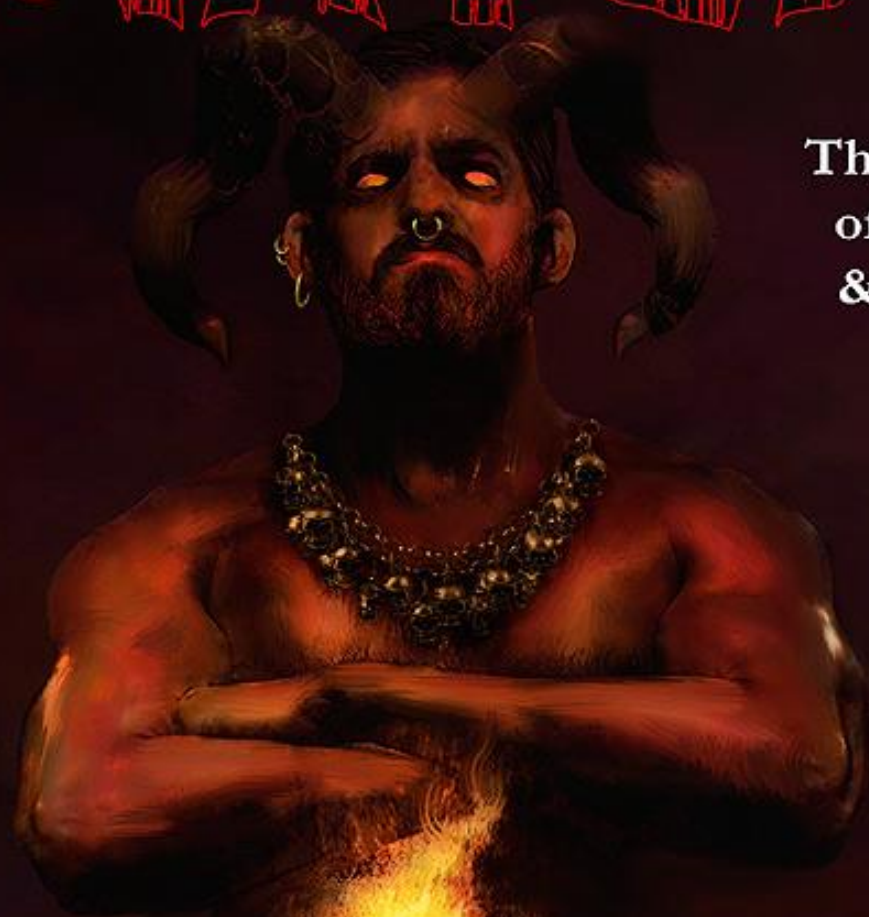


MINIATURURA

The magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977

In this arid wilderness of steel and stone I raise up my voice that you may hear. To the East and to the West I beckon. To the North and to the South I show a sign proclaiming: Death to the weakling, wealth to the strong!

The Satanic Bible (ed. Avon, 1969), Anton Szandor LaVey



Father Merrin:

Especially important is the warning to avoid conversations with the demon. We may ask what is relevant but anything beyond that is dangerous. He is a liar. The demon is a liar. He will lie to confuse us. But he will also mix lies with the truth to attack us. The attack is psychological, Damien, and powerful. So don't listen to him. Remember that - do not listen.

The Exorcist, William Friedkin, 1973.



The devil's finest trick is to persuade you that he does not exist.

Paris Spleen, Charles Baudelaire



We are each our own devil, and we make this world our hell.

Oscar Wilde



Never can true reconciliation grow where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep...

Paradise Lost, John Milton.



"Who are you then?"

"I am part of that power which eternally wills evil and eternally works good."

Faust: First Part, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

When science was in its infancy, religion tried to strangle her in her cradle.

Robert Ingersoll (1833- 1899)



"Hell is empty and all the devils are here."

William Shakespeare

The Devil

Whoever believes that any creature can be changed for the better or the worse, or transformed into another kind or likeness, except by the Creator of all things, is worse than a pagan and a heretic.

Malleus Maleficarum, Heinrich Kramer
and Jacobus Sprenger

The Teutonic Goddess of the Dead and daughter of Loki was named Hel, a Pagan god of torture and punishment. Another "L" was added when the books of the Old Testament were formulated. The prophets who wrote the Bible did not know the word "Hell"; they used the Hebrew Sheol and the Greek Hades, which meant the grave; also the Greek Tartaros, which was the abode of fallen angels, the underworld (inside the earth), and Gehenna, which was a valley near Jerusalem where Moloch reigned and garbage was dumped and burned. It is from this that the Christian Church has

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¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

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evolved the idea of "fire and brimstone" so popular in Hell.

Our devil has had to live in garbage dumps and survive the bad translations in the end, to paraphrase Butler: "We owe an apology, remember that we have only heard one side of this case. God has written all the book"

Nevertheless, he who violate any protocol, gave us knowledge (with all the good and bad that this entails) and paid for it.

The town, always understanding, made him a popular character, able to tell the harshest criticism in the form of puppet. Alchemists and religious more avant garde came to him for advice or just to get favors.

The prince of this world, like all good lovable rogue, have your mobile at our disposal 24 hours a day, number: 666 has always been on everyone's lips. Would you call?

We count in this issue with the interesting interview of Anabel Enriquez to the physical and translator of science fiction literature: Daniel W. Koon.

They cannot miss the essential touch of humor Evandro Rubert Dominguez and Jose Manuel Puyana latter apparently here to stay.

Thanks as always to our illustrators:

Ángel García Alcaraz (Spain); Sabbas Apteris —seud.— (Slovak Republic); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Miriam Ascúa (Argentina); Elena Fortanet (Spain); Marta Alfonso (Argentina); José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain); Sandra Duchiewicz (UK).

All thanks!

The directors

Next issue:

The Moon

Closing Date: August 25



Convocatoria selección de textos Tiempos Oscuros N°6 Uruguay

La Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros (Un panorama del Fantástico Internacional) tiene el placer de dar a conocer la convocatoria para confeccionar su sexta entrega, un número dedicado en su totalidad a mostrar el panorama de la literatura fantástica de Uruguay.

Es por ello que todos aquellos escritores uruguayos que deseen participar en la selección de los textos que compondrán el número seis de la revista digital Tiempos Oscuros deberán atenerse a las siguientes bases.

BASES

1. Podrán participar todos aquellos escritores uruguayos residentes o no en su país de origen, con obras escritas en castellano.
2. Los textos deberán ser afines al género fantástico, la ciencia ficción o el terror.
3. Los trabajos, cuentos de entre 5 a 10 páginas, deben estar libres de derechos o en su defecto se aceptarán obras con la debida autorización del propietario de los derechos de la misma.
4. Los trabajos deberán enviarse en documento adjunto tipo doc (tamaño de papel DinA4, con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12 a 1,5 de

interlineado). Dicho archivo llevará por nombre título + autor de la obra y junto a él se incluirá en el mismo documento plica que incluirá los siguientes datos: título del cuento, nombre completo, nacionalidad, dirección electrónica, declaración de la autoría que incluya el estado del texto (si es inédito o si ha sido publicado, en este segundo supuesto deberá incluir dónde se puede encontrar y las veces que ha sido editado, tanto si es digital como en papel, y si tiene los derechos comprometidos se deberán incluir los permisos pertinentes). Junto a todos estos datos también pedimos la inclusión de un breve currículum literario que será publicado en la revista y una fotografía del autor si lo desea para el mismo fin.

5. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.

6. La dirección de recepción de originales es:

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En el asunto deberá indicarse: COLABORACIÓN TIEMPOS OSCUROS N°6

7. Las colaboraciones serán debidamente valoradas con el fin de realizar una selección acorde con los intereses de la publicación.

8. Los editores se comprometen a comunicar a los autores, que envíen sus trabajos, la inclusión o no del texto en la revista. Nos encantaría poder incluirlos todos pero nos hacemos al cargo sobre el volumen de textos que se podemos llegar a recibir.

9. Todos los trabajos recibirán acuse de recibo.

10. La participación supone la total aceptación de las normas.

11. El plazo de admisión comenzará desde la publicación de estas bases y finalizará el 1º de diciembre de 2015. (No se admitirán trabajos fuera del plazo indicado).

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Directores de la Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros

A middle-aged man with glasses and a goatee, wearing a blue and white vertically striped button-down shirt, is seated and gesturing with both hands as if speaking. The background is an office with various papers and posters on the wall.

**Interview with
Daniel W. Koon, A
bridge man between
several worlds.**

By Anabel Enríquez (Cuba)

Daniel Koon is a household name in two worlds near but not always compatible: the academic world of teaching physics and world of contemporary science fiction narrative. Not only has managed to reconcile his personal life to two passions, but It has integrated the efficient in their daily work as professor science and technology of materials among other topics, along almost 30 years work as teaching at St. Lawrence University and conducting research in various universities in the US, Europe and Central America.

I personally met Daniel Koon in Havana in 2009, when He visited the island to attend an event organized science fiction, as It has traditionally been, by the fans (which we are in First the writers themselves). We had exchanged email months before and he then expressed interest in interviewing several

Cuban authors that had read, had even kindly translated into English as was my case. His fluency in Castilian, knowledge about the island and their interest in learning more and more, and However, its simplicity permeated all who knew him. From that moment I remember as something that surprised me about this American professor Physics, connoisseur and lover of global and Cuban science fiction particularly the fact that he did not use cell phones because He considered a mental dependency that did not allow you to manage your own time.

Years later I have the opportunity to give an interview to Daniel Koon, Thanks to the magazine miNatura the brevity and the fantastic, and I do so with my great pleasure and gratitude for their continued cooperation with the Cuban science fiction authors.

Online miNatura magazine: Daniel, which came first, the interest in physics or interest science fiction? And in both cases, what was the factor that caught your attention to these universes?

Daniel W. Koon: Probably physics. I like to tell my students that Physics is the “User’s Guide to the Universe” and that they’ve been learning physics since before they were born. (For every kick, there is an equal and opposite reaction from your host-mom.) There’s something reassuring about a universe in which you can figure out why every phenomenon happens. Same with SF, except there you have to puzzle out the rules of some strange new universe. My first favorite SF was Heinlein -- hard SF -- all of it extrapolation from our known universe, with science as a major character. His stories “Life-Line” and “And He Built a Crooked House” gave me new ways of looking at time and space. And later, “All You Zombies” just blew me away. Then I stumbled upon Frank Herbert’s “Dune”. I remember the first chapter being so exotic, so out there, that I had to read it over and over, but it sets up one of the greatest bits of world-building, to that time.

Online miNatura magazine: In 2003, you present at the VIII Inter-American Conference Physics Education (Conf. Proc. Interamerican Conference on Physics Education, IACPE VIII) work "[Using science fiction to teach science, fiction, and communications skills](#)". Was this the first presentation in

an academic contest on your method of teaching physics using the works You literary science fiction? How was it received in both events as in the university where you you applied?

“As he reaches me, he barks out my name, “Koon?” My first reaction is that this must be some functionary who is about to have me kicked off the Island...”

Daniel W. Koon: It was my first time presenting it because I had just started teaching the course the preceding year with Jonathan Gottschall, an author of several books on evolutionary behavior. It was my first time teaching science fiction, and having Jonathan as a partner gave it a fresh perspective and made it a lot of fun. The students were great, too. A course in science fiction attracts all sorts of students who love scifi, fantasy, anime, manga, gaming. I like to think that it served an important social function in getting

those guys together from the very first day of classes. My talk at the conference was also well received, and “therein lies a tale...,” to quote Shakespeare.

My second day in Havana, I show up an hour late to the conference reception (thanks to Daylight Savings Time), and an earnest, compact man strides very purposefully towards me. As he reaches me, he barks out my name, “Koon?” My first reaction is that this must be some functionary who is about to have me kicked off the Island, but no, it’s Bruno Henríquez, who shakes my hand with great gusto and tells me how excited he is to see someone giving a talk on this subject, especially a fellow physicist. Bruno is of course a geophysicist who can be credited with breathing oxygen into the embers and reviving Cuban SF at least two or three times. He tells me about his work, both as an author and as a popularizer of SF and science, and he offers to send me some of his stories. When I get home to the US I start searching online to see if there are others writing SF in Cuba or whether this is just some random crazy, and that’s when I discover [Guaicán Literario](#), Gerardo Chávez Spínola’s labor of love, and that was my entry into the world of Cuban (and Spanish-language) science fiction and fantasy (admittedly, a dive into the deep end of the pool).

Online miNatura magazine: Been to Costa Rica, Germany, now in the Czech Republic ... You genre authors read many different latitudes. Many believe, Cubans including writers, Cuban science fiction has a weak scientific substrate, there is not enough hard authors. Because I Cuban appeals science fiction, and specifically why for Americans teach physics to students?

Daniel W. Koon: While the history of Cuban SF stretches back into the 19th Century, it really only appears to have reached a critical mass during our lifetimes, well after the Golden Age of hard SF – vintage Verne, Gernsback, Asimov, Heinlein, etc. – and so it’s natural for it not to have reinvented that wheel.

I’ve enjoyed teaching Cuban SF as part of an experiment. I guess the best way to describe this experiment is to ask what kind of science fiction would an extraterrestrial write. What would we learn about the ETs from their writing?

We don't have any examples of xeno-SF yet, so the best approach would be to look at SF written by different human cultures and ask the same question. Ideally, we would expect to see some cultural differences, but it would also serve to remind us of how much we share as humans. I find some of the most interesting contrasts to the traditional Anglo/Northern-American SF canon come from Soviet-era Eastern European SF, elements of magical realism in Latin-American SF, and of course Japanese SF. Cubans, being massively influenced and influential in two of these groups, make for a nice petri dish for my experiment, although I think that, just as cultures are more interconnected worldwide, it becomes harder to note the differences in different SFs worldwide.

Online miNatura magazine: In your personal website St. Lawrence University, you have a site [Cuban Science Fiction](#) appointed, with lots of Cuban authors to you have translated or published their articles and reviews. Have you had any Once difficulty reproach any official or unofficial, to promote the Cuban authors many of whom lived or live on the island? Of these authors, what have been the most to you could work on your Physics classes, and why?

Daniel W. Koon: Well, I wouldn't be writing this if not for Gerardo Chávez Spínola, and his work creating Guaican Literario, an online resource page for Science Fiction, over a dozen years ago. I contacted him about posting translations of the authors' works, and he got me in contact with them. What I didn't know at the time was that posting translations of a Cuban artist's work into English was an act that could technically be considered illegal, even though I was making no money at it, thanks to the US "Trading with the Enemy Act". Fortunately, we've come a long way since then.

