

MINATURA

The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantástico



ISSN: 2340-977



Know, O prince, that between
the years when the oceans
drank Atlantis and the gleaming
cities, and the years of the rise
of the Sons of Aryas, there was
an Age undreamed of, when



feared, and were not molested
in the dim jungles of the east,
where we had our abode.

The Tower of the Elephant,
Weird Tales magazine, 1933



shining kingdoms lay spread across the
world like blue mantles beneath the stars.

The Phoenix on the Sword, Weird Tales
magazine, 1932



We swept through space on mighty
wings that drove us through the cosmos
quicker than light, because we had
warred with the kings of Yag and were
defeated and outcast. But we could never
return, for on earth our wings withered
from our shoulders. Here we abode apart
from earthly life. We fought the strange
and terrible forms of life which then
walked the earth, so that we became

By Crom, I do not like this place, where
dead men rise, and sleeping men vanish
into the bellies of shadows!

Xuthal of the Dusk (1933)



"Man," said he, "tell me your name, so
that my brothers in Vanaheim may know
who was the last of Wulfhere's band to
fall before the sword of Heimdul."

"Not in Vanaheim," growled the black-
haired warrior, "but in Valhalla will you
tell your brothers that you met Conan of
Cimmeria.

The Frost-Giant's Daughter (1953)

Robert E. Howard Universe

To the memory of Violeta Balián

If we mention Norma Violeta Beredjiklian, maybe someone raises her eyebrow in a sign of ignorance. But if we clarify that behind this name the pseudonym Violeta Balián hides, none of us will be unknown. During the creation of our special dedicated to area 51¹ (the only number in which she did not collaborate), Violeta wrote me worried about the edition of that dossier, she feared that our publication would be a reason for surveillance by international agencies. In the end the MIB did not knock on the door of our writing. What we know! It is now that we think sadly of stories that could have told us about that concern.

¹ Especial Área 51
<http://servercronos.net/bloglgc/index.php/minatura/2014/01/27/revista-digital-minatura-132>

July, August, September #163 2018

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

ISSN: 2340-977

Directors: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Editor: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

Main cover: Robert E. Howard Universe / Alberto Góngora (Spain)

Back cover: Two-Gun Bob / José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain)

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¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

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Dear Violet rest in peace among your flowers and flying saucers.

A shadow awaits in Cross Plains

And the last heart that beats
beneath this head —

Shall it be heard or
unrememberèd?

All dim, all pale — so lift me
on the pyre —

The Feast is over and the
lamps expire!

The House of Caesar, Viola
Garvin.

The hunger for revenge hidden
behind the forgotten alley, has not
been mitigated by the passing of the
years.

We should not be surprised that the
death of "Bob dos pistols" was related
to the weapon that is attributed to
this character in his alias, or to have

the theatricality and drama of the
protagonist of one of his stories. The
naturalness with which he let the
events take place was such that
neither his father, aware of Robert's
mood, took into account the
meticulous preparations that led to
the point—blank shot that ended his
life after eight hours of agony in those
who could not do anything for his
life. The hours prior to this fateful
event, he spent it leaving written his
last wills, buying three spaces in the
local cemetery and making sure that
his mother, whom he adored, would
never wake up from the state in
which he was. He did not invoke
forgotten gods, nor did he seek the
help of the heroes who populated his
written universe, because he had
already decided his fate and no one
could save him. The firm will was his
conviction of the right to decide how
and when he had to end his life and
he did so.

That morning, which started just like
the previous days, he climbed into his

car and shot himself in the temple. He was prostrate on the steering wheel of his vehicle.

Had he known, Dr. Howard would have tried to dissuade him from the nonsense by claiming the emptiness that would leave his departure from this world. Had I sensed it, perhaps I could have written Lovecraft, Robert's great friend, in other terms than those of the terrible chronicle of the suicide of his only son.

Howard's death left his friend dismayed. Member of the Circle that the one of Providence formed around his creative universe, both had maintained a friendship of years that united them beyond the letters, of the stories, of the imagination.

Abandoned, he kept with him the fragment of the poem with which Howard said goodbye to life, as if that was going to be returned.

Away from there, in Cross Plains and with the memory of that young writer who wandered the streets dressed always in white knitwear and

hat; he typed on his unstoppable typewriter day and night; hidden, in a lonely alley, a shadow awaits the lost opponent, waiting for the rematch of the boxing match he will never be able to perform.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea. San Juan de Moró
2018

Finalmente queremos agradecer la participación de nuestros ilustradores: Alberto Góngora (España); Catarina Teixeira (Portugal); Dinis Salgado (Portugal); Evandro Rubert (Brasil); Manuel Santamaría Barrios (España); Sergio F. S. Sixtos (México) y José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (España)

A todos gracias.

