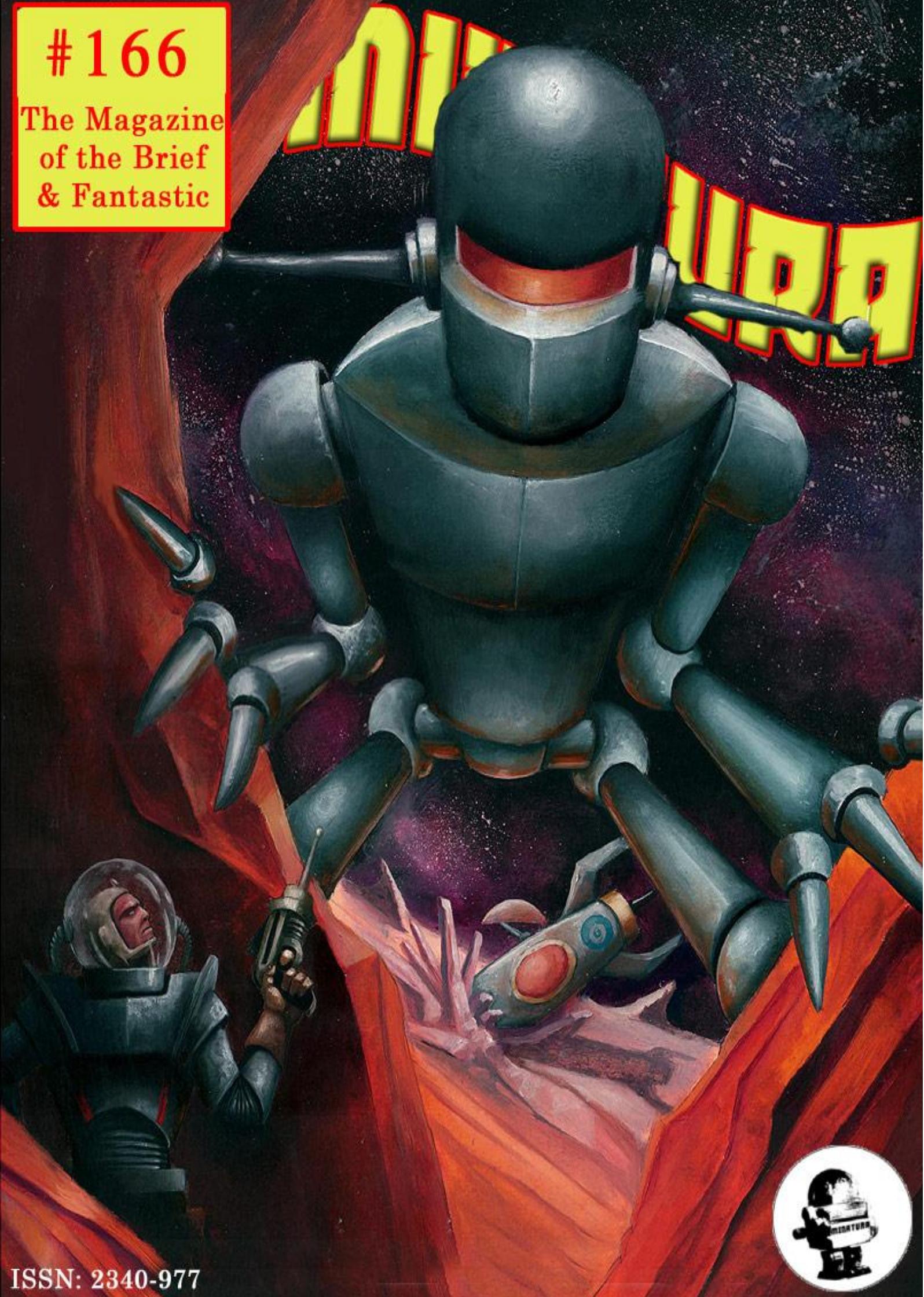


#166

The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977

The sea will give each man a new hope, as sleep gives him dreams

- Cristóbal Colón Fuente



The Adventure is just bad planning.

- Roald Amudsen



To speak of the desert, would not be, first of all, to be silent like him?

- Théodore Monod

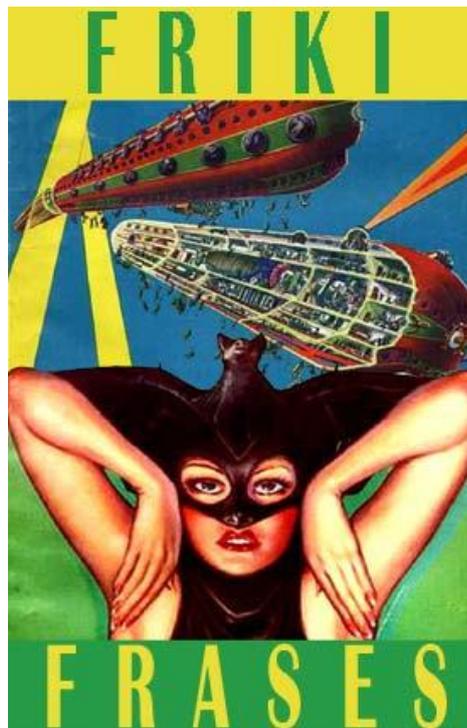


The most difficult thing is the decision to act. The rest is only tenacity. Fears are paper tigers. You can do whatever you decide to do. You can act to change and control your own life and procedure. The process is the reward in itself.