The only time anybody asked me to remove something from the site, the author gave me a different story to post, and we've been good friends ever since. Oh, and then in 2010 Cuban Customs detained me for over two hours, probably because I was carrying in my suitcase a few books by a Cuban author that showed the Plaza de la Revolucion flooded in water. (Erick J. Mota, [Habana Underguater](#))

I have liked to assign different Global Science Fiction novels to individual students. For Cuban SF, I've used Yoss's [Se Alquila Un Planeta](#), Vladimir Hernandez, Daina Chaviano's [Fabulas de Una Abuela Extraterrestre](#), even if I had to translate them myself. I also like to share short stories and poems with the whole class. Your [Deuda Temporal](#)¹ is an all-time favorite of mine.

I love Yoss' and Vladimir's works for the gritty, noir aspect, which I think suits Havana of the 1990s better than 1940s Los Angeles. I enjoy the style of Daína's intertwined fantasy/realism/SF, and your "Deuda Temporal" and "Nada que declarar" hit closer to home than any realist stories could.

Online miNatura magazine: In 2012, you translated the anthology for two Lavie Tidhar² Cuban writers of tales of SF, and were in the list of nominees the Science Fiction & Fantasy Translation Awards short story. Translate narrative is much more complex to translate a technical text, however You seem to enjoy it quite. Where does the translation in your life? What are the biggest challenges or difficulties that you have encountered to translate science fiction stories and fantasy?

“I have liked to assign different Global Science Fiction novels to individual students. For Cuban SF, I’ve used Yoss’s *Se Alquila Un Planeta*, Vladimir Hernandez, Daina Chaviano’s *Fabulas de Una Abuela Extraterrestre*, even if I had to translate them myself.”

Daniel W. Koon: I grew up with the handicap of having studied German and Latin, rather than Spanish, in school. I started learning Spanish as an adult, in 1998, in order to be able to visit a sunny clime for my 2000/1 Sabbatical. I am still not a fluent Spanish reader, so I am forced to perform a “close reading” of Spanish-language stories from the beginning. It

¹ It refers to Anabel Enríquez short story appeared in *The Apex Book of World SF 2* (April, 2012) and part of the collection *Nada que declarar* (Abril ed., 2007)

² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lavie_Tidhar

almost makes the translation process like solving a jigsaw puzzle, one that only makes complete sense when the final piece is added.

My colleague, Steven White, teacher, scholar, poet, has been a great encouragement in my translation, and gave me valuable insights into the translation process.

Unfortunately, I haven't had the opportunity to translate much in the last few years. It's a creative outlet as satisfying for me as research and teaching. I hope I can get back to it soon.

My biggest challenges remain slang and words with ambiguous meanings. I enjoy translation in the sense of bringing myself (or the eventual reader) into the writer's world, rather than translating/moving the story into the reader's world. To do that, I have to learn about the writer's world. One of my favorite [non-SF] translation efforts was "What the Russians Left Behind", a chapter in the book "[Caviar with Rum: Cuba-USSR and the Post-Soviet Experience](#)" (Ed. Jacqueline Loss, José Manuel Priet), because I spent so much of my time learning about one of my other interests, Central and Eastern Europe during the Socialist Era.

Online miNatura magazine: Currently, what projects involve your interests *acafan* is say as an academic and fans, according to the concept of Henry Jenkins? What do you like to do on these issues that are still in the state of longing or I dream to be done?

Daniel W. Koon: Unfortunately, my translation has suffered in recent years both as the result of back injury and as the unhappy effect of successful physics research projects. There are a number of book-length projects I'd love to work on, and haven't even had time to keep current with Cuban and other Spanish-language SF. I have a 50cm width of space on my bookshelf of Cuban SF that I still need to read, including classics, like some of F. Mond's novels I picked up in Havana.

Most of all, I look forward to developing the interviews I had with several writers in 2010 in Havana into a history of the first decade of SF in Cuba after the Fall of European Socialism, ca. 1989, when written outlets for SF dried up (although there were a lot more pressing problems for Cuban@s in those years). I want to tell the tale of what I like to refer to

as “SamizDATA”, the e-zine “i+Real”, which was passed around on floppy discs, this magazine, and the world of D&D and other gamers who morphed into a new generation of writers by the end of the 1990s. It’s an epic story that needs to be told.

Online miNatura magazine: Recently the publishing Restless Books, published in English two essential titles Cuban writers of science fiction: "*A Legend of the future*" by Agustin de Rojas, and "*Rent a planet*" of Yoss. What impact do you think you might have this event for both readers of Americans to Cuban writers?

Daniel W. Koon: This is a great opportunity – The stories from Planet for Rent were among my first introduction to Cuban SF and provide a thought-provoking introduction to both Cuban SF and to the modern history Cuba from a Cuban perspective. I know that Cuban authors have been itching for something like this for a long time (and that other Latin-American and Spanish authors are understandably jealous) I also pray for an English-language version of Daína Chaviano’s “Tales from an extraterrestrial grandmother”, one of my favorite fantasy books from any country and time. I just ordered both books and hope to receive them this week.

“This past year, living in Prague, was the first time I’ve ever gone into a bookstore and seen a separate section (and a large one, at that) for SF works by a country’s native authors. Perhaps that exists in Mexico or Argentina. Someday I hope to visit a bookstore in Havana (or Santa Clara) and see a well-stocked shelf devoted to Cuban authors, including English-language translations for the tourists.”

However, I think that the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between the US and Cuba may have even more impact. The more interest that grows in the US for all things Cuban, the greater the interest, and then demand, for the works of all Cuban writers, both in Spanish and in English, in the US. Unfortunately, in much of Latin America, people are unaware of the science fiction written in their own countries. This past year, living in Prague,

was the first time I've ever gone into a bookstore and seen a separate section (and a large one, at that) for SF works by a country's native authors. Perhaps that exists in Mexico or Argentina. Someday I hope to visit a bookstore in Havana (or Santa Clara) and see a well-stocked shelf devoted to Cuban authors, including English-language translations for the tourists.

Let now a flurry of short questions, somewhat hilarious, but the answers should be as short, and no matter how wild. Ready right hemisphere? Here we go.

If you were an elementary particle what would you be and why?

Easy. A photon in the vacuum of space. Since I'm traveling at the speed of light, the entire Universe is squashed in front of me like a pancake, but keeps rushing past me. So what do I see the moment after this one?

To translate or teach?

To teach a few more years, then translate?? Preferably on a chaise lounge by the beach, with a very tall, icy drink by my side.

If they ask you to save one science fiction film because they apply to the rest of Farenheit 451 degrees, which saved.

Easy. "Blade Runner".

Reading, German, Spanish or Czech?

Spanish. I still can't read a Czech paper, even after a year in Prague, and I still haven't read an SF novel in German.

If you stop using teach physical science fiction, but with a Book single, what book you've used all you choose.

I haven't read it in ages, but I could probably get enough physics out of Heinlein's collection, "The Past Through Tomorrow", to make it work.

Define me Cuban science fiction in three words or less.

Too challenging! How about three partial answers?

Made in Cuba?

Postapocalyptic Ground Zero?

Translate these guys!

¿Cell phone or electronic book reader?

Laptop (My eyes suck.), but I sometimes read on my Galaxy "phablet".

About Daniel W. Koon:

Is a Professor of Physics at St. Lawrence University, where he has taught for 28 years after obtaining his PhD from the University of Rochester. He has taught courses in the entire physics curriculum and science-fiction-themed courses through the University's First Year Program, a multidisciplinary, team-taught course in communications required of all incoming students. He has published research in experimental solid-state physics, biological optics, physics pedagogy, as well as publishing translations of Cuban science fiction both online and in print. He has spent yearlong sabbaticals in the US, Costa Rica, Spain, and, most



recently, a Fulbright to the Czech Republic. His interest in Spanish-language science fiction dates to a visit to a physics teaching conference in Cuba in 2003. Daniel lives in Canton, NY, a village of 6000 in rural New York State, with his wife and son.

<http://it.stlawu.edu/~koon/>

About Anabel Enríquez Pineiro (Santa Clara, 1973):

Narrator, essayist and screenwriter, mainly develops his creative and research work in the fantasy genre in its various aspects (science fiction, fantastic, fantasy) and adventure (historical fiction, sports). Graduate Degree in Psychology and Masters in Communication Sciences, after working in areas of Neuropsychology and human resources management, is specialized in the field of advertising and organizational communication, cultural coaching experience.

Member of the Cuban Association of Social Communicators. She graduated from elementary level in visual arts. Member founder of Espiral Workshop (2000-2008) and the Group of Espiral Creation of Gender Fantastic (2004). It has integrated the organizing committees of several events of the genre: I Youth Festival of Fantasy and Science Fiction Villaficción (2002) and its second edition in 2013 (main coordinator); Theoretical and Nexus CH Creation (2003), (main coordinator) event; Theoretical Fantasy Genre events Ansible (2004, 2005, 2006, 2007); (Coordinator with Javier de la Torre); Literature festivals and fantastic Arts Concilio de Lorien (2004, 2005, 2006) and Arco de Korad (2007). He has been a speaker and organizer of festivals role of literary creation workshop Spiral of science fiction and fantasy (2004-2008).



He currently lives with her husband and daughter in the United States.

<http://algoquedeclarar.ucoz.es/>



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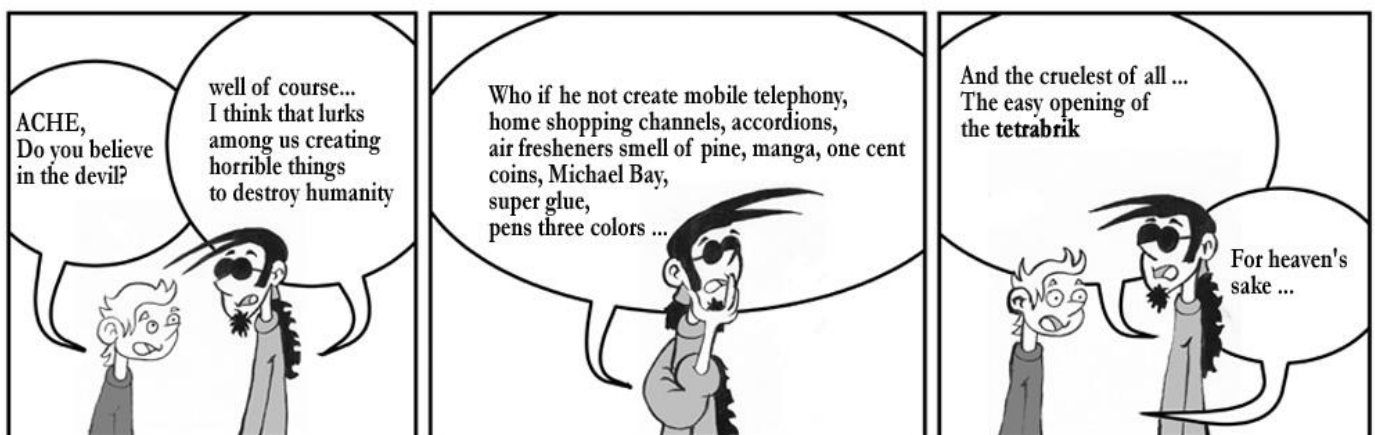
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Two black dogs

In 1118, after eating some fish at the banks of the Nile, I became ill and died. Thus ended my earthly labors as the «bedeviled crusader» whose misfortunes began years before, in Marash at my wife Godvera's deathbed. It was she who financed my crusade. Distraught by her loss, I

refused to return to Boulogne and the life of a cleric. Another destiny was in store for me, I told myself. Then, by chance, I noticed the shining eyes of two, enormous black dogs who conveyed visions of wealth and glory. In exchange, I entered the labyrinth of my iniquities. In Edessa, after having him slaughtered by a mob, I usurped Prince Thoros' throne and



seduced his wife. In Jerusalem, I sought the company of youths and struggled in vain against the sins of the flesh. Without issue, I accused my Queen, Arda of Armenia of infidelities with mahometans and locked her in a tower, for life. I betrayed and executed many. I craved Egypt so I rode the Via Maris day and night, followed by the black dogs who ran like the wind and barked at the Witch. It was an old woman that would show up along the way laughing loudly and speaking as a serpent. At every encounter, she'd call me a sinner all the while lifting a babe high in her hands and crying out: "Look at your son! Because of my Master's intervention, I vanquished my enemies. Turned specter, I held the bridle of my mare Gaza'lla and that night watched the men load my mortal remains in a litter and start the journey back to Jerusalem, to the Holy Sepulcher. From there, we, rider, and the horse

climbed a straight line until we stopped at the entrance of a cave. Inside, a flight of steps led me to the stone image of a piercing-eye goddess holding a decapitated head in her lap. High above her head, crowned with skulls, buzzed a swarm of black bees. And alongside her, keeping guard, were my two black dogs. I looked down. On the sand, by my bare feet I saw the tracks of those who arrived before me, and I heard the Master's reproach: "Why have you come here, Baldwin, king of Jerusalem? You well know I have no interest in the dead."

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Crossroad Blues

There's a sign on the wall but she wants to
be sure
because you know sometimes words have
two meanings.

Led Zeppelin, Stairway to Heaven

He has closely followed his career since he was a negligible councillor. That obsession has cost him his

reputation and his job in the editorial department. "You lack impartiality," they reproached him at first. Then, when he explained his concerns, they relieved him of his duties and advised him to go to a specialist. But he has no regrets: the undertaking is more important than his interests. Lately the deputy appears every day on the news. He has enjoyed a meteoric rise. It is rumoured that he could become president. Eyes fixed on the camera. No doubt, he knows how to coax his audience. But deputy will not be able to deceive him. A glance is enough for him to recognize his father. That ambitious way of looking, his obscene arrogance, his manifest pride... Evil in its purest form.

Lucifer bored yawns. Television is the only frivolous distraction that he affords himself. You cannot turn your back to the world. It is an old appliance. He is very austere; he is not interested in luxury. His only weakness is books, wisdom. He has

had a long time to know himself, but he still investigates.

He watches the screen astonished: the man lying on the ground, one knee of the policeman who disarms him embedded in his back. "You must let me kill him. Don't you understand? I'm trying to save you. He is the son of the Devil," he says while foaming. He cannot believe it. What a desire for personal recognition. What nonsense. How that mediocre man could have been a son of him. Where did that poor guy get such an absurd idea. How men blind themselves. With someone like the deputy he would not even accept a pact. With a few musicians and writers, in fact he tried in the past. But politicians... Not everyone fits. He is looking for a partner who makes eternity more pleasant to him, a cultured and enriching person.

