

MAGAZINE

The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic



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THE BOLLEMAN FILZ



Deep in the human unconscious is a pervasive need for a logical universe that makes sense. But the real universe is always one step beyond logic.

Dune (1985), Frank Herbert,



What we need is equality without conformity.

Green Mars (1993), Kim Stanley Robinson



The biological mapping had become a pointless game, the new flora following exactly the emergent lines anticipated twenty years earlier, and he was sure that no one at Camp Byrd in Northern Greenland bothered to file his reports, let alone read them.

The Drowned World (1962), J. G. Ballard



Nature is to zoos as God is to churches.



Oryx and Crake (2003),

Margaret Atwood



To be a friend of the earth, you have to be an enemy of man.

Friend of the Earth

(2000), T. C. Boyle



Cities controlled by big

companies are old hat in science fiction. My grandmother left a whole bookcase of old science fiction novels. The company-city subgenre always seemed to star a hero who outsmarted, overthrew, or escaped "the company." I've never seen one where the hero fought like hell to get taken in and underpaid by the company. In real life, that's the way it will be. That's the way it always is.

Parable of the Sower (1993), Octavia E.

Butler

Climate is what you expect weather
is what you get.

Mark Twain

There are no right answers to wrong
questions.

Ursula K. Le Guin

Global Warming is the original new
sin, and CO2 is the apple. We
remember the 80s for their movies
and the way we dressed, but does
anyone remember the hole in the
ozone layer? I think not.
Conspiranoics accuse political
agendas of blaming mankind for all
natural climatic causes.

Aristotle wrote a book entitled
Meteorologica that did not treat
meteorology, rather, he was talking
about the Greek vision of the
Cosmos where man could be
influenced and influence the climate

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and geography of the place where he lives. The idea controlled in Montesquieu and his *Spirit of the laws* (1748) and as any good approach was perverted in Friedrich Ratzel's *Anthropogeographie* (1891), addressing issues such as the *living space*¹ and the supremacy of Nordic man over that of more temperate lands.

Perhaps I am spinning very fine, but the line between the third Principle of thermodynamics and political fiction is very delicate.

The term Cli-Fi appears (depending on the source) for the first time in [Michael Crichton's](#) novel *State of Fear* (2004) and other sources point to the journalist [Dan Bloom](#) who used the term in his article *So Hot Right Now: Has Climate Change Created a New Literary genre?* Maybe with this new subgenre, do not limit yourself to

¹ Established the relationship between space and population, ensuring that the existence of a State was guaranteed when it had sufficient space to meet the needs of it.

Mad Max types and recover *the sense of wonder* of the great classics.

I do not want to end this editorial without thanking all the collaborators, especially the work of the illustrators.

The Boltzmann Fly -seud.- (Spain); Evandro Rubert (Brazil) and Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

The directors



Bases del XVII Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2019

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1. Podrán concursar todos los interesados sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.
2. Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tema del microcuento deberá ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.
3. Los textos tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:
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5. Se aceptará un único cuento por participante. La publicación del mismo dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura (<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/>), en las horas posteriores al envío previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo.

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12. Se otorgará un único primer premio por el jurado consistente en la publicación del microcuento ganador en nuestra revista digital y diploma. Así mismo se otorgarán las menciones que el jurado estime convenientes que serán igualmente publicadas en el número especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al certamen y obtendrán diploma acreditativo

que será remitido vía e-mail en formato jpg a la dirección de correo electrónico que nos hayan facilitado.

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17. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 5 de octubre de 2019 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, Asociación cultural miNatura Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura). También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook: (<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>).

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

19. El plazo de admisión comenzará una vez publicadas las bases y finalizará el día 11 de agosto de 2019 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura



THE BOLTZMANN FLY



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HUNGER

By *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

Thou goest about to imagine evil before it befalls, thee: time enough to think of that when it comes to pass.

Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*

Northward! Move always towards the north. Carrying their few belongings, the pioneers embarked on the hard journey to the frozen lands. While he remembers the teachings of his friend by the bonfire, he unconsciously puts in order the little peeled bones like pieces of a puzzle. It was with him that he learned anatomy. He was a good doctor.

At first they thought they had found salvation, an inhospitable paradise far from the scourge... until the food became scarce. Soon Iceland and the

Arctic, places once considered uninhabitable, were overpopulated.

Once cold slowed down the organisms of their pursuers to total paralysis, they were surrounded by a menacing landscape of grotesque ice statues. However, one cannot kill a dead person: as soon as the temperature rises, they will resume their inexorable advance, leaving a trail of viscera, appendages and limbs in their path.

