

MINATURA



La Revista de lo Breve y lo Fantástico

Murias DK

Angels & Demons

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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And behold
I saw an angel
(all cells were
electronic eyes)
and heard a voice
supersonic.

Which he said: Open
your typewriter and
write.

And I saw a silver
bullet flying from
Europe to America
arrived in 20 minutes
and was named the
projectile H Bomb
(and hell with him)

Revelation, Ernesto
Cardenal

—'I'll tell you, sign Chepa calmly continued, noting that produced the desired effect his story-telling. Well, sir, to get to the five corners Narcisa Angel, a young man appeared very gallant, who asked him where he was going at that time of a night—to see a dance, said the innocent—. I'll take, said the young man, taking her by the arm and pulled her to the wall. Although very dark, Narcisa noticed that as they walked the stranger it became tight, very tight, as coal, that the hairs of his head as he straightened lesnas, which protruded teeth when laughing sizes as boar pig, who were born two horns on his forehead, he dragged a furry tail on the ground, we, who threw fire from his mouth like a bread oven. Narcisa then screamed in horror and tried to escape, but the figure brown clawed at her throat when she screamed, and, carrying her, he climbed the tower of the Angel, who, as you may have noticed, there has cross, and from there threw it into a well very deep that opened and closed again

Directores: Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen R. Signes Urrea

Magazine cover: Insurrección por *Marcos DK Prieto* (Spain)

Back cover: Ángeles y Demonios por *José Gabriel Espinosa* (Spain)

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swallowing it in an instant. As this is, daughter, what happens to girls who do not heed the advice of their elders¹.

Angels and Demons are messengers whose revelations unveil unspeakable horror knowledge. Both creatures are jealous of the man who praise free will- ironically-the work of its creator ... do demons through temptation, but even the latter has begun to wane.

With this issue we try to open new options to make known to writers of English-speaking public.

The digital magazine miNatura presents in this issue, in addition to their excellent stories-an interview with Argentine illustrator Ciruelo we plunge into the world of fairies and dragons and to bring us to the topic Who is Who dug- floating a section- for Cristina Jurado hand where Mike Mignola himself speaks of one of his characters star: HellBoy

We also disclose the basis of V International Poetry Competition 2013² Fantastic miNatura.

¹ Cirilo Villaverde, *Cecilia Valdés o la Loma del Ángel*, chapter III.

We invite you to participate!
As always we want to thank all the illustrators who bring their work to the magazine:

Marcos DK Prieto (Spain)

Cassandra James (Australia)

Ciruelo (Argentina)

Rafa Castelló (Spain)

Rubert (Brazil)

Mike Butkus
(EE.UU.)

Komixmaster –
SEUD.– (Colombia)

Virginia Kakava
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Vurore –SEUD.–
(France)

Neko Punch –
SEUD.– (France)

Sara Lew
(Argentina)

Dibujante Nocturno
–SEUD.– (Spain)

Joseph Díaz (Spain)

Mijo Becerra (Spain)

Javier Charro (Spain)

Sacha Angel Diener (Switzerland)

Vaggelis Ntosakis (Greece)

Didizuka –SEUD.– (France)

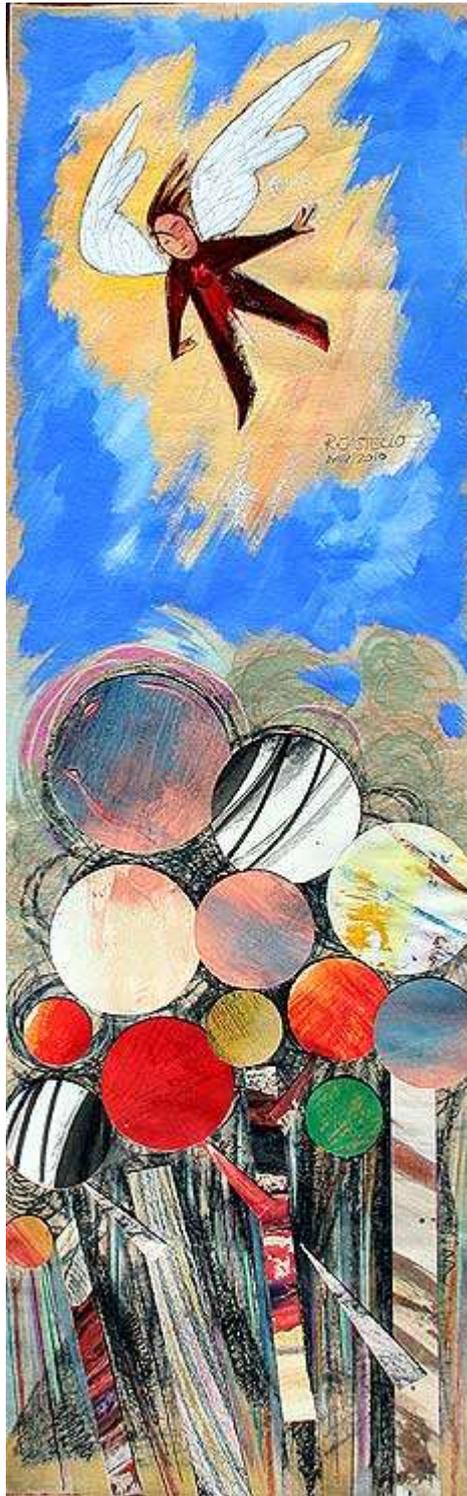


²<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/2012/12/bases-del-v-certamen-internacional-de.html>

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Piero Vianello (Italy)
Ali Kiani Amin (Iran)
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Vicente Mateo Serra
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Mauricio Herrera
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(Argentina)
Shinemaru Ayami –
SEUD.– (Spain)
Graciela Alfonso
(Argentina)
Mike Mignola
(EE.UU.)
Pedro Belushi (Spain)
José Gabriel Espinosa
(Spain)

We do not want to close this editorial without give out this information that we believe could be very interesting for all writers.

The project, which involves the translation into French tales, integrates a team of people passionate about the translation and literature in Spanish and its main objective is to meet the authors in Europe (and even in Latin America).



The project does not involve any financial commitment to the author or the loss of their rights, the translation and publication are free. Applicants must submit the text and a brief resume. They will read it and publish what they like, there is neither subject nor extension, though only published a story by author.

Project management is:

<http://lecturesdailleurs.blogspot.fr/>

If you have doubts about the project or wish to send from your work and you should write to:

lecturesdailleurs@gmail.com

Los Editores

Próximo número:

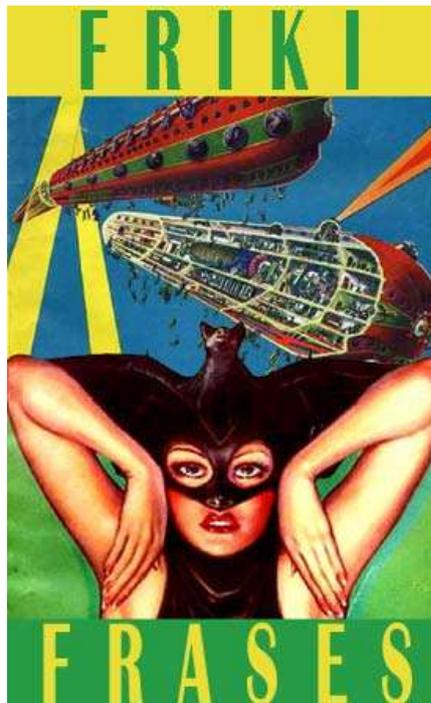
Alchemy

The reason angels can fly is because they take themselves lightly.

G. K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*

But be warned that invoking God is only dust and ashes, and invoke it so strangely mingled with the devil himself who fathered him.

Emily Brontë



We must remember that the devil has his miracles, too.

Juan Calvino

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

The Angels were all singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,

Excepting to wind up the sun and moon

Or curb a runaway young star or two.

Lord Byron

The devil looks with envy at those who suffer much and expels to heaven.

Friedrich Nietzsche

It is not known precisely where angels dwell — whether in the air, the void, or the planets. It has not been God's pleasure that we should be informed of their abode.

Voltaire

God would not have reached the general public never without help of the devil.

Jean Cocteau

In heaven an angel is nobody in particular.

George Bernard Shaw

That I were walking between the knots of roots

bone and housing of the worms.

For me to hear the creaking broken the world

and light bite petrified of the stars,

to the west of my dream got up your tent, false angel.

Rafael Alberti, *El ángel falso*

Interview to Ciruelo: Lord of Dreams

Entrevista: Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Traducción: Cristina Jurado

Imágenes: Ciruelo

**Revista Digital
miNatura:** *Who is Ciruelo?*

Ciruelo: Ciruelo is an artist aware of the importance of the arts in a society of production and consumerism.

**Revista Digital
miNatura:** *Tell us a bit about your creative process.*

Ciruelo: In my job as an illustrator, I work for the ideas and concepts of a client (publishing company, art director, etc.), bringing my style and artistic technique. In the last few years I fortunately have been able to work on my artistic carrier, without paying attention to other's needs and demands, focusing on my own ideas. That means that I am freer to create. For example I can write and illustrate my own books, with the result of more convincing and creative contents.



Revista Digital miNatura: *There is a sentence from the book Cuaderno de Sueños that states: “Strangely enough, in my dreams I am never Ciruelo”. What is the difference between the illustrator and the Ciruelo of your subconscious?*

Ciruelo: This sentence simply explains that in “the other realities”, where dreams develop, consciousness is not bound to one personality. It remains freed from the ego of our awoken state and that is why it generates different expectations. We are a different “I” in the dreams, which is the reason why our perceptions and actions are altered.

Revista Digital miNatura: *In the same book you list the following daily tasks, including: “Greeting the sun; remembering dreams; cleaning teeth; learning to look; doing ten push-ups; eating fruits; drawing; believing; creating; watering a tree; being immortal (at least, few minutes); talking to the moon; sleeping (and dreaming).” The life of an illustration artist, engaged with his work and with family responsibilities, does it allow you to fulfill dreams like those?*

Ciruelo: In my case, yes. I am very fortunate to be able to live my own life style, designed by me and shaped around my family. I must add that it is possible to do it if one insists on it.

Revista Digital miNatura: *What came first in Ciruelo’s life: the passion for dragons or for painting?*

Ciruelo: Art is first: the passion for life and for the beauty of nature. Painting and drawing are tools to help ideas and visions flow. Dragons, fairies and other characters appear in those visions and bring on stories that must be told. I have to say, though, that I don’t know where they come from. I only know that my job is to transmit what those creatures and landscapes tell me.

Revista Digital miNatura: *You were born in Argentina. When and why did you decide to leave?*

Ciruelo: I left Argentina in 1987 because I wanted to be an illustrator of fantastic worlds and in my country; there was no market for it. Then, I

settle to Spain to be able to work with different clients in Europe, and that is what I have been doing since.

Revista Digital miNatura: *Why Sitges?*

Ciruelo: I found this magic village because, when I arrived, Horacio



Altuna – a great comic book artist- was already living here. When I came to visit him and I discover this place, I realized that it was a small paradise.

Revista Digital miNatura: *When and why was born Ciruelo, the writer?*

Ciruelo: Since I was little, I have been doing different artistic activities like drawing, writing and performing music. It is normal to me to express myself in one or another artistic way. I equally love

all art forms.

Revista Digital miNatura: *Have you make your dreams come true or are you still fighting to fulfill them?*

Ciruelo: In one hand, my dream was to make a living through my art and I already have achieved that. In another hand, I have many other dreams, numerous things that I want to tell and a lot of art to do. I'm afraid that the fighting to find a way to achieve all of that is still on.

Revista Digital miNatura: *Many new up-and-coming talents in the illustration world approach our publication Revista Digital miNatura. Which advice would you give them?*

Ciruelo: First of all, it is important for artists to be clear about their passion for the arts. After confirming their vocation, they must have a dream to pursue. Many artists feel that passion since their infancy and have clear aims which, in order to find your own path, helps. When you set your objectives in a clear manner, there is no way to fail.

To end this interview, we would like to ask you few questions with quick answers:

Lord of the Rings or Star Wars?

Lord of the Rings

Omnivore or extreme vegan?

Omnivore with involvement of very little number of animals.

Vampires or Fairies?

Fairies.

E-book o paper book?

E-books are a good answer to an urgent problem of Earth deforestation.

Which fiction character would you liked to be?

Legolas.

Worst novel that you have read?

Some novels from certain young writers that send me manuscripts to get advice. In all cases, my recommendations are always encouraging.

Best novel that you have read?

La Saga de los Confines by Liliana Bodoc.

What kind of music do you listen to?

All types. Just now, I'm listening to Karl Jenkins in my studio.

3D, yes or not?

It doesn't really seduce me.

Superpower?

Inter-dimensional travel.

Can you share with us a dream that you had?

To walk around a place full of extraterrestrial art works.

What would you take with you to a deserted island?

A guitar... I can always draw in the sand with a stick.

We would like to thank you for your time and attention. It is been a pleasure to talk to you.

Ciruelo Cabral was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina on July 20, 1963. His formal art training was limited to a few courses in drawing and advertising design, after which, at the age of 18, he immediately found work in an ad agency as an illustrator. At 21 he became a freelance illustrator and started a career as a fantasy artist.

In 1987 Ciruelo traveled to Europe and settled in Sitges, Barcelona, Spain. He then embarked on a search for publishers for his "worlds of fantasy", eventually finding them in Spain, England, the United States and Germany, and through this means has reached a broad audience. Ciruelo continues to work for U.S. publishers, among them *Bantam* for whom he did book covers for the trilogy written by George Lucas, [*Chronicles of the Shadow War*](#) (see).

He also has created a number of rock album covers, Steve Vai's *The 7th Song* and *The Elusive Light and Sound* being two of them (see). Other clients include *Wizards of the Coast* (Magic cards), *TSR*, *Berkley*, *Tor*, *Warner*, *Ballantine*, *Heavy Metal* magazine, *Playboy* magazine, etc. He worked with Alejandro Jodorowsky on a comic story published in France in 2006.

In 1990 Ciruelo devoted eight months to designing and illustrating [*The Book of the Dragon*](#) to be published by the Spanish publisher *Timun Más*, the work proved an enormous undertaking for Ciruelo, who had interrupted his daily routine to take on a project that was destined to profit him only in the long term. Foreign rights to *The Book of the Dragon* were sold to *Paper Tiger*, London, in 1992, who had also published his first artbook: *Ciruelo*, in 1990.

In 1997 the book *Luz, the Art of Ciruelo* came out. This third book features over 160 full color illustrations, a number of pencil sketches and ink drawings laid out in 128 pages.

In the year 2000 his fourth artbook *Magia, the Ciruelo Sketchbook* was published.

In 2006 a special little book came out: *Cuaderno de Viajes de Ciruelo*, Notebooks.

His new book: [*Fairies and Dragons*](#), has just been published in 2008, it features many illustrations accompanied by a story written by himself.

He lives with his wife Daniela and their kids, Angelo and Lys in Sitges, a quaint and magical town near Barcelona, on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.



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Breithz: La leyenda de Leureley II (Kelsonia); El legado de Tesla (Factoría de Ideas); 2099 Antología de Ciencia Ficción (Irreverentes); Todo lo que dejamos atrás (79/59 Ediciones); El Fin del Mundo. Manual de Uso; Allwënn: Soul & Sword.



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The Angel of Death³

The Lord of the Mansion has sent me to you: I am the Destroyer of Joys and He Who Disperses All Gatherings. Thus spoke Azrael, the Angel of Death, to the unlucky king.

The king then begged for one more day, to return the stolen riches he kept in his treasury, and not to have this debit charged to the account of his evil works. But the Angel announced, with frightening voice, that the days of his life were numbered and his breaths counted and his moments written down. And the king then asked for just one more hour: and even this hour, said the Angel, was already included in the accounting, and his fate was written and must be fulfilled in that instant. And the Angel took the king's soul and the king rolled off his throne and fell dead.

And behold men wonder: if the exact instant of his death was written, signed

³ Microfictions, Nebraska University Press, Estados Unidos, 2009. [Traducidos al inglés por Steven Stewart]

and sealed, why or for what purpose did the Angel pause to have a vain argument?

And Someone responds: it was so that this story could be told.

Ana María Shua (Argentina)

The gender of angels

Regarding the matter of the gender of angels, there's a story from the life of beatus Timotheos.

There was an occasion when Friar Heraclius and hermit Syriacus debated this thorny issue. The monk affirmed that celestial creatures were male, whereas the cenobite sustained their female condition.

They were in the presence of beatus Timotheos, who was at the time sightless. Rumor has it God

had blinded him to stop his vast knowledge from growing even more, thus keeping him from the temptations of vanity.

After hours of disagreement, the polemists requested wise Timotheos take on the matter. He sighed, and spoke:

—I know the sex of the angels. But I am not to tell anybody.



Syriacus and Heraclius begged him so much that the scholar told his reasons for silence.

—I recently witnessed an occurrence that leaves no doubt about the sex of angels. But that is a secret knowledge, banned for mankind; therefore, by the act of revealing it to me, my sight fell into wrongdoing. So I was punished with blindness. I fear that if I now disclose this truth, you'll be rendered deaf, for God punishes such a sin with loss of the sinful body part.

The monk and the hermit, anxious to increase their learning of things divine, pressed the matter further. After much begging, they convinced the wise man to give them half a truth, for it was all they needed to deduct the rest, by way of using the reason and understanding the Lord had given them.

Timotheos smiled, and said unto them:

—All right then. But heed me well, for only once I'll say the gender of angels is opposite to that of demons.

Rumor has it Heraclius and Syriacus became insane shortly afterwards.

Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba)

Celestial dream

Sparkling creek that bathes my lovely tanned body, hence my wings indestructible waterproof reflect light coming from different parts of the surrounding space, like a musical scale; exquisite melodies caress my ears and I encourage browsing on exciting liquid

stream that becomes a river, stream that flows into an ocean, sea which creates waves, which grow up to the sky. Nude and pleased reached the magnificence of God's work, I receive illustrious characters, outstanding lead me to the entrance. My feet float above a floor like cotton, mischievous cherubs rest on my legs, then gently fired. Dazzling females approach me and fill me with kisses, everyone wants to take me with her, however I choose the more timid, the brightest, I rise, taking her hand, and walk the vast city, the main between seven hundred seventy-seven. Structures lavish, blue, celestial blue and white recreate the view, houses made of glass, spectacular beings enjoying multitude of pleasures; taste delicacies, makes all kinds of games. My companion is close to me, gives me



a tender kiss, his tongue is delicious, I love her. Angels surround us and lead us to the splendid palace, where everyone can enter, where everyone can live, where the only rule is to be happy. Descend to the place, which seems to expand to infinity; see people hugging, love, loved ones, united, fathers, brothers, boyfriends, husbands, children, friends. Path between them, I turn toward the center, there lies the most powerful and perfect brightness of all. Born tears from my eyes, I want to thank, praise, apologize, say so much, but my strength fails. Then my beloved away from me with speed. I feel the ground opens under my feet and I fall, into an abyss, into a torrid darkness ...

"Sleeping again, son of a thousand whores?" Someone tells me while he nailed me his horns and claws. "Arise, shit, today is a day of torture!".

Nervous and sad I shake my tail, grab my pitchfork and start my sad task. Life is often very hard in Hell.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

Spiritual dispute

I see it. It is always there, mixed between the people, looking with these eyes full of a rare love. I remember that his face was happier when I was a child, his face was turning out to be more luminous and was smiling with great frequency. Now he does not smile already, years ago it stopped doing it, but always it is there, after my steps, observing me with sadness in the eyes. The sadder it is, the happier one feels

the subject that came when he stopped smiling; in a beginning it approached with shyness and, since then, it impels me with malevolent insistence to do what other refuses to pass. Today I have seen them facing, that of the sad eyes opened two enormous wings when that of the tail tried to attack it. There is disputed the peace of my soul and of my conscience; in the fund, both fulfill the work for the one that they have been created. I laugh, while I sink the syringe in my forearm and the pain and the quakes begin to disappear ...

Nevertheless, my guardian angel does not desist, I know that it will fight up to the end to make me return to the correct way. In my unconscience, while I sink in the labyrinths of the drug without which I cannot already live, I see my personal seated demon along with me, fixing deeper the syringe, laughing with perversity.

Patricia O. (Patokata) –seud.- (Uruguay)

Storm⁴

A strong wind is taking everything away: umbrellas, hats and minds. Only empty heads remain on orphan bodies with no souls.

It's an infernal storm. The sky is coming down and malicious angels fall with the rain. Anger flares up in thunders and lightnings, then. The battle seems endless, but truce soon comes. The sky clears up and the sun is

⁴ Traducción: Sandra Montelpare (Argentina)



shining. Angels disappear and go up to the clouds again, hoping to get up to their old tricks.

Sara Lew (Argentina)

The Divine Trinity

A heap of light stopped on a mound of black sand on a desert island. In an instant both substances began forming several groups. They were angels and demons, which developed a semicircle to talk. They understood separately had not been achieved by channeling the man neither roads. Neither the good nor evil. The man had come to believe all creation business.

