

MINIATURE

The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977

*Joni
2008.*

One very early May morning,
I was in front of the safe trying
on the crown. The diamonds
glowed like fire when I looked
at myself in the mirror and the
heavy beaten gold burned like
a halo around my head. I



remembered Camilla's scream of agony
and the terrible words that echoed in the
twilight streets of Carcosa.

Robert W. Chambers

○○○

I need you. To you, dear soul of my
dark past. "She pressed herself close to
him so much that her breath brushed his
eyes, and her voice literally sang when
she said," I have you, because you love
me and you are completely at my mercy.

Algernon Blackwood, *Ancient Sorceries
and Other Weird Stories*

○○○
When everyone is at war, a
fantasy inventor is, heaven
knows, a despicable creature.

Arthur Machen

○○○

Against my own fear I

invented fear for others.

Julio Cortazar

○○○

All construction is made with materials
of demolition, and nothing is new in this
world but the forms. "

Marcel Schwob

○○○

Anyone can tell some kind of story; the
narrative is one of the elementary powers
of the race. But the talent for description
is weird.

Ambrose Bierce

The Office of Time Universe

I have the heart of a child. I keep it
in a jar on my shelf

Robert Bloch (1917-1994)

The good Benedictine of Augustin
Calmet (Mesnil-la-Horgne, near
Commercy, in 1672. He would die in
Paris (1757) never had to write his
*Traité sur les apparitions des esprits
et sur vampires ou les revenants de
Hongrie, de Moravie, etc (1751)*, in it
he said:

*Another of the creatures of the night in
Greek culture will be the empusa, starting
from the definition of Aristophanes¹,
identifying them as "avidly seductive female
demons", a concept probably taken to Greece*

¹ «The filthy demons called Empusas daughters
of Hecate, (...) disguise themselves as beautiful
bitches, cows or maidens, and in the last form they
sleep with men at night or during the siesta, and
suck their vital forces until they die »Aristófanes:
Frogs and Parliament of the women and Papyri
Magici Graeci.

April, May, June #161 2018

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

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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).

We respect the copyright to continuous power of
their creators.

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m.es/](http://bibliotecadelnostromominatura.blogspot.com.es/)

from Palestine, where they were called lilim (daughters of Lilith) and it was believed that they had donkey legs, because the donkey symbolizes lasciviousness and cruelty. The empusas, like all these creatures of the night, were succubus demons.

His words fueled the imagination of John William Polidori, creator of *The Vampire*, and Sheridan Le Fanu his famous *Carmilla*, nor had Bram Stoker ever thought of writing the diaries and epistles that constitute *Dracula*.

It is interesting to speak, finally, of the erinias, malevolent demons called again Eunnémides, that the Greeks considered divine beings, born of the blood of the testicles of Uranus, eager for blood, that fed on this vital substance and were devourers of children and men. They lived in the gloom and had been born in the night.

Once again his phrases expand through the dream universe until they reach Lovecraft. Definitely, the abbot should never write this treatise.

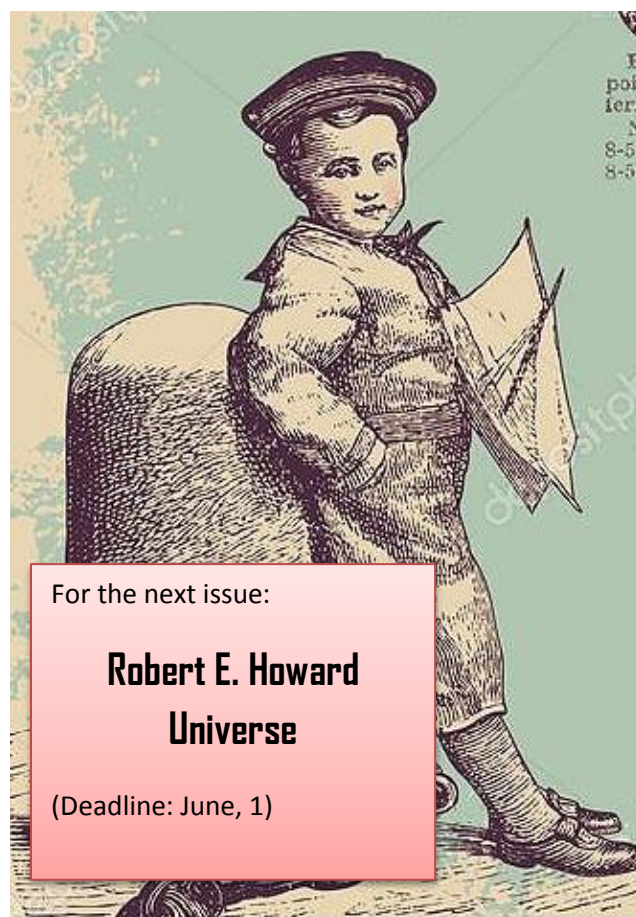
We want in this issue of the digital magazine miNatura to congratulate

the winner and finalists of our X International Competition of Poetry Fantastic miNatura 2018 and to draw the foundations of the XVI International Competition of Michoacán Fantastic miNatura 2018.

To thank as always the excellent work of our illustrators:

Jordi Bayarri (Spain); Catarina Teixeira (Portugal); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico) and Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain).

The directors





Acta del jurado del X Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2018

Reunidos los votos del Jurado del X Certamen Internacional de Poesía
Fantástica miNatura 2018, formado por:

Manel Aljama (Narrador, España)

Lynette Mabel Pérez (Narradora y poeta, Puerto Rico)

Antonio Mora Vélez (Narrador y poeta, Colombia)

Elaine Vilar Madruga (Narradora y poeta, Cuba)

Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Narradora, España)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Poeta y narrador, Cuba)

Tras la lectura de los 77 poemas presentados, que provenientes de diferentes nacionalidades, a saber:

14 argentinos

1 brasileño

5 chilenos

4 colombianos

5 cubanos

1 cubano-chileno

2 ecuatorianos

23 españoles

1 italiano

12 mexicanos

1 peruano

1 portugués

1 dominicano

2 uruguayos

4 venezolanos

Un año más, el jurado señala la dificultad que ha supuesto la selección del grupo representativo del que salió el poema ganador en esta décima edición del

certamen. Felicitamos a todos los participantes por el interés prestado y naturalmente les invitamos a que sigan presentándose a nuestras convocatorias.

En breve verá la luz el dossier especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al X Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2018 (Revista Digital miNatura 162) en la que serán publicados tanto el poema ganador como los finalistas, un número especial que contará con la colaboración de un excelente ilustrador. Tanto el ganador de este certamen como los finalistas recibirán por correo electrónico, a la dirección que nos han facilitado, diploma acreditativo de su participación en el concurso.

El jurado del X Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2018 proclama como ganador del certamen el poema:

CRÓNICA NIXE Seudónimo: Dhako Autor: Amilcar Rodríguez Cal (Cuba)

En palabras de Antonio Mora Vélez destacado escritor colombiano y miembro de nuestro jurado: “**Crónica de Nixe** es un hermoso y maravilloso poema que nos cuenta la historia de amor de un rey guerrero que habita en un mundo medieval, quien le entrega a una hermosa y mágica mujer que emerge de las aguas y lo deslumbra, todos sus conocimientos (“*profecías, sortilegios oscuros que dominaban los diluvios y las sequías*”) y su poder de dominación sobre reyes, generales, caballeros y Señores de la Llanura. Está trabajado con metáforas que no solo embellecen el texto sino que ambientan el traslado de la trama, de por sí fantástica, no solo a otro tiempo sino a otro espacio, lo que constituye el “*novum*” de la ciencia-ficción. El lenguaje es limpio y sin rebuscamientos con abundantes topónimos y connotaciones que recrean la historia del poema e identifican al personaje y su entorno; además, en más de un

verso hay que detenerse para contemplar su belleza. El final es “*terrific*”, un símil que estremece, hecho con el *huevo de fénix* y que alude a la eternidad de ese amor que se da sin pedir nada a cambio, que es solo entrega, “*un delirio que no termina nunca*”, que atrapa y encarcela con sus “*cabellos de lirios*” y con “*el dulce destello de sus ojos de loto*”. Debo finalmente destacar la buena calidad de gran parte de los concursantes y decir que me gusta el poema ganador y que me alegra haber sido miembro del jurado que lo premió y que distinguió a los demás poemas finalistas.”

