. I signed; I sat in my cubicle to process orders. I sent them, and then I sent the copies to the control government office. I activated the reader in order to receive more tasks. I could continue with the chronicle of daily banalities but I suppose it is enough to say that it was a normal day. I sent family messages, copulated with Aniza in the lavatory —she always agreed, her genes forced her to please at any extreme— and I ate my lunch. My last normal act would be paradoxical; I was sorry for Aniza, it was an unfortunate cloning of BIOCMÉ, unable to

direct her life.

I returned to the cubicle, carrot juice in hand, when something took over my personality —I have no other way to describe it—. I threw the juice, took the iron weight of my exercises and stamped it against my partner's skull. His head exploded, the crunch of bones euphorized me. I lunged in

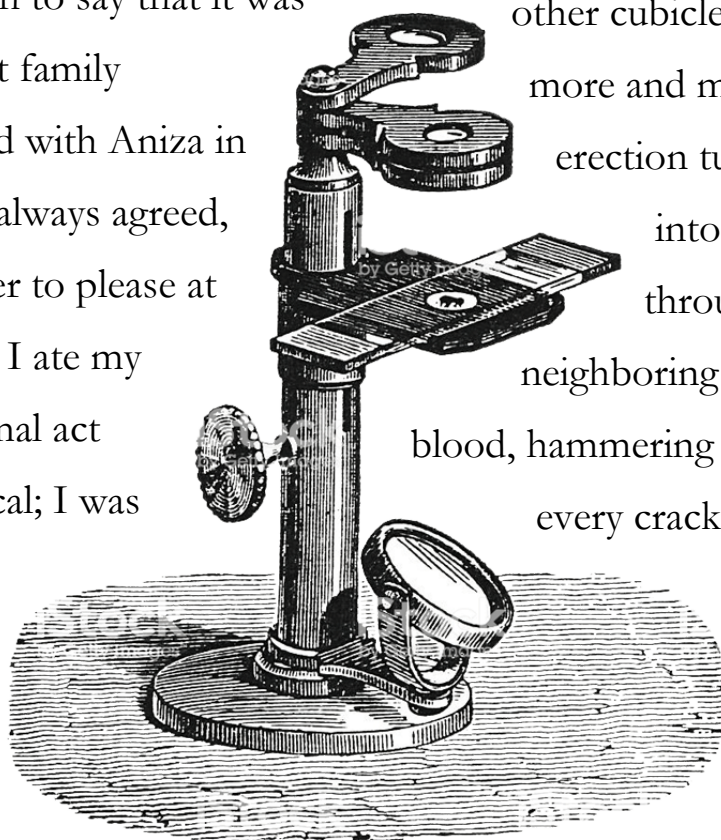
other cubicles, bursting heads, more and more excited. An erection turned my pants

into a tent. I continued through the

neighboring section, hungry for blood, hammering brains, howling at every crack of bones. I

climbed to the control floor.

Lizzi, the boss's secretary, opened



her mouth but did not speak. The sight of his blood extended across the desk forced me to lower my pants; I ejaculated by drawing a picture on his monitor. I started drinking from his brain. My body shuddered and my sanity returned. I was paralyzed at the corpse. Albin left his office; when he saw that I was covered in blood, his legs loosened. I took advantage of his panic, introduced him into the office

and forced him to display my confidential record. I was also a being cloned by BIOCME! "How could it fail?" Albin whispered. I read my genetic makeup; there it was, there was a portion of the Marquis de Sade's DNA. «To awaken his aggressiveness in business»; thus BIOCME justified the atavistic aggregate.

The city of the lights

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

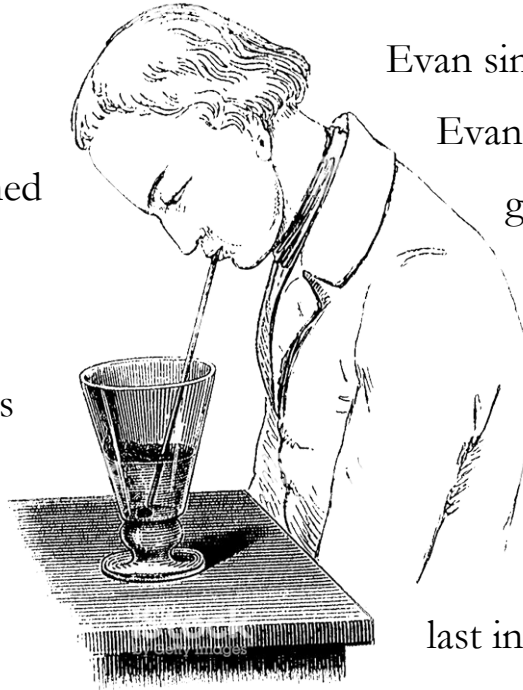
Since childhood, Evan admired that luminous island, the great city that shone in the dark night of the desert. The impression was such that all

his childhood drawings focused his interest on that marvel. He imagined it majestic, with imposing avenues that crossed each other, generating luminous points that stood out from their tall glass constructions, reflecting toward the sky a beam of indescribable beauty.

However, the city was closed to him and his kind, the archaists.

The archaists, also called humans, once inhabited similar cities, until one day they succumbed to a new race of beings, created by themselves, in their image and likeness: the neologists.

These, one day they rose against their creators, founded their own society and condemned the archaists to live in the wastelands.



Evan since he had used reason,

Evan had seen countless groups of archaists, who migrated to the city of lights, with the illusion of improving their living conditions. As their house was the

last inhabited point, before entering the desert, they stopped there to stock up on water. Karl, he was a shrewd drug dealer who carried out the daring operation. According to him, there was a tunnel in the vicinity of the city through which you could enter. Once inside, if not captured, any non-automated trade could be developed, since many

neologists turned a blind eye to the subject.

Evan often implored Karl to take him with him. The merchant always ignored arguing that he was better with his parents. But Evan did not stop in his effort to visit the city. One day, when the old truck stopped like it used to, he climbed up in the back part, confusing himself with the shift group.