Los Directores



And in the next issue:

Biopunk

(Deadend October, 1)

Acta del jurado del XVI Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico
miNatura 2018



Reunidos los votos del Jurado del XVI Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2018, formado por:

Manel Aljama (Narrador, España)

Elaine Vilar Madruga (Narradora y poeta, Cuba)

Antonio Mora Vélez (Narrador y poeta, Colombia)

José Miguel Sánchez “Yoss” (Narrador, ensayista, conferenciante, Cuba)

Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Narradora, España)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Poeta y narrador, Cuba)

Tras la lectura de los 244 cuentos, que provenientes de diferentes nacionalidades, a saber:

39 argentinos

1 argentino—italiano

2 bolivianos

10 chilenos

12 colombianos

1 costarricense

7 cubanos

108 españoles

1 hispano—estadounidense

1 estadounidense

1 hondureño

1 italiano

30 mexicanos

2 nicaragüenses

6 peruanos

1 puertorriqueño

1 dominicano

1 rumano

6 uruguayos

13 venezolanos

La Organización quiere agradecer la dedicación del jurado que con esfuerzo y dedicación logran resaltar con sus votos los mejores textos. En esta ocasión se ha tenido muy en cuenta el adecuado uso de nuestro idioma común: ortografía, gramática y sintaxis y la utilización correcta del género al que está dedicado el certamen: el género fantástico (ciencia ficción, fantasía, terror).

El jurado del XVI Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2018 proclama como ganador al cuento:

COSAS DE NIÑOS Seudónimo: Oh Hamlet Autor: Alfons Ruano Cruz
(España)

En palabras de Carmen Rosa Signes directora de la revista miNatura y miembro del jurado: *Cosas de niños de Alfons Ruano Cruz destaca por su sencillez. Estamos rodeados de elementos perturbadores, pero son aquellos que rodean a los niños los que más nos impactan. El aura de inocencia y naturalidad, que convierte los hechos cotidianos en experiencias sinceras cargadas de credibilidad, consiguen siempre conmovernos, y cuando estos hechos escapan a la lógica natural son capaces de estremecernos y hacer que un escalofrío recorra nuestra espalda. Es eso lo que logra este cuento cuyo final impactante, unido a la sencillez de su historia, lo hace merecedor de ser destacado por el jurado.*

El jurado destaca como finalistas los siguientes textos (la ordenación no implica puesto clasificatorio alguno debido a que los nombres de los autores aparecen por riguroso orden alfabético):

EN CASO DE TORMENTA, ACUDIR A PAPÁ Seudónimo: Harley Quinn Autor: Hernán Darío España Cruz (Colombia)

TERROR Seudónimo: Lores Martin Autora: Dolo Espinosa (España)

LA MARGARITA Seudónimo: Lovely Dew Autora: Rocio Fuentes Ortea (España)

EL LIBRO PROHIBIDO Seudónimo: Salinas Autora: Soledad García Garrido (España)

EL NOCTÁMBULO Seudónimo: Suiseki Autor: Antonio García—Catalán Barchino (España)

EL DÍA QUE LA HUMANIDAD METIÓ LA PATA Seudónimo: El Penúltimo Hombre Vivo Autor: Pere J. Martínez Marqués (España)

DURAMÁTER Seudónimo: Julián Soler Autor: Rafael Novoa Blanco (España)

INSOMNIO Seudónimo: El silbido del afilador Autora: Patricia Richmond (España)

RONDA Seudónimo: Salem Autora: Adriana Azucena Rodríguez (México)

En breve verá la luz el dossier especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al XVI Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2018 (Revista Digital miNatura 164) en el que se podrán leer tanto el cuento ganador como los finalistas, todos ellos recibirán por correo electrónico, diploma acreditativo de su participación en el certamen.

Todos aquellos trabajos que no han sido seleccionados por el jurado serán destruidos, de forma que, en los próximos días, desaparecerán del blog

quedando tan sólo en él el cuento ganador y demás textos destacados en esta edición del certamen, tal y como viene dispuesto en las bases del mismo.

Nuestro más sincero agradecimiento a los participantes. Os esperamos el año próximo en la edición número 17 de este certamen. Gracias a todos.

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura

San Juan de Moró a 5 de octubre de 2018



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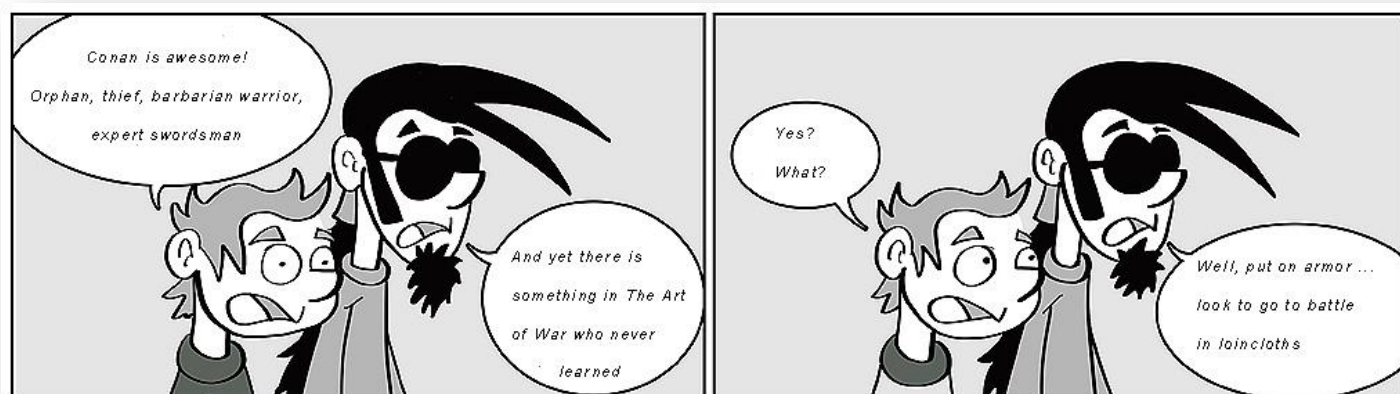
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A strange spectacle