Así mismo el Jurado decide hacer mención de la calidad de los siguientes poemas finalistas (orden alfabético según apellido del autor/a):

EL ÁRBOL Seudónimo: Rakar Autor: Ramón Ángel Acevedo Arce
(Chile)

INSTRUCCIONES PARA PEDIR UN DESEO Seudónimo: Horacio
Autor: Xuan Folguera (España)

EN LA FRIALDAD DE LAS NOCHES Seudónimo R. Benigni Autor.
Rubiel Alejandro González Labarta (Cuba)

BATALLA FINAL Seudónimo: Walkyria Autora: Patricia Marta Kieffer
(Argentina)

DESDE LA BLANDA ALFOMBRA DE BRUMA Seudónimo: K
Autora: María Cristina Martínez Herrera (Cuba)

SUS DIENTES Seudónimo: El Niño Cronopio Autor: Frank Carlos
Nájera
(Cuba)

VIAJEROS NOCTURNOS Seudónimo: El equilibrista cojo Autora:
Patricia Richmond (España)

ALBERGUE Seudónimo: Rosana De Luna Autora: Leonor Riveros
Herrera (Colombia)

ELEMENTOS Seudónimo: Apolonio Autor: Sergio F. S. Sixtos (México)

Nuestro más sincero agradecimiento por la buena acogida que sigue
teniendo el certamen que viene a confirmar el interés que la poesía fantástica
tiene entre

los poetas contemporáneos y que queda evidenciada por la calidad de las
obras presentadas. Os esperamos el año próximo en la edición número 11 de
este certamen.

Gracias a todos.

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Directores de la Revista Digital miNaturra

San Juan de Moró a 18 de mayo de 2018

XVI CERTAMEN INTERNACIONAL DE MICROCUENTO FANTÁSTICO miNatura 2018

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

1. Podrán concursar todos los interesados sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.

2. Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tema del microcuento deberá ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.

3. Los textos tienen que

enviarse a la siguiente

dirección:

revistadigitalminatura.certa

[menesliterarios@blogger.co](mailto:menesliterarios@blogger.com)

m

4. Los trabajos deberán ir

precedidos de los

siguientes datos:

seudónimo (que aparecerá

publicado junto al

microcuento para su

evaluación, de no enviarlo

se le asignará, como

seudónimo, el título del

texto), nombre completo,



nacionalidad, edad, e-mail de contacto y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados).

5. Se aceptará un único cuento por participante. La publicación del mismo dentro del blog [Certámenes Literarios miNatura](http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/) (<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/>), en las horas posteriores al envío previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo.

IMPORTANTE: La cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de los microcuentos no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes, ni tan siquiera queda reflejada la dirección del remitente, de ahí la obligatoriedad de incluir un mail de contacto en el cuerpo del mensaje.

6. Cualquier consulta sobre el certamen o el envío del microcuento deberá hacerse a la siguiente dirección de correo electrónico:

revistadigitalminatura@gmail.com

7. Los microcuentos tendrán una extensión máxima de 25 líneas. Y deberá ser enviado sin formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado, inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog.

IMPORTANTE: Para comprobar que la extensión del microcuento no excede las 25 líneas y cumple con los requisitos, se utilizará una plantilla normal de documento de Word tamaño de papel Din-A4 con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, sobre la que se pegará el texto presentado con tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12. (El microcuento puede enviarse en cualquier otro tipo y tamaño de tipografía siempre y cuando se haya comprobado que cumple con los requisitos que acabamos de exponer).

8. **IMPORTANTE:** Tanto la participación como los datos personales, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje. No se admiten adjuntos de ningún tipo.

Recordamos que todos los mensajes que incluyan adjunto y que no tengan escrito nada en el cuerpo del mensaje llegan en blanco y sin dirección de origen.

9. Aquellos cuentos que, pese a llegar correctamente, no cumplan con las bases del certamen no serán etiquetados como **ADMITIDO A CONCURSO** (Aparecerán sin etiquetar en el blog).

IMPORTANTE: Los cuentos que queden fuera dispondrán de una única oportunidad dentro del plazo de recepción de originales para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso. (Si no aparece publicado en dos o tres días, pueden escribir a la dirección de consulta incluida en el punto número 6 de estas bases).

10. Las obras no deberán estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.

11. En el asunto deberá indicarse: **XVI Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2018**. (No se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

12. Se otorgará un único primer premio por el jurado consistente en la publicación del microcuento ganador en nuestra revista digital y diploma. Así mismo se otorgarán las menciones que el jurado estime convenientes que serán igualmente publicadas en el número especial de la **Revista Digital miNatura** dedicado al certamen y obtendrán diploma acreditativo que será remitido vía e-mail en formato jpg a la dirección de correo electrónico que nos hayan facilitado.


13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto.

14. Los trabajos presentados serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos cuentos que resulten destacados en el mismo.

15. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.
16. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género.
17. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 5 de octubre de 2018 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs ([Revista Digital miNatura](#), [Asociación cultural miNatura Soterrània](#) y [Certámenes literarios miNatura](#)). También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook:
<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>
18. La participación en el certamen supone la total aceptación de sus bases.
19. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 22 de mayo de 2018 y finalizará el día 8 de agosto de 2018 a las 12 de la noche hora española.


Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura



After my last troubled relationship, I knew a new *mushick*.

she comes from a far away land, talks an exotic language, and her name is Reyam



she plays a cosmic instrument, **KAMANCHA** allowing her to travel through Cosmos

she uses a jersey

which absorbs human features

it was a white shirt

which becomes black according to the people's deep inside...

The end

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Fear, Lies & China Ink: Before dead that disgusted by *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*



The eager help of the annelids

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The words "you must have faith" are written on the entrance doors of the temple of science.

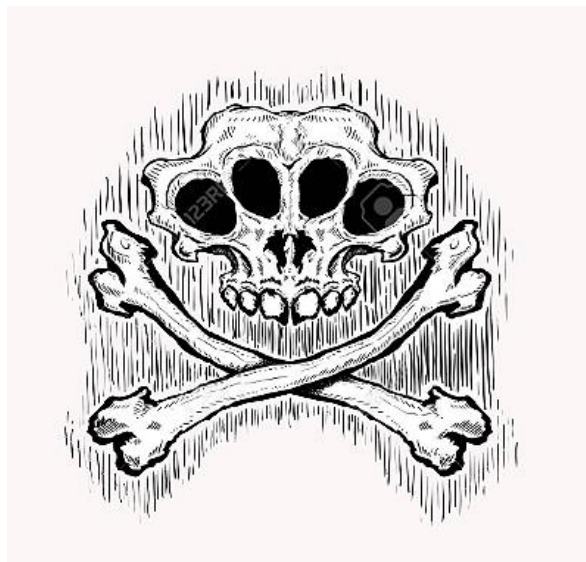
Max Planck

The unfortunate events of Epecuén were a catastrophe and a delay in the plans of Dr. Hariberth Webber. Where would he find a more favorable place? A ghost town devastated by the lagoon, the abandoned hospital and, above all, the graveyard full of corpses marvelously preserved by the salinity of the water. He had to put his plans on hold because of that nosey nurse. But, although Heaven tries not even God could stop it! Soon he will be able to reanimate the dead ones. He was very close to achieving such goal. The girl witnessed the contortions of the

body. She also saw when the corpse opened his eyes and stretched out an arm. And before that, she observed the delightful job of the lampreys sucking the rotten flesh. Nobody can deny it. In spite of himself, he smiled. Certainly, there were many circumstances to lead her to lose her mind. But science admits no weaknesses. Herr Doktor knew he could open the doors of a maddening revelation but also, he could give birth to the dawn of new knowledge. Because of the rush, he, unfortunately, had to abandon most of his lampreys. However, he had

already multiplied several times their amount. These were much smaller, with another color and he could not distinguish their serrated teeth, but without doubt, their naughty mouths sheltered the same purifying voracity. It was a happy discovery, another sign of his destiny. He had dropped his notebook and found them crouching among the bushes: revolutive, hungry, ready to help him. It was time to start again. Pretending to be ill, he managed to be admitted to the clinic and, in the carelessness of his guards, he stole a distiller, tubes, and catheters. The shortage of materials forced him to improvise. Neither the prodigious solution was no longer

green phosphorescent, nor it had the original consistency, but urgency is enemy of a thoughtful proceeding. Besides, he had seen the disloyal girl on this side of the fence. And as much as the wardens insist that she is staying in another mental facility, he does not believe them. But they try to confuse him all the time. Like when they told him the tubed body in the fish bowl was nothing but a miserable frog. Such insolence! When his science only admits human beings. Everything is ready now. And glory awaits him.



A continent in the other shore of the future

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

"He who has sailed in galleys of Zothique
And seen the looming of strange spire and peak,
Must face again the sorcerer-sent typhoon,
And take the steerer's post
On far-poured oceans by the shifted moon
Or the re-shapen Sign."

Clark Ashton Smith, *Zothique Poem*.

"Are you sure our destiny is located in the South Atlantic?" asked the captain of the expedition to the mysterious man with his eyes fixed on the ocean's water cut by the ship. He introduced himself like and specialist in cryptocartography. A nonsense, but it didn't matter—he also got a huge budge. "I do not, but all this

bullshit about lost worlds, like the hallucination of the Hollow Land, is spawned from distorted imaginations like that of Clark Ashton Smith and his stories about a supposed last continent: Zothique," he went on while observing the covers of several *Weird Tales* issues. "Nobody believes anymore in the existence of Atlantis,

Hyperborea or the Kingdom of Prester John... The world is not a mystery for the modern man."