- Amelia Earhart



If you know you have men who will only come because they know that there is a



good way, they do not help me. I am interested in the men who come because they know that there is no way.

- David Livingstone.



The Church says that the Earth is flat, but I know it is round, because I saw

its shadow on the Moon. And I have more faith in a shadow than in the Church.

- Fernando de Magallanes



If you realized that you are only a violin, you could open yourself to the world by playing your part in the concert.

- Jacques-Yves Costeau



Not only is it useless, but crazy, not adapting serenely and calmly to the irrevocable.

- Wilhelm von Humboldt

Men wanted for hazardous journey. Low wages, bitter cold, long hours of complete darkness. Safe return doubtful. Honour and recognition in event of success¹.

Ernest Shackleton

Thousands of years before the proud Western explorers adopted the *salako*², the old Asian sailors listened to the whispers of the Wind God Shan-hai King (human face and bird's claws): At first, the Islands were not fixed to the bottom of the Mar. They floated freely, with the risk of hitting the West, on the continent. Uncomfortable, the Immortals complained to the Emperor of Heaven. This gave the order to Yu-kiang to fix the Islands with fifteen large Turtles, three for each island. While one

¹ Attributed, he allegedly appeared in a 1901 ad in the Times newspaper in London asking for volunteers for an Antarctic expedition.

²Hat, helmet type, used in the Philippines and other warm countries, in the form of half ellipsoid or spherical cap, covering most of the skull and neck. Built many times with the shell of a turtle.

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

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

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

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

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pulled, the others waited. They had to relieve themselves, by shifts of shot of sixty thousand years.

Everything was going very well until a giant decided to fish the turtles, when they disappeared they only survived the Immortal Islands that left aimlessly to drift. Many great fortunes (including emperors) have unsuccessfully launched their search, their fleets to the ends of the known universe. That was the main reason for the current explorers who seek them in the jungle, the ice or even in space. But none will ever confess this truth. Under penalty of being punished by Shan-hai King himself.

I hope you enjoy this number with the same action that the old maps provoke us, deliciously mapped with chimerical monsters and tracks that will lead us inexorably to our personal Lost City.

I would like to apologize kindly to you for the delays in this issue.

We cannot close this editorial without first thanking as usual the collaboration of the illustrators:

Gastón Barticevich (Argentina)

Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico)

Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Thank you all!



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Time will justify us

By *Heráclito -seud.- (Mexico)*

In the shadows the stealthy silhouettes of several men slip away. Only the whisper of the wind dragging sand is heard in the desert. Karnak is only under the shelter of the full moon reflected in the warm and gentle waters of the Nile. Some men carry huge stones and boxes. A barely lit barge rocks with the weight of the load. A man slips and falls into the water. The enraged foreman rebukes him: "Stupid, Mr. Idriss-effendi is going to get angry and he will kill us if they discover us. We have to get everything we can out tonight. "

- What a beautiful moon there is tonight, Lord. d'Avennes! - The guard in charge of watching the area looks at the man attentively while he moves

his tower on the board, gives a puff of tobacco. As he lets go of the smoke, he replies: "It's a pity that I cannot admire you at this moment and waste time in this game with you. I could be digging and investigating the temple of the ancestors. " The guard smiles sarcastically, gets up, looks out the window into the desert: "Sir. d'Avennes, I am not sure that you have lost this game. Since he came to Egypt he has only won, Idriss-effendi. "

Lepsius, the archaeologist, specialist in hieroglyphics, despite the gifts that King Frederick William of Prussia sent to the Pasha, was faced with obstacles to continue with the excavations. It infuriated him to know that the government planned to use

the stones of the Karnak Temple for other projects: "Intendant, I am surprised at the irresponsibility of your government, they deny me permission to continue investigations and, on the other hand, they do not monitor or arrest this looter , Idriss-effendi. "

With the permits in hand, Lepsius, he goes to Karnak on his boat, he has

the security of going in front of Idriss-effendi. Surprised finds the barge of this, who invites him to drink coffee: "You judge me wrong, time will justify us." Lepsius does not suspect the trophy that the boxes on which he is sitting hide. Prisse d'Avennes condescendingly says: "Apparently he has won me the game, Lepsius."

The Rope

By Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Teaching a child not to step on a caterpillar is as valuable to the child as it is to the caterpillar.

Bradley Millar

The rope sounded warmed. He dragged his feet across the surface securing each step.

He was deceived by the gravitational attraction that his ship generated and that, like an invisible thread, held him



to avoid danger. And so he discovered the range of colors that light reflected in the objects that surrounded him. Large leaves filtered the rays of that decadent sun. It was time to collect samples. In each of the jars he placed: liquids, leaf fragments, flowers, fruits and barks.

The audible alarm alerted him to the time he had been employed. He had to replace the batteries that supported his equipment, return promptly. The shrill signal, three short beeps and one long and low, echoed in such a way that it surprised him. This was a silent world. The most curious of all was manifested in the string that held him that vibrated to the rhythm of the sound mark, which was repeated several times.