By *Violeta Balián (Argentina)*

It was in 1665 when as newly appointed imperial emissary to the border territories, I traveled north to spend time with the Sultan's new subjects, the Kalmuks, Mongol warriors who live by the law of the sword. From where I was installed, near the Azov Sea, I sent home frequent dispatches which remarked on their lifestyle and how the men of this nomadic peoples lived up to two hundred and even three hundred years of age. Also, that as soon as a warrior's vigor diminished and he was no longer able to mount or dismount, they cooked him fat sheep's tail and stuffed his mouth, forcefully so that would it whole. Once dead, he was considered a martyr. Also, this fraction of Kalmuks professed Buddhism and ate human flesh, not that of their enemies but themselves,

a custom imposed on them by a Karpa or magician, and second in authority after the Tai Shi or king. Upon the death of a leader, the Karpa, who was also custodian of the ancestral wooden cube whose sides were each painted of a different color, would throw the die and when it fell, and according to the color that ended up looking upwards, he was able to interpret the oracle's message regarding the fate of the deceased's remains. One day, I heard the king's son had died and that the die's green side had ordered the body to be drained of all its blood and fat before being roasted and eaten in a festive celebration. Overcome by curiosity I went by the place they were gathering. 'Come closer, you can also partake of our king's son! 'Thanks, but I'm a Muslim.' I then asked if their religion

allowed them to eat human flesh. 'Yes, of course, for the soul of the deceased enters all of us and stays around.' 'So, tell me, who is your Father God?' 'The same One who made you, and I, and the Shining Mountain.' I thought his words were blasphemous and full of scorn. Therefore, while I watched the preparations, and from the bottom of my heart, I cursed these beasts in human form, infidels, ignorant of the Prophet's teachings and followers of the Bani Asfar, the eschatological Yellow Tribe. 'So, today you will eat

human flesh. Is it bitter?' 'No, it is not but if you want to know what it tastes like, kiss a woman and you'll know how sweet it can be. And, if you eat it, its sweetness will make you live for many, many years just like us.'

Intrigued by the strange spectacle, I joined the round of commensals.

During the meal, I noted down that a human body could feed some twenty men. As we finished eating, we each grabbed some fat, and rubbed our faces, eyes and the whole body. Only then, we buried the bones.

Beyond the Last River

By *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

All children, except one, grow up.

James Matthew Barrie, *Peter Pan*

“Facts are not the truth,” retorted the General. “Facts are only one part of it”.

Sándor Márai, *Embers*

The rumble precedes a flash as bright as fleeting. Then he feels an indescribable peacefulness. He is in a familiar spot, a dense wild forest, and a place where the noble barbarism does not need to fear the intrigues of the wily civilization. In that pagan paradise there is no room for Christian sin; there every man is the master of his own destiny, his life and his death. Although the path seems narrow, vegetation opens as he passages.

With cat—like gait, the walker, the friendly face young man with the muscular body in which nothing remembers his sickly childhood, embarks on a journey towards his destiny. In his expert hands the heavy sword looks like a feather.

The sun begins to set behind the dense vegetal wall. The shadows grow and seem to stalk, but he does not feel fear. Evil spirits and demons of the mind have no longer power over him. He will not lose his head. He is in his kingdom, where he is the lord and master, where his reward and glory awaits him. Because he, who has penetrated so many times into the unknown with firm steps, is in fact aware of the existence of another life beyond death, an eternal one. His brightness will not be an ephemeral will—o'—the—wisp: he will not

wither under the influence of time. The hero will forever remain eternal in his hardy vigor. His ashes will not disperse in the wind without leaving a memory of himself. There is no remorse or regret. What he has lived is enough: it is much more than most mortals could dream of in a long—and tedious—existence.

Although he is not a wealthy merchant but a warrior who rents his arm to survive, he has not given up on fighting for the most just causes.

Because he does not consider himself to be an unscrupulous mercenary; he has never bowed the knee to the cruel idols that judge and censure to win the capricious favor and thus change his uncertain lot.

In that border land, on the banks of the old river beyond which it is not wise to move forward, since whoever ventures going through it rarely finds the way back, he will face his last adventure with honor. Soon he will cross the most extreme frontier.

Lift me on the pyre

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

“All fled, all done/ So lift me
on the pyre.

The feast is over/ And the
lamps expire.”

[Robert Ervin Howard suicide
note: 11 June 1936]

A weird coolness shivered El Borak while traveling to the kingdom of Erlik Khan. Suddenly, he heard the echo of a shot —the bullet cut through the air of a Western land. It seemed to him that his inner vision fled toward the past; he seemed to see, amidst the time fog, a savage king contemplating with eyes as empty as his own, and from a steep reef of ancient Britain, a fabulous metal animal with four legs like wheels.

Bran Mak Morn, king of the Picts, followed the echo of the bullet’s

sound, till it penetrated just over the right ear of a head that he considered sacred, as if inside it inhabited his own epoch; no matter if it belonged to a time where almighty sorcerers could invoke with their magic such weapons and animals. He saw the blood gush out and tinge the shadows of a realm ruled by a terrible necromancy.