Sooner or later we have to pay for our sins. Centuries of abuses of the planet caused global warming. Not

even the poles were safe. Tundra moved forward imperceptibly at the beginning, at high speed later. From day to day, the ice disappeared giving way to a thin grass mat where some flowers began to sprout. Zekes awoke from their lethargy with increased hunger. They run in disorder here and there, getting bolder. Although they have strengthened surveillance at the camp perimeter, the few survivors, decimated by legendary plagues long ago eradicated but unexpectedly resurrected because of the permafrost

melting, cannot fight their superhuman vigour and resolve. Soon they will climb over the fence.

Smallpox, plague, leprosy, anthrax, Spanish flu... Half black loaf is better than no bread. While cutting up the rest, he ignores the buboes and pustules. Everything will end up in the pantry. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, his grandfather used to say. And in those days people really reached old age. Since those... those were other times.

QUERIES

By Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

The central screen occupied everyone's attention. Never had decibels registered so high in the monitoring of some cosmic expedition.

From the captain of the ship, until each one of the scientists arrived the doubt, could be that real generating source of sound? Or maybe it was a mistake of the measuring equipment.

The origin of the sound was calculated more than a parsec away, and the wave marked on the monitor was indescribable.

The decision was immediate, to find the place in the cosmos where this tremendous rumble was produced, which was not annoying at all, but impressive.

The ship was "abducted" by the resonant wave, they could even turn off the engines.

When they saw the small planet where the sound came from, they were stunned.

The planet "danced"!

That impressed them, and at the same time it prompted them to get closer.

It was the first time that iyá, itótele and okónkolo, the three batá drums, were heard by a non-Yoruba audience, they had managed to transmit their energy outside the terrestrial limits.

As of that moment, the consultations of the orishas teachers extended in an unlimited way throughout the universe.

ACID

By Luisa Hurtado González (Spain)

The fog came down to swallow
the city.
He had all night to digest it.

INFERNAL WAVE

By Samir Karimo (Portugal)

We were forced to leave our planet. Due to climatic changes we couldn't survive or eat correctly. The price of cereals increased so much that our brothers could hardly eat something at night and we couldn't suck the

bones they left behind. Fortunately, we went to Earth in the form of a very hot and lascivious wave of heat that in addition to soften the human being, makes him free of free will and totally subject to Evil....

ANTICLIMAX

By Francisco José Plana Estruch (Spain)

Year 2060.
Everything happened as scientists had predicted for decades. The greenhouse effect caused the unstoppable rise of the average temperature on Earth. The oceanic waters raised their level several meters, flooding with their advance a good part of the continents. The marine and atmospheric currents changed their habitual courses and they became unpredictable. Fruit of it, devastating storms and infinite droughts were

generated, that struck again and again what was still maintained on the waters.

The terrible climate change had come, although its effects were not as deadly as expected. In fact, to the most complex life forms of the planet (plants and animals) this devastating phenomenon did not affect them at all, because they had been extinguished twenty years ago after a nuclear holocaust caused by the human being.

TECHNOINVOCATION TO THE HURACAN DAEMON

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

The gust of wind whipped the nanobots swarm —his digital breath— at a speed of 480 k/h. *The daemon's rage is growing up,* realized the behíque: the invocator and tamer of the daemon Huracan. The electric signals transmitted by his Silicon based brain, got easily through the hellish climatic situation. A noisy symphonic swayed him from one point of the Caribbean to another — the islands were indistinguishable: wrapped by a foggy shroud of madden waves; the spray of foam resembling a tortured and ghostly lava, and by a night whose blackness couldn't be penetrated even by the lightning that beat the atmosphere like the shining tatters of a supernova. At the mid of a gust of wind reaching

the 700 k/h, that lunched the behíque from the Canal de la Mona — between Quisqueya and Borinquén— to the Eastern coast of Cuba, the nanobots answered a centripetal invocation and got atomized in a single particle that concentrated all the wisdom extracted from the taíno DNA, augmented by the synthetic fabrication of the brain —just like an alkaloid active agent. *This is the moment... No, not to his eye, but to his heart!*

The particle avoided the winds tearing the space time fabric weaved by their molecules, and shot itself toward an indeterminate point in the body of that ancient daemon whose throne was the whole Caribbean

region. He's being to play an important role in the climatic war as an ally: for he belonged to the Caribbean; to its myths.

"Do you think we made the right choice?", a hand's shadow caressed the transparent case in which floated the brain in a biochemistry solution.