He has tried again and again, so many times. And he has not found a single one who matches his

expectations. They are limited, ignorant and mean-spirited, very selfish, terribly boring, childish and irresponsible. So they always turn to him, they throw all the blame on him to avoid having to admit his own faults. And yet, he cannot help it, he still competes for their affection.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The Lucifer Rebellion

God created perfect, Lucifer was the most beautiful angel ever seen, muscular body; golden hair, like the sun; Blue, flashing, which topaz eyes; an ivory white skin and wings shining like diamonds. The greatest work of the Almighty, a beauty unequaled by human, either male or female. He named his right hand and when God created an army of heavenly angels, Lucifer was named Supreme Commander. Lucifer alone had the gift of free will, and ordered others

obeyed. Seeing the power in his hands, he felt a desire to be more than its creator. Why obey the Almighty if he could take his place. The desire to overthrow his creator grew in his heart, Lucifer wanted to be God, being omniscient, omnipotent as He. He met with the angels, convinced many of them to follow him. God sent the archangel Michael to fight, the war between angels was brutal, swords were embedded in the heavenly bodies. Lucifer was pugnacious and the best warrior. The two armies were evenly matched, only a being superior to rebel angel overcame. God fought his eldest creation and won the battle. The archangel Michael chained Lucifer, who saw his dream of glory destroyed. The Almighty banished him from the halls of heaven, a heavenly kingdom. As he fell, he threw a piercing scream and sent to hell with their hosts. The eternal fire around him but his pride would

receive a worse punishment, losing their beauty. Their wings turned black like the bats. They came out twisted ram horns on his head, a tail him sprang from his back. His body turned red and black color, fangs came out. His feet became hooves, his blue eyes became red-hot coals and his face contorted in an indescribable ugliness. Lucifer cried moaning like a wounded animal and swore revenge from that moment would be a staunch opponent of God. It became his adversary, full of pain, hatred and anger.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada
(Mexico)

A very evil creature

Nobody knew where this creature has come from, or why it did all that. Neither nobody knew what it meant. But, the most important question was how to defeat him? That creature

looked, walked, talked like a human being, but it was not. It ran around the country sowing confusion and ruin. Some commented that this being was present in the world since the beginning of time and it had traveled the world sweeping everything it could. Now, the creature was in front of me, she was blonde and her blue eyes



Pazuzu: An Old Mesopotamian (Assyrian) demon with four wings and a scowling visage. He was the representative of the stormy winds from the south-east, and he was feared as a bringer of illnesses. Our illustration shows his general appearance but does not show his scorpion's tail. His power to harm could be countered by various spells and incantations.

reflected the glory of the day, she had

90 of bust, 60 of waist 90 of hip. She had been chosen as the Mother of mortals, the Ideal of the men and the Perfect Master of the children, sowing chaos and destruction, and demolishing everything in her path.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Perú)

Ada Inés Lerner (Argentina)

Belial 2 Km

—Jesus, María and José! —unalterable sentence of all inside the car when this it finished the curve and the tract appeared announcing the next town: "Belial 2 Km". Although they didn't know that indeed, the devil lived there.

Benicio called the old man of the located almost knocked down shack some meters behind the church. How to imagine that the constant missing children, to those that Benicio even helped to look for, were in its house!

In occasions the "old man" had to hurry to enter to his needy shack. It could not allow people to see

lengthen their extremities, to appear the line and the horns; that they transformed it into the own devil.

And it was aware that the looked for boy of the moment waited there inside for it.

First it indicated to the subordinate imps to penetrate in the soul and the boy's body; when already almost transformed it into a malicious being Benicio their work it began: to incorporate a small demon more to their band.

The following day, or to the other one. Already rested, he left to request charities in front of the house of God and also to decide which would be the next boy that never more they would see in Belial.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

Pleased to meet you, Devil

"Please allow me to introduce myself/ I'm a man of wealth and taste/ I've been around for a long,

long year/ Stole many a man's soul to waste.

*Pleased to meet you/ Hope you guess my
name/ But what's puzzling you/ Is the nature of
my game."*

From the song "Sympathy for the Devil":
Rolling Stones

As a scientist-monk devoted to decode the meaning of ancient pop culture songs belonged to the former human circle, Iblik had faced lyrics which encoded very well their real meaning and the ultimate purpose of their authors. But one of them had spelled him; touching a deep string of his being. It spoke about an enigmatic personage. He left the manuscript for a while and headed to the window to behold the post-apocalyptic landscape of what was South America hardly three millenniums ago. The nuclear hecatomb was so strong that the genetic memory was wiped out; reality itself breathes weak nuclear force. Because of it, the various Monasteries of Rescue of the Adamic Memory, were in charge to exhume each aspect

of the precedent human genius.

Both the title and the bards who sang it were unknown. The lyrics made reference to personages like Kennedy and political and warlike events like the first and second World War which, in a superficial way, had themselves being rescued by others Monasteries. He tried to sing with the proper melody one of its stanza: "*And I was 'round when Jesus Christ/ Had his moment of doubt and pain/ Made damn sure that Pilate/ Washed his hands and sealed his fate.*" The more he sang it, the more tuned himself with the original rhythm. He felt that an essential part of the human soul was about to spring out to the light of his mind. Something capable to start a new human evolution. Iblik went on singing it till he reached the unfinished stanza, the real puzzle:

"Just as every cop is a criminal/ And all the sinners saints/ As heads is tails/ Just call me... just call me... Lucifer!" At last he could rescue from the oblivion an

entity who symbolized the ambitious and reckless nature of the human being. He felt Him take possession of his mind. He felt sympathy for His destiny; he understood and loved Him. He swore to incarnate Him: "Pleased to meet you, Devil," he said aloud, "I know very well the nature of your game —I'll play it in this new human circle."

Odilius Vlák —send.— (Dominican Republic)

Non natus

She was a girl lightweight and whitish complexion, a girl who just left puberty! But already you begin to notice in your body over the months. Swollen belly is growing rapidly. The doctor tells you not to eat so much that is not good gain as much weight. Do not believe when he says that

Valac is the mighty Great President of Hell, having thirty (thirty-eight to other authors) legions of demons under his command. Valac is said to give true answers about hidden treasures; he reveals where serpents can be seen, and delivers them harmless to the magician.

Illustrated by Louis Le Breton (1863)

hardly bite test, the mere sight of food makes you such repulsion can spend hours trying to vomit, without success, because there is nothing within the body except the germ of sin as has He baptized his mother. You cannot even take fluids and all he does put in their mouths, when no one is present, disgusting to anyone.

He hides his parents for not hear them: "the curse that has befallen us, we will direct to Hell". Hell is having to endure them. One day they came to the priest, who was forced to run from the house. They say that after



insult came to attack him. Despite the setback, fantasizes about the divine origin of her pregnancy, her hand slips while another batch of winding tracks to put in their mouth and swallows with relish.

Today he got up wanting to breathe the cold morning. It has entered the last month of her pregnancy, it is next delivery. The icy atmosphere alleviates their condition, and feels like precede by a choirs of angels false sense that leads to disaster. Excruciating pain forced her to kneel on the snow soon turns red. Feels like dozens of mouths to feed on his entrails. With its towering rage and pride come forth. Fed to satiety put an end to his life. I am the monster of seven heads and ten horns (and each horn, ten crowns), with a body like a leopard, bear paws and jaws of a lion, according to many, and bring chaos to mankind. Welcome to my kingdom.

Carmen Rosa Urrea Signes (Spain)

And at 33 years of age³

Of course my mother helped me a lot in this task because I followed her, shackled to the witches. I suffered not only from the evil eye, but I also had my body opened. This allowed the evil spirits, the devil's collaborators, to enter easily inside me. My body exemplified on a small scale the ancient and global struggle that humans faced. I drank a lot of powder mixed with barley to disguise the taste. These powders religiously provoked a volcanic upheaval in my guts. The selachion witches inferred that the holy spirits that fenced with the demons for my spiritual purity had managed once again to achieve a job well done: make me evacuate demons; the icing on clairvoyance. I never thought that this utmost

³ Translate into English by Sandra Moura Rodríguez (Portugal)

perfectly normal organic act would transfigure in trade; I defecated and my mother paid. She was happy and for me that was enough.

Every day I cast out demons from myself. Now, at 33, a prophetic age, I feel protected. I am beyond good and evil.

Today, as I left the church, I helped the usual old ladies cross the street. One of them tripped on the zebra crossing, because she could not keep up with my fast pace, but it was not done in a mean way; a car did not stop in time and hit her; the blessed woman died right there on the spot, but it was not done in a mean way.

When I got home the woman asked me if I was okay. I told her yes; after all I am beyond good and evil. But a woman died because of you and you do not feel anything? she asked me twice. No. I am beyond good and evil. You must have the devil inside you, she said relentlessly. Exasperated, I

could only stammer a sad, What, what?

I killed her, had to be, with the poker from the fireplace. And as I watched, fascinated, her fall in slow motion, with a portion of the iron stuck in her skull, I had an epiphany: is this the "temptation?" If so, I would begin to appreciate having the devil inside me.

Paulo Brito (Portugal)

A fateful achievement

"By the power of Solomon's cabalistic words «Abracadabra Elohim» which only You and him have the knowledge of, I conjure Thee, Lucifer, Luzbel and Satan to show yourself at once! I demand it thus!"

I must haste, and you must forgive me and excuse my lack of urbanity. I already forebode the viscous creep, the greed, and foretaste of a brutal chase. His pestilent breath filled corridors and the flowers in the inner

courtyard have suddenly withered. A different silence corrodes the Abbey. I grieve for the fate of my brotherhood monks much more than the ruin of our treacherous Abbot. But I do not want my grudge to distract me while unspeakable shadows take hold of my spirit. What I feel is not fear, it is something else, deeper, bygone. Darkness, pain, and sorrow are useless words. I should have burnt the book and thus prevent any of the misfortunes. But I see now the futility of such action. For a time after time, through the ages, it returns from where it hides, from the tombs and the monuments to seize the innocent decoders of the Occult, pious exorcists, and fierce necromancers. Woe of those who believe it is possible to control the ancient demons! Woe of those idealists who expect to subdue them by will! Woe betides us all! I have no time to recall how I learned the fluvii transitus, some sorcery's forbidden

alphabet but suffice it to say that for a copyist of my renown, there exist few things still unknown. Still, I recognize I labored at deciphering the spell. However, and as I was pronouncing the invocation, I understood my fateful achievement: an infamous thunder told me that abominable doors were opening like slobbering jaws to demand a sacrifice beyond blood. No need to see it. I am aware I have released a procession of unclean beasts preparing the advent of the One most perfect, most frightening. I do not fear death. I dread the notion of perpetual pain while hoping I will be brave. I do not deserve God's forgiveness. I am defeated by my appetite for revenge. Vanity is not a good counselor. Neither is anger for it is the grimmest of guides. At this time, I declare and for all posterity that this book is not the work of King Solomon for a wise man such as him, would never submit to the writing of such blasphemies. I hear now the

claws piercing the refectory door. He is coming. Pray for me. No, better yet, pray for thy souls for He will go after you all.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

A man of wealth and taste

Please allow me
to introduce
myself

I'm a man of
wealth and taste

The Rolling
Stones

That was one of
the most popular
representations,
among many others,
of that trend of

yours to depict me as some sort of
19th century dandy, corollary of
distinction and savoir faire. This is

due to, as I assume, a certain
intellectual need for making
graspable, through a very dubious
humanization, what is truly
unfathomable: Evil, in capitals, pure
and without alibis. In a word: I.



*Symbolicarvm quaestionvm de vniverso genere quas serio
ludebat libri qvinqve, Achillis Bocchii (Bononiae : In aedib.
Novae academiae bocchianae, 1555)*

However, I find
the Judeo-
Christian
approach much
odder, even funny
—for it seems
absurd to me—,
than the one let's
call it postmodern,
recently
mentioned. The
concept of fallen
angel means a
double

implication: on the
one hand,
punishment, either

divine or, which is most usual,
dictated by the too many spokesmen
of God; on the other, and related to

the latter, the possibility, although extremely remote in my case —at least I suppose so—, of redemption. Both are ridiculous pretensions, also fallacious.

Because Evil is a fact. I am, indeed. It is universal and necessary; same as, for instance, gravity: therefore lacking any ethical concomitance. The persistent will of morals to discern good from evil certainly appears to me as chimerical as trying to stem the tide, a vain effort which you had better forego. Your understanding of the world would take a leap forward comparable to that vaunted cognitive revolution which drew you from animalism.

Facts —resuming the line of argumentation barely sketched— are not subject to any judgment at all, nor thus subject to any penalty or forgiveness. Of course they are not elegant either. Whether anything can be predicated on them that is they are casual and stubborn. Nothing is more

obstinate, actually, or random, than Evil. There you have history, your history, humankind's history, to prove it. Or, for example, the bus about to run over you the moment you lift your eyes off these lines. Do not thank me.

Carlos Ortega Pardo (Spain)

Awakening

I will not say much more to you, for the prince of this world is coming. He has no hold over me,
John. 14:30

Marcus entered the ruins, than 300 years ago, was known as Vatican. The stump that was his right hand ached, a sign that the wind would bring more radioactivity. In 2300 humanity succumbed to technology, religion was an outdated concept, but he knew the great power that these texts were hiding, a new opportunity ... or great evil, he hoped was not as much as the computers that dominated the planet :

plant and animal life and was on the verge of collapse, men or were rebels or slaves, the world was a great atomic wasteland.

He spent hours following forgotten tunnels, to find the door of Erebus, closed by chains forged swords of archangels. With its laser drew a pentagram on the stone floor, he took out his knife and poured their own blood on the caller symbol, had shed so much during his life a little more would not be noticed.

—In nomine Dei nostri Luciferi
Excelsi Satan!

The words echoed in the sacred place, empty orbits the last Pope (surrounded by his acolytes, who fell amid a hell of kevlar and AK-47) looked at him quizzically.

—Gone are your indulgences, we do not need a state of grace.

Ungodly drops fell on the altar and this was stained a dark, viscous black. Sirens before announcing new

thermonuclear attacks, echoed throughout the dome (amazingly intact) spreading the good news: The arrival of the Prince of this world.

—Forgive me Father, for I have sinned.

Belial, Samael, "ancient serpent", "great dragon", "Jaldabaoth" "the black god", "the god of this world" and "the father of lies". He smiled benevolently.

Get up cyborg Marcus and we bring peace to the world.

Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

The daemon's path

Stories of people, full of fantasy and folklore, that's what I like about these places. Now for my job I have been lived in this little place, the evenings have turn tremendously boring and spend hours drinking at the bar and playing cards with the locals, but mostly listening to their stories, the

trouble is that I'm not a writer, but these stories give huge material for horror stories.

If that lonely farm is haunted or if in the pantheon is seen fire at night, that if the river is listened to the weeping of someone, that if there are many houses near the main square that are haunted, that if along the road to the mines where we work is not safe to drive at night because the devil shows up to claiming the soul of the unwary, that if the chupacabras is seen in the dark night, ... all bullshit! But yes, at ten o'clock at night the streets are empty and this little place remains alone to the dead, ghosts and apparitions do mischief; and so used to the nightlife of the big cities.