King Kull stared at his sword washed in blood; he’d just pulled it out from the scaled body of one of the Serpent Men —but it wasn’t his blood. Spellbound, he licked it and found it sweet. He hurried to the Valusia’s altars and casted the sword into the fire, as an homage to that god from whose wound he was sure sprung out the blood. The smoke ascended forming the figure of a man

with his head covered by a strange object.

The Salomon Kane's hat fell down when he jerked his head in a violent manner. He grasped the ju-ju staff given to him by the powerful African wizard N'Longa. He felt that a divine head made that same jerk — a head that had just been pierced through by a bullet. "Oh God!" he exclaimed and knelt down to pray for his soul. But instead of a prayer, what came forth

was this verse: "All fled, all done/ So lift me on the pyre./ The feast is over/ And the lamps expire."

Conan heard to himself chanting that farewell while pressing the edge of his sword against the neck of a given enemy of The Hyborian Age.

"Did you hear those words — Crom has commanded it! your lamps has expired," so saying, cut off his head.

Sonja

By *Samir Karimo (Portugal)*

The legend says that many years ago a shark—like meteorite which gave power to whoever touched it fell in this beach. So, as soon as I sat down I started feeling something strange in the body, I felt that I was losing control, I was pumping my hips in such a way that the male breath didn't have the capacity to stop me and it was then when the impossible happened, as I walked, my ass

increased more and more at the cost of people's life... as I read in the inscription in a somewhat strange language, it was a mixture of cybertonese with arabic, it said that this rock had traces of Queen RED Sonja that fed on human souls, especially men who couldn't see a girl, and so the more I walked, the more men withered and from my forehead came out some horns....

Immediate decision

By Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

The jump of Solomon Jhosue was tremendous.

He was already wide awake, but he continued to see in front of him the tremendous and sharp swords with which he dreamed, he also heard the sound of drums that demanded death, war, greed and blood.

"We're both going to kill people," La Parca told him. With a human sacrifice we are going to celebrate death!

— Kill someone? We, I ... "Solomon could not understand what was happening, he looked from one side to the other. (I have to be asleep yet), I thought.

—Do not! You are wide awake and you will accompany me to the celebration.

—Celebration?

—Yes, and the first one to sacrifice will be your mother.

It could not be! In dreams he had just seen the death of his mother, and now this...

Solomon's decision was immediate. He jumped out of bed, grabbed one of the swords that held the dark figure in front of him and broke off the head of the body.

Retoño

By *Waquero* —seud.— (USA)

The wolf approached her burrow, anticipating what she would find.

He found what was left of his puppies recognizing the smell of blood. I utter a pitiful howling reflection of her interrupted motherhood. A dozen meters away he found new orphaned puppies. As they approached both went directly to their longing mamas and began to feed busily.

The days passed in peace, the she—wolf loved and regurgitated food for her little ones.

One stormy night he noticed that the smallest puppy observes the rays with fascination. The wolf with the snout pushed the offspring out into the open. He rolled down the hill but quickly rearmed looking at the wolf with fury. They spent the rest of the

night like this, observing themselves in silence. From that day the she—wolf stopped feeding the little one, and without stopping he started eating what he found, insects or herbs. Eventually the she—wolf brought a hare and lay down in front of their young to eat, the older one licked his nose begging for food and the little one watched; Suddenly he pounced on the she—wolf, bit an ear, shocked both of them, then squatted down to eat.

The animal observed when he felt hair pulling his other baby, swiftly turned towards him and a bite opened his neck deadly. His brother watched everything, without stopping to eat.

One morning he heard noises. At the base of the hill a group similar to its breeding.

The wolf observed its offspring, approached, licked its face and pushed it violently, the child fell right at the feet of the largest man in the group. He looked at him curiously and lifted him from the floor, the creature biting him to tear off a piece of skin. The corpulent

man released him and drew his sword, ready to split it in half when, embarrassed, he saw that the little boy was watching him, standing, defiant. The giant exploded in a laugh and at the same time that she sheathed his sword "Ermen Coonan" (I'll call you Conan)

The age of darkness

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

In loving memory of Violeta Balián

The Stars, Sun, Moon all
shrink away. A desert vast
without a bound. And nothing
left to eat or drink. And a dark
desert all around

William Blake, *The mental
traveler*

This is the story of our known
world, our three islands: The First,
the Second and the Third one, the
Continent—Island. We were always
alone, uncontaminated, protected by
the Sea of Storms, which abysses
itself at a moon of navigation far. It
was never known of a ship that
survived the waterspouts and other
furies darkening our horizon.
However, the autumn mist brought

an armada of black vessels that puked
a horde of monsters embroidered in
iron spikes. The wind flapped their
flags which carried a horned serpent
as badge. The ancient legends were
true: the barbarians from the other
side did exist. And they were
methodical with the invasion as well
as merciless with the extermination.
Our armies, veterans of parades and
anniversaries, looked like paper
figurines. But what terrified us the
most was that the conquerors
perpetrated the carnage in the most
perfect silence. Later, we learned they
had their tongues cut. Before winter,
the insidious Sukur—Lamak
proclaimed himself the satrap of the
Third Island and married Urka, the
widowed queen. The streets flowered
with impaled bodies and all types of
tortures. There was no woman or