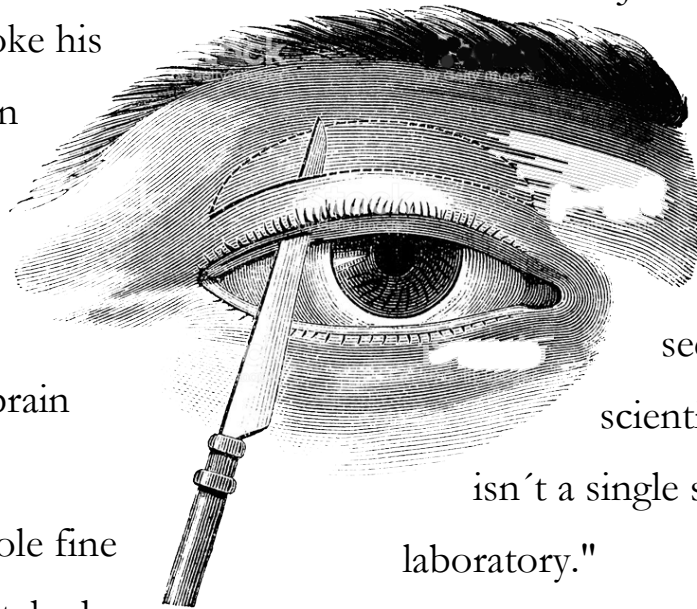
There was never a secret tunnel. Karl, in exchange for fuel and food, delivered the group at the border post. There the migrants were killed and their bodies occupied to create new neologists. Meanwhile, the mocking wind of the wasteland was responsible for spreading the drawings that Evan had with him.

The living Nirvana

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

The room was shrouded in darkness when Alexander Chang got in. When he turned on the lights, a huge gelatinous mass stroke his eyes. It was stored in a crystal cylinder fill with a viscous liquid. That object seemed a colossus brain beating behind the transparency. A whole fine nervous system stretched throughout the interior of that cylinder. It branched itself within all that cryogenic structure that home it. The man's surprise expression was in accordant with that crystal column looming over his head by more than eight feet in the center of the room. *Good God!*, thought Chang, *it's even*

more horrible than I'd heard... What on earth were these men thinking.



"John, come here, hurry up!", called detective Alexander the chief of police. "It seen that the genetic scientists ran away. There isn't a single soul in the laboratory."

"They shouldn't have gone too far", assumed the harsh voice man backed by a policemen unit behind him. Amazement and frustration shadowed all their faces. To them, the raid was a total failure. *Why were all those Asian supremacists so linked to Buddhism?; how the Communist Party knew nothing about the movements of this far right China party*

that operated in the underground scene of Hong Kong?, those were the thoughts that hunted the heads of both men. They went on opening others rooms in which they found out others cylindrical capsules with the same brain mass. They noticed that they were connected by nervous fibers forming a complex biological computer. Beyond a crystal wall, they

distinguish a group of men meditating in the lotus position. On the spot, the consciousness of every man was submerged into a weird rapturous state by a force that spoke to them. When they come to their senses, the whole teen was convinced that the time to conquer the West had finally come.

Trapped

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

They will soon find my hiding place. They are getting closer, I can hear them perfectly. This basement has been my salvation, but it will also be my grave. I know. I don't care. Not much, anyway. A part of me is looking forward to being caught and ending everything at once. I'm tired of running away, of hiding, of being harassed and hunted. Almost better to finish.

For a while we thought we were triumphant. We had cornered them, it seemed that their number had decreased. We had not seen any new ones for a long time and that made us believe that we had won. Fools! We thought we had the power. We were

more than them. We were stronger.

We were invincible. We were

powerful. Our mutated genes

seemed to give us all the

ballots to dominate

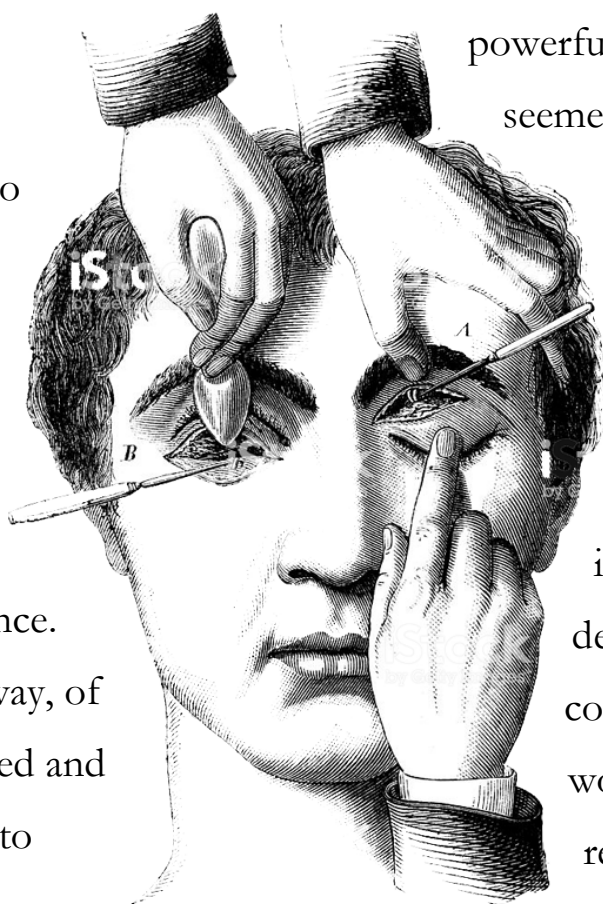
the world. Stupids,

stupids, stupids!

That was no more than a mirage. An illusion. An unfounded desire. They reacted, counterattacked ... and won. The few of us who remained have become in fun. We are

persecuted, harassed and hunted like rabbits. And who can reproach them? We did the same.

I've been running for days and I'm tired. I'm hungry. I'm desperate. I have not seen any of my people for a long time. Wherever I look, wherever



I go, I see them only occupying roads,
streets and houses. We thought we
had won. It can be more deluded?

I hear his footsteps on the floor
above. Slow but safe, relentless and
tireless. That they find me is only a
matter of minutes, maybe seconds.

I can almost smell them. How
hungry I am, how tired!

They hit the door. They will not stop
until it collapses.

Well, I'm glad. Now everything will
end. Finally. I wait for them on foot.
Exhausted, but firm. I'm not going to
let them kill me, I'll take someone
with me. For mine ... The door gives
way. The humans enter. I'm the last
modified. I will die soon and, with
me, my cursed race will die too.