"What kind of anxiety is that, your Excellency!", questioned another

shadow before a screen, watching the battler broadcasting by the behique: seeing it through his eyes. "He'll win", the shadow went on, "if the technoinvocation worked, so will do the domestication —then, we'll lunch our hunt to the enemies in the North. The climatic phenomena once fucked earth's life: but now they're the best tool to survive."

WINTER COMPANION

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Just when winter came, which would be longer than the previous one, Cindy, my winter companion, until then, decided to leave me. The two years we spent together were worth nothing. "I met someone," he said as he left the apartment. I felt that my world was falling apart, and not precisely because of the descent the city was experiencing to get under the ground of the first sleet storms. Scientists had predicted it centuries before: the climate of the planet would be gradually transformed until it sheltered a new glacial age. And the winter months were already eight.

Although the city was submerged underground to take advantage of the internal heat, this was not enough for the nights. From this arose the great

business of providing a winter company. There were plenty of people who protested this kind of prostitution. The government turned a blind eye, was more interested in reducing deaths from hypothermia, without having to invest.

I did not want to die of cold. I called the company to complain about Cindy's abandonment and request new company. They apologized for the case, they were already aware and immediately they would send me a new company, although at this point there was little to choose from.

An hour later there was a knock at my door. I had prepared a welcome dinner, but if I knew who my new winter company would be, I would not have bothered about it.

Alex, a boy somewhat younger than me, appeared smiling. "There must be some mistake," I indicated while communicating with the company in vain. He was the only companion available, he explained, and Cindy had suggested it. The sweet revenge of Cindy ... It was already late. "I am heterosexual," I declared, warningly. He shrugged. Then we have dinner. Actually, it was a very interesting

dinner. Alex was fluent in various subjects, including quantum physics, my area. When we went to bed the best happened ... Please, do not misunderstand ... While we were holding each other, to keep us warm, he started a story: a girl who told stories to a king in order to get her Sorry ... This winter there will be no sex, but if good stories ... I think ...

CLIMATE CATASTROPHE

By Ricardo Manzanaro Arana (Spain)

The light diminished as the cluster of clouds moved and covered the sun. Suddenly a dark nimbus appeared on the opposite side, launched against the other cloud. The impact caused a burst that distributed raindrops, fragments of clouds and hail everywhere. Two eyes watched hallucinated the meteorological hecatomb.

At that moment a scream was heard.

"Robert! Have dinner! "And then"
And pick up everything! I do not want to see any cloud remnants, nor the wet ground! "

The kid stopped the mechanisms and began to remove the remains and to keep the toy "Super-meteo". I had to be obedient, because Christmas was coming and I wanted to order the expensive "Mega-Ray. Storm generator"

FATHERS OF THE CATACLYSM

By *Morgan Vicconius Zariah* —seud.— (*Dominican República*)

Those who denied the climate change of anthropogenic origin, hidden behind Richard Muller's old theoretical models and the antiscientific speculations of Michael Crichton, now lived in a world taken out from a novel of J. G. Ballard. The absolute melting of the poles made earth almost an aquatic planet. The waves of the climatic apocalypse swelled across all continents, engulfing entire cities with their watery jaws. The earthly temperature, with the enormous concentration of CO₂ in the atmosphere, rose to the category of a microwave hell. Equally, the ocean's temperature became unbearable, along their acidification, and titanic hurricanes shadowed the globe.

"And still dare to exist those fools that are unwilling to link the present catastrophe, with the irresponsible activities of man and his industries?," asked a rhetorical question to a group of technicians and intellectuals, the climatologists Hudson, perplexed before the possibility of human extinction. In the minds of all the participants —many of them producers of clean energy— the future dreams for humanity and the space expansion laid dead at their hope's feet. Neither Mars nor any other near planet would see human civilization thrive on their heavenly bodies; there was no time for invention. Man succumbed by the boiled frog syndrome due to his hellish unconsciousness. Now, the only thing left was to point out the guilty ones. The climatologists' New

Agent blamed nations, multinationals and political parties, given to each one its portions in the disaster. China took the first slice. The second: the new philosophy of the political right wing and Christian new fascists —they

negated the climatic change, and through their politics of hyper-industrialization, poisoned the earth. In that apocalyptic scenery, every one waited Nature last and mighty stroke.

THE TALLEST TOWER

By *Luisa Hurtado González (Spain)*

I guess we were lucky, that having a restaurant store for a while and living on the sea of clouds has been a privilege; I'm not going to deny it, not when so many cannot tell. However, let no one think that we are safe, that we have no problems or that life is easy for us. We begin to

miss food and water, silence makes a dent in our mood and the cloud of pollution growing without stopping struggles to reach us. Yesterday, for example, the geranium, the little geranium that we had on the floor below to let us know, was found burned by acid.