Eventually agreement was reached to satisfy both groups of humans would be exiled from the face of the planet but a man would take the role of Adam and start all over again. The weight to be renewable weighed on humans. They chose the only person who was able to

move to both groups equally, the baritone Juan Cruz. An average-looking man but his melodious voice had been exalted to heavenly and the hellish admire. Some claimed that since no one had come Paganini possess that magical gift.

For forty days the earth was hit by blazing fire coming out of the ground. All existing volcanoes and some created *ad hoc* spit lava plains distorted and filled cities. Only the baritone (for which exclusive, time had been arrested) remained in her dressing room at the theater, a building of the century. Eventually the plan was executed with great skill. Only chosen survived and was elevated to a place in the center of the world where the plants began to grow exponentially. And they saw the celestial beings that should not be alone and unfounded got great slumber to begin the process of creating a companion for him.

While waiting space beings on the darkside of the moon, and the table talk theme again was that the snake would teach how to master the mind of women and thus repeat the cycle.

Iván Payano (Dominican República)

Semyaza

The angel Semyaza was with his wife in bed, sleeping man's daughter, Semyaza got up from the bed, spread his wings and huge translucent blue fluorescence emitted a blue glow. The blue-eyed blonde immortal turned his head to look at the human, had pregnant in the belly of the female grew a nephilim. Semyaza remember when I was in heaven and had under him several angels, but he fell in love with a daughter of man, wanted to possess her, one day Azazel discovered the passion that tormented his Chief Angelic, the warlike angel with black wings and carrying weapons of war had told him that a troop of heavenly angels who wanted to have intercourse with the daughters of men, all met and agreed with Azazel.

-We will choose very beautiful women and beautiful of the



daughters of men, they must be blonde and blue-eyed to produce children.

Then the top leader spoke with a booming voice.

I am afraid the only culprit in this deed, and I solely responsible for this sin.

Other respondents heavenly angels raising their hands in unison.

-Let us all pledge an oath and under anathema to not back this plan but to really.

All down the accursed swore Mount Hermon. Semyaza growing belly looked like his wife came over time during delivery and that the blue-eyed blonde heartbreaking cried before dying while giving birth to a giant. Semyaza wept disconsolate over the loss of his beloved that he no longer cared punishment for the consequences of their acts. Azazel taught men to war and wealth.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (México)

Mistranslation

How art thou fallen from heaven, O you morning star, son of the dawn! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

Isaiah 14:12

History has not been sufficiently stringent with the bloody adventures of the "Society for Research and Training in German Ancestral

Heritage", the **II** scientific unit created to rescue the origins of the Aryan race. Its members, enthusiastic individuals of oscillating mental stability and lacked professionalism, devoted their efforts to conduct extravagant experiments, quite often fatal ones. Some chronicles wryly evoke failed expeditions to Tibet and the North African desert.

In this instance, an Afrika Korps officer thought he recognized a runic alphabet carved in stone. The leaders of the Ahnenerbe stealthy sent over a contingent of linguists. After reviewing the inscriptions, they presaged a very important finding. It certainly was a huge discovery albeit most abnormal for as it turned out. From under many tons of sand emerged a colossal statue instead of the prophesied Viking city. The human-shaped giant showed angular features, a hooded head, an elaborately-carved breastplate and hands that rested on the hilt of the sword. All of these features suggested a mythical warrior of unknown lineage. However, the obsequious chieftains of the NSDAP Party rushed to authenticate the image as that of an ancient Germanic god. The frenzy that followed was advanced and accredited by the

absence of any analogy with the Egyptian canons, but especially for its

condition as a winged-being. Strictly speaking, a mono-winged creature; the other appendage appeared to have been sliced off at the base and not by the industrious course of ages but by the sculptor's own chisel. As it stood, the effigy's nobility was somewhat altered by this detail which if deliberate was no less disturbing.

The war was unfavorable. It was said a British blast buried the whole excavation. Others affirmed it was blown up by the Nazis themselves enraged after hearing that scrupulous readings concluded the cuneiform characters were a form of earliest Hebrew. They were so angered by the revelation as well as by the example of degenerate art in their hands, thus no one paid attention to the fatal warning hidden at the foot of the statue: "Behold Michael, defeated commander of heavenly militia. Generations will

profess otherwise, but I, Shaytan, who was created from smokeless fire, killed him once and forever. "

*Pablo Martínez Burkett
(Spain)*

Cambion⁵

I was never the most beautiful, not the most celebrated of the land, but he chose me and I welcomed the lure of his



⁵ A half-human offspring of a [demon](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Demon) and a human <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cambion>

bitter breath. His desirable body exuded sensuality, scented with sulfur and sweat. I gave myself to that ardent creature, seduced and intrigued by his promises of an eternity in passionate submission.

Each embrace felt like a free falling; each kiss matched the discharge of a hundred storms; each intercourse was a feverish dance over volcanic charcoals. I never quite understood how his boiling skin could leave my spine so cold and my stomach so full of dark emptiness. Despite de pain and the burns, his absences were unbearable. I found the reason of my existence in his words and in our magmatic love. To me, the rest just seemed unimportant or futile.

He left the first night that I vomited, weakened by the new presence in my belly. As soon as he saw my back bended by the nausea, he guessed my condition. My calling did not stop him from leaving; my plea did not convince him to stay. I spent the nine months waiting for his return, guarded by shadows as it was his custom, but the night never brought him back to my door.

I was used to the ulcers that I got when our skins touched, so the delivery was almost painless. The midwife could not admire for long my newborn's beautiful horns. She only had time to make the sign of the cross before the baby pierced her heart with the sharp tip of his tale.

Cristina Jurado (Spain)

It debates

The unconscious intent of being taken out the ties made it return in yes.

He/she was very near a steep cliff, in the periphery of the forest; and in that moment it perceived the hoarse voice:

—I cannot continue allowing your constant he/she helps other men. When, they will suffer. For what reason, I make an effort converting the well in bad.

—But it should not be this way Belial...

—Ah! You even know my name, you know who I am and you don't fear me. I am a demon...

—And I am an angel! —it was listened from above— God sent me to liberate it. My group of choirs is the one in charge of protecting the humans.

—Because I have come from the Hell to make it to suffer and to finish with their life.

While angel and demon debated, the prisoner was able to loose the strings that you/they tied it and he got the attention of both:

—I return to my world! Some from there we came to offer help; but if the deities created by the men don't achieve their own understanding, then...

They didn't listen more; angel and demon were astonished in view of a sheaf of light that went away.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

A story hard to swallow

Once upon a time, while in bed with his wife, Charlemagne heard her saying in her dreams that a monarch powerful than him rules over Bizantium. Like a bat out of hell, the King of the Franks got dressed, girded on his sword and traveled to Constantinople to meet him. Yet our traveler, driven by his firm devotion though not less than by his own interests, was impelled to come to Jerusalem first. Here, an angel dressed in red tunic guided him to the Holy Sepulchre. From Our Saviours' opened tomb he rescued a crown of thorns, a nail, as well as a chalice which by miracle kept several drops from the Last Supper's wine. The angel told Charlemagne that drinking the wine

will glorify him. At that very moment he heard Mary's weep, a Moor's curse and a verse from the Song of the Songs. Drunk of holiness, Charlemagne left for Bizantium where he was lavishly received by the Emperor who unexpectedly knelt in front of his guest. Returning home, the queen and his subjects, were waiting for Charlemagne at the palace's gates. He arrived, halted his horse, took the relics out of the saddlebags, and then in the middle of startled silence he poured the emptiness of the chalice over the whole empire.

Adam Gai (Israel)

Simulacrum

I'm a night being. Despicable and dark, but beautiful. I'm a brilliant blend of perfection and cruelty. I feed on feelings, juicy and sweet feelings of



poor gullible ones falling yielded to my charms.

My way: the one you prefer. I am what your eyes want to see. What I enjoy most is the selective blindness of those obsessed with love. Those are the most fun when it comes to crush them. The more they love me, the more I entertain myself leaving them with nothing but a cold emptiness when they're deprived of my attentions.

They generally commit suicide. For me it is a great show. You see them there, weeping bitterly, thinking a thousand times about the reasons why I left them, with those big swollen eyes, and their faces buried between their knees. What a pathetic sight! They are just simple and disgusting creatures unable to be whole beings; nasty parasites, worthless spongers who carry the burden of their happiness in others. They deserve their pain, they deserve to be stripped of everything, and I enjoy slowly tearing off their souls without any mercy; that is my forte.

You are nothing but our toys. We hung up medals every time we make you collapse. It is delightful to see the way the last gasp of life runs away from the pale dying lips of someone who have chosen to die. It is wonderful to see how the despair invades you, and the way you throw yourselves to the most bloody and heartbreaking deaths while you wonder how you've suffered so much, writhing in agony and begging for an answer.

Do not kid yourself my friend, heaven does not exist; we have fun at your expense seeing how you call us angels. Now, dear, you can stop squirming in pain and die in peace, I have nothing else to rip off, faith was all you had left.

María José Madarnás (Venezuela)

Angy

December 20, 2012. His frozen face stares me behind the counter of infectious roadside motel. His gaze indolent runs through my body with nothing expected calm.

- Would you like a room? -Asked without removing the cigarette from the corner of his mouth.

-No. My short answer gets his attention.

—Well, if you don't want to register, what the hell have you come here? I like that arrogance around him; I recognize that without resistance on his part, it would be a very boring job.

I start slowly to unzip the red leather jacket; I want him to think that I have no other clothes. I know how he is because my mother has described him to me perfectly, and I know that he likes it a lot; well, at least he liked to rage when they lived together. Now, he is even closer to the counter. He tells me to continue. After the show, he promises to give me a reward according to my work

The jacket falls at my feet, his eyes devouring me. - Do not remember me, right? I say.

He's out from behind the counter and looks terrified because he has no answer.

Maybe he's thinking I come to steal the fruit of years of work away from the home that one day, he left behind in another continent. I was just a girl the last time he saw me. Furthermore, I should be dead. 20 years ago, he set fire to the room where my mother, my sister and I were sleeping. I should have said

that, for good behavior, those above have left me go down to see my father. Once my wings are free from the pressure, I can flap them. They do their best. My time expires, I just hope I can put in his portfolio the number of my little sister, she is the rightful heir. She didn't die like me, engulfed by the flames that horrible day.

Since I became her guardian angel, I had been waiting for this moment.

Besides, I always wanted to give my mother a Christmas gift as good as she deserved. She only knew the hardships of life in the company of a man who never respected her life... I go outside; it's cold, a lot. I climb the zipper of my jacket and start walking along the shoulder, while in the distance, stands reflective of red lights in the fog.

Paloma Hidalgo Díez (España)



The Angel

The angel went for a walk in a dry soil of some desert with his thin and elongated head. His small, dilated and watery eyes, looked the horizon next to the perfume of carrion into his nasal ducts. His sweat dripped for his centered cheekbones and the rough tail that it didn't stop to hit the floor in his walking. One day tired to walk, he stopped to rest under the shadow of an abandoned automobile. In the car, he found a mirror. He took that mirror and at the moment he looked at himself, the Angel died.

Juan Antonio Díaz Carrión (Chile)

Broken wings of lives off⁶

The angel fell down. Not explain why their wings stopped moving, and his skin changed color as traffic light. purple, silver, sea ... Others also fell, and found each other. At first, they didn't think about the problem, however, when they began to feel pain, worried about it. They agreed that the trip to the sun, affected by the chase, in battle, in the space of the universe, to the demon AC1231 (Prince). The analysis resulted did was contagious and they would die. The cure was a type of blood almost extinct, and the characteristics of the human genome, deleted. The heavenly data bank resulted someone in there with that blood type. But this one leads an army against them, in fact, they'll have to go to the center of Hell for sampling. They have their heads bent down, because although a good number, they will have to take the sample from the father of AC1231, no other way, they don't want to die.

Vicente Arturo Pichardo (República Dominicana)

UniOn

They met in the confines of their respective worlds. Their superiors had ordered them that never will enter the limits, but they ignored the warnings

⁶ Translator Freddys Moretta (Dominican Republic)

because they were very young and crazy. He saw her by first time through an open space, a strange light powered energy. She was beautiful, of dark complexion, wavy hair and wings shone through the line. She also liked him, it looked at her constant smiles, she did not care that the young man had red skin, horns and a huge, thick tail. Every time they looked rose into the air and trying to be achieved. Remained long observed, months, years, could not hear the words of another, but developed a language that was only them, which were encouraged to dream of the day that could be touched and love. Over time he began to feel a strong heat gnawing gut. She began to feel cold, which came over his delicate heart. They were born in different lands, but they were certain that they joined a previous life, shared in a place even more sinister than those from which they came. The energy surrounding the mighty wall that separated their bodies kept them alive. At the same time, this barrier prevented them realize their happiness. One day, when they were about to explode and die penalty due to their cruel fate, there was a cataclysm on the wall were a few folds. They could hold hands. And the unthinkable happened, something that had not ever happened in the History of Time: the heat of the male was attenuated cold thanks to the female, and she felt the warmth of her consort, which quickened her. The drag force caught them both and led to an unexpected place beyond the confines



of this reality. They thought they would die, but were together, that comforted them. They woke up naked and lacerated, on a cold, hard floor. Their bodies had changed. They looked around, holding their hands, and understood what had happened. Crying, hugged and kissed, were covered with what they could and began their journey into the world uncertain and more dangerous of the universe: the human.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

Poem incomplete or conversation with a girl dressed completely

Angels attacked the city
took the bars for assault
- Beer and sausage for everyone!

shouted the leader
appeared rifles and
camouflage
Angels taken in response
hostages
and crucified the Mayor
(Gregorian chanting)
TV appeared
Satellites and tele-photo
lenses
shots were fired at the
Vatican
national mourning
voting for or against
miraculous cures
porn Movie
and long documentaries

angels (now drunk)
covenants discussed forgotten
(and a certain Jehovah)

.....
.....
.....⁷
.....

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

The irresistible cry⁸

The cry of the Exterminating Angel is so shrill and frightening that no one can resist it. Two young men tried to resist it using Ulysses method, with wax in their ears, but the cry penetrated the other orifices of their bodies, making

⁷ Note: In this last verses are talking (very good by the way) of fully clothed girl.

⁸ *Microfictions*, Nebraska University Press, Estados Unidos, 2009. [Traducidos al inglés por Steven Stewart]

them explode. An old woman tried to resist it by seeking refuge in her senile indifference, but the cry destroyed her indifference, did away with her senility, and the old woman died converted into an intense twenty-three year old. The Exterminating Angel himself tried to resist it and lost almost all the feathers from his wings, and lost his wrath and his voice and forever lost his desire to cry out and ever since then the Apocalypse is impossible.

Ana María Shua (Argentina)

Paradise

Steps away from collapse,
He passes the bare bones,
The putrid flesh,
The scavengers crunching femurs
The flies laying eggs in the dying
one's cheeks,
The great palm trees,
The freshly bloomed fruit,
And the sand wallowing in the feet,
It's Paradise
But men is at war.

Rui Caverta (México)

Own hand

Commissioner bursts into the temple and finds a girl with tattered blouse, topless. Lying on the floor, lies the body of a type, face down and ass in the air.

She says she killed the rapist to save. Shows how. Wield a knife invisible veins swollen right hand, pushes the arm forward, leads and brings twenty times.

Commissioner comes forward, bend your knees, fingers fit on the body, stuck to the floor, push, rotate achieved. The dead is belly up, no one stab wound of. Frustrated, he demands the girl to say how he was killed and she repeated the gesture with his hand.

Rejoins, makes a visual tour of the temple and finds twelve women, come from an adjoining room.

Above the heads fail to see that in the next room there are six male bodies lying on the floor. Makes four steps backward. Women go with the girl, the surrounding, passing his hands over the contours of the body, such as touching, but without doing so.

The thirteen women raise their arms and clenched fists up. The corpse on the floor gives spasms, is off the ground, floats in the air and falls to the ground, adding to the six bodies. From the tip of the thirteen fists, those hands up, fire and flame springs are twisted until the next room, where the dead men, burned.

Female voices murmur "Justice".

Commissioner cautiously back, turns around, walks toward the exit of the temple, without looking back, where the fire consumed his shadow.

Juan Guinot (Argentina)

Angel Temptation

The white and bare breasts of women trembled every time a step down. From wet hips fell sticky enveloping sensuality everything in its path. It was a sight not for heart. Small and sharp mountains invited the weary eyes to sink into its craters, while the plain below the abdomen, two seemed exaggerated curves away to form a cavity to collect all eyes.

On the bank of the river, the boy looked at her with eyes constantly growing. Helplessly, like someone throws a stone, shot a kiss that was to cosquillarle intimacies. His image was compacted further, absorbing every bit of masculinity. On the ladder slipped a chill up shake the boy as a thunderous earthquake. In the dark night the only sound was the beating of his heart accelerated where blood uproar caused the dead to life. However revolutions, the spectrum did

not flinch, and continued to fall as naturally (now by the narrow path leading to the river). Leaving the water the young man rubbed his hands and felt the weight of those juicy fruits in the crotch.



There were no words when they were facing each other. The youthful zest spared no icy eyes who seduced him and led both by instinct allowed claims in his arms wrap. When she felt her kiss her mouth was an insatiable tomb that sucked. Disappeared suddenly gasps and erection busting you skin. Without knowing how it was found floating in a small planet, twilight zone,

where he barely fit, if it stopped orbit. Midnight riverside, woman or whatever, and the erection had disappeared, and instead the sun burned like hell. I panicked disconcerting sound of a huge chain of cans that look askance at it thought it had its own life and intended to exterminate all that fall in that area of the devil.

Rodolfo Báez (República Dominicana)

Ad delendum universam carnem

*He who forgives everything must have
forgiven himself everything*

Antonio Porchia

“The cold will be over tonight” –she avoids the farewell kiss–. But the black spot on his forearm says otherwise. As soon as he walks out the door, she dials the number on screen since the terrible epidemic began. “The situation has gotten out of hand”, she murmurs. Like almost everyone she suspects that this global pandemic has been caused by a virus created in a laboratory, a chemical weapon.

Alerted by the noise, as nobody replies him, he decides to enter. The customer is on the floor, dead but smiling. *It is not surprising*, he says to himself: on the table, money, diamonds, gold bars ... And a throne-shaped clay box, antique and irresistible. On one side is represented Eve offering an apple. On the other emerges Pandora. Cherubs have been carved on the remaining sides.

He just wants to browse a bit, to take a brief look at the box contents. The lid fits tightly... To his surprise, inside there is nothing. The dweller has fled precipitately; too long locked inside. That has made him even angrier and more virulent: he wants revenge. The Angel of Death recalls his first mission, that one in Egypt ... The old anecdote will seem a joke compared to what is approaching.

It seems that, inside the elevator hanging in the air –impossible to decide whether it is going up or down–, two mature and elegant men are pitting one's strength

against the other. Both have been an eternity in the business; they probably could not live without each other.

–If you really trust in their good sense, prove it. I propose a gambling.

–But I made a deal. I promised Noah...

–You still cling to your old beliefs ... The world has changed –he smiles, knowing that his time has finally come.

Choose who you want, the most righteous among them, he said ... I did my best to protect them. I placed the box in one of those Swiss banks so discreet ... While the lift car rises he avoids looking down; remorse terrifies him. Nevertheless he is no longer inflexible as he was in the early days. The centuries have taught him to be lenient with errors: soon, in his imagination, he begins to shape them again...

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The special day

A special day, that dawned in total silence. All prayed so that the one spawns of The Sacred Deity it lapsed in harmony and concord. A hundred sanctified eggs would keep for one week the life of the new members of the Beatific Court that it would substitute to the current one to guide during the following five thousand years the development of the life in the distant and small planet.

But not everything was peace. Nine demons waited hidden; with the hieratic and damned disposition of giving death, in the precise instant, to the sainted beings; alone that, as always, they

passed for high the existence of a legion of angels that invariably took the initiative to give the attack order, and to impede in that way that the vile demons achieved their objective.

The battle got rid while all prayed. It was hard and difficult, both groups fought with total he/she surrenders. But when breaking the shell of the first egg it was already sure the peace of the distant and small planet for next fifty centuries.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

Clandestine

Nowhere was it written that perfection is essential, it will damage the credibility his repulsive appearance so far from its congeners. He had a lot to prove, had questioned his physique, taunting her too. He defended his worth to the skeptics, to herself in the mirror when he watched his imperfections and flaws, its ugliness.

Accustomed to the glamor out of their perverted arts, her image was grotesque and unheard posed the nonsense out to conquer and flirtation.

Crouching waited. No suspect interference, the nude body exposing her back appendices that filled the air with light and soft particles. He

witnessed that transformation that marked external connection to the high, the fellowship of His Holiness the divismo they differed and that almost makes her vomit. The success was based on compassion that he woke up, and it was. With his words he sealed the first of his triumphs.

—Do not be fooled, you're beautiful
—said lying to the verb.

When her hands contonearon the torso and then draw on their breasts and invisible infinite imperfect circles, his victory was confirmed. Indescribable feeling that filled her with joy. The exchange was mutual, shared pleasure. The light and darkness, visible traces of the encounter, leaving clues to his origin fantastic. No one would have guessed it that low passion and commitment, not in it much holiness. Surprised at the softness of those feathers, lost his way and drifted. His scaly skin softened with every stroke.