The flight of the condor

By Francisco José Plana Estruch (Spain)

I had been practicing canyoning for a week in one of the deepest canyons in the Cordillera Blanca, in the Peruvian Andes. The granite walls around me were so high that the GPS signal did not reach below, so I had

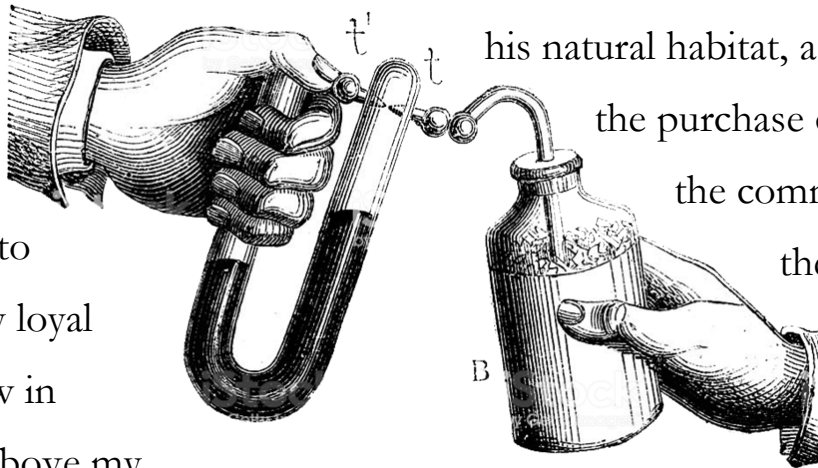
acquired in Quito an electronically loyal condor that flew in elegant spirals above my position, carrying a communication chip and a communication chip inside its body. antenna that was an amplifier. In this way, in addition to having assured communication with the global positioning service and with the mountain rescue team, it helped to preserve a species whose number of individuals had decreased dangerously in recent times. You

could say that he killed two birds with one stone.

But the adventure had come to an end and now he had to free Inti from his digital yoke, to continue his life in his natural habitat, as stipulated in the purchase contract. I took the command that ran the mental control chip of the condor and activated the

freedom mode. When he felt its effects, the bird stayed a few moments floating inert in the air, as if he did not believe at all that he could now decide his destiny. Then, he started to move away from my position.

"You're free," I mused as I admired how Inti's stylized figure disappeared behind the mountains that were now



going to be his new home. Then I started the long route back to Spain.

Months later, a certified letter from a Peruvian telephone company arrived at my home. When I opened it, my life changed forever. It was an invoice

worth 3 million soles. Shit! I had forgotten to cancel the contracted line and the faithful condor was still broadcasting his signal now from the Sierra Madre, back in Mexico where he had emigrated to nest! International pricing! My ruin!

Clark Beckham

By Tomas Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

A man enters the facilities of the Teczy corporation, carefully reaches where there are cages, takes out the animals, are genetically modified creatures, new species that are considered industrial property. Clark rescues them, carefully guides them to the exit and the grateful animals lick his body. Beckham is Caucasian, places bombs and the clandestine

laboratory explodes. Upon learning the evil magnate hires an army to recover what he considers his own. So he chases the blond as if he were a criminal but Clark protects the innocent friends who cannot defend themselves, the creatures were subjected to cruel experiments. One day when dividing by letting the animals escape in droves he saw that



the army was not chasing them but that he was surrounded by them. They arrested him and took him to a warehouse. There he discovered that they were not looking for the creatures but for him. Clark was the ultimate experiment, a genetically modified man, capable of seeing in darkness, endurance and superhuman strength. He used his intelligence and decided to tear himself away with his mouth, his thumbs, to remove his hands from the handcuffs and, astonished, he discovered that they were regenerating and re-sprouting. He escaped by taking a machine gun and fired assassination at his captors. Beckham decided to leave the animals on an island, where they would be

safe. I would go back to finish with the geneticist company. Hacking his body, he modified it by becoming muscular and ultra-violent. When he attacked the mercenaries he ran without fatigue and made huge jumps, with amazing agility. In the jungle the colors of trees or plants were mimicked and taken by their skin to take them by surprise. Sometimes it hardened his skin like a shell resistant to bullets, using retractable scales. He had proposed to put an end to the perverse company Teczy, uploading documents and videos to the internet. The scandal was huge, public opinion and access to information from his experiments led to bankruptcy. The magnate committed suicide.

Embracing the end

By *Obitual Pérez-send.- (Venezuela)*

He embraced solitude as his wounds oozed. Standing at the edge of the cornice, he sought the final arguments to launch himself into the void.

Nine stories below was the street, packed with pedestrians and vehicles. He knew that no one would stop to look at him, then, the concern for the other, and more if it remained organic, was something that the new citizens had suppressed from their system, thanks to the Faustian Technology App that controlled those unnecessary human impulses; so expensive, capricious and useless in

that techno-society of minimalist and uniform tastes.

But he was biopunk; one of those pseudo-rebels who decided to conserve their organic body for the sake of a supposed conservation ideology of human nature. While the great mass opted for the total transplant of the body, which

included software for the suppression of pain, worries and desires, the biopunk minority, despite being in danger of extinction, remained faithful to the flesh, to free will, to the passions and death, especially that of a painful and sad nature.