COMPOST

By *Dolo Espinosa* —seud.— (*Spain*)

It was a perfect and peaceful spring day. The tiny gardener robots moved silently and swiftly through the clumps of vegetables and legumes that hung from the facades of every building in the city. Silent in appearance, the small machines did not stop chattering at the infrasonic level in a language totally unintelligible to biological ears.

Other robots, bigger, worked on fruit trees growing in small forests between buildings.

Floating above the city, a huge alien ship aspect is carefully ignored by machines. Inside, the explorers inform the expedition leader about the planet.

"We have not found more intelligent life than machines, sir

.“And yet there are buildings, machines, gardens, orchards ... Any idea what happened?

“According to what our scientists have interpreted, the planet was on the verge of a climatic collapse, but it is clear that it has been overcome. The machines, following their programs, have taken care of everything. The planet was saved from collapse, the cities are still standing, the machines are still taking care of everything, but their creators have mysteriously disappeared ...

Down on Earth, the robots continue with their robotic lives, their silent conversations and their endless work. Further down, other robots, just as tireless and diligent, prepare the best fertilizer to feed the plants that grow higher. They had received the

news of the alien visit and were preparing to add new material to their compost. It was fortunate that they

had arrived just as the human remains were running out.

THE HAARP, THE MACHINE THAT CONTROLS THE WEATHER

By *Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)*

The scientists created a machine that controls the climate and causes natural disasters called the HAARP. But they made a terrible mistake, they gave him artificial intelligence. The HAARP took on a life of its own and was erected as a new god, with a mission of highest priority: to eradicate human life. Many armies succumbed when confronted, it seemed impossible to defeat the computer; but a Caucasian man would challenge him to a duel to show him that he could defeat him. The diabolical machine answered him accepting but before he had to survive his challenges, he gave him the coordinates to start the first challenge, go and escape alive. In the Atlantic sea, a terrible storm would be

unleashed and a boat of a single crewman freed the caporal. In Japan the blond surfed in the tsunami fulfilling the test. In Sweden an avalanche would be unleashed where the challenger was dragged but eventually emerged from the snow. Using his resistance, he was able to withstand the suffocating heat wave in Africa. In Italy he climbed the Stromboli volcano and ran when he erupted, with the lava behind him, chasing him until he was safe. In E.E.U.U I was waiting for the tornado to enter it, inside an armored vehicle to meet the challenge and survive. In China, heavy rain would cause a flood but the white man stayed afloat until he reached a safe place. In Mexico, he had to dodge the

debris of the buildings when he collapsed due to an earthquake. Applying his survival instinct he endured a hurricane in Haiti. In France with cunning he was buried to escape a forest fire. The machine, furious at its failure, still complied with the coordinates of its location. The hero was launched but before reaching the site, a meteorite was struck near him, the blond would reach to take refuge inside a cave. The

Caucasian appeared before the HAARP with the mission to destroy it, the computer saw him in a silver suit holding a briefcase. He smiled, now the blue-eyed one would give the computer a challenge, he left on the floor what he carried and retreated. When there was a nuclear explosion, the HAARP was exterminated and the signal was the horrible smoke fungus. The blond sacrificed himself or did he survive?

SCHUMANN'S DREAMING

By Jose Ángel Conde (Spain)

Almost all civilizations had predicted that the future would burst with a sudden incident that would break its very history. The harmonic cadence of peaks and valleys in the EEG's Theta waves chart confirmed for Ryn once again how much hysteria and fatalism there was in eschatology. Beyond the panoramic window in the laboratory building the blue lightnings rose and died with its fractal lines on the metal sky. After that climatic allegro it would come the snow, underlining the electric pauses as it had been doing for so many unforeseen days. The storm of their investigations had given way to the rainbow of discovery: the change or the changes occurred at all times. It was the present and not the future the cadence that operated as invisible and

effective as a virus, silent only for the arrogant deafness of our species. Our planet's wave spectrum had an existence independent of the artifacts and devices we had developed trying to control it. We were not even in possession of our own bodies. Ryn and his team had to develop these nanorobotic implants in order to reach these minimal conclusions with the available technology, because the mutation that already affected the perception was also promoting the growth of our very limbs. Nature had even decided, with the momentum of its magnetism, that the piped music were the chords of Schumann's Träumerei.