Yes, he had been unfairly disparaged. Bowed to the will of his opponent, now knew that I wanted to change and that desire led to the unexpected.

The appendices imperfect out of his back air soft charged particles stinging.

*Carmen Rosa U. Signes
(Spain)*



The plague

I checked for the third time the charge from my Ruger LC9 regular, but had three years with special task force kept confront those things worry me, although scientists say things did not stop to explain that they were living beings, like us, mortal, like us, except that belonging to a different dimensional plane. At first, when the news became known, was a worldwide culture shock, many sociology and psychology experts criticized the United Nations made known to the public the discovery, but took refuge in the damage caused worldwide. Many of the most irrational acts committed by humans is now explained in the light of this finding.

He was in a park opposite the pond, feeding the ducks seemed a kind of harmless looking old lady. I approached; a cold sweat covered my forehead.

-We know your true identity, do not try to escape or make sudden movements.

He looked as if he doesn't understand, that really bothered me, I took the small device from his pocket and flipped. Instantly the kind old lady once twisted and changed shape before my eyes, for a moment I saw his true appearance, an image that always caused me chills. Now had the form of my younger sister, who had died five years now.

-She misses you, I can make you talk to her again.

Instantly his body shone and displayed great wings of white feathers.

I pulled out the gun and fired a full charge. At my feet lay disgusting thing, they appealed to our memories and good feelings, the other to our lower desires, but they were the same species of parasites feeding on our emotions.

Ariel Carlos Delgado (Colombia)

The last life

The brightness of that robe made her rise her head. The angel who appeared knelt and began to stroke her hair. They stared at each other for a moment. The woman closed her eyes and the last life on earth was finally scythed.

Luisjavier Osorio –seud.- (México)

Realism in its purest state⁹

The candlelight had a blaze going in the dark as it gave the stick of its light to other unlit candles that delimited the room. The altar where the sacrifice would take place was in the middle of it. Everything was ready for the shooting. According to the director's signal, actors raised the dagger with a ritual gesture and a black shadow appeared terrorizing them, rushing upon them until their screams were drowned in a blood stream. Lord of Evil was

⁹ Traducción: Sandra Montelpare (Argentina)

never missing when he was called for a horror film.

Sara Lew (Argentina)

The sofia's soul

Since Joaquin had died in that terrible car accident, the Sofia's world had changed. They were about to get married in a few weeks, and all of their plans were turned in ashes, as Joaquin's body to blow after blow in his car that day.

Sofia began drinking more than usual, stopped working and her life foundered. After ten months of that terrible incident, Joaquin was already on a higher plane, he became in one Angel and with the assignment for doing good on earth, he met head to head with his beloved who had turned in prostitute and dedicated to satisfy her cocaine addiction, she offered her services to Joaquin. Saddened by the fate of his beloved, he watched a man that took strong from her arms and with curses, blows and shoving took her into an alley.

Joaquin followed them with the aim of trying to defend to Sofia from the man who had assaulted her and when he push down the shoulder of that man, he realized that he was in the same plane as him, just on the opposite side, was a demon. In reaction, the man pushed Sofia to the floor and she lost the consciousness. The two men clashed leaving the earthly plane as an angel and a devil began to argue.

—Leave the woman alone, you're killing her, - said the angel.

—To you that you care, is a prostitute and my boss wants her soul soon.

— I'll give you my soul instead of hers, - Joaquín said.

- Stupid! Scornfully replied the demon he likes women, not mannered bastards like you.

—Your boss earns more with the soul of an angel than with soul of a simple mortal.

— This is your lucky day my little angel. Do you want to have fun today? said the devil



—Let's play a poker game. If I win the woman is for my boss, if I lose, the woman is yours.

Sitting at the table of a bar with a one poker card at the table, Joaquin have agreed surrender his soul in exchange for his beloved Sophia.

*Ma. del Socorro Candelaria Zárate
(México)*

Now you are alone

The night watch magistrate came into the bedroom and, despite a contingent of policeman, the scene seemed him quietly. The corpses of two males, young, Caucasian, without a hair sample, lay quietly on the bed with a white silk sheet until the chest. A police officer held to him a handwritten note with a beautiful calligraphy inside an evidence bag.

“The Mankind’s God doesn’t exist anymore. Neither is a fallen angel who guards the underworld’s circles. These bodies found here, once belong to the last survivors of the most brutal war in the Cosmos.

Once we were Miguel, Captain of the Heavenly Hosts, and Azazel, Commander of the Grigori and Valid of Satan; once we were enemies.

When free will was granted by the Universe’s Creator to the most malicious of its creatures, it triggered chaos in the Creation. The Almighty trusted in its creature’s choice was it; they would choose to comply with the will that reigns in the cosmic order.

Lucifer didn’t believe, its favorite with confidence, who saw the mistake of this act, the humankind would follow own laws if it would grant that option. And that was how it was.

All the divine laws imposed to these creatures, didn’t be useful against their curiosity...and they discovered that their fate was unwritten. God turned mad.

War blew out, devastating dimensions at least sensed by you, and for each victory a defeat followed it. The Creation is collapsing and you, humans, barely notice, for each decision took by you, there was a fight, always under behind the shadows of your acts. The war is over, and now you are alone. Act cautiously.”

When he finished the reading, the newbie forensic attracted his attention while she was holding up the silk sheet. Her face had a confusion expression. Without discovering the corpses, she invited him to take a peek. The magister had to blink several times, before he accepted that the bodies didn’t have sex on their groin.

Pere J. Martínez Marqués (Spain)

The Fall

The creature came out of the bowels of the light. He squirmed for a moment. His wings were spread and awkwardly took off from the ground and floated in front of its creator. It was beautiful. His delicate and bright skin let out flashes that lit the space. He scanned slowly the

being while it was asleep, and was pleased with his creation.

God saw it was good and said - "You're a light bearer, therefore, shall be called Lucifer. You're one of my custodians on earth and you'll be in charge of a third of my Angels"-.

...

You should not join the men, he said. But it happened, I answered. I Walked the earth for a thousand days and a thousand nights depending on the time from the sun. I watched them fulfill their life cycle. The land vomited them by hundreds, thousands, maybe, and after formed they multiplied. They procreate over and over until disintegrate and return to eternal sleep. My rules were

specific. Walking in their paths and join them to comply with the things were set for them. Guide them in using their free will. Watch as the stars fall, he said, I know. We don't belong here anymore. My wings fell to my sides and the remains dragged along the ground till become to ashes. My skin was hardened and I saw him walk off from the phosphorescent flashes that were coming out from the cracks on my body. Your decisions will mark your destination. You and your allies will be



cursed and the extent of your sentence will be eternity. You were one with humans and gave them reason. Now they think and want to be like us, higher and eternal; their minds evolved with their bodies and now they want power, he said. They want to be like you, I replied.

Raisa Pimentel (Dominican Republic)

Wrestling with the Angel¹⁰

What a disgrace to think you've wrestled with the Angel and to discover, looking at the corpse, that you've just beaten a mugger. For this reason it's better not to resist so much, to maintain the illusion, to be defeated.

Ana María Shua (Argentina)

Guardian angel

When I am calm, your aura of purity gives yourself away. You show colourful and winged, dancing waltzes in the air, painting frescos in the ceiling worn out by the years, whispering me

¹⁰ *Microfictions*, Nebraska University Press, Estados Unidos, 2009. [Traducidos al inglés por Steven Stewart]

words that tell me how I must be, and listening to you, I gently ignore you.

Sara Lew (Argentina)

Dreams, madness, and delirium at midnight

Like a flash of lightening he shot out of bed, in the midst of a dark storm that lashed over and over at the small attic that was his home. The shadows flooded the room, rousing the appearance of gloomy images against the bare wall opposite his bed. Right in front of him a sinister ochre-colored figure began to be drawn in mists of sulfur and soot. Ezequiel sat up, frightened, finally he had before him the very being that had been tormenting him for weeks.

«What could he want from me? I'm just a humble painter that traced those looming deaths on my canvas that my unstable mind dictated to me. Is this the one who is responsible for the predictions that haunt me so?»

—Are you the Devil? —asked Ezequiel.

—The dark figure smiled.

— Tell me your greatest desire and I'll make it come true for you,” — said that dark red infernally gleaming creature with a cracking voice like the creaking of an old wooden door.

— I curse my latest creations, I don't know why I have this gift and I don't want to use it anymore. I want to be of goodness to mankind and to be inspired by messages of coming peace and promises of everlasting love. I

want...to be an angel.

—Your wish shall be granted —declared the being.

—But how is it possible that the Devil can grant such a wish? —asked Ezequiel as the figure began to dissolve once more into the mist from which it began.

—Anything is possible for those who believe in me.



Rafael J. Sánchez Rivera (Spain)

Your call is important for us

This is Miguel speaking, what can I do for you today? I am Hilario Melián, this is an emergency. ¿What's the nature of the emergency, Mr. Millman? It's Melián, not Millman, a demon gang just broke into my garden. Mr. Melián,

¿do you have a blessed water irrigation system? I do, but one week ago the sprinklers stopped working and the repair team hasn't showed



up yet. Let me put you on hold for a minute, Mr. Melián (Toccatina and Fugue in D minor, Bach, BWV 565). Thank you for your patience, Mr. Melián, I just added you to the urgent request list, a repair team will visit you during the next three days. ¡In two hours we will all be posed, Miguel! Keep the faith, Mr. Melián, it's demons' sabbath high season and we are saturated, I can offer our extended service with a special discount. ¿How much is the extension, Miguel? Let me transfer you with Exorcisms (Ave María, Schubert, D 839). Hilario sees the demons dig a hole, sparks flying from their hooves, just above the phone line duct.

Desperate, his eyes stumble upon the little red magnet on the refrigerator. Lead us not into temptation, he prays. The call drops, and in the background he hears a diabolic uproar. Hilario breaks down, takes out his cellphone and dials the number in the red magnet. Who is this, asks a tired voice. This is Hilario, a friend gave me your number. What can I do for you, Hilario. A gang of demons broke into my garden, I can hear them banging at the back door.

¿Do you know what you have to do, Hilario? Yes, I do. No need to worry, then. Silence invades the house, no shouts or coarse laughter can be heard. Hilario peeps out of the window: there's no trace of the invaders. Thank you very much, he says, that was quick. You are welcome, I'm sending over the papers for you to sign. Hilario says goodbye and hangs up. His hands are shaking. It had to happen some day, he thinks. It's the first time he has to mortgage his soul. Tomorrow his friends will buy him a beer. A little red magnet will arrive, mixed with the mortgage contract: the bank is always looking for new referrals. Who am I going to give this to, sighs Hilario, as he walks to the kitchen to prepare fresh coffee.

Martín Andrés Hain (Argentina)

Duality through the looking glass

The interior of the store of antique toys was attired with a gloomy decoration, thanks to the weird products that gave it its identity. Its brick walls

lined with ebony panels were teemed with every kind of mechanical toys; jewels coming from the most ancient epochs and civilizations, and from the two millennium of Christianity. Mr. Escher didn't like at all the look of mummification the toys had: "The time they store was a witness to ages of true darkness", he thought, just before to ask the old man behind the store counter by the toy he chose.

—It's here —answered the owner fixing his eyes on the child's ones who trembled of joy beside his father—. As the legend goes it belonged to Pope Sylvester II, who also possessed a brazen head that answered yes or not. Come, I'll show you how it works.

In the solitude of his chamber, the child put in motion the mechanism of the toy. In the middle of a rectangular platform, stood a mirror. On both sides,



just in the very center, there turned round two crystal spheres standing for the planet Earth. One face of the mirror was silvery, the other black. From the inside of the black face, a row of little toy angels came out. They moved forward flapping graciously their wings, went around the sphere that was rotating from left to right by the gentle touch of their swords, and ended up plunging again, as if by magic, into the blackness of the mirror. In the same spot, but from the silvery face of the mirror, issued little demons of fire color that drew the same course, forcing the rotation of their sphere from right to left with the pricking of their tridents. Each sphere, when forcing to rotate, showed in its crystal surface fantastic images belonging to mythical times of the earth. Once the mechanism stopped its cycle, the child had to switch the position of the spheres; in order to see the angels and demons rotating the opposite sphere. "It's a funny game — he thought—... Especially on the silvery side."

Odilius Vlak –seud.- (Dominican Republic)

The Riders of Remembrance

As spectres

They wander by the desert prairies

Of the old region of Franks

Deep-set and dark their eyes are

Their bodies lean and pale

Covered by rags
And long and thin
As shrivelled wheat ears
Are their hands
In the star-spangled nights
They leave their caves looking for air
And the water of cactuses
And to see the wrinkles of their faces
Bathed in moonlight
They are the riders of remembrance
Riding mutant camels
By the dunes and waves
Thinking over life and paths
They say that their voices whisper
The good old times
Before the return of angels
And that also relate the sounds of
horror
The ripped flesh
The earth devoured by the fire

Come from the second circle
Beyond the heaven of spaceships
They say that the radiant messengers
of gods
Were those who gave them the bread
The sacred light and the dream
The authors of the uproar
And they also say that returned
whistling
Strange sand melodies
And that they felt disillusioned and
decided
(With the pain of their antennas)
To burn the bad written pages
Of that old story
And start again

Antonio Mora Vélez (Colombia)

Rabbi Versus Angel

A Hasidic Rabi promises one of his



disciples that he will save his suffering wife by doing no more than pray for her.

Days later the weeping disciple confronts him: his wife has died.

“It’s not possible,” the rabbi assures him. “While I prayed, I managed to take away the sword from the Angel of Death.”

“My wife is dead and buried,” insists the young man.

The rabbi meditates for a moment, trying to understand.

“There’s one other possibility: perhaps when he realized he was missing his sword, the Angel decided to strangle her with his bare hands.”

The curious thing is that this brief history has been compiled by Nathan

Ausubel, the unbeliever, in a collection of humorous stories.

Ana María Shua (Argentina)

Águilas Blancas

After many comings and goings, Águilas Blancas, the century- old structure placed in the midst of the sierra ended up in Wanda’s hands. Proud of her acquisition, the millionaire announced at a tea party that she was planning to celebrate her birthday at the hunting lodge. “It’s nothing but a ruin. It doesn’t even have power”, warned her friends. “They will connect it in time,” she answered assuredly, convinced that only a big party would clear up the stagnant energies. However, the electric power connection did not take place. Instead, the woman



proposed that each guest bring a candle. Everything was supposed to be sumptuous and in white. Along the galleries they dressed up tables with candles and floral centerpieces of that color. In the great hall they set white tables with candelabra, and from the moldy, eaten-away walls hung huge floral wreaths. Outside, rows of white lanterns marked the access road for Wanda's guests, who by her specific instructions came from all social strata. Candles in hand, the people crowded together before the great door. Once inside, mesmerized by the aroma of hundreds of candles in constant splutter, they stood, speechless at the great hall's nonsensical interiors. At the sound of midnight, dressed in full white, her hair pinned with flowers, Wanda made her triumphal entrance. "She looks like an angel", they gasped. The orchestra sounded a few notes. A stranger wearing a wide-brimmed black hat stepped forward to take her by the waist and dance an anachronistic waltz. The other couples joined them in a twirling frenzy until sudden and unusual beams of light entered through the skylights illuminating the whole enclosure. The music stopped. The attendance, stunned, was now surrounded and outnumbered by specters, zombies, and other creatures. "The demons are here!" cried out those few seeking cover in the sierra's darkness and who, at a safe distance could now hear the discordant orchestra's sounds. Horrified, they watched the flames consume the lodge

while the diabolical armies traveled upward to the star-dusted heavens dragging along hundreds of souls. Among them, they could distinguish the American lady's blonde hair and white dress.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Nature of Angels



The fight waste of a being debated within him, woke him. He tried to sit up and remember what happened. He spotted the cross burned into his chest. He needed the big wings that covered his back. His body was not the same, it was white, was not holy.

That story he liked and it was forbidden to remember, in which the heavens had been tarnished, stained with blood, and the rebels had been

driven out of heaven, had happened again. The scenes of what happened, like a light came into his mind. Now was when I saw images of angels tearing, biting pain, the shame of suicide to see how little devils left their bodies saints. As they showed the skin, revealing new skin, that which for years had been covered, this, true.

Seeing the black, scaly acquired anatomies of fallen angels, found that it had recorded fire cross on their chests. Sign that all was over.

The sky had been invaded by the truth. Lucifer got into the wild, where he was cast and Jesus went down to where he was conceived, from which he had risen.

Mary Paniagua (Dominican Republic)

A path to the hell

There I was, plunged in the glooms of the night, loading my gun in the middle of that desolate people of Texas's indeterminate place. The Angel was crying to my side, opening his beautiful wings of bird and unable to change my decision.

–Do not do it– He begged me with the voice more beautiful that you eat to ear – Still these in time.

–Time...? Time for what! – I ask without

anything to lose, except probably my soul.

–To be of them eternally if you do it - Says non-stop of crying – and not pus it to prevent.

Stop loading my gun and him smiley to the sweet celestial being before kissing him in the forehead.

–I do not believe that there where it goes it is worse than this world. Sorry baby, I can avoid it.

Lisen his beautiful weeping while to walking at twenty-four hours, unable to control my wretched decision. To cross the door, extract the weapon and shoot on the face of the Chinese woman, then aim at the terrified husband and whisper:

–The fucking box!

It emptied the wretched money and shoot on a human face for the second time that night. Take to vozka and whiskey of Malt of step and on having gone out, I saw that a limousine was

waiting for me. The door is open and a voluptuous woman smile me.

–For that you wait to ender cowboy?

Look at the angel to cry for last time, for the poor devils that it had left besides my or probably for me. I got in the limousine and the door having been



closed, I saw the woman the being
turned more frightfully that you eat it
had seen. I shouting while I was
covering with his black wings of insect
and laughing non-stop.

–That you think armed bandit, that
serious quite to easy?. Do not forget
that the way to the hell I fill this one
with good intentions.

Jorge Zarco Rodríguez (Spain)

Living in the clouds

Accumulating Limbus in heaven,
Gods were playing with my sadness
It is silly to drown in a glass of water
when you have the sea getting wet
your feet ...

And I left there mounted on a wave,

nailing my misfortune in some summit
The gods, bored to death,
peered into my soul,
looking for some sign of humanity
As i didn't give them anything, they
played
bread and cheese with my destiny
Angel ... said one
Demon ... said the other
Angel ...
Demon ...
Centuries later, none yet,
ever walked the misery of another
And I, sitting to the right of someone,
watch them play

Lucila Guzmán (Argentina)



Rumors

It is said that the devil tends to adopt the form of a male goat or a great black dog. It is also said that a strong sulfur smell tends to precede his apparition. It is said that even in his human form he tends to wear a long tail and cloven hoofs. The inhabitants of the Earth tend to spread these and other comforting rumors, looking at their feet with great relief.

*Ana María Shua
(Argentina)*

Hell

I wonder
If there's a hell,
Where all the ideas
that i didn't write live.
Good ones, bad ones,
The measly ones
And my sexual
antics.
Will I end up with
them
Once I die?
I look in the mirror
I'm a bad idea after all,
I know it.

Rui Caverta (Mexico)

Punishment

Supreme Being looked at the malefactor facing him.

–You've sinned. You've infringed divine laws – the winged man, bowed, didn't say anything – So I have to convicted you Supreme Punishment.

–The...the Supreme Punishment? B...but I don't go to Hell?

–No, I've said Suprem Punishment.

–Nooo, please, I supplicate you – the sinner angel overthrewed to floor, kneel down in front of God, requesting mercy.



God moved his hands, whereupon angel disappeared.

At the same time, on Earth, a child weeping was heard, new born announcing.

*Ricardo Manzanaro
(Spain)*

Mutual punishment angels or demons

They were born at the foot of a bonfire twins. That night was stormy and cold air drying. One was heavenly with a beautiful face, the other was apparently rejected by a being deformed twist of misfortune. They were separated, but were reunited one day. The handsome was ruthless, unfair and Machiavellian; killed their parents in a frenzy of hatred, stabbed them as

they slept, without mercy. The Ugly lived in the mountain worker, honest and helping your neighbor. He learned what had happened and returned. Forgot rejection who provided their parents, and went in search of his brother. Angel vs demon, but which one was the angel and the devil what. The handsome lifetime spent laughing at the world and ensuring himself ugly. However, in those moments of struggle, both were equal. We all have an angel to the surface and a devil hidden deep inside of us. A duel governed by the law of the strongest, but both fell struck by injuries. Angel and demon ended their lives in penury ground satin dyed with the color of death.

Texy Cruz (Spain)

Tergum Verto

He had tracked it from the writings of Eber, ancestor of all Hebrews, to the hermetic texts of Abaris the Hyperborean. The last reference, unfinished, was found in the grimoire of Nahmanides under layers of darkness and deception. The name of the beast: , להפואק *lahpawak*; the inverse demon, the infernal creature that consummated his breviary.