With the communication device in his hand, he set out to get in touch with his colleagues to tell them about the lack of incidents. Being a bearer of painful news would have collapsed. He had not found any risk and

imagined that those resources, seemingly inexhaustible, would save humanity. Exceeding the most promising expectations.

"It cannot be otherwise," he said, "so much vegetation has to be supported by a large amount of pure water, free of harmful substances, parasites. You should see this: its colors, its shapes, I'm dying to check the analyses. I am convinced that this will be an excellent place to live, in which to perpetuate the human species. Come back, have everything ready..."

The rope vibrated for the last time, hardly any vestige remained of its passage except the alarm that continued sounding until the battery was exhausted.

Never before had she caught anything like that, blind and deaf at birth she was guided by the vibrations of the fabric to capture her food and it vibrated, if she did.

The Pyramid

By Natalia Strigaro (Argentina)

The pyramid suddenly appeared.

The expedition financed by private funds of an Archaeological Museum came to cover the event. The scouting scientists, despite their experience in ancient languages, could not recognize the strange inscriptions of their entrance. If they had been deciphered, they would perceive the imminent danger in which humanity found itself.

The entrance was clear ... As if they were waiting ...

They went down the rustic stairs that led them to the "Cámara del Rey", and in the middle of the room ... The sarcophagus.

Carved in stone, with a human form but without a face, the sarcophagus was sealed with lime and stone.

Archaeologists were concentrated discussing the best way to open it without damaging its structure, so they could not notice how the lid of the sarcophagus rose a few millimeters, letting out a subtle mist.

A low sound from the sarcophagus, amplified by the echo of the camera, took them by surprise.

All watched terrified the living mummy emerge until standing on his coffin. As a way out of hell, it distilled a weak blue glow that became more intense as the scientists ingenuously approached the light that surrounded them, robbed them of their vital energy until they were mummified by

the powerful magic of that malignant deity.

Today the earth would not be devoured by the ancient demon.

The private entity that financed them was a millenarian sect destined to transfer the ritual of sacrifice to the new generations and provide victims for the rite.

The demon satisfied with his offering returned to his grave and sank next to his pyramid, taking with him those poor souls ... Until the next, a couple of centuries as always or maybe less or maybe more ... It depends on his will.

Star travel

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.—(Spain)

Exploration ship slowly lands on the young planet. When all its engines have stopped, a small explorer robot separates from it and, like a soldier of cybernetic lead, courageously launches into the unknown. Its mission: to help scientists in their study on the formation of new planets, collect samples, take photographs, map the planet ...

On Earth, scientists eagerly await the first images.

On the new planet, the explorer robot begins the exploration of its new territory.

On Earth, scientists look expectantly at the big screens.

On the new planet, the little robot detects something in the distance.

On Earth, time moves slowly.

On the new planet, the brave automaton advances towards the curious object. willing to send his image to Earth.

In a few minutes it reaches what has caught your attention. Focus Take a photograph and forward it to your land base.

The image appears on huge screens prepared for this purpose.

Eyes open wide.

The mouths exhale a surprised whisper.

The image shows a huge sign that reads:

PLANET BUILDING HIGH STANDING

Ideal atmosphere. Spacious and bright. Unbeatable situation.

Running water, potable and salty. Seas, lakes and rivers. Large green areas.

High mountains. Splendid valleys. Three deserts and two poles.

IDEAL FOR IMPLEMENTATION ALL TYPES OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE SPECIES.

BUILD: Planetbuilding, S.A.

Exploration

By *Waquero* —seud.— (USA)

I did not know how I got here,
my ship completely destroyed
would not be long in burning,
the laser fist did not work, I had only
one huge dagger.

I entered that anomalous jungle, only
my instinct to attack and defend
pulsed in my brain.

Within a few minutes I found myself
facing my goal. An abominable being,
dark and smelly, with a head mother
and hundreds of secondary leaders
devouring everything within reach.

I pounced on that brandishing my
knife. For every head he cut, a new
and stronger one was born. The heat
of battle was beginning to weaken me,
the heat was hellish.

In the middle of the dispute I
noticed that the older head was

looking at me with fear and suspicion.
Loaded with new energies I jumped
on her and began to stab her
accurately and swiftly.

Already annihilated, the rest of the
heads began to die by themselves.
They had been defeated.

I did not know why, but after my
triumph I started to die too; but it did
not matter. My mission had been
fulfilled successfully.

- Well Ibáñez ... I have news for
you ... And they are good, strange, but
good - The doctor said while
watching the radiography - We cannot
say why, but the tumour has
disappeared after the last exploration
we did Friend the cancer has
disappeared from your body.

The dump

By Clara Lecuona Varela (Cuba)

They were trained as explorers, but when there was not much left to explore, they became fond of playing in the dumpster. Although in truth they had forgotten what that word meant, the previous one and everything else. One morning Lia gave a shriek of joy and one of the children approached, but she showed him her fangs. He walked away without turning his back, and alerted the others.

Lia was probably the most childish of the group, created in the first generation. His movements were slower, but he had the advantage of keeping his memories. Most adults preferred to improve their children. Thus they maintained the mission

until they began to forget. She does not.

Girl, do not be afraid, "they said when they took her with the rest of the small survivors and locked themselves in their containment chambers. At first he cried, then resigned himself and then embraced the inevitable. As she remembered that she was an explorer, at dawn she looked for food and medicines for others in each abandoned place. But today he found something worthy at last.