"Surely it's not a mystery regarding of what it contains in space, but it's still a mystery in regard to what it contains in time," answered the cryptographer with an enigmatic air. "This is a journey in which, in going around the world, we're going around time. Believe me captain, the Columbus' remains must be dying of envy."

The adventurer recalled the epiphany he experienced reading the first story of the cycle: "The Empire of the Necromancers", *Weird Tales*, September 1932. He was caught by its dark fantasy. He swore to find it out, even if it was located in the future. It

was the summer of 1941. No problem: United States wasn't participating in the war yet. Their flag protected them. And his calculations were conclusive: the energy of the conflict will tear the space time fabric for several days, just in the Atlantic zone where Smith placed that last piece of land, full of necromancy and lighted by the light bleeding from a dying sun.

"Land in sight!," cried a voice with more horror than relief. "It doesn't seem the Antarctic," doubted the captain. "No," answered with enthusiasm the adventurer checking his map. "These black waters belonged to the Shrunken Sea... that sinister landscape: is the barren land of Nooth-Kemmor... Gentlemen, welcome to Zothique!"

Nuptiae Sabbati

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

If one is a writer, he always writes, even when he does not want to do it, even when he tries to escape that doubtful glory and that real suffering he deserves because of following a vocation.

Carmen Laforet

As soon as they received the news, they packed their luggage. There was no time to lose; the disease progressed. In the Celtic and Roman ruins of the leafy forests of Gwent, through popular and pagan practices, he sought remedy in vain.

Although he had been attracted to the most hidden branches of knowledge since he was young, it was Amy who introduced him to some writers versed in esotericism. Soon after, She, who lifted the veil once and for all, appeared. He was sure he

did not know her, but her face seemed familiar to him. Like those ghostly beings of our dreams. While he reads *The inner light*, he stares at the jewel in which she helped him to introduce the soul of his first wife.

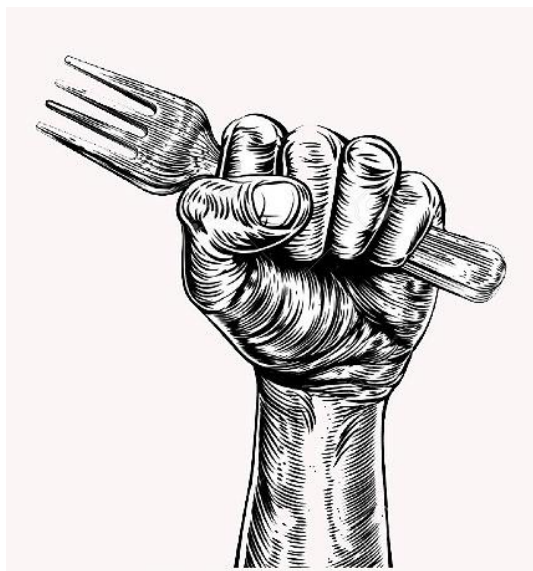
“Your medicine, dear.” She, a beautiful Greek statue—a deranged bacchante when she is enraged—offers him the innocent white powder he takes after lunch and dinner. His melancholy is mitigating. He could regain a taste for worldly pleasures.

“Some friends will come tonight. We will go to the forest to dance. We will have one of our usual... meetings.”

He has only glimpsed the unfathomable secret and, in spite of the horror, he does not renounce to deepen his awful knowledge. He has been distinguished with the privilege or the curse of literature, that door that allows him to descend to the depths of every being: to the boiling corruption and the sordid rottenness that inhabits us. He can not resist the call of the arcane nor oppose that sacred marriage with the arts, even if it ends in madness. He is ready to become a priest of the "God of

Abysses" at any price. No human eye can witness the naked mystery and emerge unscathed.

He will shudder become into an obscene wet spot, dark as ink, an unrecognizable puddle on the immaculate sheets of the bridal thalamus. Skin, flesh and bones, all his body melted, consumed by that fire that devours him and gives him life at the same time. Of him will remain two flaming points between which some pious soul, perhaps that of a critic, will strike again and again. Until, finally, silence reigns.



Summer

By *Amilcar Rodríguez Cal (Cuba)*

On the beach there are not many swimmers, but also no umbrellas to shelter of the rough sun. I seek refuge under the squalid branches of the cluster pine. The sand covers the roots, the bush looks like a pierced parasol.

Several children romp on the shore. One of them points towards the breakers. Something seems to be stranded on the reefs. A whale!, he kids scream. Families gather with the water to the ankles, they point to the sea. Several fishermen are coming soon. They unleash the boats from the docks and head for the basses. Enthusiasm is general, everyone is waiting for such an unusual event. From my shadow I can see that the sky has become violet. There is no

storm or rain nearby; I don't know what this strange coloration means.

That's when I start listening to the spectral rumor. It looks like an acute saxophone, a kind of whistling between crags that grows to become unbearable. The waves that lick the shore fill with putrid algae. The children turn away to keep their feet from getting dirty. I close my fists on the sand and I notice something different, another texture. I lift them, I open them... It's not sand that slips through my fingers, it's worms. All that was formerly a beach of White sands, is now a territory of worms. Million. Translucent ones, showing the intestines. Other flattened, viscous, blood-eyed. Worms Beach. Disgusted, I rise to escape. And I see the fishermen who return, dragging

behind the boats a gigantic, white
worm with purulent sores. The

whistle is now a terrible cry that
makes my ears bleed.



When the night falls

By *Dan Aragonz* —*seud.*— (*Chile*)

The sun disappeared behind the mountain and the moon peeked out from above; It was time for both of them to return to the cabin.

—I would have liked to do something bigger than just rabbits— said Alan, when he was on board the truck—It will be for the next time brother.

Sam started the truck and continues going into the forest. Alan remained silent without asking anything until his younger brother stopped.

—Get out of truck, Alan—Sam told him.

When he had outside he pointed him straight at his chest with his shotgun before Alan could react.

—Have you gone crazy Sammy?

—Can you see that cave? — and pointed the place with the mouth of the rifle—I want you to get inside and keep inside—and he followed it as they moved toward the hole.

Inside the cavern form between the rocks at the foot of the mountain, Alan remained motionless waiting for the worst.

—Do you hear that sound? —Sam told him—come closer and feel how that bastard breathes.

—It is Heard as if it were a large animal—said Alan, while he listened to the snoring.

—I wish i was just an animal— said Sam, who turned around and left through the mouth of the cave in the direction of the truck.

—¡Hello! Is anyone there? —Alan
shouted into the cave.

—What have you done? —said
Sam, nervous—run to the truck, idiot!

When both were on board, Alan
turned sacred to see the cave. To his
surprise, he only saw a naked man

who looked like a stinking vagabond
who lived in the cave. But on the way
back, while Sam assured him that the
weapon was always unloaded, both
Heard a loud howl as they watched
the full moon shining in the darkness
of the sky.



Darkness

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

Darkness is a silent monster. It does not hurry, it does not need to hurry. With premeditated slowness the darkness arrives, envelops you and makes you disappear. No shouting. No disturbances No fight. Mercilessly.

It arrived quietly, with such stealth that we did not realize the danger until it was too late. First they were small puddles of blackness easily confused with ordinary shadows. In those little dark islands banks disappeared, stray dogs, litter bins, some stray cat, tufts of flowers. Nothing important.

But the darkness did not take long to increase in size and, in its wake, vehicles, people, buildings, whole neighborhoods were swallowed up.

Always in silence. Always without hurry. So slow in its advance that we entrust ourselves. We have time to flee, we thought. At that speed I do not know how he could catch so many people, we said. And we let ourselves be hunted. Without fight. Without trying to escape. Without even terror.

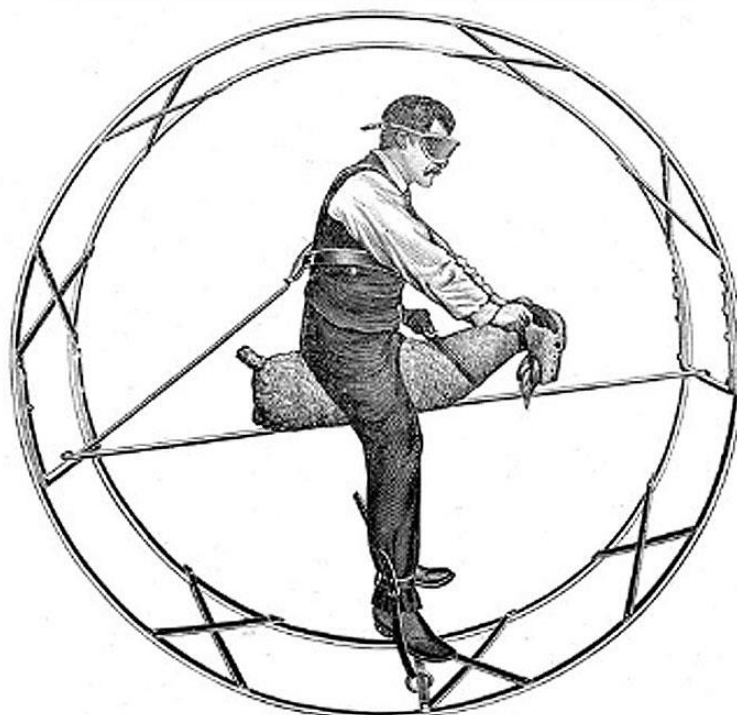
And now I'm just me. A castaway on an island of light. The sea of darkness that surrounds me bursts of creeping murmurs, sweeping whispers, viscous whispers. I do not know what is beyond this lit puddle, I can not see it and that impossibility is what makes it more terrifying. If I saw what lurked, if I could give it an image no matter how terrifying it might be, it might be easier to cope, but who is capable of

overcoming the terrors that it
imagines?