little girl left without being raped. Men, young and old were enslaved and used in the iron oxide mines. Fruits withered, and crops rotted. In time, history books called this sinister time, "The Age of Darkness". I am Irukamis, the royal magician and I must admit none of my spells worked. I had to find the way to set my people free. There is no worse tragedy than living without hope. I read the old treaties of war and realized that you do not win not all victories on the battlefield. That is how I crafted the legend of a sword born in a cursed

forge, made with the dark metal of a meteorite and the fire of volcanoes, while the necromancers sang their sad songs and lamentations. And soon, in fairs and roads peasants began to whisper the triumphs of "The russet one," so called by the bloodbath that left in its path. It was time to create the Titan able to rise such a legendary sword. Among the oppressed, the name of Askalion of Tamaría became both a psalm and a blessing. Then, restoration began. But that is another story.

The prophecy

By M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (México)

The magician Baldassare had a wooden cylinder in his hands, placed it on the table and gave himself the task of opening it by leaning on his magic wand and saying some words in the old language; The cylinder opened and inside he extracted a sheet of old parchment, broke the seal of wax that kept it closed, adjusted his glasses, clarified his voice and began to read the prophecy in a high tone:

"Coming from the human race, a small child of humble and tragic past will come from distant lands, who is destined to become the man who will be the repository of the hitherto unknown" Book of Secrets ". With the power and wisdom enough to overcome the forces of evil that for millennia want to seize it and thus expand their power and dominion; this man will be able to face and

overcome the kingdom of darkness because he will have the ancestral knowledge and the supreme protection of elves, magicians and dragons ".

There was a great silence among those present. After so many millennia of waiting everyone had come to consider the possibility that the "Book of Secrets" would never be delivered to anyone. But today they had the prophecy in their hands, the signs had been presented, the leaders of the three races were gathered. Finally, the glances of all present met each other, after a long time the man who had remained distant in the shadows spoke:

— Yes, it's him, the little one has arrived, he's living in the village.

The elf and the dragon turned to see
the magician; After a moment
Baldassare said:

— Take charge, remember to bring
it with good, the little one is our
hope.

Without saying a word the man
departed waiting to be rewarded for
his services, silence reigned behind.
Outside, the sun was just rising and a
new era was about to begin.

The holocaust of the barbarian

By *Juan Manuel Valitutti (Argentina)*

Behind² the high mountain ranges, on the tapestry of the pale sky, a flash of lightning traced the pattern of a phoenix that fell over the roar of the fledgling battle.

The barbarian's prayer received an answer!

At the same time a blinding flash closed the wound on the side of the Cimmerian!

Conan sat up, arms crossed.

—What do you expect, men? — throne—. Suit me the armour!

The soldiers pounced on their leader. Very soon the ruff, the escarpment, the breastplate, the back, the brace, the helmet, and other implements that made up the armor

of a knight, covered the powerful muscles of the warrior.

—Enarus! The Cimmerian weighed his gear. Where are you, brave archer?

— At your right hand, Conan! Where else?

—Tell me, my good Enarus, are you willing to darken the heavens with your arrows?

The lieutenant's eyes flashed fiercely.

— Of course, my lord!

Conan sued his horse, and rode.

— So be it, Enarus! The Cimmerian rolled up his shield and unsheathed his sword, while the banners with the Phoenix symbol spread out around his hosts with joyful haughtiness. We will have a magnificent blood bath, after all!

^{2 2} Fragmento del cuento original tomado de <http://axxon.com.ar/rev/2010/02/el-holocausto-del-barbaro-juan-manuel-valitutti/>

The huge mass of his armed body
stood on the saddle of his palfrey.

— Oh, my brave ones! —I call—
Lift the pikes and halberds!

— They heard the captain! Seconded
Enarus. Form rows!

Then Conan looked up at the sky.

—And you, anonymous and
magnificent unknown? —He said—.

Will you accompany me once more,
or will you be lazing around with the
Montañés? Poor Enarus is old and
will not be able to do anything! The
Cimmerian let out a wild laugh and
shook his sword. Booty or hell, men!
He bellowed. Ahead!

The military columns marched at a
redoubled pace.

Annals

By *Amilcar Rodríguez Cal (Cuba)*

The last onslaught of the Picts is lethal. Led by the legendary Bran Mak Mom, the hordes of hardened warriors hurl themselves over the remains of the Roman army. The plain is covered with thousands of dead legionnaires, as if a bloody autumn had descended on the British regions. The few who manage to reach the triremes still fall under the cloud of arrows of the Pictish archers lined up on the bank. The fire ignites on several boats, covering the closest

sea with incandescent flowers. The cries of victory resound. The geese of the bogs are frightened and take flight in gigantic flocks.

The dead rival soldiers are collected and stacked. Human fires crackle, polluting the valley with its nauseating smell. Night does not yet fall when a Pictish messenger arrives from the west. It brings the news that a new fleet is preparing to land beyond the hills. A new king, Kull the atlantis, up to claim the Pictish territories.