He dragged his treasure to the shelter and shut himself up with his booty: it should last more than a week. The children came roaring and tried to break the door without success, but she indicated them by a

crack to the garbage dump and did the best they knew - forget everything at once - and ran towards the large bedroom.

Lia was comfortable and projected the oleography that made her happiest, when she wore sporty overalls and braids and played with a doll as blonde as her. In the image

there was a basket with many candies and jams. How unpleasant are the memories, he told himself, while chewing with work a leathery piece.

Outside the group of children, also chewed. His parents did not know the same, but they looked a lot like hard candy.

Guau

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

One day a portal appears near the Moon, it was a phosphorescent circle. Panic spread on Earth. Concerned governments sent to the opening a spaceship with a dog. The vehicle crossed the vortex, reaching another dimension. The ship landed on a planet with intelligent life and technologically advanced, the inhabitants receive the dog. The world of another dimension sends a ship without crew with a message. On Earth they receive the vehicle they examine it and they listen to the message. Humans send another dog in a space vehicle. The ship traverses the dimensional portal. Arriving at the planet of intelligent life, the animal is received friendly. They take out the can and the beings think that this ship

came from a world where only dogs live. A space fleet crosses the space, crosses the vortex and when they are at a close distance they scan the Earth and discover horrified that the dogs are mistreated, they believe that they have enslaved the dogs, they decide to attack the world. They prepare their war machine. From the interior of the planet come the Reptilians, to defend their planet. Their weapons are robots in the shape of dinosaurs. The aliens send a messenger to tell them that they will not attack them and the reptilian men withdraw leaving their fate to humanity. The men launch nuclear missiles but the aliens release spheres of translucent glass that are directed to the sun, submerged in the star and come out bright. The balls go to Earth and intercept the missiles by

melting them. The spheres are scattered around the planet, some are placed above the capitals of the world and become small suns causing horrendous heat waves; others increase the intensity of blinding light that hurts the eyes and the worst are those that throw heat rays destroying buildings collapsing them, exploding the human military vehicles. There is

no other way for men to surrender. The conquerors demand that they release all dogs and other dogs. When the treaty of surrender is signed, an alien procession goes down to the world and they take off their helmets. To the amazement of the people, they have dog heads, they are anthropomorphic dogs.

Unsuccessful exploration

By Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

We cannot give up now!
—We almost do not
have time!

In this position, the principal investigator and the head of the expedition remained.

The first struggled to find, at any price, what they were looking for. The second, to save his team.

A network of unexpected and unknown labyrinths had been the cause of the delay, but the scientist did not accept as a possibility the failure of the expedition.

—We knew that this could happen, we did not have all the roads well detailed, he objected.

—Then we should not have made the trip—, the boss replied.

—But how to find it then. You know it's a matter of life or death.

—Yes, but in these moments there is more than one life in danger. —The boss remained in his thirteen. —We can all die in here, including him, of course.

—So ..., do we catalog the exploration as unsuccessful? —The scientist snapped.

—I'm afraid so. And they already inform me that they are coming for us. The whole team must concentrate next to the hole where we enter the brain. The tumor must be relocated for a new operation.

Sannih Golaish

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Each time the planet he had been assigned completed the orbit around his tiny star, Sannih Golaish had to put on or, rather, stuff his uniform, get on the little shuttle and leave the mother ship to take notes on how the planet evolved. life in it.

It was a boring job, but someone had to do it and, until his relief came, that someone was him. He looked at himself in the mirror to adjust the long beard characteristic of his people and, sighing deeply, he took his sack of samples and set out to classify what he had collected on his last exploratory trip.

As always, his descent to the planet had coincided with a very peculiar celebration that led the dominant

species to cover everything with little lights and bright ornaments, to listen to strange songs obsessively, and to gather in packs to eat and drink without control.

While he sorted his samples, Sannih remembered the occasion when he was discovered by a small brood and, before that astonished and frightened look, he could not think of anything else but to offer the little one a small wooden doll he had found in his exploration.

The anger of the gyrfalcons was epic: that if they were to be discovered, that they should not interfere in the future of the planet, that it would be catastrophic, that if this, that if the other ... Finally, nothing happened

that they feared, and the explorer saved the job..

In the following years, Sannih noticed that his image was extended everywhere. Because of that fortuitous encounter, he had become

part of the mythology, like a kind character who wore gifts.

Now he was looking for a way to communicate it to his superiors and, between biscuit and biscuit, he was trying to find a way to tell it. Someday I would, but not yet...

Moon trap

By Samir Karimo (Portugal)

We were walking on the dark side of the moon when suddenly we saw a rock. It was so beautiful radiating a shiny light never seen before. As a good curious human being that I am, I took it and it was when something

scary happened. The stone assumed a spooky shape, increasing in size and started to bite my neck draining my vital energy. My body breaks into a thousand pieces and merges with the lunar soil that becomes a meteorite that goes to my planet...

BEYOND: Houston, we've had a problem here

By *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

What could that ball of colour be?

And why I am flying around it?

Laika, Mecano

The light is blinding and the heat unbearable. Fortunately, just for a fleeting moment.