It only remains for me to wait for
him to catch me. I can not run away I
am here, sitting, watching as it
advances, slowly. Where is the hurry?,
it seems to tell me.

Something hisses in the darkness.
Something crawls. Something slips
calmly.

Something waits for me, patiently, in
the darkness.

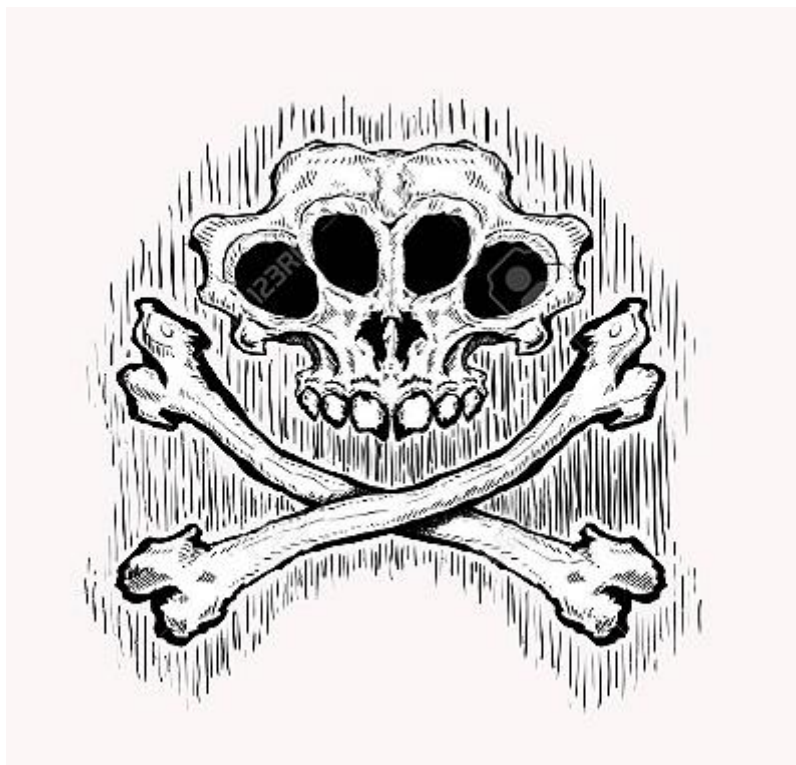


Divine musick

By Samir Karimo (Portugal)

After my last troubled relationship, I knew a new musick, e.g , a muse who is a great chick, who comes from a faraway land, talks a exotic language, and her name is Reyam, she plays a cosmic instrument, KAMANCHA

which allows her to travel through Cosmos and uses a jersey which absorbs human features: it was a white shirt which becomes black according to the people's deep inside....



The door

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

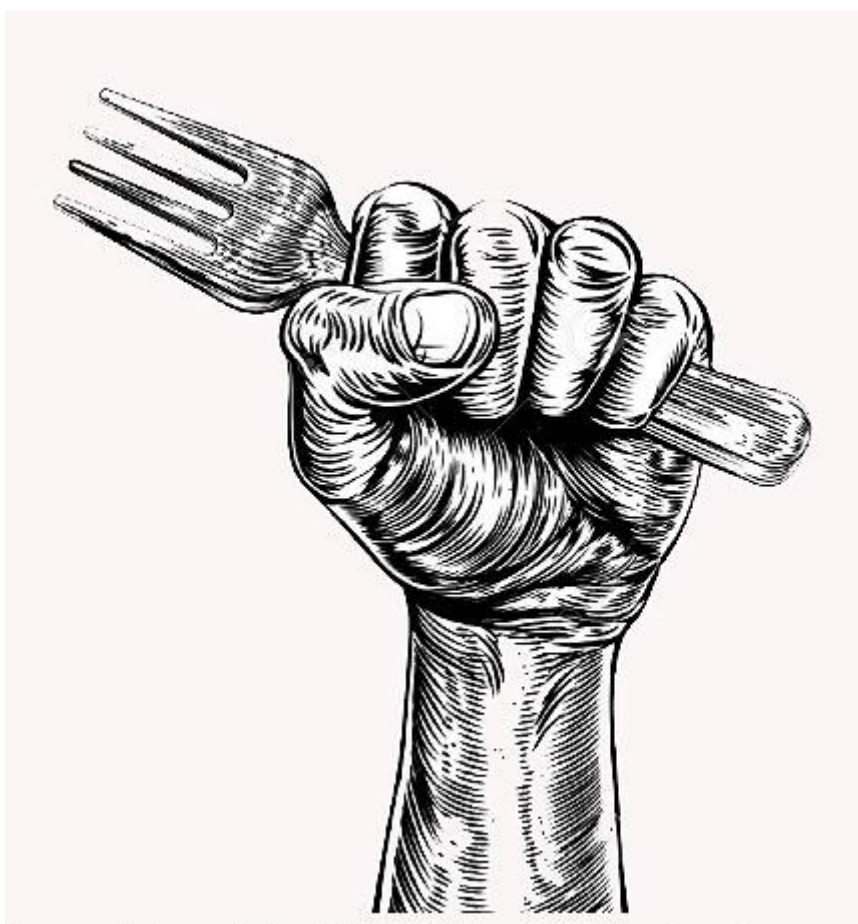
Lucy Qin saw the door thanks to her experiences in psychic archeology. She explored —with her mind connected to the quantum sequences in the satellites of mind expansion—, the nature of the door. She looked for a way to violate reality. She studied the many forms in which the ancient humans called the door. She believed that in the unconscious, in the so call world of dreams, would to be found the key to let her access it. There, past, present and future are interlinked, so as all possible variations and copies. She had been obsessed with Yog-Sothoth ever since she heard the story of the Necronomicon. One afternoon, she got the silver key while dreaming, seeing in astonishment the manifestation of Umr At-Tawil, the

avatar. He let her to cross the last door, where every secrets of the universe inhabited: where Yog-Sothoth lied misunderstood. She heard with some amount of fear the pipes of Azatoth, the formless god. There, she was invested with the power to travel to other dimensions and former times. At last, due to her thirst for knowledge and a prolonged stay in alien dimensions, Yog-Sothoth's doors closed behind her like evil jaws, leaving her entrapped in a parallel universe. Several years passed after her disappearing. Then, a weird contact took place.

"Help, help! It's me, Lucy," broadcasted a radio frequency with a female voice from an old and useless satellite that suddenly got activated in a mysterious way. Some of the

scientists believed that it had been hacked through radio frequencies, maybe by an alien intelligence. The satellite orbited the earth since a long time ago like a stellar trash. The voice insisted. She moved her mind waves through Yog-Sothoth: "Hi, Earth, I'm Lucy... I'm entrapped in a parallel

universe, if you connect this frequency to the satellites of mind expansion, I'll be able to have access to the key and open the door. I'll be back. If I happen to success, the doors of space-time won't be a mystery any more —I hacked the universe!"



The buzz of greed

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

I asked him what gods they worshipped in that city, and he said, "All those gods whom Time has not yet slain."