And if the Apocalypse was true, why could not it mean a new chance? Evolution, beautiful and spontaneous

like music, and just as
inapprehensible. Ryn went out for a
dream on the rooftop, above the
white landscape, feeling a synesthesia
that was not such, but the planet
vibration nodding unconscious. The
blue filaments came out of his hands

as if his veins wanted to escape to the
firmament, from where the
ionosphere's olympic fingers pressed
the earth's crust keyboard. A piano
announcing that children could be
reborn and become ice giants.

HOMESICK

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

Everything tires with time and starts to seek some opposition, to save it from itself.

Clive Barker- *The Hellbound Heart*

Those who were interested in the past do not agree with the causes and records kept are not entirely reliable but it is very likely that faced with the imminence of the climate holocaust, the AIs took control and, with indifferent efficiency, arranged what was necessary to eradicate the cause of planetary disaster and those who did not die from Marburg's hemorrhagic fever perished for the Ebola virus, anthrax or other lethal bacteria. A few managed to shelter in underground quarters, but by the time an electromagnetic pulse was fired in order to block the destructive AIs,

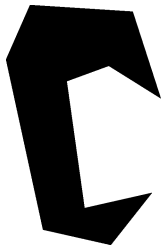
more than eighty percent of the population had been exterminated by the plague. The Earth was a colossal cemetery. We do not know what ended before: if food or hope, but in the facilities below the surface there were riots and bloodshed. Finally, the fittest approached the few available motherships and set sail to Europe, the moon of Jupiter that had been terraforming for future colonization. It was not easy at all to settle in a still inhospitable atmosphere, but after several decades, a state of prosperity was reached as similar as they have in the lost paradise. However, homesick never left them, and the expatriates

called themselves Earthlings. That longing stimulated the desire of returning. Long-range sensors swept the Earth's surface. If viruses do not have much survival outside the body, bacteria can remain for centuries. After thorough negative examinations, the first trip was organized. There would be time to return, but for now, the expeditions would only be recreational. Between the military and tourists, they were twenty-five who stepped on the mother planet and although the sky

was no longer blue, several cried of happiness. Upon their return, after a rigorous quarantine, they were released to share the experience. It was not the only thing to share. Maybe it was due to insufficient analysis, defective sensors or an unpredictable evolution of the bacteria, but after a few days, they were all dead. I write this chronicle while I watch the corpses pile up, bursting with purulent buboes. I have a fever myself.

CLARISA

By *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*



larisa is afraid. Fear of going out during the day: because the air that breathes is attacked constantly; because the sun radiates and burns; because he is terrified by the provocations, since one day he saw how a radical assaulted the driver of a diesel vehicle, after they denounced the damage of that fossil fuel to health. He cannot buy meat for his son without being insulted by those who proclaim that "animals are guilty of climate change". She is tired of fighting against the anxiety and nightmares that take hold of her son when the first drop of rain falls on her that barely bathes the ground, but many have insisted that any day she can sweep with her strength the place that inhabits ... floods, hurricanes, explosive cyclogenesis, the increase in

the level of waters, that the poles melt, the seas invading the inhabited territory ... Impossible to rest.

The night protects them from looks and hostile words. Her son and she roam the almost empty streets.

Hiding is the only thing that protects them from all those who believed that bringing children into the world was to condemn them to certain death and they made the extreme decision not to be parents. They were sterilized. Such is the case that there is no need for a change in the climate for extinction. Man is eating man even if only by cowering him. "You see? We told you, "They say, arguing the catastrophic media discourse. Depopulation, abandonment, neglect and disregard.

Clarisa only wants to see her son grow up and that he, in turn, can do that one day. Face the problem and educate it in knowledge not in fear. Walk with him holding hands.

That night, like many others, TV has warned of some extraordinary change.

CATEGORY SIX

By Roxanna Delgado Boyá (Dominican Republic)

The hurricane of recent classification broke the rules of the hurricane season. It hit at any month with titanic power and the devastation began. From their homes, people saw uprooted trees, broken branches, thrown against vehicles and window panes. Shattered signboards, downed power poles, detached power lines, culverts covered with garbage dragged by water, collapsed buildings. The sea hit, throwing plastic waste and rocks. A family saw how zinc sheets flew from the roof of their shacks and cut the trunk of a palm tree. Amidst the downpour, they left in despair along with other neighbors looking for protection. They hit doors of churches and schools identified as shelters, which were in appalling conditions since they were not set up

on time in case of a catastrophe. There, the water was getting everywhere, people hugged, children cried, devout recited The Lord's Prayer, the elders, kneeling, pounded their chests, what have we done, Lord, forgive us, they shouted. Hours of commotion went by, days of downpours, wet heat, hunger, impotence. Villages and cemeteries were mired in mud and dirty water that the soil took long to absorb because of garbage and deplorable drainage. In many regions, families had their houses sunk to the roof and they used boats for going around. The plague came, mosquitoes enjoying humidity and rats lurking among rotten furniture and debris in homes. With the country declared in state of emergency, humanitarian aid arrived. The recovery was slow, the citizens

collaborated removing debris from blocked roads. The reconstruction of bridges collapsed by mountains erosion which dragged mud and stones began. The disaster

preparedness and mitigation became a priority, since now the cyclones were more powerful and could form and devastate at any time of the year.