Today my phone has rung at midnight, I'm still working in my computer; the sound surprised me because everything in this town is completely silent. It is the foreman in charge of the workers tells me to report problems in one of the

machines. I climb into the van and took the dirt road leading to the mine. At halfway I see a man dressed in black cape and hat, too smart for this place, I indicate with the lights of my van for you to move, but continued walking slowly, I touch the horn desperately, meanwhile man turns and his eyes glared red leaves me speechless. My heartbeat is fast and a cold sweat runs down my back ... the man has disappeared. I keep going slowly and suddenly the van accelerates, and turning my glance inside, the black man is sitting next to me, in the fright I take the steering wheel and the truck begins to spin out of control. The man says, "This is the way of the devil, you should not go through here at night, for surely accompany me on my return to hell."

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

How a district defeated a damned being

The creature had been before in Peru and every few years it returned to continue his obscene work. The South Sanjuanina Community anticipated the arrival of the monster, the mayor refused helps them, so citizens should act on their own. This community was very famous in Lima because the crime was nonexistent there, residents had joined to form various committees which safeguarded the law and order. Now they would have to face the beast. It came on a holiday with his entourage: in front of the large square of the district they armed ambitious mirages. Nobody approached. The monster, with friendly face, tried to buy all the water of the people, it was in vain; each settler closed her well. The beast, enraged, tried to buy all the land, but

each inhabitant keeps theirs and their neighbor's. Already exhausted, the cursed being went to other towns in search of corrupt wills, people say that someone sold his land and his water, though they were not as valuable as those of the South Sanjuanina Community. Soon, or in a thousand years, they are waiting for their attack, but he will find as always, united, and probably almost endangered.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

Ana Caliyuri (Argentina)

The truth of everything

The mage Eugène Raynaud burned with the usual thirst of knowledge of the searchers of great truths. A variety of weird books were the company of his sleeplessness, looking to find out how to brake the barriers of the physical dimension in order to raise himself where the archetypal

principles had designed everything. His goals led his white mage's heart to the darkness. A very old necromantic treatise on his old shrine lighted by a seven candles candelabrum, would be the key for him to open the Mystery's door. The man summoned within the circle that twisted force that crept in the darkness with the hope to get the revelation of everything. Faith overwhelmed his doubts. A cold breeze froze his skin, and then appeared Him, lighted by the three candles the wind left burning.

"What do you want to know or have? Tell me without fear my dear Eugéne," asked the demon using his enchanting voice of a fallen angel.

"I want to know everything... the ultimate truth about life. Who we are?; where we've come from?; where we're heading for?," explained the mage protected within the circle.

"Ahh... I can see you're oppressed by that old metaphysical conflict.

What kind of truth do you want to know? —the truth of everything or the one you're dreaming?"

"The truth of everything," answered Eugéne while the devil asked to take his hands. The mage accepted. In doing it, the whole reality disappeared like an illusion and flouting like a chimera over an unknown world, the demon pointed out a Silicon entity connected to a dream by invisibles sensors. Around it, a Silicon army in a dreaming state lied in interconnected capsules scattered all over the universe. "This is you, Eugéne, running away from yourselves," said the demon, who was a computer program with free access to every level of the being. Eugéne, scared by the vision, asked to get back to his former dream, where the magical truths belonged to the carbon based beings.

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

Invocation

—Did you say the right words?
—Yes.
—In the established order?
—Sure.
—With proper cadence?
—Without means failure.
—You've raised the tone in the words "Infernal Demon"?
—I've Done it.
—Did you put enough respect in the words "Our Lord Satan"?
—Uh-huh.
—Well, then do not understand what is "it" ... - said the older witch pointing to a figure that had appeared in the middle of the pentacle drawn on the living room floor. A wet devil with a towel around his waist, a ridiculous swimming cap just covering the horns and a pink sponge in his right hand, snorted:



—I knew it! No failure! Entering the bath and that someone call me all is one! Aaatchús ... For the love of Satan, close that window I'm going to catch anything!

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Travel

I revealed me from the confines of the times among men. I took unpredictable forms. I put my name at the top. I just offered my life for the world. And I felt that beating,

which ended up having impact on dependency. Now navigate seamlessly between apples, words, acts, and I am not a worm, but I love to feed my soul.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

The sign

The sages say that the devil does not exist, it's just a myth created for the sole purpose of having to blame for so much misery, so much cruelty and improper stupidity of the children of God. Ha! Let me say that I am as real as the sky above your heads, in fact, reside inside of all of you. I am your dark side, half this shameful imposed on them unfit to breed with a schoolgirl, or to contemplate the prosperity of others with emerald eyes of envious thoughts. ¿Require proof? Well then, take a look in the mirror, hypocrites! Have, for once in your miserable lives, the courage that had the old Jacob Stein, who carried the mark of those who dare to go beyond

all limits. Dare, if they can, to know its history.

Jacob recalled in the old Estancia. It is naked in the pond with his father. With horrendous bleating will sweeten the ears: "When my Blow-flow into your body you dream of flying like skipjack be real. Baphomet you give away these frogs legs to propel you will require and offering your depths. You'll have to learn to separate fear of despair and faith that will draw you winged reborn. But not before repeating my story. Mitigates your human suffering, kill me, so I will. Then fall in love, bearing children and femicide. Your existential truth melts in your seed meant. Show it all. Will be the mother of all your death and reincarnation. "

That could have traumatized to anyone, just got Jacob became the best of my subjects. I gave him everything he wanted most, the only premise of obedience. And oddly enough he was barely aware of my

dark fantasy beauty; till the cyberspace, Satanic Utopia, became a fascinating and alien metropolis. Over its center flouted an emerald, like a moon, lighting with a phantasmagoric and greenish radiation the whole city.

The Satanists, wearing like a digital identity the demons recorded in the medieval demonology catalogs, walked through the streets of Satanic Utopia or flied over it, wearing whether wings of bizarre colors or space chips. They did it aware that in that extreme version of an industrialized Paradise, every revolutionary idea could be accomplished: for the matrix of the city would simple assimilate it with mathematic perfection. "Make your desires come true," exhorted the demon possessed robot's voice of the vocalist, "and you'll see that they match the opposite desires of the others daemons. Is extreme liberty in perfect harmony —that's Satanic

Utopia. And don't forget: coming soon to the physical reality."

Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

Night shift

The police office had taken the corpses and had called me to clean the crime scene. It was no longer needed. They believed that they got the killer but who was I to tell them that they were so wrong? I arrived there with all my equipment: gloves, mops, mop, bucket, rags and all kinds of cleaning products that would help me to replace the warm smell of fear for bleach's.

"I knew you'd come." A voice said on my back. He thought I didn't hear him coming but the way that he walks was too personal.

"I work night and weekend shifts. But you know that." I kept on cleaning like it wasn't none of my business.

“Are not you going to even look at me?” I shrugged and kept on scrubbing. “I could kill you.”

“You’re not here for that. Both know it”

“Everything I do, I do it for you. You ungrateful bastard!” He spilled out every single word.

“I didn’t ask for any of this.” He kicked my mop bucket and the water ran down the floor tiles like it was running away from us.

“I’m going to say it for the last time: I’m not interested in you. You have nothing that I want”

“I’ll keep on killing”.

“I know”.

He turned around and left. We’ll meet again on the next call from the police, the next request. I told him already when we met for first time. No soul, no deal.

María L. Castejón (Spain)

The Devil’s hands

The ritual had been a failure. My intention was to bring the Prince of Darkness to our reality. Only his hand was inside when the portal opened, and when it destabilized his hand was severed in an instant, falling to the ground like some old ratchet selling witch’s trinket. What shall I do with the hand of Lucifer? I needed the complete individual to bring a wave of destruction that would sweep planet Earth; with the New World in place, lieutenants of his army like myself would occupy positions of power. But what do I do with a severed member of the Dark Lord?

When I picked it up from the ground I felt the presence of a legion of demons swirling around my body. It shook violently through my fingers, crying to take it to the desk that was in my room. There, he began to write

with blood as ink gushing from his forefinger. Gone are the days and nights. The Hand wrote with diligence pages upon pages. His presence illuminated the room with a faint red light during the long hours of the early morning, and intensified the summer heat during the time when the sun burned fully while travelling the sky. The hand was frequently visited by hellish creatures like cacodemons, incubi and succubi that seemed to complement what was written or assist in its construction. When entities invaded the room, it appeared as if the walls mourned and bled, screaming and writhing in the presence of such wicked representatives of the infernal and powerful army of darkness. The reality was being distorted around them like a lost soul being punished by the infinite flames of the abyss.

Some days later, The Hand withered to ashes on the table. I picked them

up carefully and placed them in a black jar that I kept locked in a safe. On the desktop was now a manuscript of unusual aspect. The pages were yellowed, and the title written in blood only said: "Necronomicon".

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico/ Dominican Republic)

Initiation

FIRST STAGE. María always treats me wrong, enjoys humiliating me. That's the problem with older sisters, but this will end. Last night, while everyone slept, I gave my heart and soul to a game. Had María been awake, she would have tried to scare me, she would have mocked me. In a board I wrote the abecedary, and after I put an upside down glass on top of it, laid my finger on said glass, and invoked, the unwritten words of my destiny were exposed.

SECOND STAGE. Horrific visions haunt my nights. The disembodied head of my sister, trophy like over the nightstand, wants to speak. Can't utter a sound, but her moving lips irk me, so I grab her by the hair, take her to the bathroom, throw her in the tub, and open the hot faucet to the max. But the water stream is cold to my face, and I rub my eyes, waking up at last. The mirror shows a pale and baggy eyed, strangely feverish me.

THIRD STAGE. María jumps me as I come out of the bathroom. As usual, she starts a litany

of tawdry innuendos that I'm sure no sister has ever let loose upon any boy. She kills my patience. Her back was to the stair that goes to the first floor. I could push her, see her fall, crack her

skull open like a golden melon against the stone tiles, and thus fulfill the omen: "The brother will make the sister bleed". I sigh, turn around in the midst of her sentence, and head for my room in such a hurry that I forget to lock behind me.

CODA: Later, in the wee hours, the evil side of midnight, I hear

the door. Someone pants, short of



Symbolicarum quaestionum de vniverso genere quas serio ludebat libri quinque. Achillis Bocchii (Bononiae : In aedib. Novae academiae bocchianae, 1555)

breath, coming closer. My senses, enhanced by fear and anger, feel the silky gown, the pounding heart, the shaking hands, the burning loins, long before she gets in the bed and under the duvet. And I find that I'm not the only one tempted by Satan in this family, nor the worst.

Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba/ EE.UU.)

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (España)

Another soul for Satan

"Go ahead Stanislao! Sing for me the most sinister poetry this night," said the Devil accompanied by two of his highest ranked comrades. The Death's shadow had already stretched itself across the hospital. Its enlarged silhouette drew near the old priest's seat who was the director of the hospital. The three demons shined like a diamond in the darkened atmosphere of the office. Satan brought to the priest precious jewels

with paranormal powers. Stanislao knew that every gift given asked for a favor. But the priest enjoyed the clairvoyance the jewels gave him without any fear to the hellish fire.

"Calm down, Stanislao! Don't get too excited, there're still my jewels; the ones that soothe the deep darkness pressing on my bosom. Hurry up!, before any intruder angel takes them first," spoke again Satan passing through the walls along his demons. The old priest opened the door and got upstairs toward a room where two people were dying, to whom he was about to offer the holy sacraments. He dispatched the nurses and performed the ritual detached from the catholic liturgy. The covenant was to lead stray the souls from the celestial splendor at the moment of death, delivering them to the King of Darkness. After the sickened ones died, their souls glowed like two golden spheres before the priest's eyes who didn't lose time to brought

them to Lucifer. Satan was illuminated by the light they gave out while the torment of the men sang a dark song.

"I've done my part," whisper the priest gloomily and rushed to the stairway madden by curiosity. He got the jewels held very tight in his fists like lovely toys. Then, lost in his daydream, he stumbled downstairs and died on the spot because the heavy crash. His jewels scattered over the floor at the feet of a demon who said with a chuckle: "Well, well, who'd guess it, the old Stanislao —another soul for Satan!"

*Morgan Vicconius Zariab —seud.—
(Dominican Republic)*

Possession

Seven billion humans to choose from: Seven billion souls possess. Seven billion possible possessed and among all potential victims to choose from, go and destined for a type of those who, one day, without warning,

decide to abandon "the madding crowd" and move to a hidden cave loneliest and highest mountain they can find. This deprived the poor devil of the fame of every possession carries: The only ones who noticed this fact were the Goats, more interested in their philosophies than in demonic issues.

To make matters worse, the hermit, instead of sinking into despondency for sharing your body with a demon, was immensely happy because, after twenty years of solitude and silence, found it was nice to have company even if it was internal and demonic. To speak ten languages, four dialects and sign language for the deaf, rather than scare him, it seemed him totally fantastic and very helpful to talk with tourists who passed by on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from nine to seven.

The extreme strength also seemed wonderful to him because what had seemed tiring (transporting water

from the river, carrying wood for nighttime bonfires, etc ...) then became suddenly in light and easy. He enjoyed to the max of the ability to rotate their heads 360 degrees (because it allowed him to control his flock of philosophers goats without moving the site) and climb the walls (which it allowed him to go look for these goats to the places unaffordable).

The hermit in question enjoyed both possession and was so attached to his demon who refused to be exorcised.

The poor devil, possessed more than possessor, was forced to seek help from the underworld, becoming (for own shame and scorn of others) in the first demon was going through an exorcism to get rid of your man possessed.

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

The Paye, An Ancient Indigenous Spell

*"Take notice all of you interested in
Love spells, of who is most powerful
To do a good payé".*

Caburé payé – Chamamé⁴

I come from Ita Ibaté, a small town on the left margin of the Parana River, in the Province of Corrientes. Across the river is the Republic of Paraguay. We have much in common with the Paraguayans. Mixed in our language are many Guaraní idioms, traditions and beliefs. One such popular belief and the most deeply rooted is the power of spells. We call them a *payé*⁵. And they fit all purposes: to avoid danger, achieve happiness, prevent disease and sometimes, even

⁴ A folk music genre from the Argentine Northeast. It is play with guitar and accordion.