A sword that shatter sorcery

By Morgan Vicconius Zariah —seud.— (República Dominicana)

"Is not the will like a guided sword?"
"Are not magic and destiny unfathomable and savage forces from nature that shaped the universe?"
"Can a sword fight those forces beyond human comprehension?"
"Can the destiny being killed?," so spoke a group of voices interconnected in the hidden space. They were the consciences of the possible destinies that should chain themselves to the writer's soul like cosmic obstacles. They were there to be his stumble stone —the black magic committed to darken his radiant destiny.

"His sword has defeated once more the dark magic of the serpent Set," said Thot Amon, the incarnation of a primordial shadow. He was upset.

"The sign carved in his sword is very powerful," commented Thulsa

Doom, another manifestation of Darkness, devoted to chase Howard's soul in her reincarnations. "He destroyed in one single stroke the dark spell I wove around him. Is it Crom, the invisible, who breathe that force into him?"

The forces of Darkness that chase him in the multiverses took the form of his many enemies: the carriers of the stellar spells. The divine soul of Robert E. Howard stood for a savage model fighting against the adversity of the unknown. That's the reason the savage entities of entropy and destruction wanted to ruin his archetype in all the parallel universes. So, in the memory of the young Howard, dawned an afternoon one of the images of Hyboria.

"By God! I was close to lose my life among the magic of Xaltotun," cried

Howard, who by now known he was the reincarnation of a Hyborian warrior.

Under the shadows of the multiverses the Dark Ones complained: "we couldn't destroy his

child like spirit. He already exposed us in his writings —the nihilistic forces of chaos that was about to defeat civilization, can now being fight back with that knowledge. His will was the sword that crashed our magic, and looked into the wound."

Konnan the Barbarian

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

The axis of the Earth changed drastically, the poles became the equator and vice versa. The seas swallowed the coasts, continents sank but others emerged. Human civilization collapsed abruptly. A thousand years went by and another world emerged. In the jungles there lived a warrior king, a long-haired Caucasian, the law in his kingdom were his words; he defended his people from the Nazi zombies that rode on dinosaurs. King Konnan the Barbarian, his chosen name from some lost chronicles of the historian Howard narrator of the exploits of the barbarian of Cimmeria. Konnan rode a tiger, wore a helmet with horns that only let him see blue eyes and his muscular body covered him with armor. There were different tribes and many dangers. But Konnan the

Barbarian only defended his people and his harem of beautiful women, all young blondes. He had heard rumors that people of a different color existed. It had scrolls of the Bible that the high priests studied, since in them it was said how to overcome the demons. In this world different beings arose: reptilian men who left the interior of the Earth from time to time; talking cannibal gorillas; the anthropomorphic robots and machines both with artificial intelligence; the dinosaurs, etc. When leaving one day of his kingdom, the barbarian warrior saw something that left him impacted, a plane landed where a reptilian man descended. The being told him he was coming in peace, he wanted to join alliances with other creatures to fight against a necromancer, king of demons and

everyone should fight him as he would open the gates of hell. Konnan defeated him and cut off his head but he could not stop the devils from escaping from the underworld, now

there would be a long fight. Using the teachings of the holy book, he commanded to forge a cross on his chest to fight the demons.

The last journey of the Red Lion

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

After a prolonged silence the scribe finished his task: the king slept soundly. At a signal from the young boatswain, the scribe left the booth. Outside, the night chill wore the bones of both men. "A year and a half and his majesty has not yet decided on a destination," the clerk commented. "Wait for a vision," his interlocutor said. The eyes contemplated the still immensity of the ocean, lit by a sallow lunar candelabrum. A strange play of lights, rocking to the sound of the waves, emerged in the distance. The lookout gave the alarm. The crew moved immediately and behind her the figure of the king, wrapped in a red cloak. To an order, the ship increased its speed towards the figure of lights that rocked to the sound of the gentle

waves; but it was not necessary, the fragile and primitive vessel sighted came to meet him. "It will be easy prey," the boatswain muttered, drawing his sword, however, the king ordered something else. Fear seized the crew. "Witchcraft?" Thought the clerk, glancing at his king, but he remained impassive, while remembering one of the stories he had entrusted to him: a sorcerer who predicted a meeting between past and present ... The rubbing of the hooves produced a slight tremor. From the neighboring deck emerged a figure seconded by an entourage. A cozy sense of peace seized the Red Lion. His Majesty, Conan of Cimeria, went out to meet Kull of Atlantis. Finally they were. That way they could rest.

Masquerade

By *Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)*

When I woke up, I was alone in the darkness, curled up into a ball, cornered near a pillar of stone and surrounded by silence. I had regained consciousness with some kind of fright, like that dream, when you fall in to the void, when a crash awakes you. It is in moments like these, when drunkenness is ending, that I regret of my outburst.

The party was madness, I still remember that. Also, the unease feeling that came to me as soon as I got into the room and came down the floor tile stairs. It was like someone staring at me, following me. It was useless to try to find my scrutineer, a ridiculous thought, because the ballroom was so crowded of people in masks. So I threw me into a sea of witches, demons, space creatures and monsters and let the music full my

chest and burst my eardrums. And I try to forget that restless with some drinks. Too many, I'm afraid.

Something took me away from those ponderings: a ceaseless thunder that became a slow drumming. I followed the sound through tortuous corridors, inside the construction of slender hillocks, until I came out. In the garden was a group of masked dancers, surrounding a fire. They were singing a litany of bellows that made my skin to stand on end.