New existence degrees

By José Ángel Conde (Spain)

New existence degrees,
new kinds of cold.

Prosperity is disarmament,
moral is now recharge
adapting to the language
of the new growing organism.
Beauty was formerly the armor
revealing princesses even among the guards.
The soldering melts it,
changing the temperature.

The cold dresses behavior
and the jaws spit sparkles
in the painful friction of conversations,
moving the symbiont structure
through prototype situations

repeated forever a thousand times,
your light years future,
your eternal present
of cybernetic reality,
in which all relationships are circuits
freely controlled by non-intelligence.
Tears do not exist
or are screws as seams
in the artificial face,
while you test the amplifier
launching conversations towards space.
Existence program activated.

Perhaps snow is the prodigal flesh,
the only one left
in impossible polar circles.

Year 2665

By Lucía Pradillos Luque (Spain)

The tree lent him the thick branch
where his body squeaky
he reclines, and when descending,
Adheres to it,
taking off its framework
slowly.

Try to get away without effect,
the leaves fall in procession,
the circuit that forms him
it lights up, and they look at each other,
from creation to creation.

The circle that the tree limits,
goes through the robot without a shield,
until you reach the adjoining room,
called "Repair",

and the tree stays waiting

without leaves, without resin, without honor.

Acid mist / Manuel Santamaria Barrios (Spain)



Cuento:

La lengua de los geckos

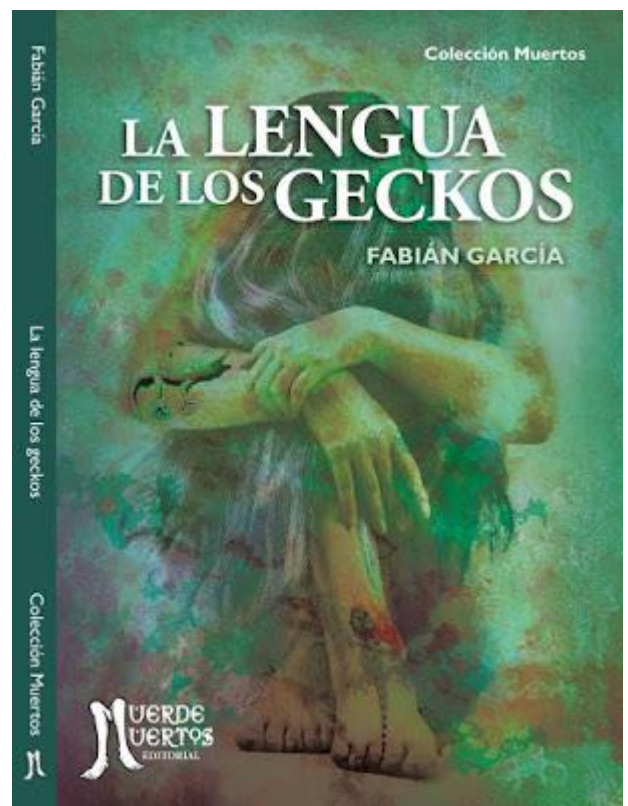
Autor: Fabián García

Portada: Mica Hernández

Editorial: Muerde Muertos, 2019

Sinopsis: Herederos lejanos de Ambrose Bierce y de Lovecraft, y tendiendo lazos de sangre con el más reciente horror argentino de Samanta Schweblin y Mariana Enriquez, los cuentos de Fabián García y sus monstruos extraordinarios se alzan sin embargo en un espacio propio, personalísimo, como invenciones germinadas en otros mundos que extienden sus nervaduras y dan sus extraños frutos carnívoros en éste.

Desde el experimento aterrador con hormigas y origamis en “El pliegue iterativo” hasta el asedio de adoración de pequeñas lagartijas en “La lengua de los geckos”, desde la anciana que asiste en su jardín al crecimiento de una semilla venida desde el cosmos hasta el niño anfibio o el patovica que experimenta con anabólicos prohibidos, en todos sus relatos Fabián García logra la hazaña oculta de la naturalidad: sus criaturas no son sólo convincentes sino “humanas, más que humanas” e inspiran, a veces desde el patetismo, a veces desde su soledad, los



sentimientos más encontrados entre la compasión y el asombro, entre la aversión y el humor negro.