He calculated its gematrical number, hidden under the sum of its digits. Kabbalistic algebras led him to Zebulun the Patriarch and his curse in Deuteronomy to the *man who makes a carved or cast metal idol, and sets it up in secret*. He followed these buried instructions and raised an altar within

the worn-out pentagram. He conjured *lahpawak* with words of a language long forgotten.

A sudden change in the arrangement of the black church preceded its entry. Brimming with pustules and tortured wounds, *lahpawak* was the deplorablest creature of all hells.

– My name is Berat, – the magician said. – You are under my command.

The beast, frightening, began to laugh.

– Berat! – said the beast. – My name is now Berat! *You are lahpawak!*

Only then the Kabbalist noticed it was him who remained trapped inside the pentacle and someone else, freed, who



smiled next to his breviary, also unfinished.

Pedro Román (Spain)

The fallen

And that strife /

Was not inglorious, though th'
event was dire.

Milton, Paradise Lost.

There was a time, when creation was boiling plenty of hope and the now forgotten ages were just seeds in the living's minds, when we were the salvation.

But the fire of envy crackled, fed by the ambition and in the pusillanimous tinder's cowardice took flames.

Almost half of the anointed elevated a rebel, a ruler pride blinded and merciless.

The strife lasted for centuries. Millions died. We dried oceans and mountains were melted.

The revolt rose up from the chaos, sacrificed its fathers and devoured its sons. Only the Commander prevailed.

And the laws of the past were fused. And the pillars of the future were broken.

Everyone loyal to Old Order, believer in the all born equality, became outlaw as we accuse the new Leader's falsehood, anxious for all-mightiness.

We suffer the blaming of pretend to tempt and inflame the men's pride and selfishness, when all we want is liberate

them and none kneels for nobody but his own reason.

For almost all, we're the eminent enemies of the known, the World and the truth... But, if victory has been by our side, we would have been the blessed, and they, slaves that resign to lead their own lives, would have been the Fallen.

Carlos Díez (Spain)

Angel in the Ring

No, there's nothing interesting about watching him fly, because he does after all have wings. It's like watching a man walk, like watching a fish swim. Now if this angel of yours could do a trick that went against his nature, against his anatomy. Could he throw knives, for example? Now we're getting there. What did you say his name was? Azrael, Azreal—that sounds familiar. But here we'd have to give him a stage name, something stronger, more artistic, easier to pronounce. We could call him, say, "The Angel of Death." That would get the audience going. Ah, I get it. That's his specialty. No, he doesn't have to show me. But, you know, that's a pretty common trick. Even a kid . . . What if we had him do the opposite? That would be impressive! Oh. I see. It's not his thing. Look, leave him with me a few days, no commitment, and we'll find something we can do with him, especially if he's discreet. You know, everybody's got enemies. And creditors.

Ana María Shua (Argentina)

I'm not afraid

The scene is horrifying, the creature has leaped on her and the room is filled with a thin rain of blood and the noise it makes when tearing her flesh is dreadful, but I'm not afraid, though I don't dare to move. I'm sitting on the floor and I just look at the two beings while one agonizes and the other one devours. And I said I'd protect her. I lied, of course, otherwise she would have gone long time ago, and I needed her with me. Sooner or later, the monster would have caught her, but she believed me when I promised to be watchful, that I would never let it draw near. I don't even remember how it has come in, if it has turned up from nowhere or it has been me who has let it pass. I feel everything has been sudden, but it may have been there all the time, with us. However, I'm not afraid, but I don't dare to move. Sitting on the floor, looking at the two beings. The outrageous creature barely casts a glance at me, while it stops to swallow flesh, bones and feathers. Its attention turns back quickly to the remaining wing. The blood fills again the air. Meanwhile, she stares at me, but her eyes don't beg for help anymore. Her face gives me away a disgusted and



reproaching expression. I could raise up, it's true, push the beast aside, overcome it if I wanted, even though I'd burn up. To sacrifice my body for the only pure thing I've ever met, a noble act, for once. Furthermore, she means so much for me. I could also approach, ignore the monster and kneel down near her, hold her head between my hands and push her eyes with my thumbs, free myself from the blame they mirror.

The idea entices me strongly, but it also fills me with nausea. In the end, although I'm not afraid I don't dare to move. I stay sitting on the floor and look at the two beings. Virtue and grace, infamy and corruption. Both look down on me.

Egoitz Laparra (Spain)

Nuisance¹¹

The devil went to the entrance and gave four slaps to the angel who was on sentry duty, then he tugged at his hair whilst screaming obscenities into his ear, tugged at his dress and laughed at his private parts, stuck his thumb into an eye with no pupil, wiped a hoof over his well formed feet, and turned his back only to bend over and show him a taunting face between splayed legs, whilst waving in the air a finger dirty

¹¹ Traducción: Damián Martín



with excrement. But not even with this was he able to distract the sentinel's attention, who merely made a small gesture as if to wave away a fly.

Tired, the devil sat down on a stone.

- We'll wait then. I can wait. The day will come when you will lower your guard. In a year, two, in a century, ten. A distraction, the smallest slip, and I'll get in, you bastard!

Ricardo Cortés Pape (Spain)

Sputnik

To all the heroes

We now call space junk
Robotics is a star broth,
Filled with metallic grebes,
That come down during rain
And peck at cosmic grain.

There, in the special cocoons,
Our sons are melt,
Heir to the old epics.
With toned muscles
And hands capable of brandishing
swords.

How can we not called them our own.

If we
Don't feel anymore,
Nor touch,
Nor life,
We aren't.

We gave them something,
That emptied us,
No life, no touch.

That is what I tell myself.
Before i sleep.
Now the robotic part,
Watches us from the moving train.
We run to it,
¿does it notice us,
Through the window?

The train flies
away and
breaks a faint
skin of milk.

Like a kid's
spoon in cereal.

Goodbye, son,
goodbye.

We can only
wait.

Beyond today,
tomorrow,

Rub our hands
Until they
black

themselves with blood.

Dedalus defeat black,

Stiff and cowardly passivity.

Not like the stratospheric air of Icarus.

Because the greek lied to us,

Every star is a sun.

Rui Caverta (Mexico)



The New Angel

A new angel looks at an old tomb
There is no good

There is no evil
The destiny has
changed

And a mighty
devil burns in a
black abyss...

The phantoms
of existence are
dead

And the serpents
cry for the
paradise lost...

The new angel
is not a prodigal
son

His wings are grey

His eyes like flames

His name is an infinitive number

And all the gates are open for him...

The new angel loves the sun

And the darkness of the night,

There is a new heaven above him

A crown of thorns waits very near

He is the angel of a stormy dawn...

Fabián Daniel Leuzzi (Argentina)

The passenger

It was a magic night, the spotlights turned off but the ecstatic mass still was overstocking the BroadWalk Hall. They had just attended an epic battle between two boxers who made tremble the foundations of the quadrilateral as if they were two titans. The clamor of the crowd raise me up to the altars of the Olympus still it resound in my head, they will resounding for it whole eternity.

My body lies in New Jersey's dark and humid streets while the life escapes from me with every breath. Still I listen in my head this torn voice for the pain and the tears, a voice begging clemency to the same death.

-I'm sorry...- They were the only words that went out my mouth, seeing impotent how they were snatching her of my arms forever. I still hear that voice, I will listen for the whole eternity. Do not lower my defense when I needed and I hit him with all my heart when it was not the agreement. It was

the clamor, the greed and now my body lies here...

I see my inert body, not breathing. I see an old wooden house bathed by the blinding light of an oak in flames, his autumnal leaves burn my skin ... they show me the way to her.

She is sitting in her rocking chair, watching me from the porch of his house.

-Where am I? Am I dead? - No answer.

-Does not matter son, I just want to know what would you do if I let you go back? - The old woman spoke but his lips did not move, remained sealed.

-I would kill those who stole her from me, I would kill them all - Anger spoke for me.

-Do this for me, be mine until the end of the days and she will

be back -Every single word of her mouth smells like sulphur. I nodded, eager to receive the most precious gift, revenge.

-Who you are elderly? An angel? A demon? Maybe a God? - I returned to ask.

-I am your penance - she answered.



I still I listen to these words, they will resounding in my head for the whole eternity.

Gorka Moreno (Spain)

A Marvel of Flying Poetry

When Alfredo Codona, a Mexican trapeze artist, first achieved the triple somersault in 1920, the newspapers called him a “marvel of flying poetry” and an “angel of the trapeze.” Codona was shocked. He always worked with a safety net, to perfect his disguise, and he was sure that he had been flawless in concealing his wings.

*Ana María Shua
(Argentina)*

In the beginning

Choir of cherubim: Ra, neb her kemam¹²

He has sent his troops south, with me in front. Humans sleep the story's dream and we, the winged horsemen of the golden disc, brothers we fight against brothers in an endless revolt. The desert welcomes us into their harmonics spaces. The wind, warm and dry, picks

¹² Ra, Lord of all creation (ancient Egyptian words)

up the sand particles and changes the landscape of dunes; endless drags shadows that haunt us as the scorpion expected a misstep.

Choir: Can the truth divide?

The force that holds the universe is now in question and I begin to doubt the existence of a nucleus able to govern the eternity at its sole discretion; I prefer to consider the fact that there fire in all bonfires. Many other share this opinion, immortal angels tangled by an idea, broken factions that comes

between light and darkness.

Choir: Ravings of grandeur. The foolishness destroys anything it touches

The more time I remain here, I anchored here, so much more I convince myself that this rebellion is synonym for progress. I risk overly. Exile is the punishment

to disobedience. The approaching obscurity tinged with purple surrounds me with its disturbing gloom.

Choir: You must go back, Luzbel!



I raise my sword and I advance without stopping in spite of the voices that whisper at my back. Is impossible to return of a concept; maybe when humanity be awaken.

María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)

Tales of Hemicycles: The Wanderer

Exiled from the angelic circle for having desecrated with pride the choir of Seraphim, it was condemned to wander as a dark demon on earth.

Its beauty confused the unprepared souls, it could mimic almost like a human, only a very high spirit could surprise it, revealing their lust and cruelty.

One summer night, camouflaged among young people trying to seduce new souls, capturing the dreamers in search of exciting adventures, these souls were delivered to the delights it lavished, emptying and selling its essence by mirages.

The music enveloped the celebration where the youth danced wildly; the Wanderer observed a young woman it had also conquered. The pupils of both

raised an unbreakable bridge, where the distances were shortened. Sabrina was in its arms, captivated by its beauty it moved, almost recalling its days as an angel, was less arrogant, lustful and cruel; it did not conceive its recent transformation. This time Sabrina's soul had captivated it, tried to kiss her and that was when it saw the spirit of the girl shine like an angel. It was late, she had caught it in the theodicy of good and evil, Sabrina had won the battle against the Wanderer. In surprise, a circle of fire engulfed them and the demon felt confined, infinite peace, emerging from it penultimate darkness.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

The Taming

“The vision of the end of days will take place, but not before finishing my army” said spreading his huge white bluish wings. Then he entered the calf's

abode who started to bellow whit the fury of the compendium of pure and impure souls within him, the devotees, the forgotten, the converts, his consorts, the fluffy spirits of wild creatures in the exile and the crystal souls of the ancient people who knew worship him. The



archangel took him by the incipient horns and said: “My horsemen are ready, Leviathan and Behemoth baptized on the Jordan, the Nephilim are marching down the invisible path, with their crimped swords and golden armets, the end is near”. The calf hit the archangel jaw but he surrounded him by the back with his thick silver chain, gave it two laps, took off whit the trapped animal and whispered in his ear: “The book of Atum operates in the lands, already Hyksos and Hebrews wander in the west, Amorites and Sumerians walk by the east, Manat betrays her Trinity, the end is near”. Drop to the floor a dual mass, the chain, fine link, united them, the floor was cracking, some of the souls escaped in clamor through the cracks, a new raider born, the compendium was strong,

controlled. Differed but were one, they breathed, pointy talons were growing. Then he said: “I am the Archangel Gabriel, head of the messengers of God”. The calf replied low: “¿To which of them do you respond this time?” And hitting the calf’s belly whit the bone spurs Gabriel concluded: “¡Silence and move forward Baal!”.

*Federico Miguel Aldunate
(Argentina)*

The Dragon

The problem is that the dragon doesn’t know how to do anything. He’s too old to fly and can hardly manage a pathetic liftoff like that of a chicken. Though two columns of smoke do weakly ascend from his scaly nostrils, he’s no longer capable of expelling his punishing fire. He’s interesting, the



director says, very interesting, but better suited to a zoo than a circus. When the time comes, he could be stuffed and make a fine addition to any museum.

And the owner, or perhaps the dragon's agent, leaves the circus depressed, his troupe of winged species in tow, a sluggish-looking griffin, a family of vegetarian vampires, a former angel who clumsily displays the stumps of his amputated wings.

*Ana María Shua
(Argentina)*

Eternal fight

Deng has taken months to reach his destination. He left behind family, work, friends, a lifetime. He has crossed two continents. He took trains, boats, planes. He has travelled by car, carriage, truck, motorcycle and bicycle. To finance his adventure, Deng has worked, has stolen, even killed. But in the end he has succeeded, has come to a small square of a neighbourhood of Barcelona.

Ismael also has taken months to reach his destination. He also left behind family, work and friends. He has crossed an ocean. He took trains, boats and planes. He has travelled by car, carriage, truck, motorcycle and bicycle. To cover his epic, Ismael has also worked, stole and even killed. And in

the end he succeeded. He came to this small square where, a few days ago, he's waiting for his opponent. He doesn't know how many days. No one cares.

The meeting takes place at night and not see anyone on the streets. Everyone at one end of the square, in the distance, was greeted with a smile. Simple understanding. Deng pounces on Ismael, pulling a large knife. The Uruguayan prepares his weapon, a rusty cutlass, and both are put on guard, waiting for the first attack. His movements

are fast and accurate. Precise hits, rushed elusive, elegant feints. Attack, defense, counterattack, deflection, backlash. An echo of sirens resounds. But they don't care. Continue their deadly dance. Finally, Deng fell, mortally wounded. Ismael is about to deliver the coup de grace. "Stop,



police". The Uruguayan ignored. There were two shots. In the middle of the square, there are two dead bodies.

Time stops. From the lifeless body of the eastern emerges a being of light, radiant white, the culmination of creation. From the body of Ismael, emerges a dark shape, ankylosed, the spawn of evil. Ethereal, nobody sees. Face to face, both spread their wings, cross their eyes and smile, accomplices. At full speed, each part in the opposite direction, they continue their eternal fight.

Francesc Barrio Julio (Spain)

Patrol¹³

Whilst on patrol on that sector of the sky, the angel passed next to the orbital station and saw a devil who was hanging around, clearly trying to get in. Without a second thought he fell upon it. The devil, who had twenty eyes, including a pair on the back of its neck, turned and spat into the blue eyes a greenish black slime. Although smaller, the devil defended itself well, and bit, scratched, kicked tirelessly. Throughout a whole day and a night they fought without stopping, and they only came apart to allow a technician through, who had come out of the station for some exterior repair work.

Finally, at dawn, the angel broke free and dug the sword of light into the devil's swollen belly, who died spewing an endless flow of gut and fecal matter.

¹³ Traducción: Damián Martín

Then a river of blood ran across the sky: the red trail of the seriously wounded angel. He didn't live past noon.

Naturally nobody in the station found out.

Ricardo Cortés Pape (Spain)

The Bet

On a cold Christmas Eve night, a bright red butterfly and a luminous blue bird flew above the city and entered a room where a young girl was sleeping. Then they respectively turned into a red-eyed demon and a blue bird-headed gargoyle.

"We can start" said the gargoyle. "The one causing the most powerful dream to her wins. If you do, you can have it your way and ruin Christmas. But if I do, you go back to Hell."

"I won't" said the demon. Out of nowhere, he produced a perfume bottle. He opened it and a powerful scent invaded the room.

The girl dreamed of flowers that whispered a perfumed incantation into her mind. She thus acquired magic powers, but had no control on them. Her bed moved, she hung in the air. However scared, she could not stop this. A hoarse voice resounded in her head. If you train to control this magic, you will be the most powerful sorceress in the world. No way, she thought. She wanted neither the magic nor the fear it caused. She turned on the other side.

The gargoyle took its violin. It played a lovely, slightly sad music. Like the demon's scent, the melody soon invaded the mind of the young sleeper.

This time she dreamed of a forest. Everything – trees, flowers, animals, birds - were made out of stone. Her heart was filled with sorrow. This was a motionless version of the park where her mom used to take her when she was a child. A huge, ugly troll advanced toward her and took her hand. His eyes were so sad that she followed him to a dark part of the park. A translucent woman was sitting on a gravestone. The girl reluctantly stepped toward her.

Mom! Her beloved mother that had died a few years back... Mom smiled, approached her and softly caressed her cheek. "Where I am, I always watch over and protect you. Don't be sad on Christmas day, love. I am with you..."

The girl woke up, her eyes filled with tears. Don't go away, Mom, she begged. She cried a lot; then she recalled Mom's words: I am with you. The girl wiped her eyes; before

anybody woke up, she went to pick flowers and visit her mother's grave.

"I won" said the gargoyle. "No doubt about it" confirmed a furry hedgehog sleeping beside the girl. "I am the guardian of her dreams and yours was the best one. It was a masterpiece of a melody."

"Who cares" said the demon. "I never keep my promises. Good bye! Off I am to ruin everybody's Christmas in this city."

The gargoyle started playing its violin. The music filled the demon's mind and it made him think of Hell. Overcome with nostalgia, the demon sighed, spread his bright red wings and flew back to the Dark Realms.

Sissy Pantelis (Greece)



Hellboy: Demon goes good

By Cristina Jurado (Spain)

Ilustraciones: Mike Mignola (EE.UU.) ®

The son of a demon and a witch, Hellboy (a.k.a Anung Un Rama¹⁴) came to this world summoned by the Nazis during the Second World War II. Found by American scientists who worked for the “Bureau for Paranormal Research and Defense” (the B.P.R.D.), he was raised and educated to fight crime and injustice.

The demonic nature of this unusual superhero is the origin of his numerous abilities: super-fast healing and recovering from serious wounds; vast knowledge of ancient and modern languages; superior vision; enhanced strength and endurance; immunity to fire; decelerated aging; expert in hand-to hand combat and in swordsmanship.

Hellboy stands up against other comic superheroes thanks to his personality: he is nothing like he looks like. His monstrous physical appearance hides a good heart and an empathic attitude towards humans. His strong will to combat evil relies in his legendary stubbornness and his disdain for his



¹⁴ [http://hellboy.wikia.com/wiki/Hellboy_\(character\)](http://hellboy.wikia.com/wiki/Hellboy_(character))

destiny. Behind the façade of a tough guy with dry and self-deprecating sense of humor lays an adventure seeker and a trustworthy comrade.

As a character, Hellboy is the son of American cartoon artist and writer Mike Mignola <http://www.artofmikemignola.com>. Mignola has revealed to base loosely the character on his father, a man prone to injuries and with a unique sense of humor. In his own words: *“After ten years drawing for Marvel and DC Comics, I just really wanted to do a book entirely made up of subject matter I really love. And I wanted a book where I could draw a lot of monsters, not superheroes. A bunch of us artist/writers were all doing this at the same time -John Byrne, Art Adam, Frank Miller- and we approached Dark Horse (Frank was already doing “Sin City” there) and asked if they would give us our own little corner of Dark Horse, called “Legend”. Mike Richardson, president of Dark Horse, said yes right away. The “Legend” group didn't last very long but because I was part of it when Hellboy started I did get more attention than I would have otherwise, so it worked out well for me.*

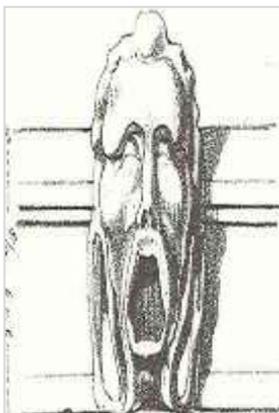
When asked about the demonic nature of the character, Mignola answers: *When I started Hellboy I didn't really give any thought to his demon nature. I've always tried to treat his first and foremost as a person. Only recently did I have a bit of demon nature show up (when he killed those giants in “Wild Hunt”). In the beginning, my plan was never to address his being a demon. I just thought it was funny that the good guy would look like the devil. But the idea of what he is, where he came from, what he's supposed to do, just crept in there over the years.*



In “The Chapel of Moloch” Mignola sets the story in Portugal (not far from Spain and full of the same Mediterranean landscapes). Sometimes it seems that Hellboy is just an excuse for the author to visit the world and “mignolanitize” fantastic places that emanate mystery and possibilities. The artist confirms this opinion: *Yes. I set “Chapel of Moloch” in Portugal just so I could draw that town. The story has nothing to do with Portugal and could be set anywhere. I plotted the story and then just looked through old photos for a place that would be fun to draw. I did want to set it somewhere I hadn't done before, since I know in Hellboy's career he has been everywhere.*

In his drawing style Mignola acknowledges influences by comic and book illustrator Jack Kirby and mentions Gustav Dore, H. P. Lovecraft and even Bram Stoker’s *Dracula* as major inspirations for his stories. *Yes, expressionistic is probably a pretty good way to describe my drawing and even storytelling style. Impressionistic might even be better.*

While many other comic artists choose to portray muscular and slender characters, Mignola draws voluminous and architectural ones with smudged shadows and solid colors. He extends this approach to illustration to the landscapes of his histories, favoring Gothic imagery and steampunk machinery¹⁵.