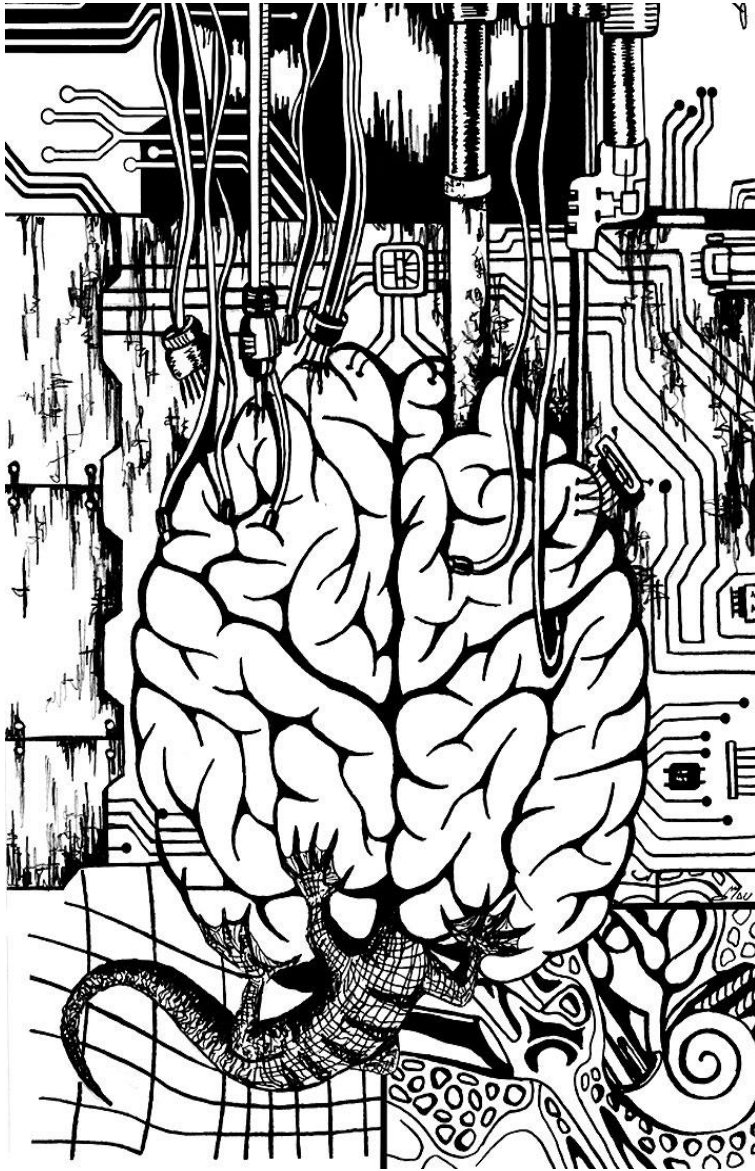
He carried a body of ninety years that evidently already passed the threshold of expiration. At his age he had a menu of physical deficiencies that gave him so much suffering that he needed many biochips to mitigate his ailments, and although "living with pain" was one of the fundamental premises of the biopunk, his situation was unbearable, therefore suicide It seemed to be the most humane exit, even the one that was most consistent with their beliefs, since the citizens of

total transplant did not have that option, suicide was a privilege that only the biopunk had.

Then he began to remove the biochips and the pain was unleashed savagely furrowing flesh and skeleton, looked down and was visualized scattered on the asphalt. The blood stain that would end the inhuman asepsis of that street was the last and comforting thought before the impact.

Between Controlled Hells

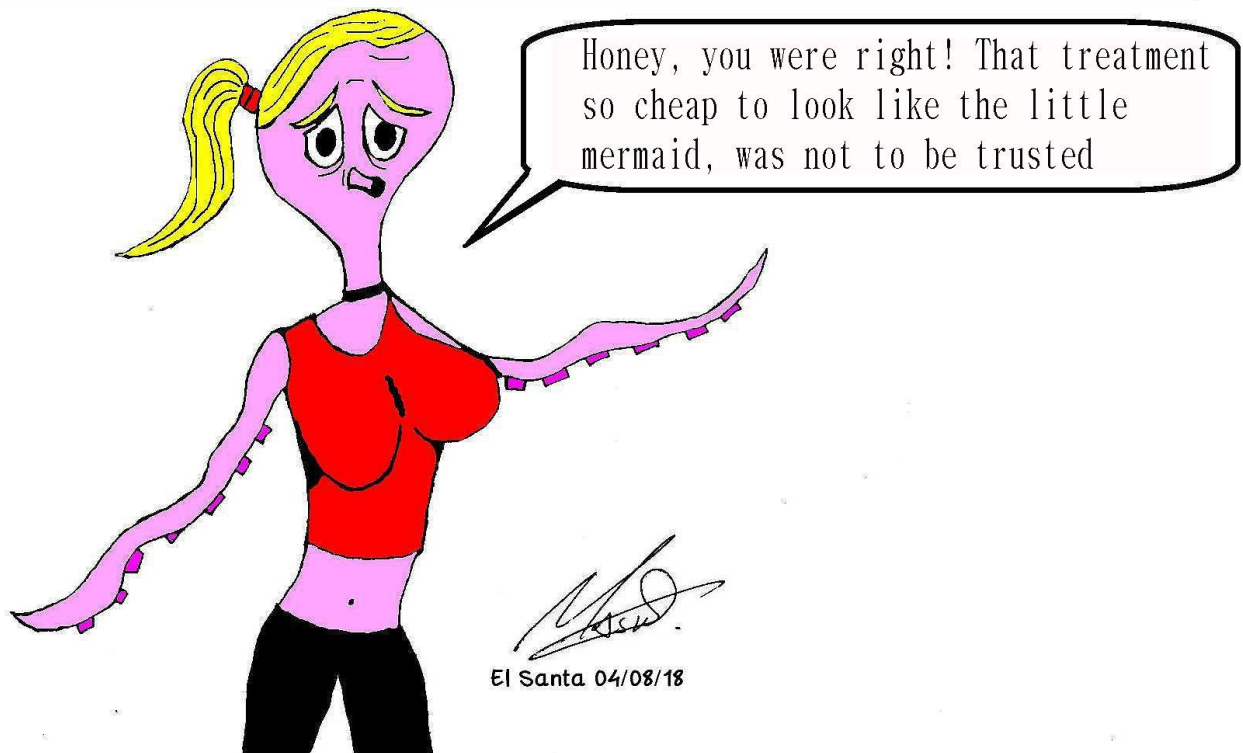
By Bárbara Blas (Mexico)



Between controlled hells, you find yourself speaking the language of heavy creatures. You listen to their metallic and whispering words, enter into conversations with them, causing the jealous crystals to rebel to bite your hands and lick your wounds anxiously.

Beyond, in the middle of the labyrinth of amorphous vapors and pipes, your guardian, dour and threatening, with his white wings and his sword of blue flashes, watches that the demons of your artifacts do not escape. Next to him, in the darkness, is my look that follows you.

Problems of the future first world: Year 3045 the genetic manipulation was something everyday ... that began to get out of hand



Revistas:

Título: Revista Letras
entre Sabanas

Autores: VV.AA.