That fire... that dance... I was fascinated by them. The dancing shapes moved away one by one. But one figure waited. Again, I felt that premonition growing inside me, when that thing saw me with its goat eyes. It was so close to me that I was able to look at its bestial shape. The mask was so perfect that appears to be part

of it, a crown of branches and
feathers covered its head while the
rest of the body was dressed with a
tunic.

The fire didn't stop me to touch that
mask, I approached my hand, and I
felt his flesh and bones under my
fingers.

Stan

By Isabel Santos (Argentina)

Stan finally arrived at the solar system. He located near Jupiter to work calm. He wanted to plan the future, but at a distance.

He looked at the edge of the Earth from his ship. And he thought: I admire the terrestrials, they born without know what they are.

He had to settle in another way.

It was his opportunity. He was excited because he could be a father.

All of his kind used a basic recipe and he set it in motion quickly.

He chose five human candidates and kept them alive. He annihilated the rest of humanity and mutated other species to occupy the places that would be empty. He was a responsible father.

One of those five minds was his goal. He had to rummage through each one and choose one.

He trusted that one of them would unfold all its mental content to be able to mutate. Only then he could inhabit it.

Meanwhile, he lived for them, obsessed with them, helping them to evolve.

One day, one of the five would jump into the ocean and come to look for him.

And it happened.

Everything is ready, repeated Stan.

He killed the four that remained and dedicated himself to his chosen one.

—Wake up, Rachel!

—Who speaks to me?

—Your father.

—What do you want, father?

—Be born.

Cimmeria

By Robert E. Howard

I remember

The dark woods, masking slopes of sombre hills;

The grey clouds' leaden everlasting arch;

The dusky streams that flowed without a sound,

And the lone winds that whispered down the passes.

Vista upon vista marching, hills on hills,

Slope beyond slope, each dark with sullen trees,

Our gaunt land lay. So when a man climbed up

A rugged peak and gazed, his shaded eye

Saw but the endless vista--hill on hill,

Slope beyond slope, each hooded like its brothers.

It was gloomy land that seemed to hold

All winds and clouds and dreams that shun the sun,

With bare boughs rattling in the lonesome winds,

And the dark woodlands brooding over all,

Not even lightened by the rare dim sun

Which made squat shadows out of men; they called it
Cimmeria, land of Darkness and deep Night.

It was so long ago and far away
I have forgotten the very name men called me.
The axe and flint-tipped spear are like a dream,
And hunts and wars are like shadows. I recall
Only the stillness of that sombre land;
The clouds that piled forever on the hills,
The dimness of the everlasting woods.
Cimmeria, land of Darkness and the Night.

Arkham³

By Robert E. Howard

Drowsy and dull with age the houses blink
On aimless streets the rat-gnawed years forget-
But what inhuman figures leer and slink
Down the old alleys when the moon has set?⁹

³ First published in *Weird Tales* (August 1932)

CIMMERIAN CUSTOM / MANUEL SANTAMARÍA BARRIOS (SPAIN)

Know Prince that your father had trouble adapting to the refined customs of the court

But man Lord Sacrus, do not get like that, I've just greeted you with the traditional Cimerian backstroke!



Proyecto:

El Teatro de las Ánimas

Radio BUAP (Radio universitaria de Puebla) México

Es un programa de cultura *underground*, con más de 15 años en el aire, el principal objetivo de este proyecto es mostrar los diferentes géneros musicales subterráneos, aderezados con la literatura de los géneros de fantasía, horror y ciencia ficción.

Titular y creador del programa: José Luis Gonzalez Nieva, El Cuervo



DJ profesional y experto en diferentes géneros musicales.

Voz femenina: Bárbara Eurídice Blas Romero, Hiedra, la Dama Gárgola

Actriz, declamatrix y autora de algunos microrelatos para el programa.

Colaborador y voz masculina: Rolando Taboada, Vardhon

Lectura y dramatización de los textos

<https://www.mixcloud.com/Hiedra1970/>

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 history and humanities (San Francisco State University, CA). In Washington, D.C. Washington was a freelance journalist for Woman and editor in chief for the quarterly publication, The Violet Gazette. In 2012 and in Buenos Aires Glasser record publicly, science fiction novel and fantastic (Edit. Dunken and Amazon Kindle). Part of the group of 28 authors participating in First Exiles, a science fiction anthology published next to Argentina.

www.violetabalian.blogspot.com

www.elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.com

Candelaria Zárate, M^a. Del Socorro (Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program Coordinator of San Luis de Potosí. He has worked in different numbers miNatura digital magazine.

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973) Having studied at the University of Pisa, La Sapienza University of Rome and Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome, she took a Doctor degree in Philosophy and Arts at the Autonomous University of Madrid (2005).

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

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

Karimo, Samir (Portugal) translator.

A fan of the fantastic, as the author highlights the texts Santa Claus sideral y a gota de oro navideña and Delirios fantasmales, both

published in the phoenix fanzine and now comes with this first book of short stories or pre texts that are pretexts for new texts.

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

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 "Penumbras 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 Tecnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farraluque 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.

Moreyra García, Julieta (Mexico). Bachelor of Health Sciences. Bibliophile, budding novelist and faithful follower of fantasy literature, addiction that led her to travel through the Creative Writing Program of the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana. Experiment with the pen for several years.