Lord Dunsany, *Idle Days On The River Yann*

The history was consistent, but no less strange. Despite some minor symptoms of suffocation, the young man in handcuffs in the interrogation room seemed to be aware of his person, time and space. After many years of service, Deputy Commissioner Gauna knew enough when someone held something relevant, and it hid something huge. While he let his staff take over the procedure and finish it, he was eager to verify the prisoner's account. In fact, there were two Randolph Whippoorwill, father and son, and both had gone crazy for the same

reason. At first, the jailbird said he was a student, then secretary and, finally, executor of the will of Randolph Jr. He also claimed to have set fire to the house to contain the evil that was nesting in the blasphemous library. Naturally, the will had burned down. Gauna left the arsonist crying in the compound and went to the old mansion on Calle Juncal. What had not been consumed by the flames was destroyed by the water. Even so, the building maintained its sinister grace. The famous secret room where the forbidden books were buried had

survived the assault of the flames. The veteran officer was not a well-versed man, but when the local Nero confirmed that the missing copy of the Necronomicon was there, he realized that the piece had to be worth a fortune. Much more after knowing that the incendiary resolution was due to a testamentary executive order. Gauna began to rummage through the curls of the books only to discover that a bell jar had preserved the sacrilegious text. But before hiding it in his bag, he experienced an urgent temptation to read it. Nothing could stop it. Not even the trick that Borges had been blinded by doing precisely what he was about to do. In any case,

everything was a mockery for him, much like his grandmother's prayers during his childhood, so he assumed he was Latino. Then, there was an annoying buzz. He looked around and saw nothing. When he returned to the book, he suddenly began reciting aloud a spell to awaken the ancient masters of the world and restore his reign of terror. The poor man could not understand that an absurd and invisible force forced him to complete the rite. The buzzing became more intense and his mouth filled with blood. The last thing he heard was the name of the numinous Azathoth.



The last trick

By *Dan Aragonz* —*seud.*— (Chile)

In 1905, in Arkham City, it was midnight and the station was about to close. Only two people on a bench on the platform expected the last train to meet its schedule; A man with a hat who wrote something on the last page of a book on his legs, named Harry, and at his side, a young man with glasses nicknamed Bill, who practiced in frustration, a trick with a set of cards between his fingers.

—Do you want to see a real magic trick? —Harry said to the young man looking him straight in the eyes, but Bill did not pay attention because he did not know him.

When they both heard that the train was approaching through the tunnel. They got up to wait on the platform for the train to stop. Bill

realized that the book was left on the bench by the man and returned in a kind gesture to pick it up to give him notice. However, When he turned around, he only saw how the hat flew in the air and Harry's body was dragged several meters before the locomotive could stop. It was a macabre gruesome image that his eyes could never unsee again. Or that's what he thought.

Several years later, he opened the book he had taken home without permission. He sat on the bed and picked up the manuscript he kept with a key. He did not imagine what all those pages could contain. He was thinking that it was just a farewell letter or some last wish he did not intend to fulfill anyway. But the waiting was over when he finally

opened the manuscript he held. For his surprise the pages contained lots of magic tricks. The problem was on the last page he saw a trick called "Renaissance" that was inconclusive. That did not stop him from trying to pronounce the ancient language in which it was written. However, he stopped when sentencing the last

word; An uncontrollable discomfort came when he finished vocalizing the last letter. So bad, that he entered the bathroom to look at his face in the mirror. It was then, that he saw his eyeballs coming out of their sockets and behind them, he saw others lean out, he was sure, that they were not his.



Doubts

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

The door opens. Slowly. Shy,
suspicious... The door opens and does
it alone. No one pushes or pulls it.
Simply, it opens.

Matilde looks out... She thinks it's
outward, but maybe it's inward. She's
not sure. She doesn't even know why
he is there or where or what is there.

The fact is that the door opens, that
opens itself and that Matilde looks
beyond it and only sees, or does not
see, the darkness. A deep dark, sullen,
cold.

Matilde, standing in front of the
open door, shivers.

She should go in ... or maybe go out.
Whatever, but do something, right?

She can not stay there, wherever it
may be there, forever, right?

But she does not decide to move.

"It's not bad here," she says to
himself. ^aAt least it is not cold. There,
however...^a

And she continues staring into the
darkness beyond the door without
deciding to move.

Behind her a sudden creeping sound
makes her shiver, a nauseating smell
causes her retch.

Movement. Frictions. Whispers
Closer and closer.

Something slimy brushes his neck.

Matilde looks at the darkness, and it
no longer seems so inhospitable, a
second more doubt and, finally, she
crosses the door with a jump and
closes it.

Instantly the darkness disappears
and the cold with it.

One click causes her to turn.

The door opens. Slowly. Shy.
Suspicious...

It take aeons doing it, but Matilde
does not know.



In the fourth circle

By Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

Four days in front of the monitor of his laptop and could not write the story for which he had already charged, and enough!

Desperate, he began to unscrew his head, the sixth that was removed, to also place it in the microwave, perhaps giving them heat they would locate some muse...

At the same time, he looked at the box of new heads next to him, wondering which one would be the ideal one.

Then a straight line appeared in the screen, gray, that was making curves, growing and taking the form of something, at the beginning indefinable. Would it be his muse? No, it was the brain of the third unscrewed head! This was gaining

volume in front of him, and jumped to the keyboard with thin legs, to move over the letters: VIARC.

The man tried, frustratingly, to catch him, but those brains leaped more strongly each time, until he managed to write on the screen: GREED.

The impact of the eight letters was tremendous, he took the laptop in his hands with the intention of throwing it away, but then all the new heads, which were still in the drawer, pounced on, hitting and biting him; in the end, his head was left, with which he came into the world. He had rejected her because he did not give her the knowledge to earn a lot of money writing.

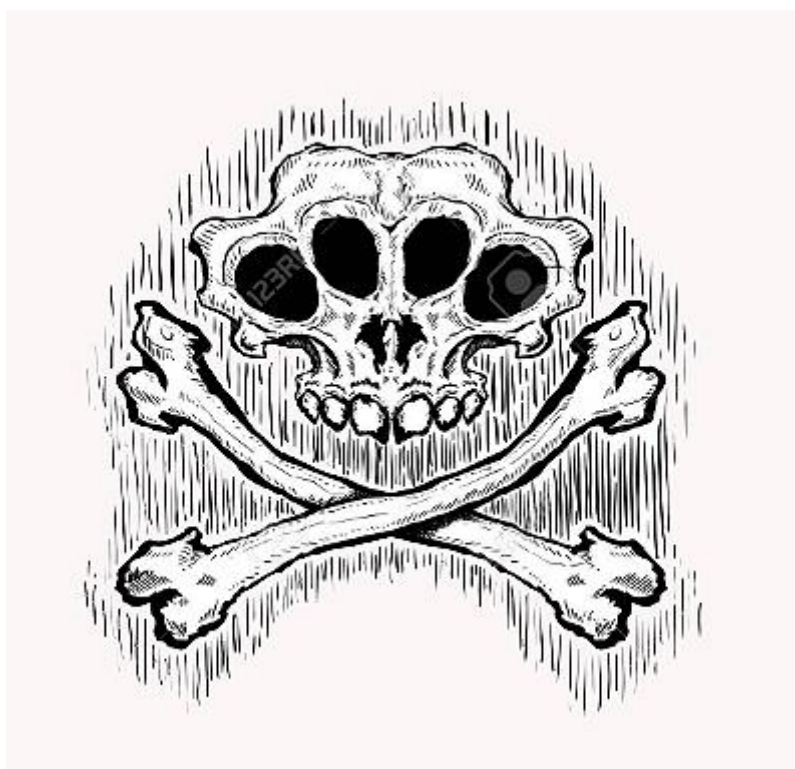
-We come to collect your sin of greed. You abandoned her. Shouted

the heads and pointed to the box. For the greed to monopolize profits, for your greed and, ambition for money.

The man tried to scream, unable to get up, and the heads, guided from

the keyboard by the third brain, introduced him to the monitor.

To take it to the fourth circle of the hell, where he already had a reserved space.



Cuthulku

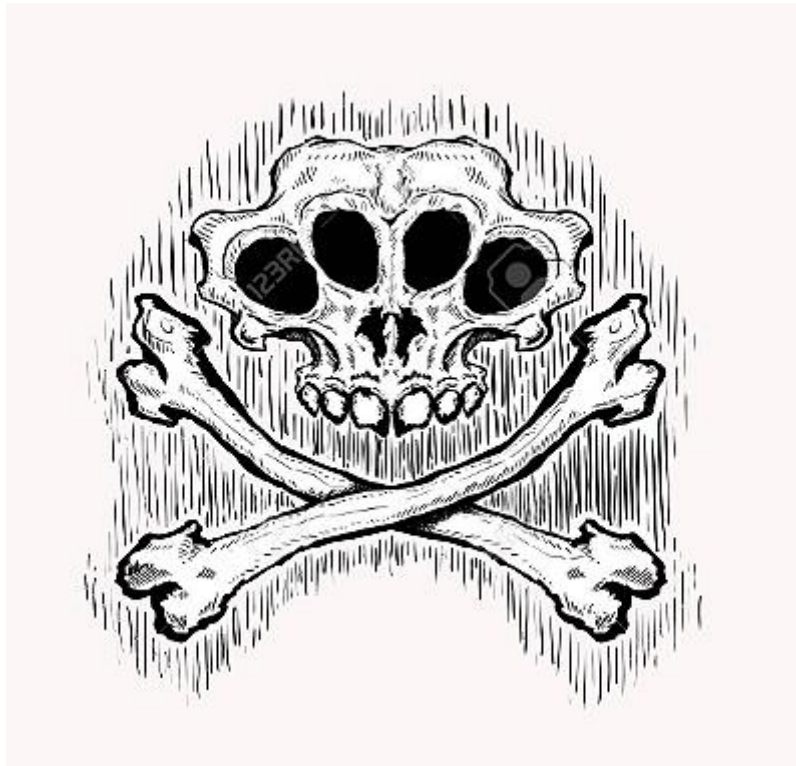
By Tomás Pacheco estrada (Mexico)