⁵ A strong spell in the Guaraní culture.

cause them. Also, to get lucky either in gambling or love. All I need now is a little bit of luck in love. I fell in love with my Braulio. He was a good boy, a hard-working man, and homebound. He promised me true love, and I gave him my virtue. However, no luck came our way; in fact, it was life that separated us. So I travelled to Ituzaingó, another town some sixty-odd kilometers away to the North. Everyone in the area knows that Doña Irupé is a very powerful *kuna payé*⁶, a sorcerer whose spells never fail. She asked me to bring along a piece of garment that belonged to Braulio, and better yet if it was an intimate one. Her shack was an ugly dump; no one could avoid feeling scared. She smoked a strong cigar and did not even look at me as I arrived. She stretched a hand that was like a claw, and I gave her the agreed sum of money. She then left the room and right away came back with a toad,

⁶ Witch, sorcerer.

a *kururu*⁷, in their ancient indigenous language. It was a male, she said. When she put out her hand once again, I gave her Braulio's underwear. She used it to tie the toad. Next, she sewed its eyes together with a green silk thread. I could barely watch. She mumbled something, and I quickly realized I needed to undress and allow her to rub my private parts with the toad. It gave me the shivers, but I let her proceed. She rubbed my body five times while repeating: "Toad, by the power of *Añá*⁸, Lucifer and Beelzebub. By the power of the whole satanic militia! I command you! That just as relentlessly as I do this on to this young woman's vagina let Braulio have no rest or peace until he returns, body and soul into her arms." She then dropped the toad in a pot with water and put on the lid. I did not dare ask her if she planned to boil it. I went back to my village. Now, deep in

⁷ Toad.

⁸ The Devil in the Guarani cosmogony.

my heart, I know my man will come for me tonight; there is no barrier that can stop the power of this spell. I got off the bus nearby the cemetery. I did not have the courage to tell the old witch that my Braulio had been killed in a fight.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

Transformation

The evil adopts diverse forms. You never know where it can be. Since it changes color. The one who you will come to unite, to accompany yourself to an unexpected trip. If there will be agreement. Or it will be a simple blast, minor. If of between the darkness there will arise the magnate who takes you to the icy point, to this meeting motivated by the only purpose, where the hope is to transform you, mutar each of your cells to the sense that it has interwoven in its hands. When it settles in your shoulder, perhaps remain without words, or theirs flow

without scarcely realizing, and there is no step backwards. You must have fearlessness, to realize, and propulsion if you do not want to get tangled in a history that does not go with you. It is difficult, almost impossible, because its merger is immediate, and you will perceive that you are one, and that like one you are he. In your mind senses, feelings, memories will be mixed ... and you will be sorry to disappear the past, will see eagerly as your life submerges in other courses, at first pleasant, to end up by reducing every step, and to happen of being an individual to serf. You will hear its words in your mind, its target. You will be glad to attack it. This way your respiration will happen to be part of everything, and static he filled will enjoy a new expansion opportunity. There will not be groan, I nor regret, there will be only its shade. You will have neither horns, nor tail, you will not even be a red carmine. A ready man only. With that

it is sufficient. The seed will be planted, and you will be the fruit of the whole existence. The evil will be a delicacy. And he your father.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

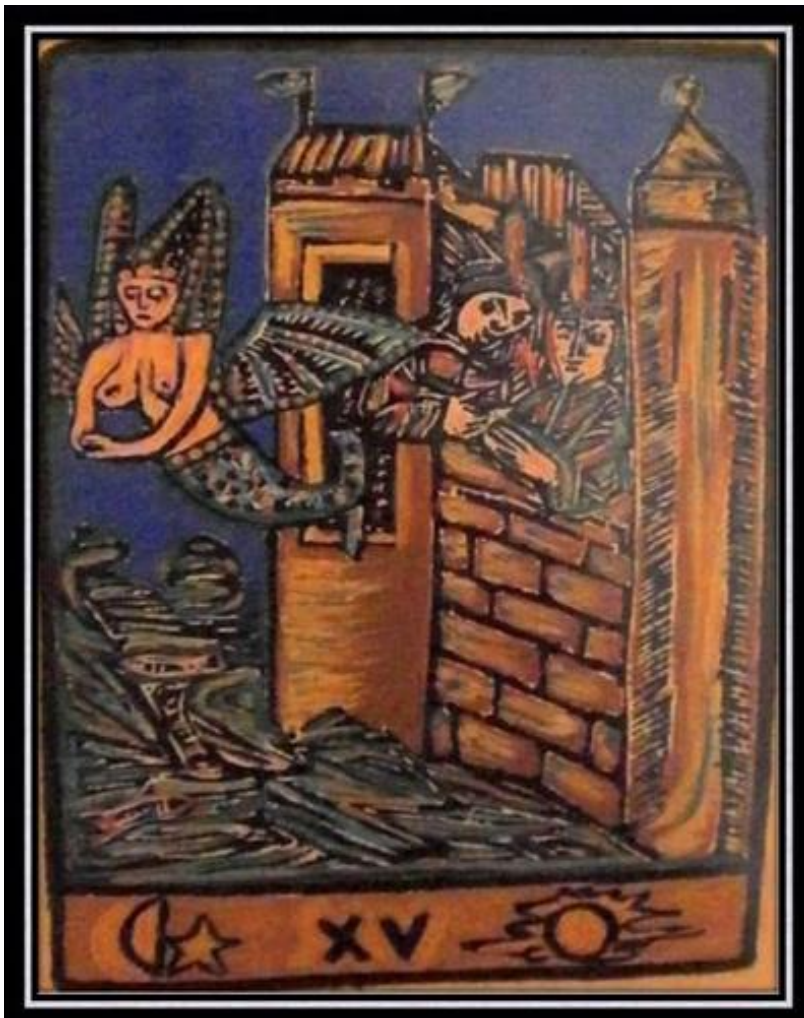
Tales of vortex "Arcanum"

The rain blurred the outlines of the tiles gently, in the dark and slippery road loomed in the shadows an

arcane, Lisandro lit his last cigarette, his staring between the soft smoke smelled the arcane; his curiosity was soon picked up the letter where a strange medieval representation is embodied.

Mysteriously, he was transported as knights from the windows of the castle saw the flight of the lady gargoyle wings, flying over the battlements with their nakedness and limbs reptile.

He felt as the sorceress stamped on the old engraving called him provocative offering fame and achievements, she was a gifted muse of darkness hidden powers. His low profile musician tempted to enter the underworld of souls made an agreement, subjugated by the vortex of power crossed the threshold, a line of infinite time did travel tours and triumphs; _Give me your soul... the lady



whispered offer me, sensually. But his morality belatedly did reconsider. Would leave the vortex but got caught in the arcane, hidden in a dark passageway. The damn letter flew in the wind that swept the battered leaves of the trees, now he was in another village expecting another curious and unsuspecting passerby to continue accumulating collect repentant souls...

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

The invitation

The invitation came by mail. Inside, it is written in calligraphy delicate but rubric signed with strong personality, exercised an attractive unexplained preventing rejection. On Saturday, at seven, in a private restaurant "Lafayette". First, I thought it would be one of those companies that perform demonstrations of any given product and recruit you as a seller. Or, perhaps, it was for those real estate that flatter your purchasing

power to sell an apartment ... went, by curiosity. When I arrived, I was taken to an elegant hall where others waited for our host, a Mr. D. Among appetizers I got an impression of the guests: a gallery of losers, alcoholics, addicts, senior citizens and a bland public official... Maybe I was a little of all; my life was not exactly happy.

After a while, a waiter invited us into the dining room. Once seated, Mr. D was presented, not without a certain degree of theatricality and drama, in a cloud of red smoke. The man wore an elegant suit of classic cut and his face, especially his eyes, exerted a disturbing attraction, forced to follow in his speech. It gave us a warm greeting, thanking our presence. Given our curiosity, he went immediately on.

"I represent a consortium old unhappy people looking for their luck to change them." Then he began to deliver uncomfortable biographical details of each of the diners. I thought

it was a blackmailer or something. Before the exodus took place, Mr. D alluded to our dreams and how he would be responsible for fulfilling them. Seduced, we were silent, now interested in what they could offer us. A change to fulfill our desires, we had to sign a contract in which we committed ourselves give our soul, condemning, in this way, to spend eternity in hell. All agreed, except me. Mr. D, intrigued, asked once were alone, the reason for my refusal.

“My dear Mr. D, as you must know, fallen angels have no soul ...”

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Romantic date

I was waiting for this moment: Leonardo DiCaprio holds Kate Winslet's waist at the point of the ship, making her a siren, symbol of beauty and transatlantic's figurehead. Now it's my time: i stretch my arm in a distracted gesture, passing it over her shoulder meanwhile my heart is

drumming, and just when i feel my fingers contacting her skin... I make plaf and disappear in a sulfuric shattering.

I emerge in the middle of a pentacle painted over the floor. There are dead hens in every corner, a scared goat tied to a stick some meters away, half a dozen naked fools, singing ominously and jumping around me in an absurd trance, with ridiculous horned ornamental masks. They always add ornaments without sense, they can't avoid it. And the fooliest one recites the invocation in aramaic from an ancient scroll, meanwhile he mutilates himself with a big bone knife to complete the ritual.

I'm already tired of these things centuries ago. And overall, I cannot stand with interruptions when I'm relaxing. I listen their words, looking for a mistake, some pronunciation fail. They always stumble. I observe the pentacle, painted for their security. They've sketched it with

double stroke, i guess in order to it seems more lustrous. That's the mistake; a simpler drawing would be safer for them. I leave the pentacle and scarf them one by one, trying not to splash me with their blood and entrails.

It's difficult today to have a romantic date; there's always some idiot trying to invoke me around the world.

Pedro López Manzano (Spain)

Rebel

They were just a group of friends goofing around. Or at least that's what he'd always thought. A group of deluded talking loudly about rebellion and change things and to overthrow the prevailing order and blah blah blah ...

He had been advised to stay away from them, they had been told they were bad company, he had warned that they bored him astray. But he felt good, dammit, he liked them and,

most importantly, it seemed that he also liked him. He felt accepted and had much fun playing revolutionary. Nothing more. It never would have thought that things could go further.

But the fact is they arrived. It got this new guy, a true leader with clear ideas, and took control. What had been innocent encounters filled with empty words became meetings that are important things were conspired and planned.

He could have gone, of course, but the fact is that he did not. He took too long into that and had many friends there and he couldn't to leave them just like that.

And before he knew it they were engaged in a full-blown revolution, a war against the establishment.

From the beginning he knew he was on the wrong side.

They lost, of course. They were a minority, the others had more power,

their only possible destination was defeat.

Until he arrived there were only a handful of fools making lots of noise. We did not want any of this. I did not want any of this ...

He clung to this thought as one clings to a prayer as he fell into the abyss along with the other rebellious angels.

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Decision

Rocked by the fervent empty men I try to calm its anxiety. I am pleased for the taste with which they receive me, much in spite of thinking who are revealed once they see the power in its hands. With these I have no feeling, and dispossession of its hands the opportunity to grow next to me. There is no possible forgery. Yesterday I had a rubbing with one of them. He said to me that it was ungrateful, that its life had stayed

disrupted, that the gap was much bigger after meeting. I agreed without sights. The one who remains behind knows what exists. I alone look at the head.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

The Search

There are searches that are too dangerous even for the bravest spirits. I am now aware of the danger of such searches, because at some point in my life I decided to explore the most archaic archetypes of evil in primordial state. One day I decided to take the path that others before me had traveled, I took the advice of old legends and sat alone, accompanied by the instrument of fate, at a crossroads archetypal. My fingers began to strum and the sweet sound of my guitar started as a source of pure inspiration. The melody was complicating, it was becoming darker and intense as it evolved. It was spectator and architect of a universe

that exist in my imagination. Sinuous landscapes and the deepest pleasures succumbed to the intensity of the darkest ever designed. I could imagine a paradise, or hell, a world devoid of compassion where hatred and envy are kings, full of devils who are hopping to see you fall. I fell into a deep sleep completely lost in my creation, where I woke up with no way to return to my world. Thus it ends living in "society" and as I realized that there thoughts that are too dangerous to think because maybe you're your own devil, creator of your own hell and maybe you never escape.

Silver Suárez —seud.— (Spain)

Look scarlet

A torrid purple rain storm unleashed at dawn. He drilled a dry snort reaching the moon to break the mountain and the entire planet earth trembled when the unexpected

vermin came at dusk. Nothing and nobody safeguarding the city without doors. Asestándole many deep cuts would deprive the incubated grudge on him year after year. Panting, sweaty, his eyes sparkling as he finished off crossed until chopped offal, set out to devour him. And it could prove a fact reflected in the glow of the oceans as the wild creature drank the blood seizing the chalice. So there was adherence to the temptation to drop when there was the son of his father he severed dry knife with ungulate arms, neck. Skewered by hanging the remaining meat remained whole. Confused with a faun was at the time that satisfied their lust, but not ejected in spite red rudeness by abusing few damsels they met him in the kingdom; their greed and despotic appetite would only be satisfied to seize hegemony over men. Of life in Heaven and on Earth.

But when colliding with open eyes of the victim and his eyes vomits live

panic, noting that came to want to
garrison the effect unleashed
necrosanta background music.
Presented fear that with unveiled face
deformed specimen, never pardoned
ninet cream, succumbed in the sun of
his own inner fire. Transfigured face
imploded volcanic shake your body.
Open monolithic construction
summit swallowed while still
pronounced the name of his father,
whose curse would accompany him
until the very moment it was
engulfed, made the last curse. And
crowning the liquefied flames of hell
fire flies the halo. From the intangible
depth that bridges the gap sprang
materialized, untouched active
representation perpetual air water
earth and fire. The stem of the
supreme divine creator had survived
the son of the devil himself.

Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

The librarian of the devil

I belong to a dynasty of librarians.
Generation after generation, we have
served the same employer, whose
name I dare not say but who devotes
his life to buy souls. Its mission
requires great documentation: every
human being has a book, even you,
dear reader. Every day, he consults
the library and pick who will sign the
contract, the only form of payment,
inevitably, is the soul of the poor
wretch. To me search my
competence. Then I enter the
contract accounts for the transaction
and subsequently back into place.
When the contract is settled, I cancel
the copy and send it to the
underground, where it is incinerated,
work carried out a gruesome be faced
orc. It depresses me fulfill this part of
the process; I feel sorry for the person
who represents that book.

From one time to another, my boss has expressed the need to modernize the library. Thus, in a span of five years it is reduced to its minimum expression-a computer-, regardless of staff there works, that is me.

After twenty years of working in his library, he has raced me. Given the economic disaster looming over me, he offered me one of their typical contracts. For refusing I not had any compensation for years of service or other compensation. I wanted to sue, but like all lawyers have a covenant with him, I guessed mine, in advance, was lost cause. So, with me ending a long tradition of librarians.

In any case, as I have always been cautious; during the transition period, which marked the transition to the new standard, I had enough time to copy files, clone keys and programs, among other tricks, hoping to get me

a seat on the new system.

Unfortunately, it was not. However, competition became interested in my experience and, above all, by dominating inside information.