Turned into incandescent balls of fire, the brave heroes are involved in an apotheosis suitable for Hercules during their re-entry into the atmosphere. Of the shuttle Columbia, simply disintegrated, not a damn screw. There are no survivors.

“Their sacrifice will not have been in vain,” the space programme managers comfort themselves. Already part of

the myth, they will live forever, like the bright stars, in the sky they gave their lives for.

They feel disoriented and confused. They do not know where they are. It is not a cold and narrow space station, but a pulsating jungle of bright colors. They do not need their uncomfortable costumes; the air is breathable and warm.

Unusual vegetal species of exuberant shapes and ghostly luminescence sway in unison, giving off a disturbing

aroma. Their hypnotic dance makes forget threatening thorns and insidious tendrils. Scorched dogs and apes, Soviet and American pioneers, run happily through a landscape that seems emerged from the twisted mind of Bosch rather than from the naive imagination of a fatherly creator.

“It's Dick Scobee,” they shout enthusiastically. Seeing a familiar face comforts them. Until they realize that are all there: the seven crew members of the Challenger, dead in 1986 after a minute of having taken off. A little further on, the three astronauts of Apollo 1 and other Russian

cosmonauts deceased. Nothing at all makes sense.

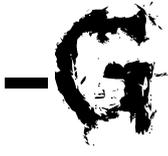
When they understand, their faces light up at the same time. In a universe where there is scarcely an unknown centimeter left to explore, accidentally, they have found the last untouched land, never stepped upon before by a living man.

Whispers, restrained laughs and murmur of feet escaping fast among the fallen leaves. They look hesitant at one another for just a few seconds. Then they exchange a knowing smile and penetrate into the dense forest.

Rare food chain

By Alex Padrón —seud.— Garcia (Cuba)

To the Strugatski brothers, Alfred Hitchcock and all the Stalkers of the Planet.

 ranny, you really need to leave here soon. After the reactor failure and the damn Crack opened, Pripjat is not safe anymore.

–I've always lived in the city, and here I stay. I have already told the other explorers: I am an urban grandmother and I do not see myself working the land in the exclusion zone, like my stupid son. A nuclear engineer, planting potatoes. Shame on him!

–But you are here alone ... and who knows what horrors come from the Crack. No exploration team has returned alive from there.

–If there is something wrong with the nuclear plant, well, is not messing with me. People went to the stampede and they did not remember me and my cats, so now here I'm staying. Food here is more than enough for them.

The soldier looked around nervously. Hundreds of feline eyes stalked from the buildings surrounding the small park. There was a strong ammonia smell of stale urine and bird droppings in the air. That seemed to bother neither the scientists who checked their measurements nor the other explorers, who ate to replenish forces.

Between the spaces between two blocks of apartments he saw the Crack in the distance, the bridge between worlds from which nobody returned.

–My cats are beautiful, don't you think? They do not like strangers, but they love to hunt birds.

Indeed, thousands of birds flew over the park but none of them go down. An impressive flock.

–I bring food to the pigeons. Yes, it's a little cruel to see how my kittens hunt them ... but things have changed here since people left. Everyone needs to do whatever it takes to survive, don't you think?

–I guess so.

–Then, I'm sure it will not bother you –the old woman put two fingers in her mouth and exhaled a sharp whistle, pointing to the sky–. Neither my kittens nor the birds had eaten since the last expedition.

Terrified, the soldier realized, while an avalanche of pigeons descended in a thick swarm, that this old witch did not carry a crumb of bread with her. A chorus of meowing followed the screams of the explorers. Then Pripyat was silent, while the old woman, with gastronomic approval, drags by the tail a withered cat with a whisker full of feathers.

The meteorite

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

Our feeblest contemplations of the Cosmos stir us. There is a tingling in the spine, a catch in the voice, a faint sensation, as if a distant memory, of falling from a height.

Carl Sagan



saw the man landing on the Moon. Since the Sputnik was put in orbit, we got used to rise our eyes to the stars.

But now the conquest of space was no longer a utopia. I had a folder with clippings and I was able to describe the pictures as if I had been there. An aunt of mine was friend of Angel Meynet from the Centro de Observadores del Espacio and took me to the conference about his trip to Cape Kennedy for witnessing the launching of the Apollo 11 Mission. Like many of my generation, I wanted

to be an astronaut, but I lived in the end of the subcontinent, in a peripheral country, and I had had to settle for my dreams in the form of a science fiction tv series. Additionally, I had a condition, a type of a deadly leukemia and my immediate destiny was not in heaven. Not precisely. That's the reason why I hurried to go to the exhibition when it was announced a meteorite was bringing to my home town. It was the closest I was going to be to the outer space. The bolide was a fragment of the many found in Campo del Cielo.

There are no words to describe my emotion. It was an object that floated across the galaxy for millions of years. In my mind, I pictured the meteorite like a stone, but it looked much more like a piece of blackened iron.