País: México

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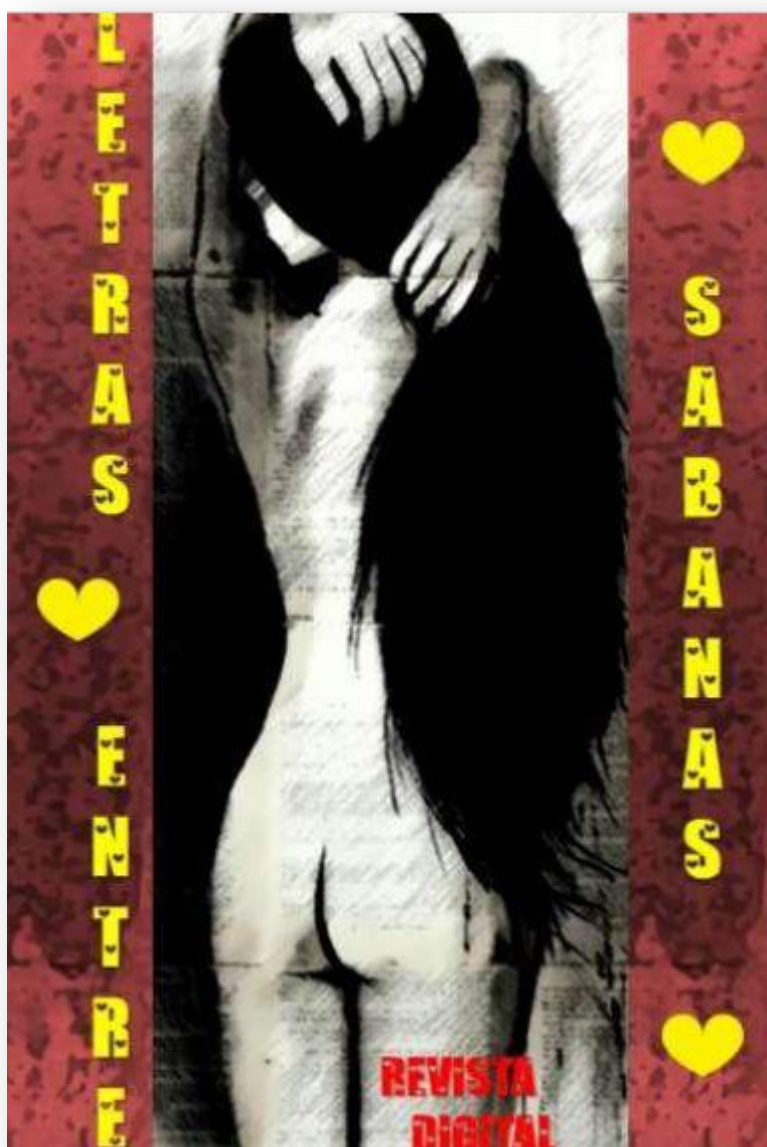
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Novelas:

Título: Fractura

Autor: Dioni Arroyo Merino

Editorial: Apache Libros

Web: <https://apachelibros.com/biblioteca-de-ciencia-ficcion-en-espanol/62-fractura-9788494708435.html>

Sinopsis: Dentro de unos años, la principal fuente de energía procederá de las fracturas hidráulicas. Aparentemente todo es seguro y está bajo control, hasta que una lluvia de meteoritos abre las fauces del subsuelo para liberar un extraño gas de su interior.

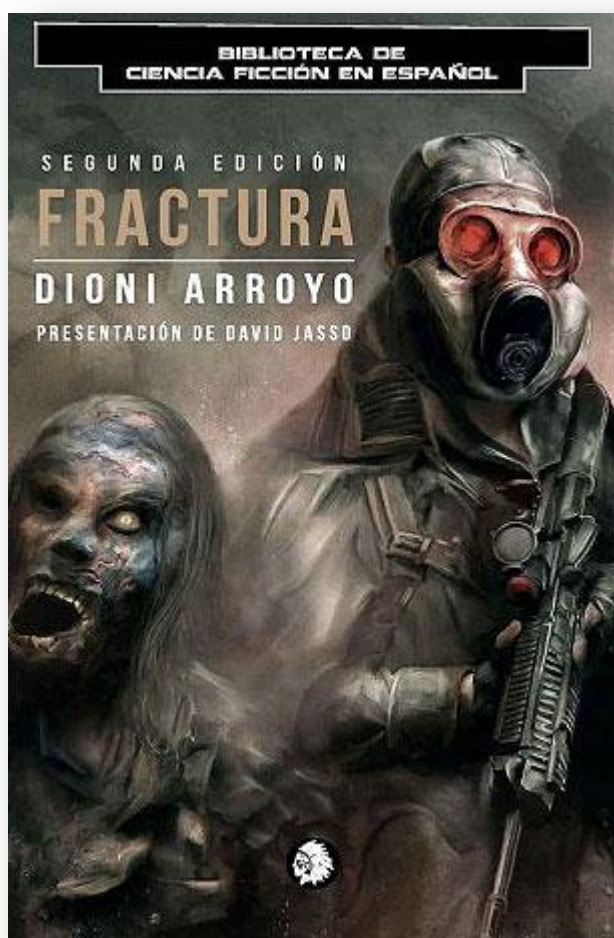
Y la caída del mundo se acelerará, hundiendo las esperanzas humanas y contaminando la superficie.

Millones de “gaseados” deambularán por una Tierra muerta, y los supervivientes se verán obligados a escapar de las peligrosas nieblas que reptan por el suelo.

Nos encontramos ante la primera novela sobre el fracking en nuestro país, una distopía greenpunk que reflexiona sobre las consecuencias futuras de nuestras acciones presentes.

Sobre el autor:

Nacido en Valladolid, diplomado en Educación Social y licenciado en Antropología social y cultural, alterna su oficio de escritor con su profesión de funcionario del Ministerio del Interior. Su ópera prima fue *Los ángeles caídos de la eternidad* (Éride 2012) y ha publicado otras seis novelas, entre ellas *Metanoia*



(Éride 2013) que recibió el premio Éride ese mismo año y Fractura (Apache Libros 2017) nominada a los Premios Ignotus en la categoría Mejor Novela 2017. Ha cultivado el terror gótico con El sabor de tu sangre (Éride 2013) y Gótica y erótica (Éride 2014), y la ciencia ficción transhumanista con Fracasamos al soñar (Nowevolution 2017). En 2014 fue seleccionado por la editorial estadounidense Babel Books para colaborar en una versión al español actual de El Buscón de Quevedo. También ha creado una veintena de relatos para diversas editoriales, la mayoría de ciencia ficción o terror gótico. Con su novela corta La maquilladora de cadáveres (Apache Libros 2018) se reedita por primera vez una obra suya, debido al interés suscitado por la crítica y por su temática negra y bizarra. Es vicepresidente de la Asociación Española de Fantasía, Ciencia Ficción y Terror, y fundador de la equivalente en Castilla y León. Colabora con diversos medios de comunicación, como la Cadena Ser y esRadio CyL, y con la colección Dónde están las murallas de Uruk, de IG Ediciones. Como antropólogo, ha ofrecido varias ponencias y charlas sobre mitología, transhumanismo y el futuro de la Inteligencia Artificial Autoconsciente (IAC), temas en los que trabaja actualmente.