The primal one woke up from his dream, coming out of the depths of the sea. Cuthulku remembered the fights he had before, his mind came when he attacked Greece, he faced the andos Talos and long after with the Colossus of Rhodes, the fighting tired him forcing him to sleep. Now awake, humanity would feel its fury. But in Mexico there is a robot called the Trailero. Cuthulku approached the mainland to destroy the cities, the robot had the head of a trailer. The terrible monster, with the head of an octopus, was advancing in the sea. They discovered it by means of satellite images, when seeing that the Trailero was a medium robot to face it they sent it to buy time. The rushed scientists created a giant version called Convoy, used many trailers for its

construction. Cutulkhu bellowed, his body was muscular, his evil eyes landed on a ship, he took it with his hands to destroy it. The Trailer attacked him and before receiving a blow he fled, repeating the tactic, finally he went away so that the pilot used Convoy, the robot got into the sea to confront the monster, a fight of titans was fought, humanity put its hopes in him to defeat the primal, finally the two met. Cuthulku bellowed and pounced on his opponent, from the robot's eyes came lasers, burned him but the monster resisted, the two of them hit each other with their fists, the rough sea. Convoy drew his sword to cut off the tentacles but again they sprouted. Cold air came out of the robot's nose, turning Cutulju into an iceberg. The

robot gained time because a portal was opened to leave the Yellow King warning that humanity will prepare itself why they would be attacked by

the primigenios, creatures never before seen, so while the beast with the head of an octopus sleeps.



The hand of glory

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

The books were scattered like lost enigmas upon Dr. Díaz's studio table. The yellowness of their pages fit the shady landscape cast down on the room by a candelabrum of seven candles. The doctor had devoted a good deal of his life, to study the grimoires and their origins that he understood were linked to the church itself. The Little Albert, The Clavicula Salomonis Regis, a tome of the Infernal Dictionary by Collin de Plancy and a first edition of the Book of Saint Cyprian —that he's actually studying— were all open up on the table. Under de candelabrum, on a small podium, was placed the Hand of Glory that Adrian craved so much about. He, along with a partner, broke the door of the doctor's house while the last wasn't present. They sneaked

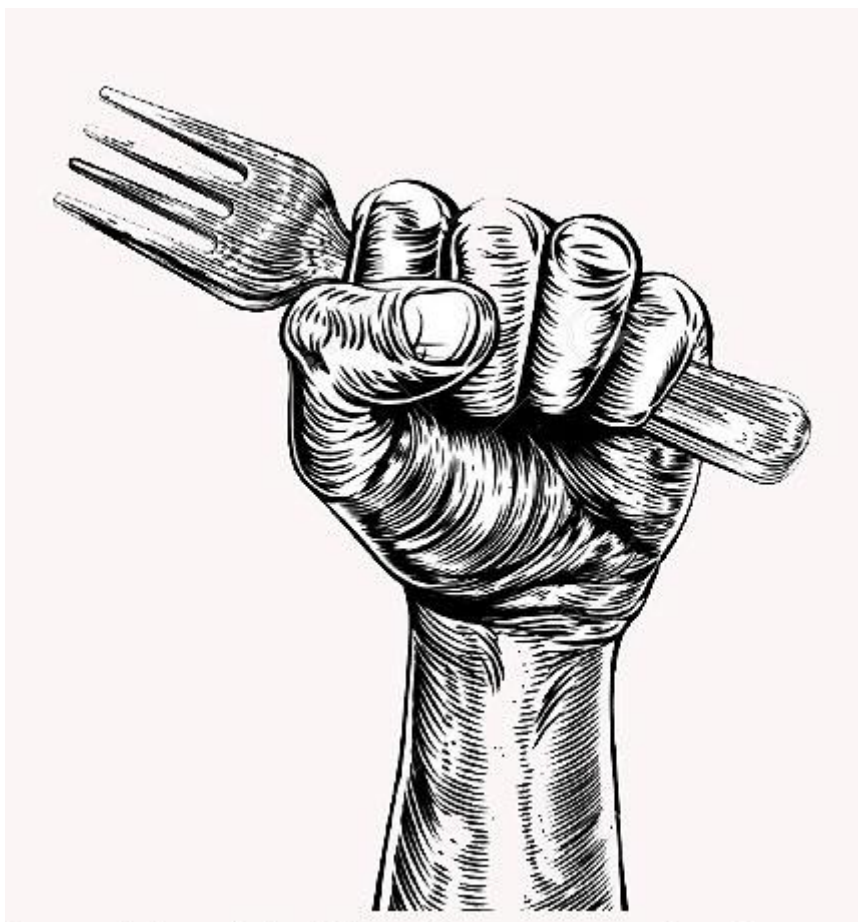
into the studio, lighted only by incandescent candles and lamps. The electric light shone behind the studio's door. Adrian and his friend were fond of mysteries. They heard rumors about a strange magic artifact possessed by the professor and anthropologist, Eladio Díaz.

"That's it? That's the hand you spoke about?," asked lips shaking Adrian's friend, pointing to the hand with a fear intensified by the candles light.

"Yes, it's the Hand of Glory. The left magic hand of a hanged one. Let's go and take it... We'll have the faculty to paralyze any human being. It's a vessel for man desire to conquer the forces of nature."

At that very moment, from the shadows sprung out the doctor. He followed the silhouette of the boys carrying the Hand of Glory. "Do not do it!" he exclaimed, "it's dangerous." The thieves lighted up the hand's fingers in order to stop the doctor, putting it on the table. Instantly, all of them were paralyzed

by the effect of its sorcery, except the candelabrum that, weirdly, fell down upon the books. So they burned slowly, and the rest of the room with them. The next day, the recue party only found a dried out hand, totally intact, among three carbonized bodies.



Dance

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

Music sounds and she dances.

He does not think. She does not reflect. Just feel and dance. She does not need to give orders to her body, he already knows what has to do while she limits herself to enjoying the sensation of freedom and fullness.

Music sounds and she dances.

Still with her eyes closed, not daring to open them because she is not ready to immerse herself in the darkness of the eyes that watch over her. Not yet.

Music sounds and she dances.

Plié, arabesque, jeté, chassé...

Link the steps instinctively, without a predetermined plan.

And at the end of a turn, at last, he opens his eyes and finds himself in front of two immense black oceans

that observe it and follow its movements.

Music sounds and she dances.

Concentrated on his image so as not to get lost in the unfathomable depths of that look. An arm that descends with elegance, a leg that rises energetically, the waist that arches delicately.

Music sounds and she dances.

Without stopping, until the exhaustion, and only then, exhausted her energy, she will look without fear the gigantic wells and she will let herself drag to fall in them during aeons, but not now, not yet.

The music sounds and she dances, and turns, and jumps, and flies over the fingertip of the evil god who watches her impassive, hungry and patient.

The fly

By *Samir Karimo (Portugal)*

I'm an ordinary spider but one day something supernaturally unreal happened to me. While spider webbing, a five-year-old boy grabbed me with a spiderswatter and put me in a small acidproof jar. Some minutes later, I woke up and saw this "imp" doing the same to a fly. As times went by, the boy wanted us to fight to the death, just like the "cat's fight". That's why he put us in different boxes and fed us so that we had enough energy to destroy each other. As we still did not fight, he moved us to an aquarium with different weapons designed by him for this gladiatorial

struggle. But we didn't care, I continued nested in a corner and she crouched down with her wings down and so he slept. All the sudden, the angry and furious boy broke the aquarium glass and freed us, but he didn't know that we were Zebub and Sospquazine's mutant daughters and then we grow up in such a way to eat him. And we did it, we divided him in half ... you know that when you don't eat enough, you grab the first thing that's at hand and that's what we did ... From that day we became friends and we got married ... But that's another story.