Although there was a "do not touch" sign, I managed to place my hands on its surface. It was like a lightning would have stroke me. Everything turned around: I saw sounds, I heard colors, I felt smells. Barely audible at first, with an amazing urgency later, I was able to perceive the beat of the Universe. I left the Museo Ameghino as a drunk. I thought it was going to be the most exhilarating experience of my very short life. But there was more expecting me. When I went to get my next blood test, they had to repeat the screenings. Several times. They

thought it might have been an error in the reactive, some confusion among the blood samples, perhaps. But against any medical expectation, I was cured. Totally. The studies shown conclusive results. My family multiplied the Masses and thanked the Good Lord in Heavens. But I well knew the heavens this miracle came from. They say that I use to shine at night with iridescent reflections. No wonder: just closing my eyes and I can go to any point in the universe. I know every detail of the most remote border. I get lost in a nebula and I also chase comets. My heart is melted by a star collapse and I challenge black holes. Soon I will not have to return. Because now, now I'm immortal.

Border

By Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico)

Walk

through the labyrinth

no trace of the

Minotaur

and the thread of

Ariadna

It has been broken in
the verse.

Surf

by the raging sea

without celestial vault

and the white whale

stranded in the margin of a book.



Fly

—Without monsters, myths—

in a rocket

to which they guide the mathematics

and dying men.

Moon rock

By Samir Karimo (Portugal)

On the moon we landed, nothing we knew,

Guided by our compass , a special rock we find

Something strange from it was getting in our mind

Running We try

Nothing... we couldn't.

in a big moon meteorite rock we became

And in our planet we crashed....

Deadly territory / Manuel Santamaria Barrios (Spain)



Manuel Santamaria Barrios
El Santa 18/11/2018
@santadecay

Novela:

El chévere venturante mr. Quetzotl de Arisona

Autor: Juan Simeran

Editorial: La máquina de hacer ping

Colección: Incontinencia Suma

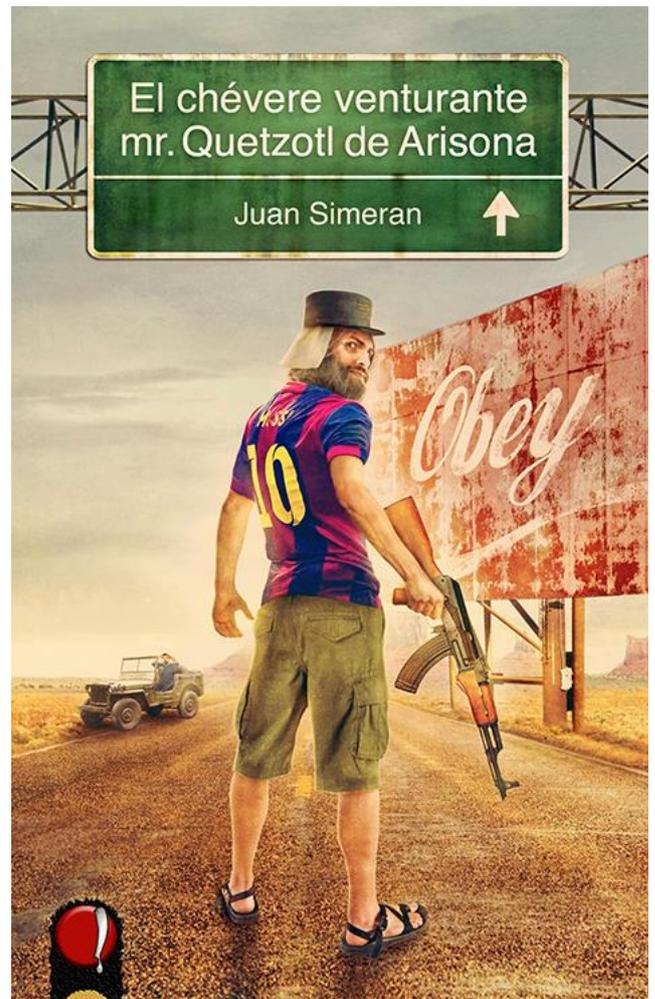
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Sinopsis: ¿Y si Don Quijote hubiese nacido a finales del S. XXI?

¿Y si se le hubiese ido la olla por leer novelas de ciencia ficción del S.XX en vez de novelas de caballerías?

¿Y si fuese de Arisona y no de la Mancha?

El Chévere Venturante mr. Quetzotl de Arisona da el tiro de gracia a gran parte del corpus iconográfico de la ciencia ficción del siglo XX. Mutatis mutandi, esta novela es un parteaguas entre los caducos paradigmas de un



pasado ya borroso, y la Ciencia Ficción 2.0, deslumbrante territorio que este libro a la vez descubre y define.

«Esta novela recupera, entre otras cosas, algo que la literatura viene desestimando: el divertimento» (Gonzalo Santos – diario Perfil)

«En un trabajo monumental, Simeran escribió un “remake” del Quijote en una suerte de esperanto indoamericano, con dialectos entreverados» (Marcelo Ortale – diario El Día)

«Novela de aventuras, este libro es prueba de que la ciencia ficción puede y debe adquirir múltiples formas, para reinventarse y seguir más vigente que nunca» (Laura Ponce – Revista Próxima)

«En su apropiación literaria de El Quijote, Juan Simeran potencia la literatura de ciencia ficción latinoamericana a puntos insospechados» (Nahum Torres – Editorial Librosampleados – México)

«El resultado es extraño y a la vez asombroso: Simeran no la pifia nunca» (Mariano Buscaglia – Árboles muertos y mucha tinta)



Espejuelos para ver por dentro

Autora: Maielis González

Ilustración de portada: Gemma Martínez

Editorial: Editorial Cerbero

Colección: Fang n° 2 NARRATIVA JUVENIL

<https://www.editorialcerbero.com/producto/espejuelos-para-ver-por-dentro/>

Sinopsis: Nolugar es una ciudad hermosa y moderna, llena de fantásticos parques y jardines, con casas eco-inteligentes pintadas de blanco y azul, fabulosos campos eólicos, fuentes cristalinas de cristal y acrílico... Sin duda, Nolugar es la ciudad en la que todo el mundo

querría vivir. Pero a nadie parece importarle toda esta maravilla que la conforma. Todo el mundo está demasiado abstraído, atrapados en su propio mundo virtual como para salir a las calles o perder el tiempo relacionándose en persona con los demás nolugareños.