Título: Cuando se extinga la luz

Autor: Dioni Arroyo Merino

Editorial: Huso Editorial

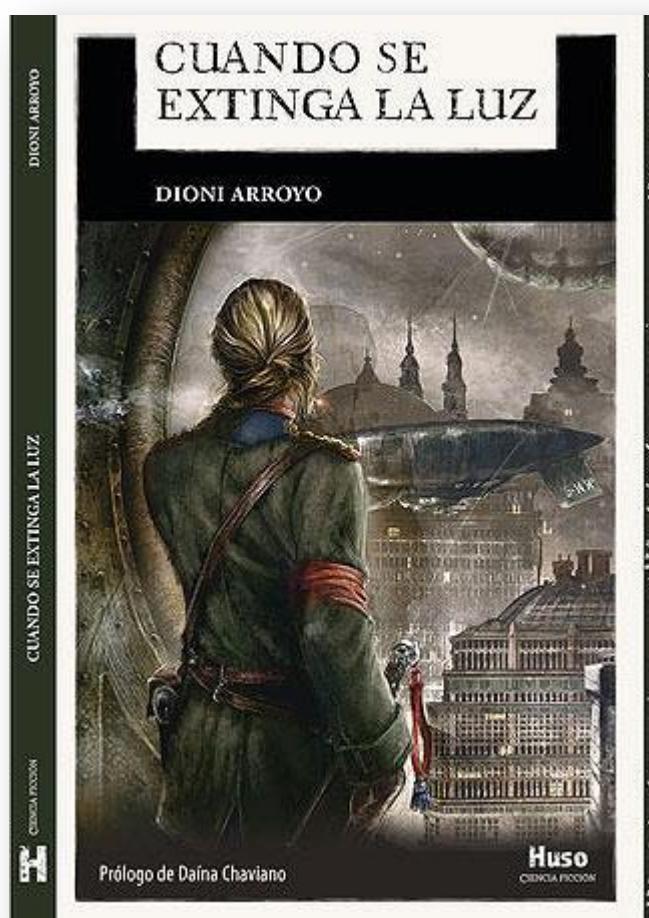
Web: https://www.husoeditorial.es/libros/cuando-se-extinga-la-luz/?fbclid=IwAR3cvnE8nkfEAqBCBORhe51uMrzcftNlUEsXrIjkF11s3p9kDE0_jlxv8xg

Sinopsis: ¿Cómo sería nuestro mundo dirigido por mujeres?

¿Y si la revolución rusa hubiera sido internacional y la máquina diferencial hubiera fracasado?

Cerremos los ojos para ver nuestra sociedad dominada por máquinas de vapor, autómatas y dirigibles, una sociedad en la que Milena, antropóloga militar, recibirá la misión más importante de su vida: trabajar con un misterioso pueblo nunca antes contactado.

Cuando se extinga la luz es una fábula oscura que nos describe con desbordante imaginación un pasado alternativo del cual no se excluyen los inquietantes mitos de Lovecraft y que supone todo un desafío, al construir una realidad muy distinta a la que conocemos, una acrobacia creativa que nos invita a dejarnos guiar por la absorbente intriga planteada por su autor, uno de los mejores escritores de género fantástico de nuestro país.



Directors:

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

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) potter, photographer and illustrator. Been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Red Magazine Science Fiction, Axxón, NGC3660, ICTP Portal Magazine Digital miNatura, Brief not so brief, chemically

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

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

Editor:

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

Writers:

Balián, Violeta (Argentina) Degree in Blas, Bárbara (Mexico) Degree in Communication Sciences at the Technological and Higher Education Institute of Monterrey (ITESM), actress, declamartist, micro-story writer, underground artist. Vampira and witch.

Voice of the radio program "El Teatro de las Ánimas" on RADIO BUAP. Puebla, Mexico.

<https://www.mixcloud.com/Hiedral970/>

Dolo Espinosa (Spain) Several stories published in the Annual Cultural Magazine La Truce.

Various micro-stories published in the Anthologies Against the Clock II, Stories to smile, More stories to smile and Free yourself from you! of the Editorial Hipalage.

Story published in the book Atmospheres, 100 stories for the world.

Finalist of the First Literary Contest of Non-Sexist Traditional Children's Tale convened by the Commonwealth of Extremadura with the story: "An inconsequential story" and

published in the book I Contest of Rewritten Tales with a Gender Perspective.

Finalist Short Narrative Anthology Contest of "L.V.D.L.P.E.I." with the story: "Segismundo", published in the book I Anthology of Short Narrative Hispanoamericana.

Story published in The Inkwell of the Atlantis Publishing House.

Microrrelato published in Gigantes de Liliput of the Editorial Atlantis.

Children's story published in the book Te pasague a ti.

Several children's stories published in the nave of the books of 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Primary Education, Editorial Santillana.

Cuento Aura does not want to eat published in book 1ª Primaria, Editorial Norma de Puerto Rico.

Finalist of the Second Traditional Story Contest with a Gender Perspective with the stories: Princess Theresa and The Toad Prince.

Story included in the anthology To this side of the mirror of the Editorial Heliopolis.

Stories included in the anthologies 400 words, a fiction and limit 999 words of the Editorial Letradepalo.

Finalist of the V Waslkium Competition with the story Under the bed.

Mention of the Jury of the II Prize Ripley with the story For the good of all.

Book of stories Testament of Wednesday published by the Editorial Atlantis.

Illustrated children's album Pinocha and the magic potion published on Amazon.

Goñi Capurro, Juan Pablo (Argentina)

Published: "La mano" and "A la vuelta del bar" 2017; "Bollos de papel" 2016; "La puerta de Sierras Bayas", USA 2014. "Mercancía sin retorno", La Verónica Cartonera. "Alejandra" and "Amores, utopías y turbulencias", 2002.

Short Novel Prize "La verónica Cartonera" (Spain), 2015.