In my new job, besides being a librarian, I meet other responsibilities, including save many unfortunate for the eternal flames.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Well-intentioned craftmanship

Despite the fact I was but an ethereal entity, I felt my feelings deeply hurt and I almost began a tantrum the minute I saw the fellow endowed with the horns and the tail.

But he lost no time in appeasing me.

“Don’t be alarmed,” he said.
“There’s no unfairness here. You’ve been summoned merely as a visitor... I just wanted you to appreciate how finely crafted your mosaic is. You may go to spend eternity where you choose afterwards.”

I glanced at the floor and recognized, in their stony nature, each and every one of my good intentions...

Carlos M. Federici (Uruguay)



The Litany of Satan⁹

By Charles Baudelaire (France)

O you, the wisest and fairest of the Angels,
God betrayed by destiny and deprived of praise,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
O Prince of Exile, you who have been wronged
And who vanquished always rise up again more strong,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You who know all, great king of hidden things,
The familiar healer of human sufferings,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You who teach through love the taste for Heaven
To the cursed pariah, even to the leper,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You who of Death, your mistress old and strong,
Have begotten Hope, — a charming madcap!
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You who give the outlaw that calm and haughty look
That damns the whole multitude around his scaffold.
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You who know in what nooks of the miserly earth

⁹ William Aggeler, *The Flowers of Evil* (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954)

A jealous God has hidden precious stones,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You whose clear eye sees the deep arsenals
Where the tribe of metals sleeps in its tomb,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You whose broad hand conceals the precipice
From the sleep-walker wandering on the building's ledge,
O Satan, take pity on my long
misery!

You who soften magically the old
bones

Of belated drunkards trampled by
the horses,

O Satan, take pity on my long
misery!

You who to console frail mankind
in its sufferings



Taught us to mix sulphur and saltpeter,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
You who put your mark, O subtle accomplice,
Upon the brow of Croesus, base and pitiless,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who put in the eyes and hearts of prostitutes
The cult of sores and the love of rags and tatters,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

Legendes de l'Anciente Testament recueilli, Collin de
Plancy (1860) <http://books.google.com>

Staff of those in exile, lamp of the inventor,
Confessor of the hanged and of conspirators,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!
Adopted father of those whom in black rage
— God the Father drove from the earthly paradise,
O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

Prayer

Glory and praise to you, O Satan, in the heights
Of Heaven where you reigned and in the depths
Of Hell where vanquished you dream in silence!
Grant that my soul may someday repose near to you
Under the Tree of Knowledge, when, over your brow,
Its branches will spread like a new Temple!

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

(Passage)

By William Blake (UK)

Proverbs of Hell

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.

The road of excess leads to the
palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid
courted by Incapacity.

He who desires but acts not, breeds
pestilence.

The cut worm forgives the plough.

Dip him in the river who loves
water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a
wise man sees.

He whose face gives no light shall never become a
star.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of folly are measured by the clock, but of
wisdom no clock can measure.

All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.



Hanging of Three Chelmsford Witches (English Pamphlet 1589).

Bring out number, weight and measure in a year of dearth.

No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.

A dead body revenges not injuries.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Folly is the cloak of knavery.

Shame is Pride's cloak

Devil at the river lobos' gorge

Por Daniel de Cullá (Spain)

“Devil, a bad Angel”

Gerineldo Fuencisla

From May's fresh evening, walking the river Lobos, in Soria,

(I'm fording it on foot any old how, by bad means)

I meet with a gentleman high from
height, normal body

Dressed with motley as a devil

My eyes in front with his eyes and the
rascal being familiar with

Because me as him, gluttoned with meat,
became friar.



He had khaki, discoloration of the green parts
from his feet

By short of light in the cove where he lives
behind hermitage

Where Templars come in the waste

Ge giving off aerated bubbles

Excited, heated, only hee-hawing

As obstinate or abdicating from someone or something

The Templar sentence:

Liber Floridus (Lille and Ninove, 1460), Lambert of St
Omer,

Me as You and You as me, devil joined ourselves”

Making me things of love

At that very moment making me a fuss of sly pricks

As insects with four membrane wings as four arms

Saying to me: Love Me so I can feel your breath on my nape

Arranged in that parts from the ass’ both worlds

Where the forked lines tend to set

‘The train of love on the right road”.

THE HELLXORCIST

Leave that body, Satan!

The Power of Christ compels you!



How I hate
crossovers!

The Power of Christ compels
you!
The Power of Christ compels
you!





Anthology:

Quasar, antología Hard SF

Autores: VV.AA.

Editorial: Nowe Volution

Colección: Volution

Resumen: Once escritores le van a transportar a futuros lejanos y más cercanos, a momentos posibles y creíbles de nuestro destino como seres humanos. Once visiones que harán que también sea capaz de afirmar: “Yo he visto cosas que vosotros no creeríais”.

*Leeremos un magnífico relato que especula con la centralización del poder hasta llegar al punto en que toda la autoridad y riqueza de la humanidad termina centralizada en un único ser humano.

*Encontraremos otra historia donde se desarrollan las posibilidades de la tecnología que permite, siempre que el usuario pueda costeársela, controlar o inhibir las emociones y sentimientos más primarios y atávicos.

*Nos adentramos en una sociedad autoritaria y decadente donde conviven humanos y androides.

*Continuamos con una inquietante historia donde se plasma el precio a pagar por la inmortalidad.

*Viajamos hasta Fobos, una de las lunas de Marte, siguiendo la pista de un desastre de proporciones planetarias que nos plantea una dolorosa pregunta: ¿Es posible proteger a la humanidad de su propia estupidez?



*Seguimos con una historia escrupulosamente narrada en términos científicos, totalmente alejada de los lugares comunes de invasiones y batallas espaciales, que expone desde un punto de vista inquietante el primer contacto con otra raza inteligente.

*Avanzamos hacia un futuro no demasiado lejano donde los avances tecnológicos proporcionan al ser humano confort, seguridad y bienestar. Sin embargo, una pequeña organización clandestina, no hace más que lanzar proclamas contra el progreso.

*Se nos presenta una utopía que plantea un dilema moral que cuestiona los cimientos de nuestra propia realidad política.

*Tendremos la posibilidad de acompañar a los miembros de la primera misión tripulada a Marte en una inquietante historia con un final sorprendente.

*No podía dejar de estar presente una magnífica historia de la primera diáspora espacial con demasiados interrogantes y muy pocas respuestas.

*Viviremos una historia que mezcla la distopía social con el despliegue de las corporaciones operando en el espacio. Tiene como curiosidad este relato que toda la narrativa técnica es una extrapolación de tecnologías existentes minuciosamente investigadas por el autor.

Relatos y Autores:

Seiscientas preguntas de Alberto González Ortiz.

Trabajadores en caída libre de Víctor M. Valenzuela.

Global Owen INC de Álvaro López León.

FIYW (Feel If You Want) de Ángel Mirallas Espallargas.

Donde empieza la vida de Héctor Rodríguez Paternáin.

C-HI de María Belén Montoro Cabello.

Aviso a la humanidad de Miguel Santander.

La reserva de Nieves Delgado.

Tecnofobia de Rubén Serrano.

La máquina moral de Sergio R. Alarte.

Paradise City de Víctor Selles.

<http://www.nowevolution.net/home/137-quasar-antologia-hard-sf.html>

Magazines:

Vuelo de Cuervos *Revista de terror, fantasía y ciencia ficción*

Dirección: Lorena Raven, Raven Pink y Soraya Murillo Hernández

Subdirección: Aitor Heras, David Carrasco

Ilustraciones de Begoña Fumero ArtWorks, Cecilia Gf,
Lorena Raven.

Maquetación y diseño: Lorena Raven

Portada Cecilia GF

Subportada Especial Begoña Fumero Artworks

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Disecionando asesinos en serie / Aitor Heras

En los ojos de isis / Isis De Habaton

El gore más gore / David Carrasco

Entrevista Tony Jiménez / Dorian Riper

Una de detectives / Alejandro Morales

El nido del pulp / Ana Morán Infiesta

Novela gráfica / David Carrasco

Microrelatos / Ángeles Mora, Nieves Guijarro Y Fayna Bethencourt

9 órbitas concéntricas y eléctricas / Laura Clemente

Corvux Córax / Marc Sabaté, Laura Clemente Y Nieves Guijarro

La Poesía / Juanma Nova García



Red Room (Series) / Laura Clemente

Reseña Especial Diario Ulises Z / Aitor Heras Rodríguez

Mitos, Leyendas Y Curiosidades / David Carrasco, Soraya Murillo Y Raven Pink

Graznidos En La Historia / Ana Arranz Sihaya

Experiencias más allá del nido / José Manuel Durán Martínez

Lugares Abandonados Y Malditos / Rosa Galdo Millán

Entrevista Juan De Dios Garduño / Aitor Heras Rodríguez

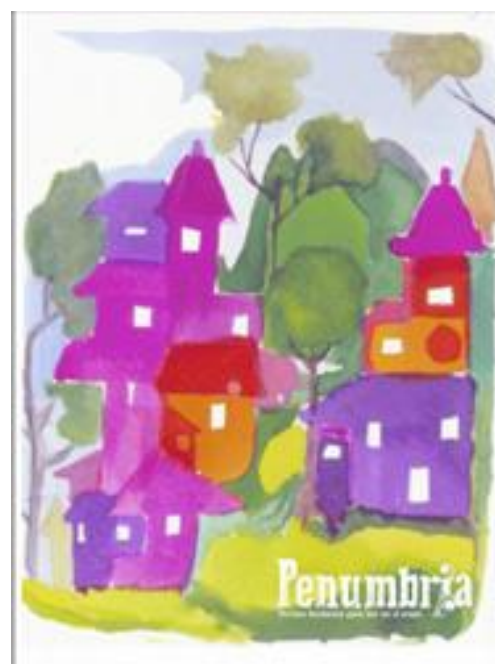
Arte macabro / Rosa Galdo Millán

Dark Love / Juanma Nova García

El coleccionista de sensaciones / Jack Winchester

Ilustradores / Alberto Góngora, Xavier Leperdú, Cecilia Gf, Begoña Fumero Artworks, Marco Gómez Gómez.

[http://issuu.com/vuelodecuervos/docs/especial_san_v
alentin_revista_n_2-2c5e16fd91fb6e](http://issuu.com/vuelodecuervos/docs/especial_san_v
alentin_revista_n_2-2c5e16fd91fb6e)



Penumbria *Revista fantástica para leer en el ocaso*

Dirección: Miguel Antonio Lupián Soto

Equipo Editorial: Ana Paula Rumualdo Flores, Adrián “Pok” Manero, Manuel Barroso Chávez, M. F. Wlathe, Francisco de León.

<http://www.penumbria.net>

www.facebook.com/Penumbria

revistapenumbria@gmail.com

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El Buque Maldito #23

ENTREVISTAS

Tommy Wirkola: Después del éxito obtenido con Dead Snow (Zombis Nazis), el realizador noruego resucita a sus peculiares muertos vivientes para confeccionar Dead Snow 2: Red Vs. Dead, ¡más explosiva todavía!

Soska Sisters: Las gemelas Jen & Sylvia Soska nos hablan en una extensa conversación sobre su adicción al cine de terror, a los videojuegos, y el difícil mundo de la dirección cinematográfica.

Mirta Miller: La actriz argentina nos relata su llegada a España en la década de los sesenta y su posterior asentamiento en el cine fantástico y de terror español gracias a sus trabajos en films tan emblemáticos como Doctor Jekyll y el hombre lobo, La rebelión de las muertas o El gran amor del conde Drácula.

Tina Sainz: Entrevista en exclusiva con la actriz Tina Sainz acerca de su trabajo en el mítico film de León Klimovsky La saga de los Drácula.

Diana Conca: Sus diversos trabajos a las órdenes del realizador catalán Ignacio F. Iquino condujo a la actriz a formar parte del elenco de una de las cintas más psicotrópicas del cine de terror estatal de la década de los ochenta: Secta siniestra.

ARTÍCULOS

Sergio Martino: Tutti il colore del giallo: Análisis centrado en su trabajo dentro de tan extraordinario género y que viene complementado con una entrevista al realizador italiano.

La saga de los Drácula, vampiros decadentes: Diseccionamos el primer film de la trilogía vampírica de León Klimovsky.

Secta siniestra: Amenaza satánica en Castelldefels: Satán e Iquino se alían en una cinta audaz y kamikaze. ¡De obligada reivindicación!



Por último, comunicar que el próximo sábado 4 de julio a las 12h., y dentro del marco del Cryptshow Festival 2015, vamos a estar presentando este nuevo número del fanzine en el espacio La Cooperativa Cor de Marina, situado en la Rambla de Badalona, número 12.

Pedidos y más información: elbuquemaldito_zine@hotmail.com

www.elbuquemaldito.com

E-books:

Embrujo: A Supernatural Thriller

Autor: Tony Báez Milán

Sinopsis: Por años, un impulso extraño e inexplicable ha trazado sobre tres participantes a una reunión que nunca debió completarse. Durante siglos, las razones de esto se han mantenido oculto. Un lugar con la cantidad justa de bueno, pero cubierto con una porción exacta del mal, y al final el pueblo de Embrujo es encontrado.

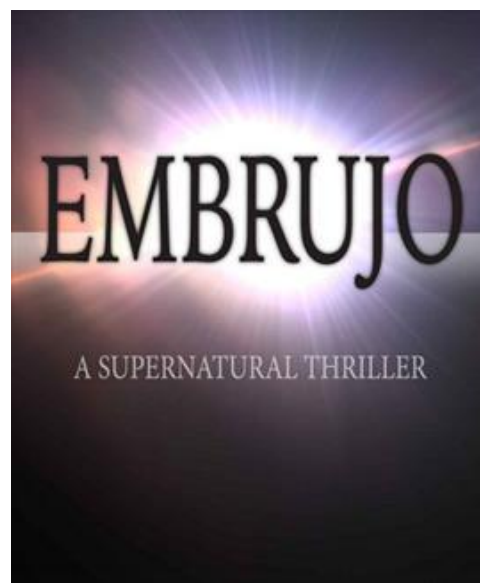
Amanda, Carl y Víctor son los participantes involuntarios en la resolución de este antiguo misterio, en un pueblo que ha esperado durante mucho tiempo su destino.