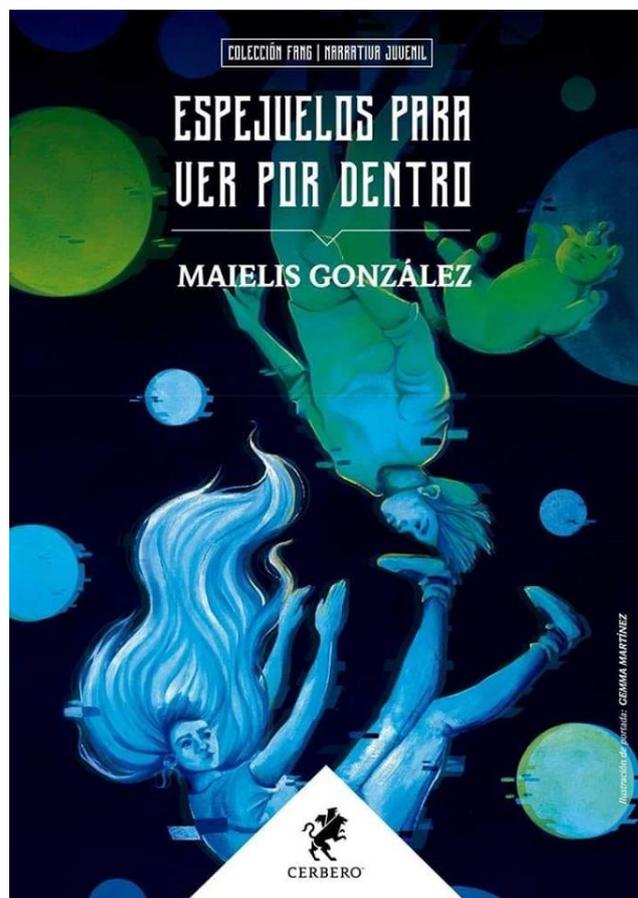
Bueno, todos no. Zafira y Nano nunca se conectan al ciberespacio y es por eso, por esta peculiaridad suya, que acabarán descubriendo un secreto que cambiará para siempre todo cuanto conocen.

Cuento:

Cosmografía profunda

Autora: Laura Ponce

Editorial: La máquina de hacer ping



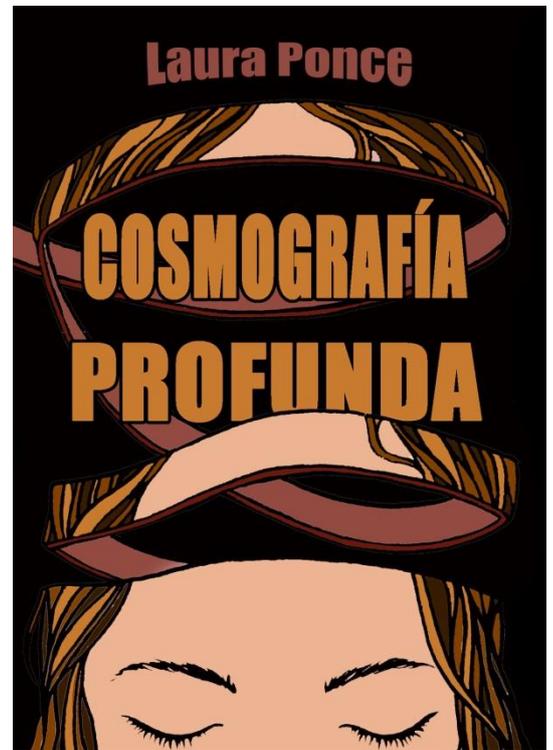
<https://lamaquinaquehaceping.com/producto/cosmografia-profunda-laura-ponce/>

Sinopsis: ¿Hasta dónde hay que alejarse para llegar a las profundidades de uno mismo? Quizá hasta un desierto que cobra vida, quizá hasta un planeta donde llueven hombres, quizá hasta Rognar...

Los mundos creados por Laura Ponce, a veces inhospitos, a veces acogedores, son una representación poética de los miedos y anhelos humanos, de actitudes, talentos y conductas que nos constituyen. Su ciencia ficción es un viaje interior, un irse para entenderse. Irse más allá de cualquier lugar conocido para remover el presente y señalarlo. irse lejos, muy lejos, para explorar profundamente lo más próximo.