Collaborator in Solo novela negra (stories).

Premieres: Por la Patria mi General; Vivir con miedo; Una de vampiros y salame (Argentina); Bajo la sotana (Mexico) Caza de Plagas (Chile) Si no estuvieras tú, El cañón de la colina (Spain).

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973)

Having studied at the University of Pisa, La Sapienza University of Rome and Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome, she took a Doctor degree in Philosophy and Arts at the Autonomous University of Madrid (2005). Member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the UAM. She has received many national and international literary prizes. Her work appears in numerous anthologies. In 2012 she published her first personal anthology of short stories: The imperfection of the circle. She has been member of the jury for the International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet, event organized by "Asociación de Países Amigos" of Helsinki (Finland). She acted as jury for the VIII Bonaventuriano Contest of Short Story and Poetry, launched by San Buenaventura University of Cali (Colombia). She regularly publishes literary essays in magazines and digital media. She prefaced The Portrait of Dorian Gray, Nemira publisher. Her work appears in Tiempos Oscuros: Una Visión del Fantástico Internacional n. 3, and also in some anthologies of Saco de Huesos publisher.

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

Karimo, Samir (Portugal) Between 2015-2017 he published his first book of stories in Spanish, Portuguese and English called Supernatural. As author highlights the texts Ghostly delirium in the fanzine phoenix, pain in the magazine Dementia where he collaborates, Dulcinea a girl nothing normal, Frankenstein in the magazine MINATURA 153, 155 where he also collaborates. He also collaborates with THE WAX magazine and CABINA DE NEMO where Frankie published, in addition to other magazines. He is also a comic writer for the magazine H-ALT. And 2018 published his second book of originals in Spanish called OKULTO, and along with other writers he also published Ouija infernal 1 and 2, blood beyond the slaughterhouse.

You can visit it in

<https://www.facebook.com/samir.karimo>

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, Chile, 1967) Geographer by profession. Since 1998 lives in Lebu. His interest lies in CF television serials of the '70s and '80s. In

fantasy literature, is the work of Brian Anderson Elantris and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the seventh Andromeda Award Speculative Fiction, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011, Grave robbers and the III Terbi Award Thematic Story Space travel without return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with Guinea pig. He has collaborated on several occasions in miNatura Digital Magazine, the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous and Fantastique magazine (Mexico).

Martínez Burkett, Pablo (Santa Fe, Argentina, 1965) Since 1990 lives in the city of Buenos Aires. Writer by vocation and a lawyer by profession, is teaching graduate universities in the country and abroad. He has won over a dozen awards in literary competitions in Argentina and Spain. In 2010 he received the 2nd prize in the National Competition Tales Bioy Casares and 1st prize in the National Literature and Fantastic Horror "dark world". He has published stories and poems in ten anthologies. Regularly collaborates magazines and sites devoted to fantasy literature, horror and science fiction.

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

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

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Morgan Vicconius Zariah -seud.- (Baní, Dominican Republic) writer, philosopher, musician and manager. He began his poetic wanderings in the spiritual and philosophical circles of his native Bani influence subsequently screened at the literary world.

Later he became involved in the literary group of bohemian and subversive movement erranticista court where he met people in the cultural field and music. Was contributor to the literary group the cold wind as some others.

He has organized some cultural events and poetry readings and many others have participated.

<http://zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com>

Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo (Havana, Cuba, 1973) Degree in Philology. Editor corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the anthology Reino Eterno (Letras Cubanas, 2000), Secretos del Futuro (Sed de Belleza, 2005) and Crónicas del Mañana and the Digital Magazines fantasy and science fiction miNatura and Disparo en Red. Prize was the Short Story Competition and finalist HalfRound Competition Cubaficción Dragon and 2001 among others.

Obitual Pérez -seud.- (Venezuela, 1972) He is a founding member of the JAU group, a group of transdisciplinary artists dedicated to materializing cultural projects in the Venezuelan Andes since the late 1990s. Start by publishing poems in newspapers and magazines of San Cristóbal (Venezuela). He was the founder of the Iconoplasta Workshop of Poetry (T.I.P.O) that was created in San Cristóbal, in 2011, bringing together experimental voices of local poetry.

In 2007, he published his first book of poems *El sighiro absente*, (Ediciones FundaJau). In that same year, his collection of poems, *La caja de los irons* (The dog and the frog editorial foundation) appears. In 2008 he publishes "Sal sol" (FundaJau). In 2016 he published a book of visual poetry in a duet with Annie Vásquez (Ave) titled *Los Unos y los Otros* (Fundación Bordes y JAU). With *La caja de los irons*, he was invited to the FILVEN International Book Fair 2007 (Caracas).

He has appeared in several anthologies of Venezuelan poetry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

Plana Estruch, Francisco José (Valencia, Spain, 1966) Mathematician and secondary school teacher. He has published two short story books (*LA TIERRA ES PLANA* (2015) Ed El fantasma de los sueños and *TRES TRILOGIAS* (2017) Amazon) and has published several stories in an anthology (*INS-OMNIUM*. (2016) Ed Acen). He has published a story in the

anthology **THE THREAD OF LIFE AND OTHER STORIES** (2016) Ed. As second classified in the story contest **FANTASTICS 2015** and in the anthology **TOMORROW AT THE SAME TIME AND OTHER STORIES** (2015) Ed The ghost of dreams. He has also published in the electronic magazine **EL BALLET DE LAS PALABRAS** N°9 as the winner of the science fiction story contest of the aforementioned magazine. A story of his appeared in the 2016 edition of **VISIONS**. He has published in the magazine **MINATURA** n°149 and has been a finalist of the third **MADRID SKY** contest.

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico) writer, actor, filmmaker

Take a short film is Ana Claudia de los Santos and is on Youtube. I was also extra of the movie Gloria. Winner of the first places of the cane festival in category stories.

Saldivar, Carlos Enrique (Lima, Peru, 1982). Director of the Argonautas magazine and the El Horla fanzine; member of the editorial committee of the fanzine Agujero Negro, publications dedicated to fantastic literature. Director of the magazine Minúsculo al Cubo, dedicated to the shortest fiction.