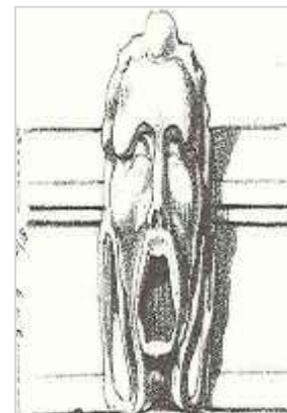


Description:

pp. 9 The first drawing of Hellboy

pp. 27 Art for Capital City

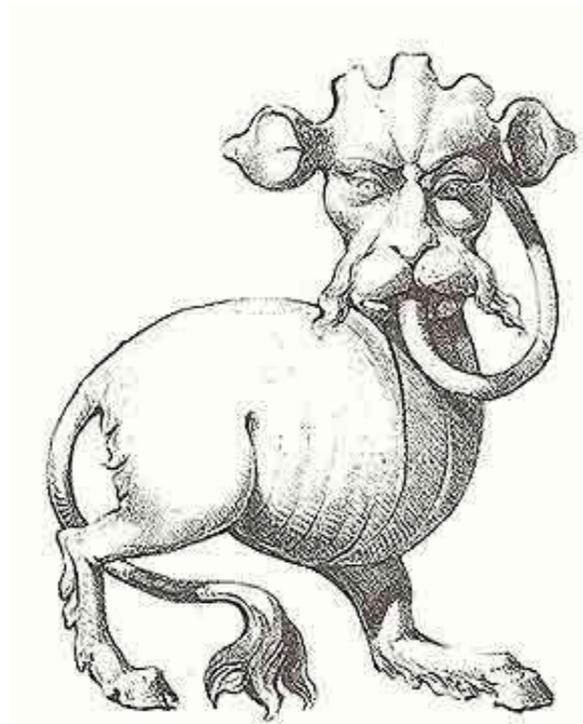
Distribution's Calendar (color: Matt Hollingsworth)



¹⁵ The images were taken from *The Art of HELLBOY* (Dark Horse Books, 2003) Mike Mignola, ISBN I-59307-089-6 [Nota del Editor].

The Gospel of Jesus Christ: A dispute among the angels and demons

Ma. del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)



"... Because the goodness that I am, wouldn't exist without the evilness that you're, the goodness that I have couldn't exist without you, it would be unthinkable, so much so that I cannot even imagine, finally if you don't exist, neither I do, and therefore if I will be the kindness you have to keep being the evil, if the Devil does not live like Diablo, God does not live as God, the death of one would be the death of the each other ... "

This is one of many revealing moments of one of the most controversial novels of the Nobel Prize for Literature, José Saramago, "The Gospel According to Jesus

Christ". In this paragraph that I retrieve and transcribe literally, the author recreates a dialogue that exists between God and the Devil, who shows throughout the novel as two beings among whom there are a good communication and presents them as brothers twins, leading us to identify them as two sides of the same coin.

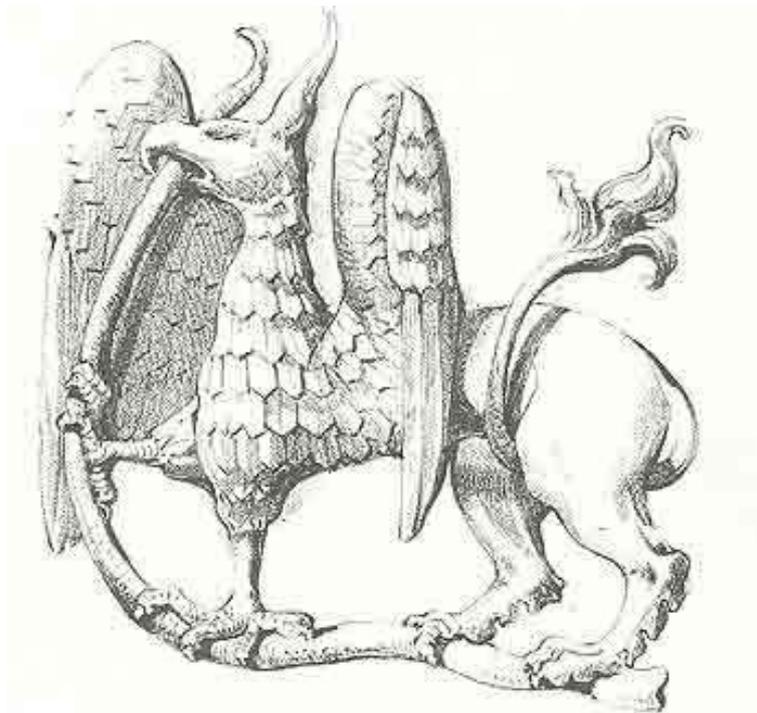
The polemical point at this moment of the story is the reasoning of God in which he affirms that whereas the more power may have one of them; the more power will also have the other one, because they need each other, and the humans beings are only disputed between them two as instruments. This novel caused great controversy along the several sectors of the Catholic Church that was described as blasphemy, a situation that earned the Portuguese Writer was the contempt of some representatives of the Catholic Church, which was given to the task of protest when the author won the

Nobel Prize for Literature, considering him not worthy to receive this important worldwide recognition.

José Saramago declared himself as atheist, but I think he gave to all humanity one of the most beautiful and moving works on the life of Jesus in the history of literature, showing a man with doubts, fears, rages, anxieties and desires, with strengths and weaknesses, as attainable and understandable for any of us. Completely away of the idealized style of Christ the Redeemer, strange, remote and unattainable for men.

Another interesting moments in the novel is when God shows to Jesus what will happen to the world after they have started on Christianity as a religion, describing the millions of people who will have to die in his name, both believe in him, for not believing, then they spoke about the Crusades and the Inquisition, traces the history of mankind explaining all the abuses and injustices against humanity that the church will have to make for the sole purpose of supporting a religion. This will cause to Jesus a great shame, but he knows that he cannot renounce to his destiny.

The most dramatic moment comes where Saramago describes Jesus when he's dying on the cross and instead turns to the sky and say the phrase that is known for all of us: "Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do" instead Jesus turns to the men who are standing in front of him and says: "Men forgive him, because he does not know what he did."





Revistas:

Magazine: Necronomicón
Second Time. Year 11. N ° 23

Editor: Jorge L. De Abreu
UBIK, Venezuelan Association of
Science Fiction and Fantasy

Illustrators: Juan Raffo, Bárbara
Moros y Ros Josein

Web site:
[http://www.avcff.org/ubik.
htm](http://www.avcff.org/ubik.htm)

Country: Caracas,
Venezuela (November
2012)

Index:
Dark bars, nightclubs
authentic / Alvaro Valdez
Necromicon / Francisco
Arias

The bunker / Carlos
Daminsky

Note: Necronomicón is a
publication that favors short fiction
(less than a thousand words) of
Terror, but also publish fantasy or
science fiction. Send your stories to
the Necronomicon.

Send your stories to:
necronomicon@avcff.org

Download it:
<http://necronomicon.avcff.org/necronomicon/necro23/necro23.htm>

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Magazine: PENUMBRIA

Country: Mexico (November, 2012)

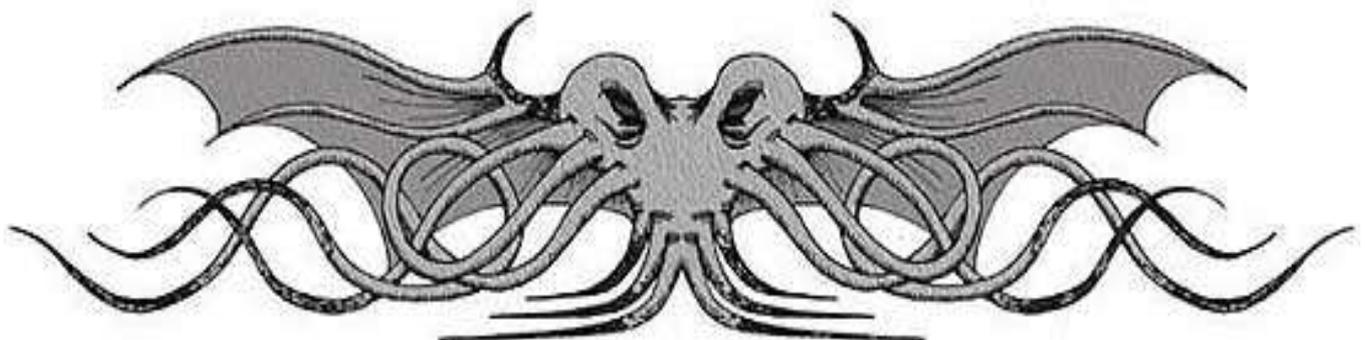
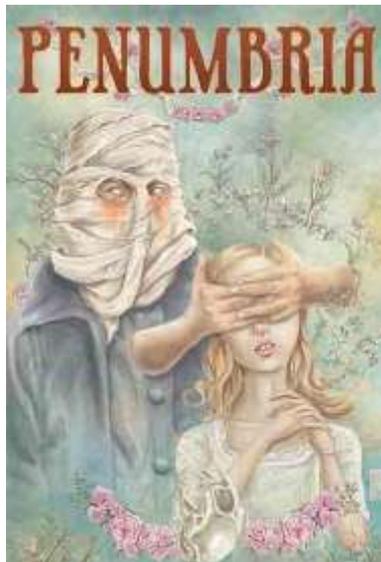
Direction, design and editing:

Miguel Antonio Soto
Lupián

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Ana Paula Flores
Rumualdo
Adrian "Pok" Manero
Manuel Barroso Chavez
Antonio Miguel Soto
Lupián

Index:
Johan Tower Rudisbroeck
/ editorial
Antique shop the evil

Mephisto / stories
Fluff / Manuel Barroso
Crying / Alexander Candelario
Melody / Claussen Marroquín
Fireworks / Nestor Robles



Literature cataleptic /

Mauricio Jimenez

Eyes glassy / Karla

Sanchez

Cable / Bernardo

Monroy

All your portraits /

Mauricio Absalom

Hourglass / Brenda

Navarro

Alma bicephalous /

Pok Manero

Return, trances,

Ravenous / Alberto

Sanchez

Angelica Doll /

Daniela Ruedz

Impairment / Miguel Lupián

Bird / Guillermo Verduzco

I'm always late everywhere / Daniel

Frini

Microhorror IV / Ana Paula

Rumualdo

The man on the balcony / Alejandro

Toledo

AUTOMATA / Contributors

Download it:

<http://issuu.com/penumbría/docs/penumbríaseis#download>

...

Magazine: *Terbi Journal of the Basque Science-Fiction, Fantasy and Horror*

Country: Basque Country (Spain)

Now available the number 4 Terbi fanzine with interviews, stories and articles.



The content is:

Interview with Felipe Colorado, author of "Heart of Scorpion", number 51 of "Spiral Sci-Fi"

Interview with Sergio Llamas, editor of the blog "The Corner Koreander"

Stories history cf:-
The enigmatic event || Maury Island, an article by Angel Rodriguez

Interview with Victor Vila, head of the portal "CienciayFiccion"

Interview José Antonio Suárez about his latest novel "Siege of the Republic"

Interview Carme Torras, author of "The mutation sentimental"

Interview with Elio Quiroga, on his short film "Star Diaries by Stanislaw Lem: Seventh Journey"

Interview with Maria Francisca Jordi Petit and Solbes, authors of the study "Science fiction and science education"

Stories contest finalists Terbi of Story II Theme: Immortality

Robot Soul / Jesus Mota Castellón

Infinite Sand / Norberto Ruiz Lima

What never ends / Antonio Jiménez Martín

The gene forgotten / Miguel Santander

One finding in the ruins / José Manuel González

The Everlasting Man / David J. Skinner

Game Over / José Rodrigo Sanchez Puerta

Countless days / Juan Jose Tapia

Some statistics TerBiCCFF Canal

It can be downloaded in pdf and epub in Terbi blog

<http://terbicf.blogspot.com/>

...

Magazine: Metropia Magazine

Country: Argentina (# 3)

Director: Fernando Amor

Sales Department: Andrea Saavedra

Photographer: Gonzalo Maestu

Editor and proofreader: Carlos Alberto Micca

The magazine is an open proposal bimonthly / quarterly feeds selfless contributions of artists and which are open. The publication was founded in the city of Cordoba, Argentina, but has contributions from artists and some of the neighboring country Chile, we would like to add more artists from other places that enrich the cultural program.

Contributions can be in the form of portfolio of illustrations, comics, book



of photography and stories.

Our official website:

www.metropia.com.ar

Jobs can be sent to:

metropia@outlook.com

Download in pdf:

http://www.metropia.com.ar/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=87:metropia-n-3&catid=11&Itemid=113

...

Review: Agujero Negro *fanzine*
Science Fiction and Fantasy

Country: Peru (Oct.-Dec., 2012 # 4)

Editor: Isaac Robles

Poetry: Air Anthem

The Kuriles in 25 million years /
Luis Alonso Cruz

Article: Energy and Energy Roof /
Luis Bolaños

Review: Ciberiada / Isaac Robles

Review: On Wings of Song / Daniel Salvo
32 The men return

Narrative: Raul Reyes was dead /
Burgos Field

Gallery: Francisco Lopez

Cyber Angel / Adriana Alarco

Narrative: 2032: A Space Adventure / William Guedes

Download:

<http://agujeronegro2012.wo>

[rdpress.com/2013/01/03/agujero-negro-fanzine-no-4-octubre-diciembre-2012/agujero_negro4/:](http://rdpress.com/2013/01/03/agujero-negro-fanzine-no-4-octubre-diciembre-2012/agujero_negro4/)

...

Magazine: El Boque Maldito #18

Now available the new issue of the fanzine The Cursed Ship. Then all its contents.

Chronicles of festivals 2012-45
SITGES International Fantastic Film

Festival of Catalonia, XXIII and Fantasy Film Festival of San Sebastian Horror, Cryptshow Festival 2012, Cardoterror VII-Cinema Festival Cardedeu and FrightFest 2012.

Interviews:

Adrian Garcia Bogliano: The Spanish filmmaker based in Argentina speaks at length about his latest film, "There goes the devil".

Alexandre Aja: After leaving his homeland, France, and enhance their career in the U.S., introduces us to the remake of "Maniac" because of its status as writer and producer.

Poplar Caesar: The giallo has returned to European cinema and Spain already has its first show, "Goodnight said Mrs. Bird."

Conor McMahon: "Stitches" has established itself as the film gore rowdiest and most of 2012! The dissected with its director.

Dante Tomaselli: The American's filmography continues on a path of confusion and fascination. "Torture chamber", his latest, is the linchpin to introduce us to his mind, full of occult and stigmas.

Federico Zampaglione: Italian

musician and filmmaker getting back behind the camera and gives us the giallo "Tulpa".

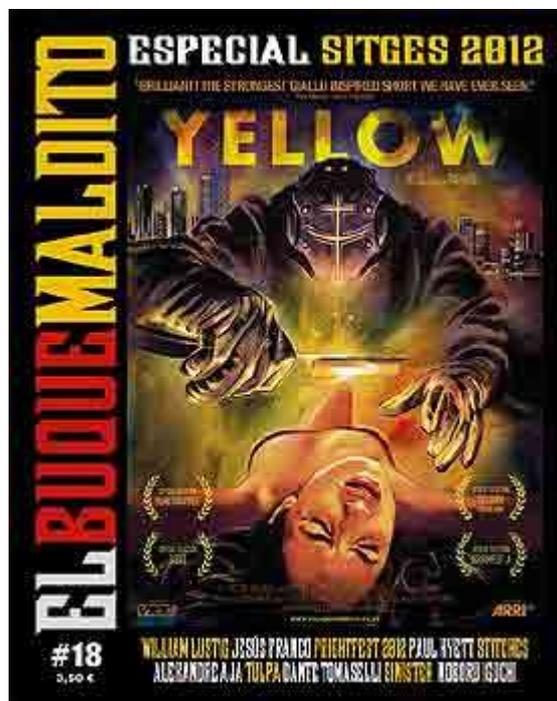
Jesus Franco, Antonio Mayans & Ferran Herranz: unite and forge "Al Pereira vs. The Alligator Ladies". The final eccentricity of Uncle Jess.

Jovanka Vuckovic:

After his stint in the Canadian magazine Rue Morgue jumps to the address and presents the short film "The Captured Bird". A dark fable child.

Noboru Iguchi: The most insane Japanese cinema and spicy not be the same without him. Sushi Dead!

Paul Hyett: a reputation in the field of makeup, its passage will mark the completion. "The house seasoning" is



undoubtedly the most heinous and dark film of 2012.

Ryan Haysom, Jon Britt & Antoni Maiovski: Director, writer and composer, respectively, talk about your child, the short film "Yellow". A Neo-Giallo has become after passing through various festivals in one piece top.

Scott Derrickson: After terrorizing everyone with "The Exorcism of Emily Rose" now it's the turn of "Sinister". An experience in the horror genre as we have seldom seen.

Todd E. Freeman: "Cell Count", one of the surprises of the year, and halfway between "The Thing" and "The New Flesh" goes under the knife.

William Lustig: The renowned filmmaker, creator of the cult film "Maniac", talks about his company Blue Underground.

Novelas:

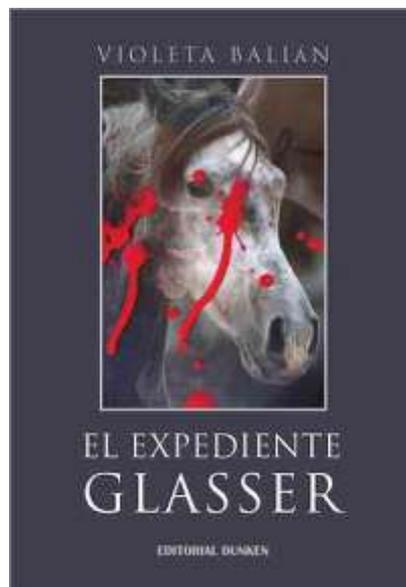
Title: El Expediente Glasser

Author: Violeta Balian

Editorial: Dunken

Synopsis: A Perfect Murder. An encounter marked by fate in Buenos Aires, in the early 70s. As part of a country convulsed by political and

economic decline, the nurse Clara Glasser serves one of their patients and meets a pair of charismatic and extraordinary beings visitors from other times and orbs. When the hand of them goes into a fantastic adventure and secret, and begins a personal journey of no return to a world where he discovers his unidentifiable condition secondary character, trapped in the shaft of a sinister conspiracy of international and exoterrenal.



On The Record Glasser says the writer Pilar Alberdi in blog <http://sobreliteraturafantastica.blogspot.com> (Malaga, Spain):

"A work that will not leave us indifferent. At that skillfully blend themes as the experiences of immigrants who came to Argentina after the great European wars, the

political situation created following the dictatorships, the philosophical and religious the search for universal answers, paranormal (telekinesis, telepathy ...), and all this spiced within subgenres of fiction such as science fiction and horror. Given the "labyrinth of the mysteries of God" that defined San Jerome, science can not answer all the questions. Yet this book affects them. If there are aliens among us: Do you lean on the side of

good or evil? "

For more information:

http://www.amazon.com/Expediente-Glasser-Spanish-Edition-ebook/dp/B008AQGEUQ/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1355954442&sr=1-1&keywords=el+expediente+glasser

...

Title: El rompecabezas de Estambul

Original title: The Istanbul Puzzle

Author: Laurence O'Bryan

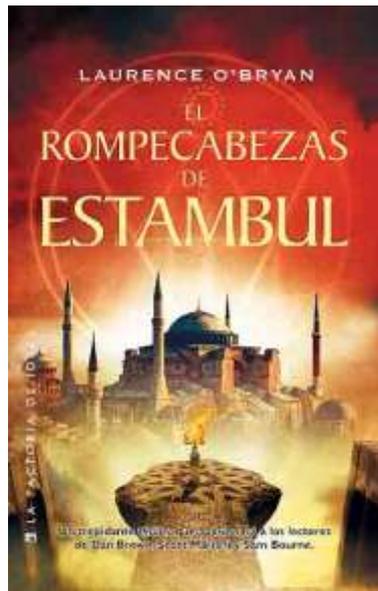
Translation: Maria Sanchez Salvador

Editorial: Factoría de Ideas Ideas

Novel Awards: Outstanding Novel (2007).

Synopsis: Alek Zegliwski, companion and friend of Sean Ryan, has been savagely beheaded. They found his body near the ancient basilica of Hagia Sophia in Istanbul.

When Sean arrives in the city to identify the body, he delivered an envelope with photographs belonging to Alek research. Just outside the morgue, is



saved by the hairs die shot ... and begins to suspect that something has gotten into more dangerous than I imagined.

Aided by British diplomat Isabel Sharp, Sean begins to unravel the mystery of Alek work while continuing their investigations to catch the murderer.