Question of wills

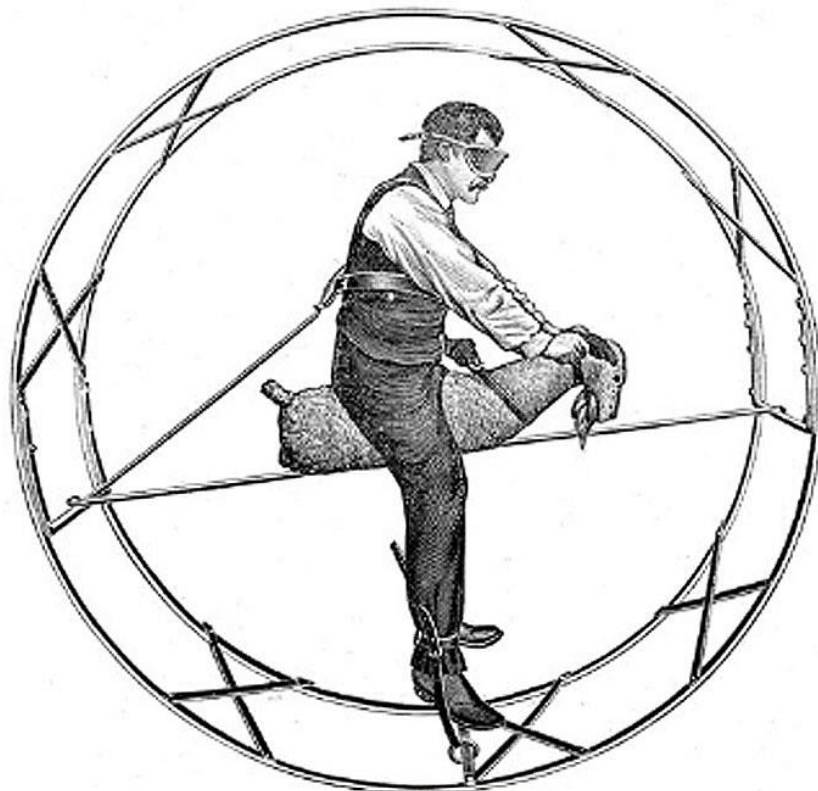
By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

The flight of the car, lost in the fog, retracts me a few weeks ago. With my dear friend Antoine we enjoyed a crazy holiday in Berlin, turned into animals thanks to the generous excesses of alcohol and hashish. The stupid feat of my companion, for climbing the column of an anonymous bridge over the Spree, culminated in the most absurd tragedy: his broken neck. The lawyer of the Asnier contacted me to repatriate the remains of the heir and to bury him in the family vault. On several occasions Antoine confided to me his desire not to be buried with his family, without any explanation. Soon he would find out. Now he listened to the drowned song of the mist, interrupted by a synchronized whisper of oars, coming from the

great lake. A boat arrived at the precarious dock, with enough space to transport us. It would be a short stay, at least I thought so. After several allegations with the family, it was agreed to hold a brief ceremony at his residence in Occitania, then he would be buried in the local cemetery, respecting the wishes of the deceased. As we crossed the calm waters, covered with white ermine, I discovered the Asnier castle, an old construction of the thirteenth century, built on an islet. The parents of Antoine received me in stern silence, while the servants raised the coffin initiating a sort of procession. Despite the oppressive environment of humidity, I never ceased to marvel at the stately construction. In the first patio the rest of the family was added,

a great amount of people of advanced age, dressed in the old way. We reached a small mausoleum where a strange priest waited, who began a heartfelt prayer in an unknown language, culminating with his hands to the sky at the moment when a few rays of the sun embraced the coffin. It ended with a phrase, perhaps a word, in disturbing guttural tone,

chanted by the rest. There were blows coming from the drawer. Antoine emerged from his confinement. I watched in amazement in the midst of great rejoicing. My friend studied me with anger: "I warned you that I did not want to come back here. Now I will live forever locked in this damn island! "



The heir

By *Natalia Strigaro (Argentina)*

Apparently he was the only guest at the funeral of my unknown uncle, from whom he had inherited all his fortune as well as a huge castle in whose garden lay the family mausoleum.

I stepped into it, his future grave was apart but the gravestone looked old, as if it had been there even long before he was born. That piece of smooth cement with no names contained the low relief of the image of an eye, amazingly realistic, even for a moment I thought I saw him blink; but I came to the conclusion that they were side effects of the stress I was subjected to during the trip. As it had been expressed in the will, the body was buried at night, just at twelve strokes off bell. I was alone before the grave, thinking that although I did

not know him I owed him at least a few minutes of respect and wondering what merits I had gained so much generosity. I sincerely wished I had known him. I was about to retire when I noticed that from the center of the stone eye a black spot was expanding to cover the entire tombstone with a blanket of darkness. A metallic screech pierced my ears forcing me to kneel in pain in front of the grave; already on the floor I could see how the low relief disappeared to make way for a small opening from which emerged a fetid aroma. The sound ceased and before I could move a reptilian claw with sharp nails emerged from that portal at high speed, ripping my heart out. My heir body was on my knees without moving for a few minutes while my

soul was kidnapped and my heart devoured by a one-eyed demon that confined me to live inside the tombstone for all eternity. While the eye was again stone, I could see my body possessed by the soul of my uncle get up and appreciate how his

new container healed quickly without any heart. In the darkness of my prison I understood everything, he had used me as if it were a simple currency; for eternal life always requires paying a price...



Lovecraft in weirdtales land

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

Again, I don't think I'm the person I'm supposed to be?, he mused in frustration. Why then he was fond to pose without explanation as an old antiquarian from New England?, nothing to do with his job of editor of *Weird Tales*, position offered to him four years ago by J. C. Henneberger, its founder. Very offend he was possessed by visions of a married life in New York, and not as bachelor in Chicago; of a childhood dazzled by the magic of a library belonged to an erudite grandparent; of long rambles through narrow streets lined by Georgian architecture houses. Visions where he wrote his own weird fiction instead of tire himself reading those of others —first to approve their publication, and then to struggle with

their letters reclaiming behind payments.

He felt a great urge to write. In the last months he had been besieged in dreams by the cosmic vistas and ideas most weird he'd experimented in years. He was amazed. He could swear Chicago had cured him, once and for all, of his horror to the unknown.

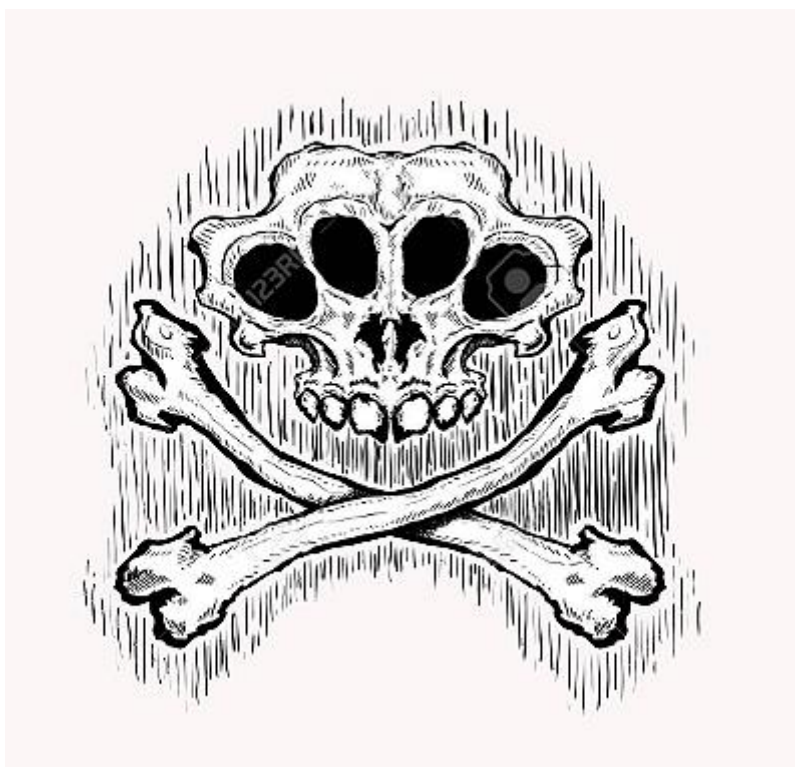
He arrived early that winter morning of 1927 to the offices of *Weird Tales*. Over his desk was waiting a manuscript for approval. Its title was: "The call of Cthulhu." He read it with an ever greater awe. What that mysterious writer described shuddered him —his same dreamlike visions; his same plot; his same myths. It could be? He perceived the

hand of the supernatural behind the phenomenon.

He called Farnsworth Wright to his present, first reader of the magazine. He questioned him about the last collaborations, but he didn't mention among them the enigmatic manuscript. He decided to take the day off, leaving Wright as auxiliary editor.

That night he dreamed again with that anthropoid creature with octopus head and bat wings. He heard his call—his invitation to be an inhabitant of R'lyeh. He responded to the summons, and set forth toward that lost destiny in the South Pacific.

He woke up in a shadowy house in Providence, with the vague idea of sending his last collaboration to *Weird Tales*: "The call of Chtulhu."



New Thule

By Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

The trip to the fifth planet in the 234-R constellation was a success. After landing our spacecraft on the hills of the planet, where flowed countless streams, we headed towards the nearest native village, which was the capital of New Thule.

We were greeted by their leader: a tall man, robust and long blond hair. At the same time, we were talking, and we closed all the details of political-trade agreement, he didn't stop looking us with his pale blue eyes and scratching his beard that reached almost to his chest.