La lengua de los geckos es mucho más que el debut literario de un nuevo autor, es un libro poderoso que no debería pasarse por alto, y que ingresa por la puerta grande de la imaginación a la literatura argentina.

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:

Conde Blanco, José Ángel (Madrid, Spain, 1976) He does audiovisual studies in Madrid. Since 1997 he has worked mainly in the audiovisual media, between Spain and Germany, as well as a freelance designer and illustrator. Parallel develops a literary work, both in prose and poetry, which is reflected in collaborations in anthologies and literary magazines (Greenland, Editorial Cthulhu, MiNatura), articles and criticism (Caosfera, Serial Killer Magazine), in addition to being a finalist in several contests . He is the author of the digital poetry books "Feto oscuro" and "Fiebres galantes ", as well as the novels "Hela" (Triskel Ediciones) and "Pleamar" (El Barco Ebrío). He also writes the literary blog "Negromancia".

WEB: www.josef-a.com

Delgado Boyá, Roxanna (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic). Linguist, with academic training in cultural management, creative writing and book editing. Has created institutional bulletins of cultural, informative

and environmental content. Her literary production is published in the following books: Gente de pocas palabras. – Short stories Anthology. (April 2013); Una visión del fantástico internacional. – Stories anthology. Tiempos Oscuros Magazine. Castellón, Spain. (January – June 2015, Nr. 4); La minificción en Santo Domingo. – Short stories anthology. Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. (August 2016); Se nos fue poniendo viernes la tarde. – Current dominican narrative. Dominican Republic. (September 2016); Reinención del juego. – Short stories. Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic (August 2018). Has been member of various literary workshops and reading groups in her country. As a fan of the cinematographic world, she also has training in the elaboration of screenplays and has collaborated with articles for pages dedicated to the dissemination of news and events of the Dominican and international film industry.

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

Various micro-stories published in the Anthologies Against the Clock II, Stories to

smile, More stories to smile and Free yourself from you! of the Editorial Hipalage.

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

Finalist of the First Literary Contest of Non-Sexist Traditional Children's Tale convened by the Commonwealth of Extremadura with the story: "An inconsequential story" and published in the book I Contest of Rewritten Tales with a Gender Perspective.

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

Story published in The Inkwell of the Atlantis Publishing House.

Microrrelato published in Gigantes de Liliput of the Editorial Atlantis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hurtado González, Luisa (Spain) I have published the books "Meteorology in the proverbs" and "The family Meteo" (AEMET, Mapama) and, in digital format, "Menguantes" (Lágrimas de Circe); as well as stories and micro-stories in some anthologies such as:

On paper: "Observing time" (AEMET, Mapama), "PervertiDos" (Ed. Traspíés), "DeAntología, the lodge of the micro-story" (Ed. Talentura) and on digital support: "Grandes Microrrelatos de 2011" and "Flashes in the crystal" (International Microcuentista) and "Eros Gourmet", "Treaty of Grimminología" and "Triple Ceis (666)" (Triple C).

I have self-published two children's stories, "La brujilla Carlota" and "Los amigos de Carlota" and a science fiction novel, "Risak" (available in Bubok).

Finally, since 2010, I am responsible for the blog "Wholesale micro-stories".

He has published stories and micro stories in some. On paper: The Pressure and Meteors (AEMET), PervertiDos (Ed. Traspíés) and DeAntología, the lodge of the micro-story (Ed. Talentura); and in digital support: Large Flash-Stories 2011 and Sparkles in the Glass (IM); Eros Gourmet, Treaty of Grimminology and Triple Ceis (666) (Triple C). As well as in other digital magazines and blogs: digital magazine miNatura, Periplo, the Cultural Sphere, Chemically impure. Author and responsible for the blog: Microrrelatos wholesale.

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973)

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

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

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

You can visit it in

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

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

and '80s. In fantasy literature, is the work of Brian Anderson Elantris and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the seventh Andromeda Award Speculative Fiction, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011, Grave robbers and the III Terbi Award Thematic Story Space travel without return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with Guinea pig. He has collaborated on several occasions in miNatura Digital Magazine, the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous and Fantastique magazine (Mexico).