Lo que incita y se encarga de encender este libro es la certeza de que en la búsqueda por lo extraordinario y lo imposible, la condición humana y la emoción sirven de brújulas para volver siempre a casa, sea ese el lugar que sea. Nicolás Viglietti (Ex-Libris)

Laura Ponce juega con soltura un ida y vuelta permanente que envuelve y atrapa, para terminar siempre dando en un punto primitivo donde cada historia logra conmover por resultarnos propia. Griselda Perotta (www.solotempestad.com)



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:

Alex Padrón -seud.- (Havana, Cuba, 1973)

He studied Pharmaceutical Sciences. He was a researcher in Biomedicine, a university professor at the Latin American Faculties of Medical Sciences and Chemistry ... and then he turned around in his life to devote himself to writing as a profession.

He is a storyteller, poet, cultural journalist and currently works in an internet content creation agency. After writing horror and science fiction (Reino Eterno, Letras Cubanas 2000) and obtaining the Grand Prize of the Ibero-American Science Fiction, Terror and Fantasy Competition 2004 Ignatius ... he slept like Rip Van Winkle for a decade.

He now takes up literature as the author of a contemporary novel, with Matadero (Literary Atmosphere 2018, Spain). This is the first installment of a trilogy that revolves around Havana, its characters of little legality and the magic of the syncretic.

Co-creator with Michel Encinosa of the cyberpunk universe Ofidia, is in the process of publishing his novel CF Eternity is too long (Editorial Montecallado, 2020?), Which proposes a different look at the future of a humanity threatened from its dawn.

www.alexpadron.xyz

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/>

Heáclito -seud.- (Mexico, 45 years old), writer. Honorable Mention in the First Short Story Contest of Tehuacán 1995, for the story "La que los parió".

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>

Lecuona Varela, Clara (Santa Clara, Cuba 1971) Poet, Narrator and Literary Critic. Member of the National Union of Writers and Artists of Cuba.

He has published the poems of the remote hope (*Ediciones Mecenass*, 2000), *Poetry cosmic and lyric Clara Lecuona* (*Editions of the Front of Hispanic Affirmation*, Mexico, 2002), *PreTextos* (*Mecenas Editions*, 2003), *Fragmentations* (*Sed de Belleza Editores*, 2007), *Estancias* (*Mecenas Editions*, 2007), *Lattes capuchino* (*Editorial Oriente*, 2011), and *Of the daily Vacío*. (*Editorial Letras Cubanas*, 2018).

His texts have been included, among other anthologies, in *Anthology of Cuban Cosmic*

Poetry (Ediciones del Frente de Affirmation Hispanista, Mexico, 2001), Los parques. Young Cuban poets (Editions Mecenas and Reina del Mar Editores, 2002), Anthology of the poetry of nine Spanish-American poets (Editions of the Front of Hispanic Affirmation, Mexico, 2002), Queredlas what you do: 21 young Cuban poetesses of the 21st century (House Editora Abril, 2007), La isla en versos (Ediciones La Luz, 2010), This prison of pure air. Panorama of the tenth Cuban (Casa Editora Abril, 2010), and submerged Cathedral. Contemporary Cuban poetry written by women (Editorial Letras Cubanas, 2013).

His poems translated into French and Italian have been included in periodical and digital publications. He has collaborated with radio and television programs and received several literary awards in Cuba.

He has served as a juror in national and international literary events, and given lectures on current Cuban literature and its challenges at the University of La Laguna, Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Spain.

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

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

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

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

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.

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

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

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

Sixtos, Sergio F. S. (Mexico) *See Illustrators.*

Strigaro, Natalia (Argentina, 42 years old)

Writer and theater teacher, she is also an actress and filmmaker.

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

WAQUERO -seud.- (USA) Of North American origin settled in Argentina for years. Soldier of the USARMY, decorated for being in service as a war hero, retires and is dedicated to being an actor, film director, theater and writer. He published in Argentine magazines such as "Dipsus", "Rigor Mortis" "Acido" and those recognized worldwide as: "Or not" "Axxon"

"Fierro" and "Metal Hurlant" and "Heavy Metal", newspapers such as Page 12, Clarin and South. Author and director of the film Piel Animal, of the homologous play and author of the book "Fantasmagoria"

Illustrators:

Pag. 00 Barticevich, Gastón (San José the corner, Santa Fe, Argentina), is an illustrator and cartoonist fantasy art, science fiction, horror, fantasy. He began drawing at age 6 when finished high school went to the city of Rosario to study art, where he studied with artist Prof. Fernando Oter.

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

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

She currently teaches drawing in the west district Municipality of Rosario and illustrator FreeLancer in card games roll, cover books,

records and comic strips and illustrations made responsible.

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

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

www.barticevichblogspot.com

Pag. 00 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. 00 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, Pífanos 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 Pífanos Fanzine.

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

Pag. 00 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) *See Directors.*

Pag. 00 Sixtos, Sergio F. S. (Mexico) was born in Mexico City. He studied metallurgical engineering. He loves to type in Hermes Baby machine, run through the streets of the CDMX and has published the book Palabráfago Coedición Infame and Sikore Ediciones (2016).

Illustrations:

Pag. 01 St. / Gastón Barticevich (Argentina)

Pag. 06 Inhospitable territory / Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Pag. 10 The rope / Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Pag. 31 Gorila / Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico)

Pag. 33 Deadly territory / Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Pag. 55 Dragones futuristas / Gastón Barticevich (Argentina)