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>

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.

Rodríguez Cal, Amilcar (Santa Clara, Cuba) Bachelor of Sociology at the University of Las Villas. Annual graduate course narrative techniques of Literary Training Center of Havana. Mention in national competition SF 2003 issue of Technical Youth with the story

"The Flight". Mention in the National Poetry Competition Regino Pedroso 2006. Texts published in anthologies on paper "Press release" and "The balance of the world", publishing Luminaria and Caja China. Chronicles published in national newspapers as a collaborator. First Prize in National Competition III Chronicles "Cuba Deportiva" 2009, with the text "A victory announced". Mention in Sport Cuba 2013 with the text "The Fall". Mention Regino Pedroso 2014 National Poetry Competition. IV Contest prize Chronicles Caridad Pineda in Memoriam, 2015. Mention in SF 2015 Technical Youth with the text "Offering". Texts published in the magazine El Caimán Barbudo and the colombian ezine Cosmocápsula of science fiction and fantasy.

Santos, Isabel (Argentina) UBA Public Accountant. And I study the Arts career, also in the UBA. My story: Infrared was published in Scientific Fiction. My story: Rosita was chosen to be part of the First Portico Anthology. And my story: Paraiso Ochentoso will be published in a new weird anthology, soon. I participate in the correction workshops of Claudia

Cortalezzi, the creative writing workshops of Teresa Mira de Echeverría, the Exegesis workshop, and I participated in the workshop Los clanes de la luna dickeana. I concur to the sci-fi gatherings of Buenos Aires directed by Laura Ponce. I have a book published: "Cuentos", 2013.

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

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".

Valitutti, Juan Manuel (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1971) He is a teacher and his stories have appeared on websites, digital magazines and paper. He currently publishes

his saga "Crónicas del caminante" in the CiFi Portal. He has been a finalist in the contest Worlds in darkness 2009 with his story "The vastness of the mirrors", and one of his stories, "The Samsa factor", has been translated into Catalan

Illustrators:

Pag. 01 Góngora, Alberto (Madrid, Spain, 1985) Madrilenian illustrator specialized in dirty realism, terror and dark fantasy. With a broad portfolio since he has developed several projects of children, naturalist and advertising illustration. At present, he divides his activity as a porter and illustrator for books, magazines, various anthologies of stories.

A great admirer of Tom Savini, Glenn Fabry and Stanley Kubrick, among many others, he spent his childhood devouring RLStine's Nightmare books, being fascinated by his covers shining in the darkness of his room, and imagining and dreaming of being able to do the same someday. His activity as a cover illustrator began in 2013, for a humble project of an Argentine zombie film tribute to George

Romero that finally did not come to see the light, but that served to discover his true passion, and since then he has not stopped to give free rein to the brush, with impressive works.

Winner in 2016 of the "Graphic Mystic" prize in the Algeciras Fantastic in the illustration category.

Exhibition in the last edition of the Gothic Week of Madrid, his exposed work was published in the anthology homage to Gothic authors ANTERGO at the end of last year. Based on the story written by Aitor Heras, "It devours you from within", inspired in turn by Lovecraft, "The color that fell from heaven".

Blogspot:

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

Facebook:

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

Pag. 52 Puyana Domínguez, José Manuel (Cádiz, Spain), Illustrator and Articulator.

Bachelor of History, specialized in American comic—book history, graphic designer and illustrator. Currently I am dedicated to the

organization of events as coordinator of the Comic Con Spain, the Salón Manga de Jerez, and the GamerCon; to illustration, illustrating from comic books, and doing workshops and digital camps for children; and I also write articles about comics for the Diario Bahía de Cádiz. As a great lover of fantasy literature, science fiction and comics, I write my own blog on these topics, called "Memoirs of a Morlock"

<http://memoriasdeunmorlock.com/>

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. 11 Salgado, Dinis (Lisbon, Portugal, 1975), son of the painter Raúl Pérez, although

he has a career in Modern Languages and Literatures, is fond of painting.

Pag. 42 Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977) Bachelor of Nautical and Maritime Transport. Currently I work as a freelance trainer of merchant marine courses which I manage from the facebook page "Nautical Training Cádiz".

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

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

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

Pag. 11 Teixeira, Catarina (Lisbon, Portugal, 1983) In addition to illustrator she is a draftsman. She has already participated in several fanzines, including two issues of H—Alt

(as a draftsman), and several other projects within the field of illustration. He also collaborates in the organization of the Nucleus of Illustration and Comics – Opiarte de FBAUL. Now comes with this illustration of Divine Music that is part of the comic developed with Samir Karimo for the magazine H—ALT 6 that has the same name.

<http://catarinatx.wixsite.com/portfolio/about>

[ut](#)

<http://skreebat.tumblr.com/>

<https://twitter.com/SkreeBat>

<https://picarto.tv/SkreeBat>

Illustrations:

Pág. 01 Universo Robert E. Howard / Alberto Góngora (Spain)

Pág. 11 Sonja / Catarina Teixeira (Portugal)

Pág. 11 Sonja / Dinis Salgado (Portugal)

Pág. 13 Miedo, Mentiras y Tinta China: Before dead that disgusted / Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Pág. 42 Cimmerian custom / Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Pág. 52 Two-Gun Bob / José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain)



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