Manzanaro Arana, Ricardo (San Sebastián, Spain, 1966). Doctor and university professor. President of TerBi Basque Association of CF Fantasía y Terror, which organizes various activities on CF in Bilbao (northern city of Spain) as an amateur gathering, held monthly in that city for 19 years- <http://terbicf.blogspot.com/> -. He also has a blog in Spanish about information about gender (Noticias Ciencia-Ficción <http://notcf.blogspot.com.es/>). He has published more than 40 stories in various media Ricardo Manzanaro Arana (San Sebastián, Spain, 1966). Doctor and university

professor. President of TerBi Basque Association of CF Fantasía y Terror, which organizes various activities on CF in Bilbao (northern city of Spain) as an amateur gathering, held monthly in that city for 19 years- <http://terbicf.blogspot.com/> -. He also has a blog in Spanish about information about the genre (Science-Fiction News). He has published more than 40 stories in various media.

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

Morgan Vicconius Zariah –seud.– (Baní, República Dominicana) escritor, filósofo, gestor y músico. Empezó sus andares poéticos en los círculos espirituales y filosóficos de su natal Baní, influencia que posteriormente proyectará en su mundo literario. Más tarde se involucró en el grupo literario de corte bohemio y subversivo el movimiento erranticista en donde se codeó de personas del ámbito cultural y de la música. Ha sido colaborador del grupo literario el viento frío como de algunos otros. Ha organizado algunos eventos culturales y recitales poéticos y en otros tantos ha participado. Pertenece a los primeros miembros fundadores del Blogzine de literatura especulativa, ciencia ficción, fantasía y horror: Zothique the last continent; blog en el cual están publicados la mayor parte de sus trabajos.

Sus primeros trabajos de poesía en prosa; están marcados por el surrealismo, la fantasía

oscura y el lenguaje onírico; heredado de Goethe, Lautremont, Levy, Castaneda etc.

Actualmente trabaja en su libro de narrativa poética "el aullido interior" el cual explora de forma surrealista sus mundos interiores.

<http://zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com>

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

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

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

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

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

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

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

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

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

Plana Estruch, Francisco José (Valencia, Spain, 1966) Mathematician and secondary school teacher. He has published two story books (the land is flat (2015) Ed The Phantasm of Dreams and Three Trilogies (2017) Amazon) and has published several stories in an

anthology (INS-OMNIUM. (2016) Ed Acen). He has published a story in the anthology *The thread of life and other stories* (2016) Ed. As second classified in the story contest FANTASTICS 2015 and in the anthology *Tomorrow at the same time and other stories* (2015) Ed The ghost of dreams. He has also published in the electronic magazine *El ballet de las palabras*, No. 9, as the winner of the science fiction short story contest of the aforementioned magazine. A story of his appeared in the 2016 edition of *VISIONS*. He has published in the magazine *MINATURA* nº149 and has been a finalist of the third *MADRID SKY* contest.

Pradillos Luque, Lucía (Spain) Writer from Madrid with special interest in poetry. With this genre she has been a finalist in the III Literary Contest organized by Hispanic Culture Review, as well as in the IV "New Voices for Peace" Contest of Literary Edition, both located in the USA. He has also been part of the "Anthology Horror Queer" (Peru) and the project of radioteatralization of horror works "Vilkai Creepy" (Chile).

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

Illustrators:

Pag. 11 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. 43 Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977) Bachelor of Nautical and Maritime Transport. Currently I work as a freelance trainer of merchant marine courses which I manage from the facebook page "Nautical Training Cádiz".

I write because I like it without further aspirations. I have published stories in digital

magazines such as miNatura, Pífono Fanzine, Zombies cannot read and Anima Barda. I collaborate in the article and in Diario Digital Bahía de Cádiz.

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

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

Pag. 01, 09, 56 The Boltzmann Fly – seud.— (Spain) was born on September 21st, 1995. He became interested in drawing at an early age.

In 2013, Jesús finished the bachelor of arts and began his studies of Fine Arts in college. One year later, he began his career as a selftaught digital artist, and in 2018 he graduated in Fine Arts from Complutense University of Madrid.

In recent years, experimentation led him to develop a more abstract, grotesque and extravagant art. The Boltzmann Fly was born in 2017 as a reflect of his most surreal side.

www.artstation.com/boltzmannfly

www.inprnt.com/gallery/boltzmannfly

www.instagram.com/boltzmannfly

www.facebook.com/BoltzmannFly

About the illustrations:

Pag. 01 Breath, dear mother / The Boltzmann Fly —seud.— (Spain)

Pag. 09 Sick / The Boltzmann Fly —seud.— (Spain)

Pag. 11 Inhospitable territory / Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Pag. 43 Acid mist / Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Pag. 56 Virus / The Boltzmann Fly —seud.— (Spain)



THE BOLTZMANN FLY