...

Title: Breithz. La Leyenda de Leureley II

Authors: Elba de Cus, Elena Montes y Roberto Redondo.

Cover: IrukoArt

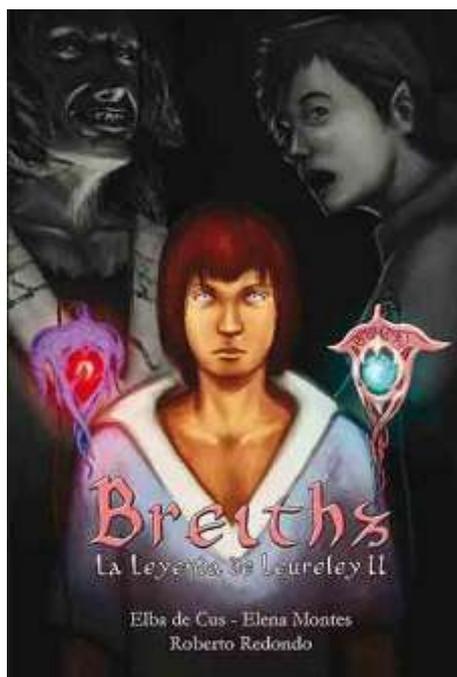
Editorial: Kelonia

Collection: Kelonia Personal

Synopsis: Twelve years have passed and the new order imposed by Saurk

Phyrium left abandoned to death and desolation. Meanwhile, the young Breithz looking forward to when the jewel hung Leureley and restore peace and justice and lost.

But the ambitions of the servants of the Black Goddess always want to go further and a new evil plan will be launched imminently, a



plan which, if successfully concluded, Phyrum start of every silver lining.

Where cruelty and rampant betrayal, resistance is Westnoth hidden alliances with which to strengthen their weak and brittle influence. At the same time, Fleips the kylion nice little, look for ways to fulfill a destiny that, at times, it becomes essential for the future of the world.

...

Title: El legado de Tesla

Original title: The Tesla Legacy

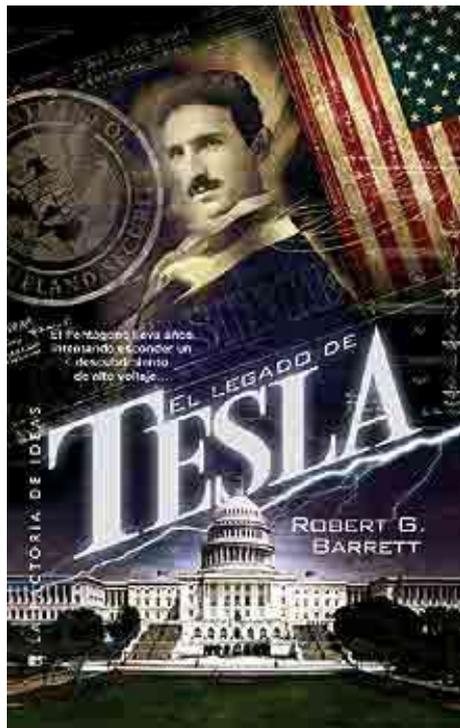
Author: Robert G. Barrett

Translation: Silvia Melón Carraro

Pages: 320

Synopsis: The electrician Mick Vincent had almost everything you always wanted in life. All that was missing to be happy was a clutch pressure plate for 1936 Buick Roadmaster.

Through a strange old woman, Mick is a coveted piece. And the



diary of Nikola Tesla, a famous electrical genius reputed to be smarter than Einstein himself. But what was depressed Tesla in New South Wales in 1925?

The Pentagon knows, and Mick and his girlfriend Jesse want to find out: the competition begins to give Tesla's legacy. The clues lead to a remote copper mine and an old

racehorse called Tears of Fire.

Antologías:

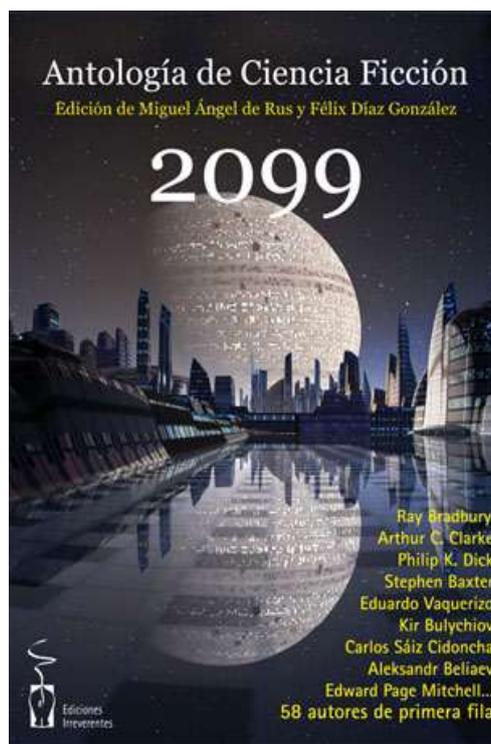
Title: 2099 Antología de Ciencia Ficción

Selection: Miguel Angel Diaz Gonzalez and Felix Rus

Authors: VV. AA.

Publisher: Ediciones Irreverentes

Irreverent Editions has titled this anthology 2099 in homage to 2001: A Space Odyssey, it is expected that at the end of S.XXI someone read this book with the pleasure of discovering the hopes of the authors of our time, expectations, fears even errors. But



the latter only time will tell if they are mistakes or errors of our them.

2099 Just before going to press, the June 5, 2012, Ray Bradbury left us. Therefore, this anthology considers Editions Irreverent a modest tribute to one of the most important authors of our time.

Featured 58 writers from 14 countries (U.S., England, Russia, Spain, Cuba, Brazil, Mexico, Chile, Colombia, France, Venezuela, Uruguay, Argentina and Honduras) Index:

Foreword. What is science fiction?
Felix Diaz Gonzalez

For a watt more. Erick Mota

The flying carpet. Nelson Verastegui

Earth populous questions. Eduardo Vaquerizo

The horrible land. Carlos Saiz Cidoncha

The evangelical machine. Manuel Villa-Mabela

Espay 25, the best in the world. Mar Cueto Aller

Fluttering. Pablo Vazquez

The allegation of Gaia. Yébenes Jesus Montemayor

Reversible cryopreservation. Miguel Angel de Rus

The secret of Zeos. Francisco Javier Vivas Illán

The virus Joaquin Llorens

The journey of an American journalist in 2889. Jules Verne

The 7 Wonders of the century XLI
Francisco José Segovia Ramos

I will be legend. Santiago Bergantinhos

A better world. Javier Fernández Jiménez

Venusian Chronicles. Felix Diaz Gonzalez

The elected. Susana Corcuera

The old of all time. Salvador Robles Miras

Three meters below ground. Elena Marqués

KindCare. Juanje Lopez

GH39. Javier Martos

233 ° Celsius. Pedro Pujante

The man without a body. Edward Page Mitchell

They are not afraid. Marisa Alemany

The last coat. Francisco Javier Avila Masegosa

Prelude to New Africa. Higuera Eduardo Ledesma

The Navel of the World, 2055. Jorge Majfud

Deportees. July Rueda Suarez.

Westbound. Aleksandr Beliaev

My wife is a Cyborg. Alberto Chimal

The serum of life. Joan Llensa

Long live the CEO. José Ramón Fernández

The mifps. Ana María Shua

A dream moon. Pedro Amoros

Moon 21. Joseph G. Cordonié.

The horizontal position. Legaz Francisco.

War game. Philip K. Dick

The escoñada spacecraft with a crew inside. Andres Fornells

Madrid-Nation. Victor Bórquez.

Last night in the Garden of Eden. Pedro López Manzano.

Issuance beyond the known systems. José Luis Ordonez.

Saqqara. Harold Kalton Bruhl.

The price of the gems. Sergio Gaut vel Hartman.

Two watches. Isaac Belmar.

Hostile takeover. Joseba Iturrate

In an uncertain future. José Isbert

Rahom Tabucchi. Teresa Galeote

Holópolis. Ruben Serrano.

Orbit. Arthur C. Clarke and Stephen Baxter

The spectator. David Navarro

Time murky. Ana Maria Coelho

Rise of the letters. Lucía Pérez Sea

Enuma Elish. Raul Hernandez Garrido

The picnic in a million years. Ray Bradbury

Final acceleration. Anton Juan Vivancos

The rose of time. Lizárraga Isabel Vizcarra

Sixty years later. Kir Bulychiov

About the 100 numbers Irreverent Narrative. Miguel Angel de Rus

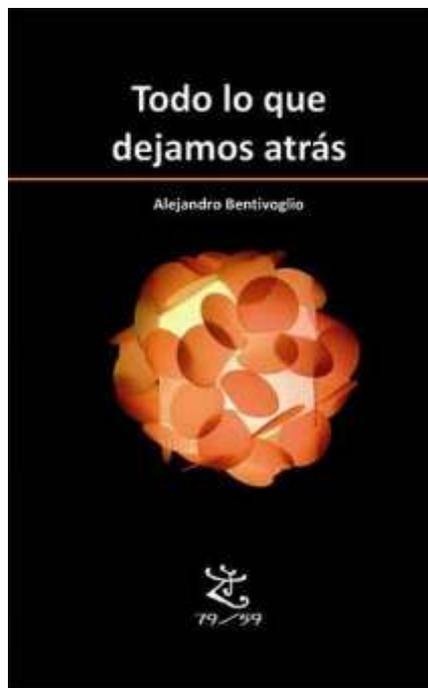
Cuentos:

Title: Todo lo que dejamos atrás

Author: Alejandro Bentivoglio

Editorial: 79/59 Ediciones

Synopsis: Inspired by a quote from Alberto Manguel ("there may not



be any poem, it is poorly written, it may not, for secret and chosen reader, a comfort, a call to arms, a glow of happiness, an epiphany"), this seventh collection of Alexander microficciones Bentivoglio, aims to walk and records various aspects of reality and fantasy. Microficciones black humor, fantastic, surreal, a parade of texts that, at some point, reflect life itself and passages from drama to comedy, from euphoria to

tragedy, readers
looking for secrets,
knowing that everyone
will find what looking,
if you wish, in some
hidden page in some
text scattered, of the
many stories that are
told here.

...

Title: El Fin del
Mundo. Manual de uso

Author: José Luis
Zárate

Index:
warning
prophets
Maya
preparations
the Rapture
The main event
detours
other eyes
after
epilogue

Synopsis: This book. A book to
prepare for the coming apocalypse
(always come one, someone always
waiting just on the edge of our fears,
approaching).

It is a book of short fiction.
Minifiction. Short Story. Nanorelato.
Twitterature.
Tales of 140 characters maximum.

Stories with a common theme. The
End of the World. Brief case there is

EL FIN DEL MUNDO
MANUAL DE USO



Por José Luis Zárate

not enough time before
it reaches the End
Not a physical book,
not yet. Book is
printed in bits.

By the way, free.

Can be obtained here

Presentation: A world
ends. The internet as
we know it is too open
to governments and
censors. Mil scissors
approach wires and
checked and how easy

it is to break into the network. In the
80s in cry was: Information should be
free. Then he added, and we generate
ourselves.

New words: Wiki, Creative
Commons, Open Source.

Do you know? I found wonders in
this virtual world, thousands of people
have generously given their
knowledge and skills, a more refined
art unknown, invisible to users.

I would like to give a little back. A
drop of the ocean echoing out there in
the digital conch.

Thus this book.

It can be downloaded for free in PDF
or epub:

[http://www.lashistorias.com.mx/index
.php/archivo/el-fin-del-mundo-
manual-de-uso/](http://www.lashistorias.com.mx/index.php/archivo/el-fin-del-mundo-manual-de-uso/)

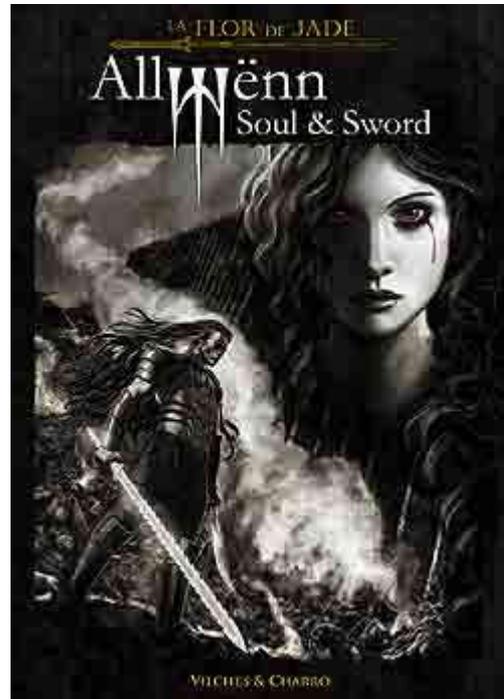
Project:

Allwënn: Soul & Sword

Creators: Jesús B. Vilches y Javier Charro

Brief synopsis:

Allwënn, mestizo powerful warrior dwarf elven blood and lives the most dramatic moment of his existence. A night that will leave indelible consequences in your life and become a legend. Soul & Sword rescues some of the most momentous of the epic saga tells Jade Flower and paced with a transcendent moment never explored in novels. Thus, the reader, aware or not of the series, you can go into this tragedy full of blood, love, friendship and revenge through a powerful speech and a power clean illustrations. S & S is not just a story for readers of this fantastic saga, is a visual and narrative experience full of emotions, action and fury, reinforced by a good catalog of additional material that continues delving into his gut.



Independent authors Vilches & Charro (writer and illustrator) is now added to the universe of the story of Jade Flower, the epic saga that has sold over 10,000 copies worldwide in its first year through Amazon. It is NOT necessary to have read the series to enjoy and understand the story fully illustrated, designed as an independent part of the ensemble.

Information Links:

Amazon.es (Spain) <http://www.amazon.es/gp/product/B00AOJ6ELQ/>

Amazon.com <http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B00AOJ6ELQ/>

EBook Contents:

- The Illustrated Story with 80 illustrations
- Sketches Gallery with over 150 preparatory sketches
- Processes Gallery with 15 illustrations digital process
- Complete Illustration Gallery

- Complementary Texts
- Deleted Scenes
- Posters and Oddities
- And more surprises

* Interactive menu for easy navigability of the product.

* Full color illustrations, suitable for Kindle and Kindle Fire and also for Smartphones and Tablets (Android, Apple & Windows phone) using the free application from Kindle.

More information flordejade.blogspot.es



"Allwënn enter into us and the edge of his sword we will scratch the bowels."

Luis Royo & Romulo Royo (Illustrators)

About the Authors and illustrators

Writers:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (La Habana, Cuba) Editor of the digital magazine miNatura.

<http://www.servercronos.net/blog/lgc/index.php/minatura/>

Aldunate, Federico Miguel (La Plata, Argentina, 25 years) Sometimes college student math teacher, also drummer of candombe. I have published stories in The Cave of the Wolf, and Novurbo Chronicles miNatura (# 123).

Blog: elpapoola.blogspot.com.ar

Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) Professor of Fine Arts in Painting and Printmaking Orientation of the "National School of Fine Arts Prilidiano Pueyrredón", and Bachelor in Visual Arts Orientation Engraving Art Institute "IUNA". Thesis performed, "Poetics of Book Art and Book Object".

Artist Book xylographic of unique copy with illustrated poems.

Publications: Book of Poems "The Silence of the Fire." ISBN: 950-887-031-1.

Selected and published in the Call: Poetry and Short Story Anthology, organized by "Passion of Writers". Argentina. ISBN: 978-987-1872-00-8.

Selected and published in the Call: Short Story and Poetry Anthology, "A Look at the South." Argentina. ISBN: 978-987-1872-10-7.

Selected at the XIII International Poetry and Story Contest 2012, organized by "Argentine Writers Group."

Publication of his work: Poem Random in magazine "Arts and Letters Plurescentes", National University of La Plata, Argentina.

Collaborates with various literary journals, where he accompanied his literature with the visual representation.

Baez, Rodolfo (Rancho Arriba, San José de Ocoa, Dominican Republic, 1983) Is currently developing his career Thesis Social Communication, Journalism Mention at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo. Storytellers Workshop belongs to Santo Domingo from the Ministry of Culture. Published under the pseudonym of The Silence cat the poems of my soul and Verses in minor art also has unpublished books, "Poems of abandonment, more verses in minor art, Shadow blue eyes, The Return of the Prodigal Son the Man of 100 hearts and memories, these are respectively three books of poetry, a novella and two storybooks.

He now works in the trilogy of novels *Daughter of Commander* whose series is finished the first volume, and gives the final steps to the second, which is called *The crime*, a blood pact, and another novella works which have not decides to head.

He has worked for the past five years in various national stations as announcer.

He is also a music lover with some ease to perform within their bars, so you can play several instruments.

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

Barrio Julio, Francesc (Santa Coloma de Gramanet, Spain, 1968) Initiated studies of physics at the Autonomous University of Barcelona and works in medical emergencies. Meanwhile, some

friends created a publishing editing RPGs, Yggdrasil Jocs, collaborated on a couple of games magazines, Leader (as last time) and Rock & Roll, and spent time practicing as a freelance content editor blogs of a design studio.

Has belatedly discovered the literary vocation and write in Castilian and Catalan. He has received a mention in the International Short Story Contest I chemically impure, published a story in the magazine and one in miNatura Lupus in Fabula magazine. In Catalan, collaborates with Catarsi magazine, published in the journal The Càntich, and has been a finalist in the IV Premi Ovelles Elèctriques. Currently lives in Sant Celoni.

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

Caverta, Rui (Mexico) Has published in various magazines in several countries and appears in several anthologies of prose and poetry. Piccodicciones published in 2012.

Cortés Pape, Ricardo (Spain, 46) Born in Germany (Cologne, 1966) of a Spanish father and German mother (thus his last name and half a family in Rhineland), he has always lived in Madrid. He

holds a degree in History of Art and works as a translator and German teacher, and a second-hand book dealer in flea markets and, for some years now, on Internet.

Delgado, Carlos Ariel (Bogotá, Colombia, 35 years)

Author fantasy and science fiction genre has published online in *Letralia* and *I write*, in addition to journals *Smoke swirls* and digital.

Díaz Carrión, Juan Antonio (Chile) Bachelor of Computer Science (USACH). *No literary curriculum.*

Díez, Carlos (Leon, Spain, 31 years) Has published two editions microstories yearbook "Release on words", published by the Foundation for Civil Rights "and won first prize in the contest IV Caudete Love Letters . Published in the journal "loudly" Caudete and the numbers 10 and 13 of the magazine "Estadea". In 2008, one of his poems have been published in the About the authors and illustrators poetry book "Poems for a minute II", the Editorial hypallage.

Regular contributor to the websites of political opinion *Austroliberales.com* and "middle classes of Aragon" and the literary magazine "Alborada-Goizialdia". He currently resides in Madrid.

Hain, Martín Andrés (Buenos Aires, Argentina) Electrical engineer, married, two children, leads a double life. A daylight is an

engineer working in a telecommunications company, and at night it becomes a writer Sunday (Sunday by lazy, irresponsible, Epicurean). He published a book of stories "Rise and Fall of a talent scout" (Ed. Tantalía, 2007), and in 2009 won the 2nd prize of the First National Competition Football Story Roberto Santoro with the story "Too good for this world ", and also the 2nd prize of Leopoldo Marechal literary Contest XVI, with the story " the happy " .

Gai, Adam (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1941) Bachelor of Arts from the University of Buenos Aires and a Ph.D. in Literature from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem (living there since 1972). He taught American literature at the Hebrew University and Spanish at various institutions. His thesis (UBA, 1970) was on Anderson Imbert narrative (by then called Valentine Gaivironsky) and Ph.D. (Hebrew University), on Rulfo's narrative (1980). He wrote articles about Hispanic narrators as Carpentier, Bianco, Bioy Casares, Borges, Cortázar. Published on some digital magazines: "Duets", which was a finalist in the magazine's *Axolotl*, "Borges Kill," which appeared in the journal *The Dialogue of the Dogs* No. 15 and *New Scientist* among others. His stories have appeared in various magazines and anthologies *Digital Tablets* (Editions from people, Buenos Aires, 2007), *The*

Monstrua: Narratives of the nameless (Vavelia, Mexico, 2008) and other looks (Editions from people, Buenos Aires 2008). Your comments and articles on film can be read online journals filmsdefrance.com and cinecritic.biz.

Gil Benedicto, José María (Spain) Officer. Graduate Social and Fiscal Advisor. I write short stories, poetry and a story. I have worked in the numbers 114, 120 and 123 of the Digital Magazine *miNatura* won the International Competition of micro story X Great Minatura 2012 with micro story "Carola is not."

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Spain) She is Doctor in Philosophy and Arts, educated in Spain and Italy (where she also worked as translator and teacher of Spanish). She is a member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the Autonomous University of Madrid, where she develops educational activities since 2006 as honorary professor, teaching courses related to languages and cultures of the Ancient Middle East.

She has received many national and international literary prizes. Among them: in every edition of the Francisco Garzón Céspedes Awards (CIINOE) from 2010 until 2012, II Prize "Crossing the Strait" organized by Granada Culture and

Society Foundation, V Short Story Contest on Water Aljarafesa...