Finalist of the Andrómeda Speculative Fiction Awards 2011, in the category: story. Finalist of the First Microfiction Competition, organized by Abducidores de Textos group. Finalist of the First Horror Story Contest of the Peruvian Historical Society Lovecraft. Finalist of the XIV International Micro-Contest Fantastic miNatura 2016. Finalist of the 2017 Guka Contest. Published the story books Stories of science fiction (2008, 2018), Horizontes de fantasía (2010); and the story El otro engendro (2012). Compiled the selections: Nido de cuervos: cuentos peruanos de terror y suspenso (2011), Peruvian Science Fiction 2 (2016) and Tenebra: sample of Peruvian horror stories (2017).

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

Illustrators:

Pag. 09 Abeis Ruiz Toranzo, Hugo (Santiago de Cuba, Cuba, 1991) Illustrator.

Applied studies:

2006- Plastic Arts Course at the Experimental Center for Visual Arts (23 and C)

2007- Preparation of drawing and painting for admission to the Academy of Fine Arts "San Alejandro".

2012- He entered the Higher Institute of Arts (ISA) where he studied Scenographic Design at the Faculty of Performing Arts.

2017- He graduated from the Superior Institute of Art, in the profile of Scenic Design.

Work experience

2016 - Participated in the short film "Maybe Mañana" directed by David Beltrán, under the charge of Artistic Dir.

2017- Works in the National Museum of Fine Arts, in the profile of specialist in museology.

2017- Works on the feature film El Mayor, in the set designer profile.

Exhibitions:

2004-Personal Drawing Exhibition at St. Mary's College, Kenya.

2010- Personal exhibition at the Art Gallery of Santa Lucia and the ISSL school (International School of Saint Lucia).

2013- Collective exhibition "El Invento" of the La Vitrina de Valonia center.

He collaborated in the scenographic design of the play Goldfish, of the theater group La luna.

2014- Collective catwalk of the students of second year of scenic design of the ISA, Cuban's Trashion

2014-Conference on the Cuban's Trashion project for the scientific day of the ISA.

2014- Exhibition of the theoretical work of the Cuban's Trashion project in the ELCINOR event.

2015- (May 19-21) He gave a conference at the University Meeting of Researchers Students of Art and Culture (ALBUR) of the ISA entitled Culture: "In defense of the ninth art", on the existing problems in contemporary Cuban comics.

2015- (July 8- 11) He won second place at the Comic Art Day in Camagüey, for his story "Without Witnesses".

2015- (October 22-31) I participate as an aide at the Theater Festival of Havana.

2015-Collaborated as an illustrator of the Supervivo fanzine.

2016- (November 24) gives a lecture at the event "PlpComic.cu", at the Fabrica del Arte

Publications:

2013- Magazine "El Invento" as a collective production of artists affiliated with the Walloon Showcase

2013- "Moncada, Honrar a los Héroes" comic, from the Pablo de la Torriente publishing house.

2015 -2016- He published a cartoon "El Guardián" in the magazine No- 391 and 392 of "El Caimán Barbudo".

2016- Public cartoon "Without Witnesses" on the Eskife website.

2016 - 2017- I make illustrations of the book "Remedio Divino" from Gente Nueva publishing house.

2016 - 2017- I make illustrations of the book "Las Arenas de Erif Erem" from Gente Nueva publishing house.

2016 - 2017- I make Illustrations of the book "Chunga Maya" from the Abril publishing house.

<https://www.facebook.com/hugo.a.toranzo>

[https://www.deviantart.com/hart1991?fbclid=Iw](https://www.deviantart.com/hart1991?fbclid=IwAR0D7pEZkl73_4tJ3vyF8k_7o3sU-126PI43_IRzJa9kOXINIUgWmoqOYxo)

[AR0D7pEZkl73_4tJ3vyF8k_7o3sU-](https://www.deviantart.com/hart1991?fbclid=IwAR0D7pEZkl73_4tJ3vyF8k_7o3sU-126PI43_IRzJa9kOXINIUgWmoqOYxo)

[126PI43_IRzJa9kOXINIUgWmoqOYxo](https://www.deviantart.com/hart1991?fbclid=IwAR0D7pEZkl73_4tJ3vyF8k_7o3sU-126PI43_IRzJa9kOXINIUgWmoqOYxo)

Pág. 15, 21, 27, 43, 45 Omau -seud.- (Venezuela, 1972) He studied graphic design at the Workshop 5 Design Center in Bogotá (Colombia, 1994).

Professor for several years in the area of graphic design in technological university institutes of the city of San Cristóbal. Together

with other artists, he founded the Jau group in 1996, a transdisciplinary group dedicated to contemporary art, poetry and graphic design. Since 1998 he begins to write and draw comics, FundaJau becomes the publishing house that publishes his works.

Individual exhibitions dedicated to the comic:

"Underground Comics a filmmaker and some characters", CELARG. Caracas, 2007.

"Noún and Other Comics". Legislative Council. San Cristobal. Táchira State, 2008.

"Comics of shore". Gallery-cafe Bordes. San Cristobal. State Táchira, 2018.

He has participated in the following collective exhibitions dedicated to comics:

"First pavilion of the FILVEN comic". East Park. Caracas. 2010

"Graphic Narratives". Museum of Fine Arts. Caracas. 2012

Pag. 13 Rubert. Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics.

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

Pag. 61 Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977) Bachelor of Nautical and Maritime Transport. Currently I work as a freelance trainer of merchant marine courses which I manage from the facebook page "Nautical Training Cádiz".

I write because I like it without further aspirations. I have published stories in digital magazines such as miNatura, Pífono Fanzine,

Zombies cannot read and Anima Barda. I collaborate in the article and in Diario Digital Bahía de Cádiz.

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

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

Pág. 01, 62 Takahiro -seud.- (Spain)
Illustrator.

Illustrations:

Pag. 01 Biopunk 2 / *Takahiro -seud.- (Spain)*

Pag. 09 La carne / *Hugo Abeis Ruiz Toranzo (Cuba)*

Pag. 13 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Update available / *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

Pag. 15 Biopunk 5 / *Omau -seud.- (Venezuela)*

Pag. 21 Biopunk 4 / *Omau -seud.- (Venezuela)*

Pag. 27 Biopunk 2 / *Omau -seud.- (Venezuela)*

Pag. 43 Biopunk 1 / *Omau -seud.- (Venezuela)*

Pag. 45 Biopunk 3 / *Omau -seud.- (Venezuela)*

Pag. 61 Problems of the First World Future / *Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)*

Pag. 62 Soviet / *Takahiro -seud.- (Spain)*

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