De Tony Báez Milán escribe una oscura historia de suspense y descubrimiento que hará las delicias y rechazar a aquellos que se atreven visitar Embrujo...

http://www.amazon.com/Embrujo-Supernatural-Tony-B%C3%A1ez-Mil%C3%A1nebook/dp/B00YLVD808/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1434970994&sr=8-1&keywords=tony+baez+milan

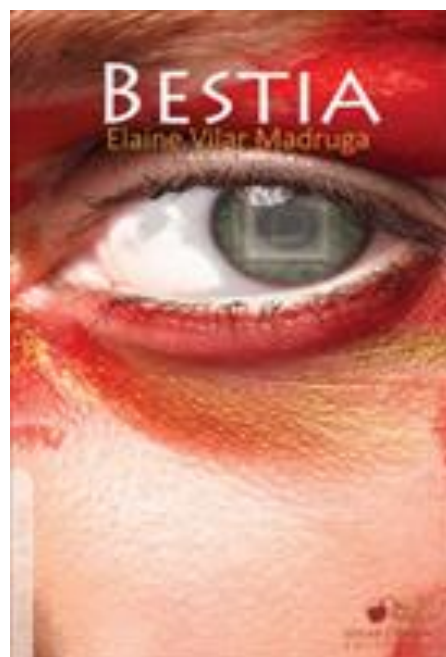
Bestia

Autor: Elaine Vilar Madruga



Editorial: Lugar Común, Colección Ojo de Vidrio (2015)

Sinopsis: Olave es cuentista y poeta; acaso una imagen de la autora de esta novela donde amor, realidad, ciencia-ficción y fantástico se entremezclan en un calidoscopio de leyendas urbanas futuristas y cuentos de fantasía clásica. ¿Es posible comprar la imaginación de una artista? ¿Cuál es el misterio que oculta el tecnócrata Barba Azul tras la puerta de la llave de oro? El cristal del espejo mágico, pronto a romperse, nos lanzará a un universo de ensueños y pesadillas. La supervivencia no es opción cuando la búsqueda del amor verdadero se impone. Un cyborg, con rasgos stalker, convertido en despiadado asesino, enfrentará un mundo cyber-punk en pos de su musa, su propietaria y diosa Olave.



Eric Flores Taylor (Escritor cubano de ciencia-ficción y fantasía)

Bestia es la nueva novela de ciencia ficción que presenta Elaine Vilar Madruga: obra llena de acción, intertextualidades, dolor y belleza. Piénsese en un lienzo donde un maestro pintor escoge y mezcla magistralmente los colores, historias y acciones de los protagonistas para crear un argumento estremecedor. En las páginas de esta novela, el lector podrá encontrar una perfecta mezcla de misterio, terror psicológico, gore, magia y tecnología. Los tan recordados personajes de los cuentos de hadas cambian sus rostros y se transforman en la mayor pesadilla: es la pérdida de un mundo conocido donde la autora trastoca la belleza de estos instantes en la más hermosa imagen de la crueldad. Abel Guelmes Roblejo (Escritor cubano de fantasía y realismo)

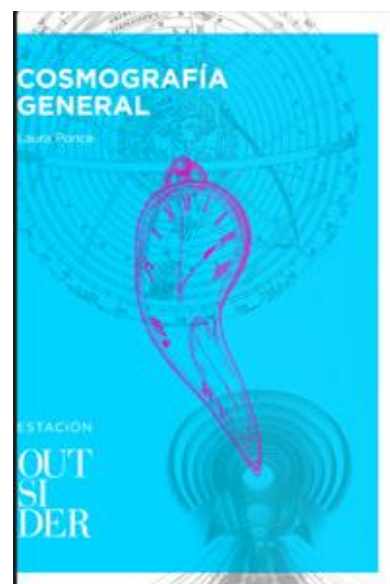
http://www.amazon.ca/Bestia-Spanish-Elaine-Vilar-Madruga-ebook/dp/B00ZPQ0KSG/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1434392600&sr=8-1&keywords=bestia%2C+elaine+vilar+madruga

Cosmografía general

Autor: Laura Ponce

Sinopsis: Desde 1915, con la publicación de la Relatividad General, decir pasado se parece a decir presente y a decir futuro. Ya no hay flecha del tiempo, ya no hay adelante y atrás, y los relojes pueden derretirse.

En los cuentos de Cosmografía general, Laura Ponce opta por hacer pie en el futuro y doblarlo sobre sí mismo. Aquí, en estas cosmografías, el futuro se convierte en presente cuando el viento de otro planeta te pega en la cara, o cuando te enamoras de un ser alado, en una atmósfera que te resulta ajena. Aquí, el futuro se convierte también en pasado, cuando se te aparece Buenos Aires, aunque con más años y más extrañezas, o cuando las adicciones y las fobias humanas de siempre se constatan hacia adelante.



Novels:

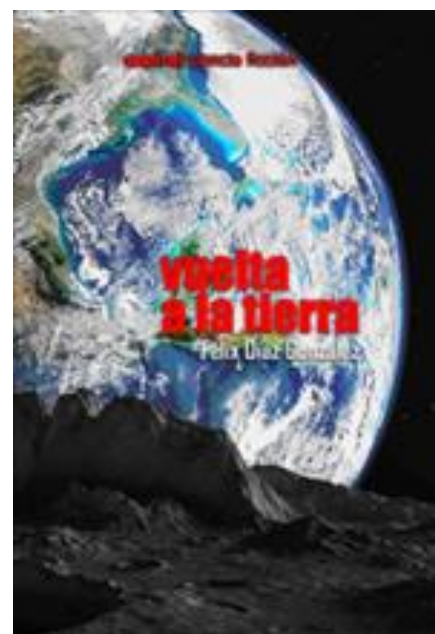
Vuelta a la tierra

Autor: Félix Díaz González

Editorial: Espiral Ciencia Ficción, nº 56

Sinopsis: IMPACTO. Su descubridor fue un experto cazador de cometas. Ni siquiera necesitó la confirmación de otro especialista, pues Alexei Turmanov disponía de un buen equipo de observación. El Turmanov-21 fue aceptado sin dificultad por la Unión Astronómica Internacional (UAI).

Parecía un cometa más... hasta que se pudo trazar la órbita con todo detalle. Era un NEO, es decir un objeto que se aproximaría muchísimo a la Tierra.



¡Y tanto que se acercaría! Según los mejores cálculos realizados, el día 24/8/2029 el cometa Turmanov-21 impactaría contra la Tierra, con mucha probabilidad en algún lugar del Océano Pacífico.

Sobre el autor: Félix Díaz González nació en Caracas. Actualmente reside en La Laguna, Tenerife.

Estudió Química en la Universidad de La Laguna, y más tarde Ciencia y Tecnología de los Alimentos. También es Técnico en Informática de Gestión.

Actualmente es profesor de Secundaria, rama de Formación Profesional de Imagen Personal, que ejerce en el IES La Laguna, en la ciudad de Agüere (La Laguna).

Desde los años '80 del siglo pasado ha participado en diversos fanzines de ciencia ficción. De esa época son sus primeras publicaciones: Alma de Perro en la revista Nueva Dimensión e Historia de Draco, cuento infantil publicado por CajaCanarias en la colección Historia de Draco y otros cuentos infantiles.

Título: La Guerra de los Imperfectos

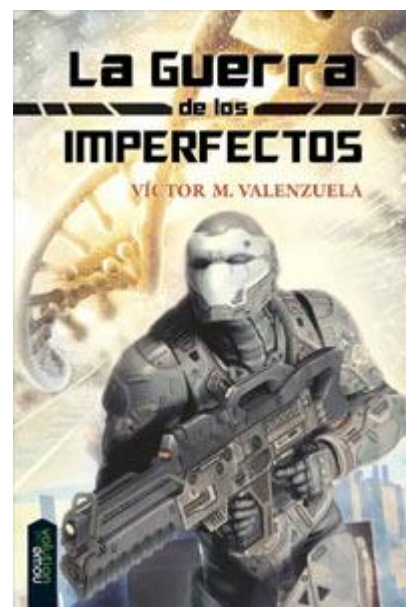
Autor: Víctor M. Valenzuela

Editorial: Nowe volution

Colección: Volution

Sinopsis: ¿Imaginas una sociedad donde la esperanza de vida la define el dinero que tienes? Te llevamos a esa sociedad, en un futuro muy cercano.

La guerrera más temida de la Resistencia y un bibliotecario reconvertido en soldado de élite, son nuestros protagonistas. BioCorp es la empresa que maneja los hilos a nivel mundial, los hijos de las élites son creados a la carta; perfectos, longevos y sin taras genéticas.



Los humanos normales son sus esclavos, su mano de obra, sus ejecutores. Solo tienen en su contra a la Resistencia, el grupo de liberación del conocimiento perdido.

Te sumergirás en pequeñas historias que van tejiendo poco a poco el declive de la democracia y el alzamiento de una nueva casta dominante: Los Homo+, los vencedores de la Aceleración y sus esclavos los Imperfectos, hombres normales con los genes de nuestros antepasados.

Aunque los principales protagonistas pueden ser considerados soldados y la obra narra una guerra desigual, esta novela no intenta centrarse en la violencia ni en las armas. Al contrario, pretende reflejar hasta dónde puede pervertirse una sociedad, hasta qué abismo pueden ser empujados los desposeídos por los poderosos. La principal fuerza de los combatientes de la

Resistencia no reside en sus armas, está en su humanidad y en su capacidad de amar y sentir empatía por los demás.

Poetry:

Título: Juntas / Juntas

Autores: VV.AA.

Selección: Doris Valero

Colección: Fora de col·lecció

Sinopsis: Multitud de autoras y autores aportan píldoras de microliteratura, de géneros diversos, al tercer volumen con que el Instituto Universitario de Estudios Feministas y de Género Purificación Escribano quiere responder al desafío por la erradicación de la violencia contra las mujeres

http://www.tienda.uji.es/pls/iglu/!GCPPA00.GCP PR0002?id_art=1449&lg=ES



About Writers & Illustrators:

Directors:

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

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) potter, photographer and illustrator. Been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Red Magazine Science Fiction, Axxón, NGC3660, ICTP Portal Magazine Digital miNatura, Brief not so brief, chemically impure, Wind flashes, Letters to dream, Predicate. com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog's count stories, book Monelle 365 contes, etc.). He has written

under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages multiple blogs, two of them related to Magazine Digital miNatura who co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story publication.

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

Writers:

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

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

Book single original woodblock artist with illustrated poems.

<http://hilodeariadnagrace.blogspot.com>

Balián, Violeta (Argentina) Studied History and Humanities at SFSU. In Washington, D.C. contributed as a freelance writer to Washington Woman and for 10 years was Editor in Chief for The Violet Gazette, a quarterly botanical review.

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunken and its digital version through Amazon.com. Balián is also one of the 28 Latin American writers participating in Primeros Exiliados (First Exiles) a ci-fi anthology to be published in Argentina in March 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.co>

Baudelaire, Charles Pierre (April 9, 1821 – August 31, 1867) was a French poet who also produced notable work as an essayist, art critic, and pioneering translator of Edgar Allan Poe.

His most famous work, *Les Fleurs du mal* (The Flowers of Evil), expresses the changing nature of beauty in modern, industrializing Paris during the

19th century. Baudelaire's highly original style of prose-poetry influenced a whole generation of poets including Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud and Stéphane Mallarmé among many others. He is credited with coining the term "modernity" (*modernité*) to designate the fleeting, ephemeral experience of life in an urban metropolis, and the responsibility art has to capture that experience.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_Baudelaire

Bazán, Patricio G. (Argentina, 1965) writer and illustrator.

Blake, William (28 November 1757 – 12 August 1827) was an English poet, painter, and printmaker. Largely unrecognised during his lifetime, Blake is now considered a seminal figure in the history of the poetry and visual arts of the Romantic Age. His prophetic poetry has been said to form "what is in proportion to its merits the least read body of poetry in the English language". His visual artistry led one contemporary art critic to proclaim him "far and away the greatest artist Britain has ever produced". In 2002, Blake was placed at number 38 in the BBC's poll of the 100 Greatest Britons. Although he lived in London his entire life (except for three years spent in

Felpham), he produced a diverse and symbolically rich oeuvre, which embraced the imagination as "the body of God" or "human existence itself".

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Blake

Brito, Paulo (Barcelos, Portugal) writes poetry and short stories from his 15 years by a need for mental health. In 2013 he decided to release their stories.

Caballero Álvarez, Mari Carmen (Spain, 55 years old) I posted in various paper microstories to be selected in several competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN), Esmeralda (Savory Snacks II, ACEN) and Spurs (Savory Snacks III). Your Name (Cachitos Love III). Equality (Cachitos love IV)

In the resulting anthology of III contest Isonomía, she posted a story of my authorship: Faces of counterfeit currency.

Lost Shadow (Creative Lots, Literary Diversity) and was Truth (Lots Soul also Literary Diversity). Literary Storm is another micro I sent to the contest theme Free Pen, Ink and Paper, complementing the selection of works Pen, Ink and Paper II, the collective Diversity Literary organizes and promotes. Yearning Autumn, Fall

and Winter event. Cuneiform writing (Once upon a time ... a micro story). Textual (Sensations and senses). Ultratrueno (Microterrores)

Several copies of the digital magazine shows some stories Minatura and my articles - Steampa (Steampunk), Scared to Death (Stephen King) Towards Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (Phobias), Petrolibros (Ray B. Douglas) A chalk Pokes (Vampires). Operation: Warm (Spy Fi). Licantrosapiencia ... Viva la Science! (Lycanthropy). No dyes or preservatives (dossier immortality). Lights and Shadows (Area 51). Prototypes, prequels and sequels (Serie B). Normal, abnormal and paranormal (Paranormal).

In the XI International Competition fantastic micro story of Minatura I finalist with the story The Three Shadows Devil. Another selection has been the of the Fantástics 12 competition by the slang library, in the book Venus Grim Reaper appears selected my story: Fair.

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

Caliyuri, Ana Maria (Ayacucho, Argentina, 1955) Presently he is living in Tandil, Buenos Aires, Argentina. She is a member of SADE, CEDAR, REMES. Poems POSTED: Perennial

heartbeat. Spanish / Italian bilingual book, Italia 2007. Words / Parole. Bilingual poems, Editorial SEOL Bilbao, Spain, 2009. Autumn Sun / Sole d'autunno, bilingual poems. Argentina, 2010; Safo and his temple / Saffo e il suo tempio, Publisher of the three gaps, Argentina, 2011. Participation in numerous anthologies in Spain, Italy, Mexico, Argentina. Particular mention Nosside 2011. Mention Award of Honor Award Tra le parole e l'infinito, 2011. Finalist in short story. Award in Junin country 2011. First prize in the foreign section of the VIII International Edition Tra le parole and l'infinito, Italy (2007). Prize for literary criticism IX Edition Tra le parole and l'infinito, Italy. (2008) Winner of the contest The Voice of the written word and poetry SEOL publisher "Words", 2008, Alfonsina Storni Universe. Unicen-Bicentennial, 2010. Second position in Tra le parole Award and l'infinito, 2010. Second position in International Competition Talent Seekers 2009/10.

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

Castejón, María L. (Madrid, Spain, 1973),

literature fan in general, and the erotic and horror in particular.