Her stories have been included in numerous anthologies. We could highlight the digital publication of his short story *Sueñan los niños aldeanos con libélulas mecánicas* (*Dream villagers children about mechanical dragonflies*) (Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas n. 6, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010), included later in *Antología de cuentos iberoamericanos en vuelo* (*Anthology of Latin American stories in flight*). Her text *Es el invierno migración del alma: variaciones sobre una estampa eterna* (*Is the winter migration of the soul: eternal variations on a picture*), appeared in "Las grullas como recurso turístico en Extremadura" ("The cranes as a tourist resort in Extremadura"), was published by the Department of Tourism of the Regional Government of Extremadura in 2011.

She prefaced *The Portrait of Dorian Gray*, written by Oscar Wilde, and she also wrote the introduction to the Anthology of the VIII Bonaventuriano Contest of Short Story and Poetry, organized by the University of San Buenaventura of Cali (Colombia), in which she acted as jury for the event. She was also member of the jury at the V and VI International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet,

organized by the Association of Friends of Helsinki (Finland).

In addition to writing a huge number of short stories, she is the author of several poetry anthologies and two unpublished novels.

Her first digital anthology of short stories (thirteen tales: eleven winners of various literary prizes and previously published in joint anthologies of multiple authors and two other, head and close, unpublished), *La imperfección del círculo* (*The imperfection of the circle*), and an extensive interview, *La narrativa es introspección y revelación: Francisco Garzón Céspedes entrevista a Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo* (*The narrative is introspection and revelation: Francisco Garzón Céspedes interviews Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo*), part of the collection of narrative inquiry *Contemporáneos del Mundo* (*Contemporary of the World*), supervised by the prestigious writer and man of culture Francisco Garzón Céspedes, have both come to light recently.

She has frequently collaborates with *Revista Digital miNatura: Revista de lo breve y lo fantástico* (*miNatura Digital Magazine: Magazine of the brief and the fantastic*) since 2009.

More detailed information about her career in the world of literature may be obtained by consulting

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

Guinot, Juan (Mercedes, Argentina) Degree in Business Administration, Social Psychologist and Master in Management. In 2001 he decided to leave a Commercial Manager position to become a writer. Since then, his stories have received literary references in Spain, Argentina and Cuba, which have also appeared in magazines and anthologies story. He works in radio. His novel *The War of 2022*-edited by Talentura Gallo (Spain) in 2011.

www.juanguinot.blogspot.com

Guzmán, Lucila Adela (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1960) Has published a children's book entitled "Doctor of Letters" Editorial Elevé finalist 2011 Argentina, recently presented at the International Book Fair 2012, in the City of Buenos Aires. Finalist contest of children's literature in honor of Maria Elena Walsh, with the story titled "The Storyteller", forthcoming

He has received several citations for his poems: National Poetry Contest Corral de Bustos 2011. International Poetry Contest Thumbnail fantastic magazine 2012. Eco global poetry contest 2012. Hispanic Poetry Contest "Gabriela" in honor of Gabriela Mistral and others.

Lives in the City of Del Viso with her husband and four children.

Hain, Martín Andrés (Buenos Aires, Argentina) Electrical engineer, married, two children, leads a double life. A daylight is an engineer working in a telecommunications company, and at night it becomes a writer Sunday (Sunday by lazy, irresponsible, Epicurean). He published a book of stories "Rise and Fall of a talent scout" (Ed. Tantalía, 2007), and in 2009 won the 2nd prize of the First National Competition Football Story Roberto Santoro with the story "Too good for this world ", and also the 2nd prize of Leopoldo Marechal literary Contest XVI, with the story "the happy ".

Hidalgo Díez, Paloma (Spain) Finalist contest Microstories Being in La Coruna with "SISTERS OF FATHER" contest-winning Microstories with Cadena Ser soundtrack with "cycles" in the second week of July 1012 - I won the contest Sixth Continent of erotic stories with "Forbidden Games" contest winning Children's Villages "Brothers" in November 2011 with "WORDS-third in the Contest III Bucaro Microstories with" WOMEN OF HIS LIFE "- weekly contest finalist Microstories SER Castellon on June 22 with "LESSON OF OPTIMISM ephemeral" - Winner of the first prize of Minificciones from an image with "twenty-second century" - Finalist hiperbreve

Literature Contest VIII of Bubbles Paper with "Grandpa is sad" and "RISK OF PARENTING" - Finalist of the contest of micro Castellon Being on April 27 with "overwhelming logic" - winner of the contest of micro Being in Castellón last week of March 2012 with the II SUEGRA.-Accésit Erotic Poetry Prize and the publisher Romantic hypallage with "Stay with the two" contest-winning RNE Microstories WONDERLAND with "The Stranger" in February 2012. - Microstories pageant finalist of Self in December 2011 with "I think you're right" - Winner of the contest of the Being of Castellón in January 2012 with "The English and I will do" - Special Award hiperbreve theatrical monologue "Garzon Céspedes "2011 with" Snake. "- Published in the contest I microstories Acen with" bits of love "-Finalist I microstories contest Doomsday in January 2012 with" 21 December 2012 "-contest finalist the Being of Castellón in November 2011 with "Essence." - "- Finalist microstories Christmas pageant La Forge Troubadour" QUARANTINE ", published in the compilation book-Finalist contest of Ser microstories November 3 2011 with "And think you're right" - Second prize in the contest Zarco Literary with "Eyes of a Child" - Finalist of the contest of micro chain in Castellón Being in September 2011 - Winner of X Coffee with writers with "THE MAGIC of flowers ",

published in the commemorative book. Finalist Minatura microstories II contest with "Love Happy" in September 2011 - RNE pageant winner and the contest Editions Irreverent stories about Mozart in September 2011. It will be published in the book I recopilatorio.-Finalist Prize The Basket of Words in September 2011 with "my monsters", published in the compilation book-V Award Finalist GoldThe of experiences to "survive", published in the book collection .-finalist, the contest IV Fogaril Next to "three yellow lilies"- Finalist microstories contest the Cadena Ser on 07/04/2011 with "the Bold" contest-winning stories on Rock RNE day April 13 to "SHEEP AND LAMBS"-Finalist for Identity Tales contest with "UP" I-Finalist joyful erotic poetry contest and the Editorial amatory hypallage with "A MOMENT OF LOVE" published in the book "VERSES LIT "in March 2011-Finalist I microstories contest theme, Friendship with" stealth, no thanks "published in the book" Friends Forever "contest-winning The War of sexes Monday in March 2011-Finalist contest of micro Account 140 in January, February, March, April and May with different works.-Finalist I microstories contest Artgerust science fiction in March 2011 with "PROFESSIONAL OF FEAR", published in the compilation book-Finalist Stories contest History with "ROSES

ALWAYS have thorns", published in the n ° 1 of the journal Entropy-winning contest Microstories of Ser radio Castellón on March 4, 2011-Finalist contest Microstories Radio Castellón in the week of 21 - February 25, 1011-Finalist Minificciones Argentina with "PRINCESS OF DEATH" V Award-winning Short Story Bridge lyrics to "LETTERS, AND AN OLD MAILBOX" - winner of the Christmas stories of the Cadena Ser in 08 / 12/2010 with "last minute shopping" - Winner of contest microstories VII mining Manuel Nevado Madrid with "the last open door" in 2010. - Finalist of the contest of micro Santa Marta de los Barros with "aliens" and "MANDATORY ". In November 2010-Finalist contest Cadena Ser "YOUR LIFE IN A HUNDRED WORDS" on November 29, 2010-Winner contest Tales III FARE (Federation of recovered alcoholics) with the story called "green anise," published in the book-Finalist recopilatorio. II contest on biodiversity with "BLACK AND WHITE" I-Finalist contest of micro Writers in ink with "the cry of the lazy"-winner of the contest of Latin poetry contest I Heritage Foundation with " CALIMA in the soul "- Finalist II contest Fergutson Christmas stories of 2010 with " red ribbons "in November of II 2010Finalista fairytale contest with " THE GUARDIAN OF SLEEP- Finalist contest of micro Account

140 with "RANGE" III-Finalist Microstories contest on Lawyers in the month of November 2010 with "makeup"-Finalist Film festival Microstories Arvikis-Dragonfly publisher with "Metamorphosis" published in the book "The Kiss" CONTEST VIII-Finalist INTERNATIONAL FANTASTIC miNatura 2010 micro story "professional intrusion" - Winner of the contest "Microstories chain" of the Cadena Ser and Writers School, in the week with the short story 20/05/2010 entitled "Innocence"-I Contest Finalist Craft microstories Compressor with Castilla la Mancha "FEEL" published in the book collections. - Winner of ex-aequo Writing Contest III Valdesaz quick with the work "rather be a BAD nephew" - Finalist Contest III microstories about lawyers Mutual of CGAE and Lawyers. - II Finalist contest of the publishing fairytales Fergutson with "Keeper of Dreams" published in the book "alphabet soup" - Second prize in the contest of children's stories of the publishing TheLunes with the story "go to the moon" - May Finalist in the contest of "chain Microstories" Chain of Being and Writers School with "innocence" - Finalist Artgerust contest erotic-romantic stories with "PRIORITIES" published in the book collections. - Finalist in the contest of micro Fergutson with the story "MIX ROOTS" published in the book "Survival." - Semifinalist in the same

event with the stories' dark obsession" "NO YOU WILL FAIL" and " IN THE TIMING "published in the same book. - III Finalist pageant microstories of Editorial hypallage with" lessons learned ", published in the book " Tales Alígeros "- Finalist of the contest tale The Art of Writing" with "Temptation" published in "More Than Words" - Finalist of the contest of Christmas stories with the publisher Fergutson "Needless roast turkey" published in the book "A Night to toy" - My story is Russian boots finalist Permanent School Writers-Finalist contest of the Editorial Fergutson stories with "his greatest achievement" published in the book "Forging Baelix-Cure" - Finalist in March 2010 in the event of micro on Lawyers "my friend" - Finalist in June 2010 on Lawyers microstories contest with "PEACE" - Finalist HdH contest, Stories of History with "ergotism WHEN GOD WAS A BAD" - I contest finalist Editorial novella in Fergutson with the Yellow Box-Finalist poetry contest adulthood with the veil of the soul.

Jurado Marcos, Cristina (Madrid, Spain, 1972) Has a degree in Information Sciences from the University of Seville. It has a Masters in Rhetoric from Northwestern University (USA). Currently she studied Philosophy at the Open University. Has lived in Edinburgh (UK), Chicago (USA)

and Paris (France). His short story "Paper" was selected in the 1st Story Contest Editorial Briefs GEEP for the title of the anthology that collects the winning entries. His story "Higher Lives" was a finalist in Round 1 miNatura Editions. He has published his stories in "lost papers" (Babelia blog, the literary supplement of El País) and Letralia magazine and contributes regularly to publications of the genre. Write a blog about science fiction Libros.com

<http://blogs.libros.com/literatura-ciencia-ficcion/> and has just published his first novel *Del Naranja al Azul* in the United-PC publishing <http://es.united-pc.eu/libros/narrativa-novela/sciencia-ficcion-fantasia.html>

Leuzzi, Fabián Daniel (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1968) Tales and Poems Published in: miNatura Digital Magazine (2012-2011); Mundopoesía.com (2011); Cuentosymas.com (2011); Lyrics Today Argentinas 2010 (Editorial Literary Anthology from the four winds) flights from the inkwell, Dunken (2010); hands counting, Dunken (2009) Lyrics Today Argentinas 2007 (Editorial Literary Anthology of the four winds); Juntacuentos, Editorial Dunken (2006) special Mention in national Competition Union Light and Power (2005); Land Literary (XI narrative and Poetry Contest

Editorial of the Four Winds) (2005); Stories Errant 4, Publisher Dunken (2005), Latin Write (Literary Anthology 2004 Editorial Alternative Root) in Centropoetico.com Poems (2004) in Letrasperdidas.com Story (2004)

Personal Blog: [http // unafocaeneldesierto.blogspot.com](http://unafocaeneldesierto.blogspot.com)

Lew, Sara (Argentina, 1974) If the seek near of the sea surely find between brushes and pens, including keyboard and mouse. For her writing and the accompanying drawing, forming part of the same creative process: a word inspires the next, like a stroke inspires the other. He lives in Spain.

Post your rants on his blog:

Microstories Illustrated.

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

Laparra, Egoitz (Spain) *Has no literary curriculum.*

Luisjavier Osorio -SEUD.- (Mexico) Computer devotes his life to literature. He has collaborated with microstories and stories in virtual communities as Falsaria.com.

Madarnás, María José (Venezuela, 28 años) Actually live in Spain.

<http://www.letras-peregrinas.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/LetrasPeregrinas?ref=hl>

Manzanaro Arana, Ricardo (San Sebastián, Spain, 1966)

Medical. With respect to the C.F. is the current administrator of the Awards Ignotus AEFCT. Association President Terbi Basque Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror. Assistant usual since its founding 19 years ago of the circle of c. f. Bilbao. He has published more than 30 stories in various media. Live in Bilbao.

Personal blog:
<http://notcf.blogspot.com>

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

Blog:

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years) 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 Youth Technical Journal 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguera 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farraluque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba Event-Fiction 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.

**Martínez Marqués, Pere J.
(Castelló de la Plana, Spain)**

Actor by profession, TEATRE XARXA company.

I have written two plays street with text, for young audiences: *las aventuras del escuadrón burbuja* (2004) *¿Qué le pasa a titania?* (2005). Besides other small stunts performed by The Theatre of Companyia FLOTANT.

Pregunta en mal momento, micro-story. *Bocados Sabrosos* ACEN association. (2011)

The day of the five kings, micro-story winning miNatura Editions. (2011)

El ritual, micro-story. "Tasty Bites 2" ACEN association. (2012)

Tras una puerta color rufo, story. S.O.S. 2012 de *La Cesta de las Palabras* (2012).

**Montelpare, Sandra
(Argentina)** Teacher of English and Spanish.

**Mora Vélez, Antonio
(Colombia)** Poet and writer, author of ten books (stories, poetry, novels, essays) science fiction. His texts have earned national awards and appear in several national and international anthologies. Considered a pioneer of science fiction in his country.

Moreno, Gorka (Barakaldo, Bizkaia, Bilbao, Spain, 1981) From a very young age I had great admiration for everything about

movies, comics, literature, etc ... Although circumstances my studies have led me in another direction, it is this passion that has made devote my spare time to writing scripts for short films and comics. Some have already become reality as is the case of "Shackles" and others are underway. Collaborated with the film web www.Klownsasesinos.com doing movie reviews and opinion on the world of film and now I have the chance to miNatura. I currently live in Barcelona.

Moretta, Freddys (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic) Undergraduate degree and management of tourism enterprises, cinema, computer programming, English and other attempts. Started in literature at the early age of 11 years (read and wrote a lot), but until three years ago he decided to start on his first book project on paper. The book (written with Ana Coronado) "Two for the bed and heart" sold a lot of copies from coworkers and friends. Now he's living in Spain waiting for the opportunity to make himself known on an international basis.

**Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo
(Havana, Cuba, 1973)** Degree in Philology. Editor-corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the anthology *Eternal Kingdom* (Letras Cubanas, 2000), *Secret of Future* and *Crónicas del Mañana* and the *Digital Magazines fantasy and science fiction* miNatura and

Disparo en Red.

Prize was the Short Story Competition and finalist Half-Round Competition Cubaficción Dragon and 2001 among others.

Odilius Vlak-SEUD-(Azua, Dominican Republic) Writer with continuous self-taught, freelance journalist and translator. In December 2009, created together with a team of writers, illustrators and comic book artists, the Blogzine, Zothique The Last Continent, space devoted to the genre of Science Fiction, Horror and dark fantasy especially. The latter symbolized by the blog name taken from the eponymous series American writer, Clark Ashton Smith.

As a freelance translator, and the romantic aspect of the trade-is dedicated to translate new texts in Spanish, whether essays, stories, poems, literature related to gender. Including a series of pulp science fiction stories of Smith, published in due course in Wonder Stories magazine.

Also tests Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe.

As a writer, he has two unpublished books in print but whose documents are posted on the Blog: "Bottomless Tombs" and "Plexus Lunaris". Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own

language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

They explore the dark side of the imagination in a kind of symbolic fantasy, closer visionary poetry of William Blake that narrative expressions of the fantasy genre as we know [Epic: Tolkien / Sword and Sorcery: Howard]. Just finished his story, "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 (Mexico, 1978) I posted skulls in the world of Cordoba. Take a short film and online video is called *Ana Claudia de los Santos* (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BLfUvXuWzLs>). Besides having two accounts online. Work on the film *Ceroni* (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RH8gImoUjYo>). Besides participating in the television series A2D3 Ramon Valdez and winner of 8 literary contest cane festival that takes place in Cordoba, Veracruz.

Pantelis, Sissy (Greece) Is a writer of fantasy and comic. His stories have been published in Greece, France and the UK. He has worked as co-editor of the French magazine Science Fiction Galaxies. He has written and edited several stories for Dark Brain, including

God's Play, Columbia Underbelly, Locked Out (due out in print as early as January 2012). His graphic short stories have been published in ICCW anthology comic anthology IDW Present FTL and British. Upcoming projects include a graphic novel called Blue Sparkles, to be published by MARCOSIA and many other comics and prose.

Patricia O. (Patokata)-SEUD. - (Montevideo, Uruguay)

publishes texts of his own authorship in blogs and some blogs shared. He has collaborated on several literary magazines of the network. Currently working in Pen and Inkwell Literary Magazine, Digital Magazine and Literary Magazine miNatura words. It also has its own micro column: "ravings of Muses" at Sharp Pen. It has published books themselves but shares space with other authors in the books published by the Cultural Sphere: That Other Stories of Christmas and Porter, respectively, also in poetry anthologies I Am Woman Movement International Women Poets Anthology of Literary Encounters First International ELILUC.

Paniagua, Mary (Dominican Republic) Mention Student Creativity and Management Advertising in the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo. Theater student at the National School of Drama. Belonging to the Literary Workshop Litervolucion.

Tiki Tiki am giving sound to the music in my head. I burn water, wet fire. I'm from here but my roots are there. I am a good book on the seafront, with sunsets robadoras pages. I think, though, never stop thinking about thinking. I'm dancing, sounds, looks, theater, film, poetry, poetry, literature, poetry. I am a tired Morivivi not die. To live and die'm done. I am. I'm sure one day I will finish it to find out. And who knows if I'm only an illusion and not anyone believe that I am.

Payano Tejada, Ivan (Santo Domingo, 1977) Degree in psychology from the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo, with expertise in marketing from the same university. Member of Storytellers Literary Workshop Santo Domingo since 2010. Ha discovered his true calling in the world of letters. It's faithful follower of writers like Juan Bosch, Ricardo Piglia Yukio Mishima. View in the story and the novel forms of expression.

Pichardo, Vincent Arturo (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, 1981) Graduate of the National School of Fine Arts (ENBA), where he studied visual artist, graduated in 2002, is an architecture student at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo (UASD). He joined the Literary Workshop Manuel del Cabral (TLMC). Storytellers

Workshop is coordinator of Santo Domingo (TNSD). Some of his stories have been published in the journal *Litterātus* (North Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic) and *Starting Point* magazine, dedicated to Literary Workshop Manuel del Cabral (Ministry of Culture, Dominican Republic). In the anthologies "Santo Domingo NO PROBLEM" Storytellers Workshop of Santo Domingo, in the book "Tales of never ending" the publication of the stories of the contest "Young National Short Story Award Book Fair 2011" and "The bottom of the iceberg" Storytellers Workshop second anthology of Santo Domingo, December 2012. It has some micro-stories in the publication of the competition "I Concurs de Microrelats Negres of Bòbila (Barcelona, Spain)." He earned Honorable Mention in the National Short Story Prize Contest Young Book Fair 2011. He was a finalist in the "II Contest Microstories of Terror in Honor of Edgar Allan Poe page Artgerusrt.com wed in December 2011." Won first place in the National competition talleristas V in the story line in April 2012.

Pimentel Mendoza, Raisa (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, 1990) Student of Social Communication at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo (UASD). Member Workshop "Litervolución" Storytellers and

Literary Workshop in Santo Domingo, has cultivated spaces where poetry and narrative. His writings have been published in anthologies *Poetas de la Era* (2011) compiled by Elsa Baez and *El Fondo del Iceberg* (2012) Literary Workshop Storytellers of Santo Domingo and Pandora Magazine. Lee to write and to live lives enough before dying.

Román, Pedro (Spain, 35 years) Professional reader for *Literatura Fantástica* (RBA's speculative fiction collection) and guest speaker at El Ojo de Polisemo Translation Conference, organized by the prestigious Pompeu Fabra University in Barcelona.

When time allows them, he and three close friends record the VerdHugos Podcast, national reference and top iTunes podcast on its genre. The VerdHugos Podcast covers not only Hugo Awards but all speculative fiction authors and books.

He has been recently awarded for a short story and is currently translating a mythological novel (to be published in 2013) while finishing his first fantasy novel.

Blog:

<http://www.leemaslibros.com>

Saldívar, Carlos Enrique (Lima, Peru, 1982) He studied Literature at the UNFV. He is director of the print magazine *Argonautas* and fanzine *El horla*,

also he is a member of the editorial board of the virtual fanzine *Agujero Negro*, all publications devoted to Fantasy Literature. He published reviews, articles, poems and stories in various blogs and magazines. His stories and poems have appeared in some peruvian and international anthologies. He was a finalist of the *Andromeda of speculative fiction awards 2011* in the category: short story. He has published three books: *Historias de ciencia ficción* (2008), *Horizontes de fantasía* (2010) and *El otro engendro* (2012). He compiled selection *Nido de cuervos: cuentos peruanos de terror y suspenso* (2011).

Blog:

www.fanzineelhorla.blogspot.com

Sánchez Rivera, Rafael J. (Seville, Spain, 1987) With a degree in Business Management and Administration from the Universidad de Sevilla, Rafael combines his professional work with writing and other hobbies such as music and cinema. He has been a member of the board of directors of the spanish webpage www.losporquesdelanaturaleza.com since 2011, where he also regularly publishes cultural, scientific, and informative articles.

He also studied image editing and he is an enthusiast for digitally retouching photographs.

He also collaborated and wrote scripts for non-professional short

films which were made available on the Internet and he finished his first novel in 2012, for which he is currently seeking an editor.

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón, Spain, 1963)

Ceramist, photographer and illustrator. Has been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Magazine Network Science Fiction, Scientist, NGC3660, Portal CIFI miNatura Digital Magazine, not so brief Briefs, chemically impure, Gust flashes, Letters to dream, preached.com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog Count stories, Monelle's book, 365 contes, etc.). He wrote under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages several blogs, two of them related to Digital Magazine miNatura that co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, a publication specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story. He has been a finalist in several competitions and micro story short story: the first two editions of the annual contest Owl Group, in both editions of the pageant Letters fairy tale dream, I Contest horror short story the boy square; mobile Literature Contest 2010, magazine Jan. He has served as a juror in competitions both literary and ceramic, and conducting photography workshops, ceramics and literary.

Shua, Ana María (Argentina, 1951-) Has published over forty books in numerous genres: novels, short stories, poetry, drama, children's fiction, books of humor and Jewish folklore, anthologies, film scripts, journalistic articles, and essays. Her writing has been translated into many languages, including English, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, Korean, Japanese, Bulgarian, and Serbian, and her stories appear in anthologies throughout the world. She has received numerous national and international awards, including a Guggenheim fellowship, and is one of Argentina's premier living writers.

Stewart, Steven J. (USA) Was awarded a 2005 Literature Fellowship for Translation by the National Endowment for the Arts. His book of translations of Spanish poet Rafael Pérez Estrada, *Devoured by the Moon* (Hanging Loose Press, 2004), was a finalist for the 2005 PEN-USA translation award. He has published two books of the short fiction of Ana María Shua (*Microfictions* (University of Nebraska Press, 2009) and *Without a Net*(Hanging Loose Press, 2012). He currently lives in Rexburg, Idaho.

Texy Cruz (Canary Islands, Spain. 32 years) Has been involved with winnings from *Paroxismo literario, Imperatur,*

Graffiti s of soul. Support *Psiconauta* magazine.

Zarco Rodríguez, Jorge (Spain, 1973) From 10 to 11 years has been in love with science fiction, horror and fantasy that always daydreaming allowed at all times and monitor the situation without a rude awakening.

I write from 12 for pure hobby or to get rid of nightmares everyday and reviews published in fanzines on film from 20.

Illustrators:

Pág. 52 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) *To see Writers.*

Pág. 36 Angel Diener, Sacha (Switzerland, 1974) Character Development & Digital Painter, FantasyFlight Games. I am workin as an traditional and cg artist since 1993 in 2d and 3d. For me, Art is more than all a way to live out whats moving me, i always was open and hungry for the new and challanging. In my over 14 years of working as a cgartist, i always tried to head for find the best possible result in a deadline, since artwork is a part of me and one of the most personal thinkable works.

As for personal projects, inside me, create worlds and creatures, all kind of characters, and the visual storytelling is my passion and my pleasure. When I look back my whole life, i think since i was 4 years

old there never has been a way i did not draw or paint. And over all these years I did practice daily to get a small step closer to bring the ideas and visions to life i have in front of my inner eye. Art is my passion and my first love, ever, and to live that life is a privilege and a gift I see as responsibility to make the best of this I can. I hope you enjoy my personal portfolio.

<http://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=5119346806&set=a.4411026806.4771.649741806&type=3&th eater>

<http://thefirstangel.deviantart.com/gallery>

<http://thefirstangel.cgsociety.org/gallery/>

Pág. 30 Becerra, Mijo (Spain)
Ilustrator.

Pág. 42 Belushi, Pedro (Madrid, Spain, 1965) Illustrator of book covers, comics and cartoons and fanzines such as Bucanero or miNatura. His work has been shown at international festivals such as: The Great Challenge: Amnesty International, The Cartoon Art Trust and Index on Censorship. South Bank, London (1998) or Eurohumor; biennale of sorriso (Borgo San Dalmazzo, Cuneo. Italia) XIII International Exhibition of Graphic Humor: Foundation of the University of Alcalá de Henares. Madrid. Spain, Rivas com.art e RivasVaciamdrid. Madrid, Spain.

(2006). Prize: Melocotón Mecánico (2006).

Pág. 49 Berger, Pascal (Nivelle, Belgium) SFX expert. Graduated Athénée Royal Riva Bella Braine l'Alleud (Liege). Study design advertising Institut Sainte-Marie. Owner B.fx. He has worked in various commercial and film: 9mm (Taylan Barman), Glenn (Marc Goldstein) JCVD (Mabrouk El Mechri) among others.

<http://www.pascalberger.be>

Pág. 15 Butkus, Mike (EE.UU.) Character and set designs, and conceptual development for the gaming and motion picture industry. Some of the work that I enjoy doing most are finished movie poster illustrations.

Was trained at Otis Parsons in Los Angeles and the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California. He has taught illustration and rendering techniques, along with character design and visual development, to art industry professionals and commercial art students. Mike has worked on more than 2,500 films in the areas of advertising, movie poster art, set design, and character design. Mike also invented and illustrated hundreds of characters for Lucasfilms' Shadow of the Empire. Clients include Paramount, Warner Brothers, Universal, Disney, DreamWorks, and LucasArts, as well as a number of toy companies

that employ his imaginative creations and conceptual renderings for product design. Mike lives in Los Angeles, CA.

Some Current Projects: Production designs for Mr. Popper's Penguins, production designs for Lord of the Rings gaming. HBO's Boardwalk Empire, HBO's Mildred Pierce, Men in Black 3, Abraham Lincoln Vampire Slayer, HBO's Board to Death, HBO's True Blood, Phineas & Ferb, Green Lantern. Dark Shadows, Two and a Half Men, Happy Feet 2, Ronin 47. Barbie, Money Ball, Prey. Bio Shock, Resurrection 3, A Gifted Man. Clash of the Titans, Memphis, Star Wars Darth Maul paintings, Ringer, Rock of Ages, Street Fighter, Ghost Rider, Darkness, X-Men, The Smurfs, Reckoning, The third book, Fallen Angels is now sold in all major book stores.

Last projects: Gulliver's Travels. I'm also working on the character and set designs for the new t.v. series called Bugzz and Dr. Hill. I have two books out called How to Draw Zombies and How to Draw Vampires.

<http://www.mikebutkus.net/>

Pág. 42, 51 Carper, Mario Cesar (San Fernando, Buenos Aires, Argentina) writer, illustrator, writer and cartoonist. His background includes Script and drawing cartoons, Plastic and Design deInteriores. Participate in

writing workshops The Framers Workshop and Seven and works as an illustrator of covers and stories to magazines Alpha Eridani, Scientist, miNatura (whose cover won the 1st prize Illustration II ° P.I.E.E. 2009), The Library Fosca, NGC 3660, Aurora Bitzine, Chronicles of the Forge, NM, Next, published by Editions Ayarmanot paper.

Pág. 4, 12, 26, 50 Castelló Escrig, Rafa (Castellón de La Plana, Spain, 1969) Graduate School of Arts and Crafts in Castellón specializing in Graphic Design (1993). Poster designer, illustrator and artist, currently combines his work in local government in a small municipality in the province of Castellón with their creative work. He recently participated in the exhibition of his drawings and paintings in the First Mostra Traditional Sant Joan de Moro (Castellón) and at the 16th edition of the Art Fair Pasearte in Castellón de la Plana.

Pág. 34, 74, 75 Charro Martínez, Javier (Leon, Spain, 1980) Architect, designer and illustrator born in Leon in 1980 and moved to Las Palmas a few months old. Through his father, a painter in his youth, began his passion for the art of painting that later developed between the worlds of comics and illustration fantastic. After working on an animated short made entirely of graphite, in 2003 began

publishing illustrations for RPGs. Since then began working as a freelance illustrator, combining with a degree in architecture.

In 2006 he established in Madrid working as a creative architect known study Spanish while continuing his career as an illustrator. It is in summer 2010 when finally decides to focus on the latter, starting new projects and covering a larger number of orders.

Account in their curriculum with over 200 illustrations published by national and foreign publishers in different media as covers of novels, role playing, cards, magazines and board games, to atmospheres of fantasy, science fiction and horror among others.

Collaborations: Fantasy Flight Games (USA) Mongoose Publishing (UK), Moon Design Publications (UK) Hero Games (USA); Mythic Dreams / Crafty Games (USA) Team Jabberwocky (USA); Editorial Shadow (Spain); Worlds epic (Spain) SL communication Dobleuve (Spain)

Personal website:
www.charroart.com

Pág. 6, 8 Ciruelo (Argentina)
<http://www.dac-editions.com/about.htm>

Pág. Diaz, Joseph 24 (Spain)
Freelance concept artist and illustrator. He has worked in different Spanish and international

films-*The Impossible*, *Copito de Nieve*, *Rec 3*, etc.-, commercials, CD covers among other works.

<http://j21studio.blogspot.com.es/>

Pág. 22 Dibujante nocturno – SEUD.- (Tenerife, Canary Islands, Spain) Began his career at the late age of 18, finding his true passion in illustration. His artistic skills are entirely self-taught. Feeling a great appreciation and respect for all art forms, is always accompanied by pencil and paper. And found in the digital art medium in which to develop their fantasies.

Websites:

www.dibujantenocurno.com

www.dibujante-nocturno.deviantart.com

Pág. 39, 58 Didizuka –SEUD. – (France) Designer. I love the fact that her angels are associated with colors. There has been much question about the sex of the angels, but what would their color be??? Maybe Didizuka knows the answer... :)

She is an extremely talented artist with a strong personality and a huge creative potential. She has been working on various projects including illustrations, bandes dessinées, creation of videos to advertize for comics by various publishers. She was the main creator of the animation part of *Le Rat Bleu*, a mixed show which included stage performance, music,

animation. Cindy also publishes her own fanzine called E-Crucify.

Here are her sites:

<https://www.facebook.com/didizuka?ref=ts&fref=ts>

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

<http://didizuka.free.fr>

<http://didizuka.deviantart.com>

<http://crucify.coolbb.net/index.htm>

Pág. 101 Espinosa, José Gabriel (Murcia, Spain, 1979)

Begins his training in the Bachelor of Fine Arts, which crowns the Studies in Illustration and Graphic Design in Murcia. Beside that complements your resume with training and graphic design, as well as other specific training in the field of animation, comics and advertising illustration. The project Forgotten Gods (2008), while starting his career in the world of editorial illustration. Epic Worlds Publishing Group (2009), specializing in fantasy literature. Terra Incognita (Worlds Epic, 2009), the latest work of famous genre bestseller Kevin J. Anderson. It was recently awarded as an illustrator revelation / 2010, by the prestigious American magazine, Heavy Metal Magazine Fantastic Fantasy.

<http://artofjosegabriel.jimdo.com>

Pág. 43 Herrera, Mauricio (La Serena, Chile, 1975) Worked as an illustrator since 1995.

Government initiatives to “Visual Editions” Devil’s character, his country’s first comic to make use of digital color.

In 1999, being an independent artist presents a concept the company Salo card game called “Myths and Legends” which would be liable as a graphical editor for over 6 years, designing his style and visual codes over the years and bringing his artistic team illustrators.

It has since been dedicated to making art for various companies, working on projects such as: “God of War Chains of Olympus” (two covers for psp). Art for the trading cards UFS “Soul Calibur 4”, “Tekken 6”. Images for books role of “Pathfinder.”

<http://www.mauricio-herrera.com>

<http://el-grimlock.deviantart.com/>

Pág. 3 James, Cassandra (Australian) Comic artist who got her first gig colouring Devil's Due Publishing's 'The Toxic Avenger and other Tromatic Tales.

From there she moved onto illustrating stories for a number of The Gathering anthologies, working with industry greats such as Gail Simone (Wonder Woman, Batgirl) and Sterling Gates (Supergirl, Hawk

and Dove.) And produced work for the record-breaking 'Womanthology' Kickstarter from IDW.

In 2012 Cassandra pencilled, inked and coloured the art for a 42-page back up story Alex De Campi's 'Valentine' trade paper back, published by Image comics.

Cassandra has also worked on a number of sketch card sets including HACK/SLASH, Lady Death and Shi.

<http://heartofglitter.deviantart.com>

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

Pág. 16 Kakava, Virginia (Athens, Greece) Digital Art/Art Commissions/Photo-manipulation/Digital Photo Edit/CD layouts/CD Artwork/Merchandise Art.

I have an I.B Diploma (2005 graduate year). I studied Art&Design at: Duncan of Jordanstone college of art and design (2005-2007); AKTO Art& Design in collaboration with Middlesex University (2008-2010).

I have worked so far with a couple of bands by creating their CD

Also have done several Art Commissions.

So far i have done only two Art shows: Art Degree Show (2010); Art

Show in the Athens Horror Film Festival.

I want to work in the music/movie/book/photography business by manipulation photos or creating concept artworks for movies,cd's commercials and book covers.

Pág. 46 Kiani Amin, Ali (Teheran, Iran) Illustrator. Graduated from the University of Fine Arts in Tehran.

<http://ali-kiani-amin.cghub.com/>

Pág. 14 Komixmaster –SEUD. –(Colombia) Cartoonist and illustrator. Research and experience different techniques and 3D illustration. MAGAZINE illustrator 2001 science fiction and horror SIRIUS Madrid Team. Robot World cartoonist, and magazine Alfaeridiani and miNatura.

Collaborating several electronic journals Science Fiction.

Pág. 45, 53 Leong, Sonia (UK) Professional artist and illustrator specializing in anime/manga style comics. Is an award-winning Manga artist and Company Secretary of UK-based Sweatdrop Studios. Known for Manga Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet (SelfMadeHero) she's worked with Tokyopop, Image, NEO Magazine, Channel 4, Harper-Collins, Hachettes, Walker and others on over eighty publications across magazines, comics/graphic novels, children's books, art books

and film/TV projects. She teaches about Manga, appearing at the Hay Festival, Victoria & Albert Museum, London County Hall and internationally with the British Council. Her art's been featured in the Kyoto International Manga Museum and London Cartoon Museum. She also provides product demonstrations on behalf of Copic, Letraset, Wacom and Promethean.

<http://sonialeong.deviantart.com/>

<http://fyredrake.net/>

<https://www.facebook.com/leong.sonia>

<http://sonia-leong.tumblr.com/>

https://twitter.com/sonia_leong

Pág. 20, 48 Lew, Sara (Argentina, 1974) *To see Writers.*

Pág. 1, 40 Marcos DK Prieto – SEUD.– (Spain) Epic fantasy lover, writer and illustrator autodidact. In 2008 I started writing stories of gender and, as I have always been very fussy and demanding, a year later I started doing the first illustrations to accompany them. Currently working on the first part of a fantasy novel called *The Rise of the Races*, whose news and developments can be followed on the Web or on your www.larebeliondelasrazas.com fan-page

Internet: <https://www.facebook.com/larebeliondelasrazas>.
Currently I combine creating illustrations for my stories with

commissions for publishers and individuals.

Pág. 21 Martínez Burkett, Pablo (España) *To see Writers.*

Pág. 54 Mateo Serra, Vicente (Valencia, Spain) Among other things coordinator illustrated novel ilustratura-together and illustrator in illusionary 3, both charitable projects.

Blog:

<http://elsitiodetico.blogspot.com>

Pág. 59, 60 Mignola, Mike (EE.UU.)

<http://www.artofmikemignola.com/Bio>

Pág. 18, 32 Neko Punch – SEUD.– (France) Illustrator. She had the idea to draw demons in card suites. Imagine the success something like that would have in a casino).

"I was born in France from Venezuelan parents. I learned art by myself, I love drawing comics and learning new languages.

My style is influenced by everything I see, so I don't think it is settled already, I'll continue learning until I find my own: My wish is for everyone to follow their dreams and never let them go"

Her sites: <http://x-nekopunch-x.deviantart.com/>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/Nekopunchz>

Pág. 37 Ntousakis, Vaggelis (Crete, Greece) Lives and works on the island of Crete. In 1990 he had a brief Magazine and fantasy as diving accident and became a quadriplegic. From an early age, I am fascinated with anything related to the horror, the weird and strange. And spent hours together between the paintings of Bosch, Goya and Brugel. At eleven, fell into his hands a book of terror and discovered Robert E. Howard, Arthur Machen, Derleth among others, but his greatest and most striking finding was the work of H. P. Lovecraft.

That influenced its creation all child and began to consume everything related to fantasy literature, film, music, graphic novel and art in general. Fell in love with the films of series B of the '70s and '80s and the great stories of 2000AD, such as Slime, Judge Dredd and 13th Floor.

In the 90 studied graphic design in Athens and in 2000 returned to Crete where does my business. Without leaving my personal projects in the digital illustration.

Pág. 41 Percival, Nick (UK) Award-winning illustrator and CG animation director specializing in high-detail concept/production artwork for Film, Videogames and TV.

His clients include Sony, EA, Marvel Entertainment, Microsoft Game Studios, MTV, Warner Bros.,

Sci-Fi Channel, History Channel, Activision, Eidos, Hasbro, Atari, Village Roadshow, Wizards of the Coast, Rebellion, Titan Books, Games Workshop, Upper Deck Entertainment, Johnny Depp's Infinitum Nihil, Will Smith's Overbrook Entertainment and many more.

Nick has also created artwork for World of Warcraft, Magic the Gathering and comic book publishers including Marvel Comics, 2000AD (Judge Dredd, Slaine), BOOM! Studios (Clive Barker's Hellraiser), Devil's Due Publishing, IDW Publishing, FANGORIA Magazine and Radical Publishing.

He is currently developing projects for Film & TV and is the creator, writer and illustrator of the award-winning and Eagle nominated apocalyptic fairytale, LEGENDS: The Enchanted - an original hardcover graphic novel published by Radical Books.

LEGENDS: The Enchanted is in development for the big screen by acclaimed director/producer Ron Howard and his production company, Imagine Entertainment.

Links to Nick's artwork:

www.nickpercival.com

<http://twitter.com/nickpercival>

Pág. 13 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Can not remember much more than the electric train

and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics. Today is Editor and Chief of Epicenter and Sergio Abad teaches Bullets Comics and Narrative at the University Jaume I of Castellón. Also painted lead figurines and plays drums with Panic Idols.

Pág. 5 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (España) *To see Writers.*

Pág. 38 Shinemaru Ayami-SEUD. - (Icod, Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Spain, 1988) From young always been interested in fantasy and science fiction, becoming a connoisseur of the subject through different movies and series, as well as different RPGs and being interested in the world of drawing through different cartoonists and illustrators like Luis Royo. In 2006 entered the race of Fine Arts at the University of La Laguna (ULL), leaving it in 2008 and returning in 2009, where he is currently pursuing undergraduate 5th year, specializing in the field of illustration.

In 2010 he opened an account at Deviantart, where he served from his various works gallery in 2012, has recently been involved with the group of illustrators Canaries in a presentation on the economic crisis with the drawing "Merkel the Hutt".

web.

<http://shinemaru.deviantart.com/>

Pág. 44 Vianello, Piero (Venice, Italy, 1982) freelancer illustrator and concept artist.

<http://eidenet.deviantart.com/>

<http://eidenet.cghub.com/>

<http://www.creaturespot.com/>

Pág. 17, 28 VURORE –SEUD. – (France) illustrator. Is an extremely gifted artist working in various styles and skilfully associating various styles too. In the bio I asked her to send me, she wrote that she is "a self-taught artist in drawing and coloring techniques; always trying to improve her style albeit never having enough time for this. She is working on various projects including comics and illustrations for books for young adults, she also spends time in creating and working for fanzines."

I am –Sissy Pantelis- collaborating with Aurore on a project that will be published by MARKOSIA - it is called "Blue Sparkles". I am always amazed at Aurore's work. I send you a lovely angel and a seductive she-demon by her.

<http://vurore.deviantart.com/>

About the Illustrations:

- Pág. 01 Insurrección/ *Marcos DK Prieto (Spain)*
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