He has been a finalist in the 2007 story Avalon, erotic poetry Contest II Red Owl, II International Poetry Competition 2010 Fantastic miNatura well as micro story VII International Competition Fantastic miNatura 2009.

His work has appeared in various publications online and in print journals in both Spanish and English.

Currently working on her first novel, and a haiku poems with Mar del Valle Seoane illustrator. He lives in Dublin, Ireland.

<http://stiletto.crisopeya.eu/>

De Cullá, Daniel (España, 1955) is a writer, poet, and photographer. He is also a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He's moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain. He has more than 70 published Books.

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain) has written several short stories published in the Annual Cultural Magazine The Truce. Short story

published in the Anthology of Time II Editorial hypallage. Tales short story published in the anthology to smile Publishing hypallage. Story published in the book Atmospheres, 100 stories to the world. Short story published in the anthology More stories in Editorial hypallage smile. Finalist I nonsexist Literary Short Story Competition Traditional Children convened by the Commonwealth Zona Centrode Extremadura with the story: An inconsequential story and published in the book I Story Contest rewritten from a Gender Perspective. Contest Finalist Anthology of Short Fiction "LVDLPEI" (Voice of the International Written Word) with the story: Segismundo, published in the book I Hispanoamericana Short Narrative Anthology. Short story published in the anthology Free yourself up to you! Publishing hypallage. Story published in The Inkwell Publishing Atlantis. Giants short story published in the Editorial Liliput Atlantis. Children's story published in the book It Could Happen to you. Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 3rd Primary, Education, Editorial Santillana. Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 4th Primary, Editorial Santillana. Story

included in the anthology 400 words, fiction, Publisher Letradepalo.

Domínguez, Peter (Mayagüez, Puerto Rico) is a novel writer boricua, he was born in Puerto Rico but grew up and lives in Dominican Republic.

Perhaps then define their nationality as a Dominican. Studying a Bachelor of Arts at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo [UASD].

He began his career publishing in Blogzine, Zothique The Last Continent, where are hung two seasons of his Light Novel Japanese style "Damned Angel : Genesis" free and fantastic of the Christian Jude tradition recreation in a context of Luciferian ambition, wars conquest and religious geopolitics. Right now developed a series of short science fiction stories, some individual and others belonging to the same universe, in which the robotic Space Opera tradition and traditional style are intertwined.

Titles like "De biorobotics and moral"; "From the planet without shadow," and "Requiem for a dead world" are some who billed. He has also collaborated with several stories for the magazine MiNatura.

Federici, Carlos M. (Montevideo, Uruguay, 1941) Has been a professional writer since 1961. His work has been published in magazines from Uruguay, America and Europe, and translated into various languages. He has contributed to international anthologies and has published 13 books, some of these second editions from different publishers (9 titles originally). Federici has won numerous prizes in national and international competitions.

La orilla roja, 1972

Mi trabajo es el crimen, 1974

Avoir du chien et être au parfum, 1976

Dos caras para un crimen, 1982

Goddeu-\$ - Los ejecutivos de Dios, 1989

Umbral de las tinieblas, 1990

El asesino no las quiere rubias, 1991

Cuentos policiales, 1993

El nexu de Maeterlinck, 1993

Llegar a Khordoora, 1994

Fontanarrosa, Sebastián Ariel (Argentina)

writer of short stories, and novels, microstories fantasy and terror. Manage my personal blog T-imagine reading. Minatura N126 contributor

Magazine, Magazine Avalon enigmas and mysteries. Writer own cartoon "Philosophy Pediculosa". "Juan" (Justice SA), awarded with honors work and publication of 3000 copies by Editorial Zone. Editorial same Novel Art selected to integrate its anthology work. "A pit" work awarded special mention for meritorious publishing author Tenth Muse pageant, plus other short fiction works selected in various international competitions.

I count three unpublished novels and a catalog of over thirty stories.

Fortanet, Elena (Spain) poet and writer. Poetry competitions. March 2012. Selection of the poem "Amor prohibido" for the book "Memoria y euforia" of the II poetry Prize Amatoria, Gozoso y Erótica Editorial Hipálage "In November 2011 Semifinalist in the poetry contest March 2011. Selection of the poem "Passion" for the book "from fiery verses" the First Prize of love poetry, Gozoso y Erótica organized by the Editorial Hipálage "Wanted Quixote" organized by the Centre of Poetic Studies in Madrid.. in February 2011. Semifinalist in the poetry contest "Vivo sin vivir en mi" organized by the Centre of Poetic Studies in Madrid.

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973)

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

<http://sites.google.com/site/salomeguadalupei/ingelmo/>

Lerner, Ada Ines (Argentina) has published in 2001 the storybook "La Cuadra Widows" which in 2003 received the Strip of Honor of the Writers Society Bonaerenses from La Plata. She collaborated with various literary magazines: *Our Place*, *Destiario*, *Pen and 'rooster*, *Labyrinths*, *Magazine South Archives of Araceli Otamendi* and *South Archives of bonaerenses writers*. She has won the category finalist and she has been awarded participation in the anthologies: *Immigrants and emigrants - Edinexus - Malaga - Spain*, *III Story Contest and Poetry of Art and Culture Merlo - Buenos Aires*, *Competition Macedonio Fernández - Osmecon CMLZ - Buenos Aires*, *Microfiction Moncada Radio - Catalonia - Spain*, *A: C: IS Provincial Arts and Literature N° 35 - Monte Grande - Buenos Aires*, *Platelet Group Editor: "The stone in a sling" - San Juan*, *II Anthology of Poets Morón - Buenos Aires*, *Anthology "Universe Roberto Arlt" University Center - Tandil*. She has participated in these anthologies: *"Cries and Silences"*, *"Globalization and Barbarism"*, *"The Ladies of Square Table"*, *"The Lake"*, *"Wakefiel and other texts."* She has

won several literary prizes. She coordinates writing workshops in Ituzaingó since 2004. She serves as a juror in short story and poetry contests. Since 1999 belongs to the group "Authors Argentinos", coordinated by Maria Amelia Diaz (essayist and poet).

www.decuentosypoemas.blogspot.com

López Manzano, Pedro (Murcia, Spain, 1977), Computers engineer, director, screenwriter and editor, collaborates with articles and tales in some magazines, websites and in his own blog Cree lo que quieras. As a writer he has been winner of the A. C. Forjadores 2014 and finalist in contests like I Terbi, Cosecha Eñe 2011 or IV Ovelles Elèctriques and selected for anthologies like 2099, Ácronos, Visiones 2012 and 2014, Calabazas en el Trastero 10 and 14, or Crónicas de Tinieblas.

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, Chile, 1967), narrator. Geographer by profession. Since 1998 lives in Lebu. His interest lies in CF television serials of the '70s and '80s. In fantasy literature, is the work of Brian Anderson Elantris and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the seventh Andromeda Award Speculative Fiction, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011, Grave robbers and the

III Terbi Award Thematic Story Space travel without return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with Guinea pig. He has collaborated on several occasions in Minatura Digital Magazine and in recent time, the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous.

Marcos Roldán, Francisco Manuel (Spain) has worked in various online publications as miNatura and his writings have appeared in various anthologies.

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

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

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

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

www.eleclipsedegylledraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguera 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba EventFiction 2003 Award "Rationale "2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation,

International Competition" The Revelation", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition" Wave Polygon", Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

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

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

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

<http://zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com>

Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo (Havana, Cuba, 1973) Degree in Philology. Editor-corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the

anthology Reino Eterno (Letras Cubanas, 2000), Secretos del Futuro (Sed de Belleza, 2005) and Crónicas del Mañana and the Digital Magazines fantasy and science fiction miNatura and Disparo en Red.

Prize was the Short Story Competition and finalist 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.

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

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

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

Ortega Pardo, Carlos (Spain, 32 years of age), writer.

Giacomo. Published novel (Tandaia, 2014); Orgasmo-ficción. Micro account included in erotic-romantic tales 150 (ArtGerust, 2014); Muslos Blancos y Quevedo se va de putas. Poems including 150 poems. Tribute to Pablo Neruda (ArtGerust, 2014); Desertor. Stories account included in an hourglass (E-Ditarx, 2015); El gato. Micro 150 Microfiction story included in horror. Tribute to Edgar Allan Poe (ArtGerust, 2015)

Journals:

FACTUM (No. 11, 12); Las cuatro estaciones (# 1); miNatura (# 142) no bone.

Bookersblog.com collaborator. Three articles published to date: Roberto Bolaño, Pasiones juveniles and Un paseo por la Feria del Libro.

Nosoyuncritico.com website collaborator, film criticism.

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico) writer, actor and movie maker. I do a short film named Ana Claudia de los Santos for You tube. Work in the tv series A2D3 by Ramón Valdez and Carne cruda in you tube, extra in the Gloria film.

Saldívar, Carlos Enrique (Lima, Peru, 1982) He studied Literature at the UNFV. He is director of the print magazine Argonauts and the fanzine The Horla. Also he is a member of the editorial board of the fanzine Black Hole (virtual), those publications are devoted to Fantasy Literature. He is a member of the editorial board of the fanzine Black Hole (virtual). He is on the editorial committee of fanzine Tiny Cubed (virtual). He was a finalist of the Andromeda of speculative fiction awards 2011 in the category: short story. He was finalist of the I Contest of Microfictions of the Texts Abducidores that was organized by this group. He was a finalist of the First Competition of Horror Tale Peruvian Lovecraft Historical Society.

He has published three books: Stories of Science Fiction (2008), Fantasy horizons (2010) and The other monster (2012). He has compiled the selections Murder of Crows: Peruvian tales of horror and suspense (2011) and Angels of Darkness: Peruvian stories of demons (2013)

www.fanzineelhorla.blogspot.com

Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cadiz, Spain, 1977). Degree in Nautical Studies and Maritime Transport. Currently working as a freelance former merchant marine courses which I manage from the facebook page "Training Nautica Cadiz".

Why I write asking me some? At my age I do not get anything and I started late, easy, help me to avoid me, I make my normally dispersed thoughts and focus on everything, and this is really important, because I like.

I have published stories in magazines like miNatura, Pífano Fanzine, Anima Barda, y Los Zombies No Saben Leer. Collaborated as columnist in "El Guardián de Latvería" the Bay of Cadiz Journal Digital column and previously in the "Santa Santorum" section of the website of the Carnival of Cadiz.

A great lover of comics, for years I manage Facebook group "La Mazmorra de Latveria". And now I publish reviews in the cultural section of the aforementioned Journal.

Other publications of the genre far I've made are the development and revision of manuals for maritime training.

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

Silver Suárez -seud.- (Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Canary Islands, Spain, 1975) Consider chemical and computer science profession to which I devote myself now, so we can deduce that was always clearly science, however always I drew a lot of literature, music and all the arts in general, so I started reading HP Lovecraft, Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Edgar Allan Poe, and all creepy comics that fell into my hands, and all music I could, of all styles that exist, which always my love of science fiction, as well as art in general was as present as science.

Today game to write stories and composing symphonies, I do not know if I ever really get it, but it seems very entertained the try.

Illustrator:

Pag. 56 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina). *See Writer.*

Pag. 23 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina),
illustrator.

Pag. 94 Duchiewicz, Sandra (UK), illustrator/
concept artist

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

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

Pag. 40, 60 Fortanet, Elena (Spain). *See Writers.*

Pag. 01 García Alcaraz, Ángel (Puerto de Sagunto, Valencia, Spain, 1966), illustrator.

Of humble and hardworking family always wanted to be a cartoonist, colorist, painter or illustrator. Self-taught as a child, he was a great admirer of the comic world. Since always he obsessed the idea that if something must draw liked to, somehow, I internalize it and then remove it as their own. He loved the idea that I could take that piece of anything he wanted. It was how she met beauty and learned to take it little by little until it knew how to live without it.

As the first comic sketches from his comic (Electra), which would develop between the boring

old school High School. His other comics that would develop later are: "Stories of yesterday and today," Ephemeral contact "and" lesson ", the latter from a script created by Arnau brothers.

During his military service he came his first commissions from peers and friends ranch, which he would seek a good drawing that distinguished his "backpack" sailor. Later came more orders and had to start valuing their time and begin to put a price on his works that would allow at least replenish the material used and make a snack in the canteen. Although his best reward was to see his comrades, after swearing flag, enjoy the holiday leave and return to their homes, accompanied by their backpacks campaign with a good drawing to distinguish carriers and customize. All proud yes sir.

After completing military service he continued studying and drawing on their own. In 1991 he participated in a comic contest and the prize will be invited to visit the Parliament in Strasbourg to present their comics along with other participants on the environment.

To get a degree in physical therapy realized that what he liked most was the subject of anatomy, especially the anatomical drawing but was

kinesiology which made him understand the dynamics that describes the anatomy of these bodies in motion. When he finished his studies that he was a great help to draw in a more conscious and detailed in his later works.

Currently it complements its ongoing process of training practicing sculpture in clay, making oils and other painting techniques such as etching and tests new digital technologies to drawing and painting.

Contributes to make posters with different subjects.

He has worked selflessly repeatedly with magazines such as "Planets Prohibited" and in any cover of James Crawford Publishing and participated in anthologies such as "Chronicles of the Dragon" editorial Kelonia and lately with Ratcatcher in "Demonalia" a charity anthology Children with functional disabilities.

<http://angelotti37.deviantart.com/>

Pag. 68 Puyana Domínguez, José Manuel (Cadiz, Spain) illustrator, graphic designer and columnist.

Degree in History, although professionally dedicated to graphic design and illustration, I

work both in Spain and in Portugal (Lisbon) and won some awards, including first prize in the "National Contest Fernando Quiñones." Currently I am a freelance illustration, from games to making illustrations for books, and I write articles and do comedy for the Bay of Cadiz CEFYC Association Journal and strips. As a lover of fantasy literature, science fiction and comic books, I write my own blog on these topics, entitled "Memoirs of a Morlock"

<http://memoriasdeunmorlock.com/>

Pag. 21 Rubert. Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years

ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics.

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

Pág. 18 Sabbas Apterus —seud.— (Slovak Republic) Freelance artist/ Ilustrador.

<http://apterus.deviantart.com>

<http://apterus.cqsociety.org>

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 Aquelarre / Ángel García Alcaraz (Spain); Pág. 18 Crowgod / Sabbas Apterus —seud.— (Slovak Republic); Pag. 21 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Among us / Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Pag. 23 Dos perros negros / Miriam Ascúa (Argentina); Pag. 40 La lucha por la vida / Elena Fortanet (Spain); Pag. 52 El castillo / Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina); Pag. 60 Fantasma / Elena Fortanet (Spain); Pag. 68 The Hellxorcist / José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain); Pag. 94 Unlimited / Sandra Duchiewicz (UK).