I feared at times that in one of those rages which are so characteristic of this primitive people, he cut off our head with her light sword. It didn't happen, thankfully, and we could

return to the spacecraft with a closed deal. We knew that the blood like the agreement's firm of the boss was a guarantee for lasting peace. So we avoid piracy commercial had suffered against our spaces during the last a hundred years, we didn't stop it, because of how extensive is the galaxy and the elusiveness of the inhabitants of New Thule.

As we ascended to the heavenly dome, I was looking thoroughly the landscape below: as far as I sighted field opened deep and wide stretched cracks for thousands of miles and hundreds of branches diverged. In its bends, the small towns, located into small hidden from view and protected by the shadow of the huge cliffs clear, whose ports harbored modern drakkars of these Norse settlers from

Earth and, with time and lack of communication with the outside, had returned to their Viking origins.

Of course, instead of cold water fjords and bays where their wood

boats were placed, the landscape was made up large hard rock gorges and hollows where the pirate crafts took refuge that matter of tradition, they had drawn on its huge wings and menacing figures of dragons.



Nutrients

By *Lucía Pradillos Luque (Spain)*

It was born at dawn. Its mother released roots sending its far from her contrary to what happens to its brothers. A miscalculation that it would make the young tree was born independent. It cried before the solitude in which it was turning out to be forced to survive until the crows settled on its fragile branches. Interrupted its crying for a short time, since these are collapsed instantly,

what caused its greater despair. Such was its affliction that the tears that fell extended their roots. So much they expanded that they stuck to the buried ones, obtaining its nutrients of the newly buried ones. One day obtained them of a body that transmitted his unknown feelings. Felt its trunk tremble. Its crust became pale. In his tombstone placed: Edgar Allan Poe.

Anesthetic

By María Victoria Vázquez (Argentina)

Here I am. The doctor, an odontologist to be precise, grabbed me to the chair. Leather stripes with buckles tie my wrists and ankles. He said I shouldn't worry, that it is only a safety measure, that a sudden movement can risk his job and his personal warranty of not making me feel any pain.

I open my mouth and the light from the lamp blinds me. He comes close, with a syringe in his hand, and promises again. He won't put me to sleep, he just needs to numb the sensitivity of the gum.

He injects some kind of liquid and I feel the looseness of my jaw. I drool. He smiles and dries my face with a paper towel. I'll be back in a moment, he says. And he leaves me alone.

Reliable as he assures he is, he comes back after a while. I open my mouth once again. I feel a little dizzy, it must be the effect from the anesthetics. He looks different. His hair doesn't look so blonde, his curls are in a mess. So much that they even look like yellowish tentacles. I feel his hands on my forehead. But, how many does he have?

He pushes me back, the lower maxilla down, he opens my mouth as big as I could have never done on my own. Hands and tentacles start touching me, they manipulate my tongue, lift it up, push it to a side. There are no instruments, just the dentist's members that go all over me and spread inside my mouth.

I can't breathe well. My throat is occupied almost entirely with parts from his body. I can't see the apron anymore. The doctor is naked as an animal, his skin is not human, he has scales and slime and he is partially an octopus and partially a man.

I want to release myself, I shake. He opens his mouth and an only tooth as an eagle's beak gets closer to me and bites me. Blood springs up. I drip. I faint.

I wake up in the chair. The doctor looks at me with a professional smile on his face and claims that everything turned out well.

Once in the street the itching begins, the restlessness. I look at my burning arms.

My skin, reddened, falls. Beneath it, scales push their way out.



Premonitions

By M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

I have not felt that way for years, this feeling of impending misfortune and the intense smell of sulfur. Since I was a little girl I always had that ability to know what people thought and in adolescence to know what was going to happen. My parents said that I read people's minds. The psychologists always denied that I could read the thought, they said it was intuition mixed with great doses of imagination. I have learned to listen to the voices of the people in my head and not listen.

In adolescence came the premonitions, accompanied by a horrible smell of sulfur, the people told that I could be developing a malignant brain tumor, but after a thousand studies the tumor did not appear anywhere in my head. What

did arrive was that unpleasant smell, the momentary loss of consciousness and finally the certainty of what had happened: the fulminating heart attack that ended my aunt's life, the car accident in which my paternal grandfather died and the hundreds of moments when I sensed an accident seconds before they hit, crashed or assaulted someone in front of me.

When entering the youth these episodes of successful premonition came to an end; until this morning I was awakened by the intensity of a bad feeling and the strong smell of sulfur that almost makes me vomit. But life goes on and here I am boarding the bus on my way to work: restless, paranoid, alert. I close my eyes to try to calm down and I feel someone sitting next to me, I do not

even care; Suddenly the darkness comes and I see a man placing bombs in the subway station and making it fly. The voice reaches my head with great intensity, as it had never happened to me: "You see bitch, do not meddle". Startled, I open my eyes and see beside me the man who is going to commit the attack; He observes me with coldness and irony. He puts his index finger over his

mouth in silence and sticks a big butcher's knife into my side, he says loudly in my mind: "Not many of us have the power to read the mind, it would have been nice to meet you bitch". The man gets up and leaves, while people think that I sleep a short nap.



In Dagoon's time

By Carmen Rosa Signes (Spain)

No one remembers Dagoon's true face. Millennia ago they do not tell stories of the old times. Some have even been lost, denied in writings and decorative arts or vilely erased from man's past. There are no reliefs with the deeds of gods and heroes, no papyri have been found to tell the stories, nor is there a record that can rescue them. There is only, as my grandfather would have said, beings that, like me, feel compelled to remember it, with the hope, perhaps, of awakening consciences, so that at least a thread of truth survives as we reach the day that has to come.

Chosen that, in the deepest of our mind we keep the secret of the epic battles between those venerated gods and the submissive defeated subjects that we become. We not only lost

lives, we left behind everything that belonged to us by right, including our identity, they vanished us and they forgot us.

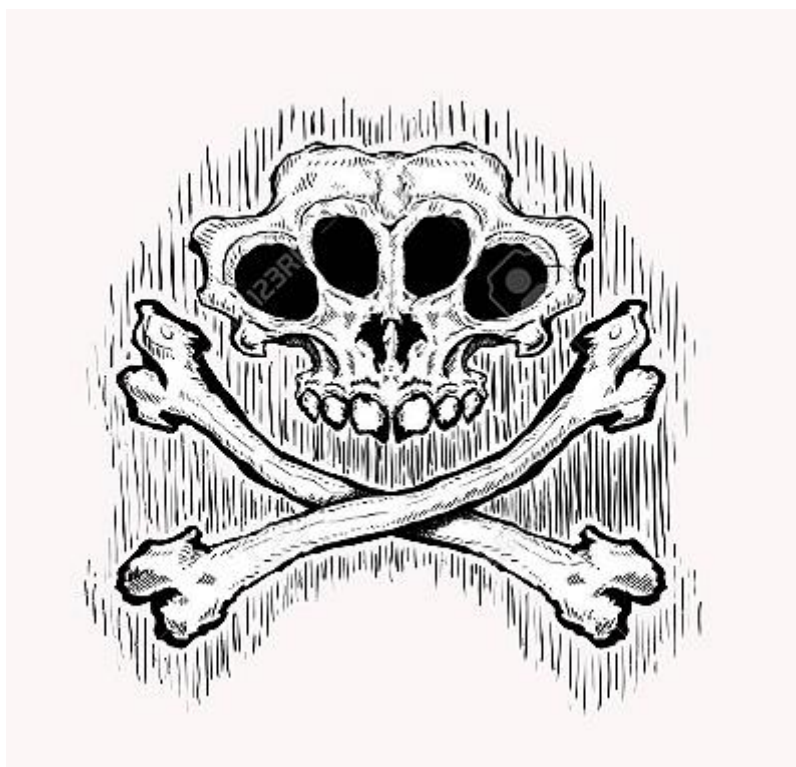
The world had changed and that planet covered by water, in which the aquatic beings dominated everything, was transformed filling of entrails and turning the blue sustenance to the red color of the blood of our annihilated by those supposed gods that filled with air his lungs, that we admired for their differences, that we idolized and that they were not compassionate. Vague memories of our world today turned into myth.

That elapsed time that has preserved us in ignorance is our ally.

Those trusting gods have become weak in their power. They are

suspicious of the unknown, they support their fears in superstitions. The time has come for us to take advantage of it. A hint of his memory has persisted. They associate us with evil creatures, gods of destruction and death that could defeat them. Let's

give them the reason. They never got to conquer our world, for that reason they still fear it. Let us leave behind the time of resignation and rescue in message from our ancestors who continue to cry out: revenge. The day has arrived and this is the moment.



The eternal

By Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico)

The desert town,
some dogs bark
and the decapitated chickens
hang from the legs
on the clotheslines.

The fortune teller waits
gnarled hands man
and blind look.

Cut the hen in the canal,
spreads viscera
how it spits stars
the universe.

With metallic voice

My future predicts:

in the game,

love

and business.

I want to know

about my death,

"That's beyond

of the song of the hen ",

says without soul

in the voice.

I smile

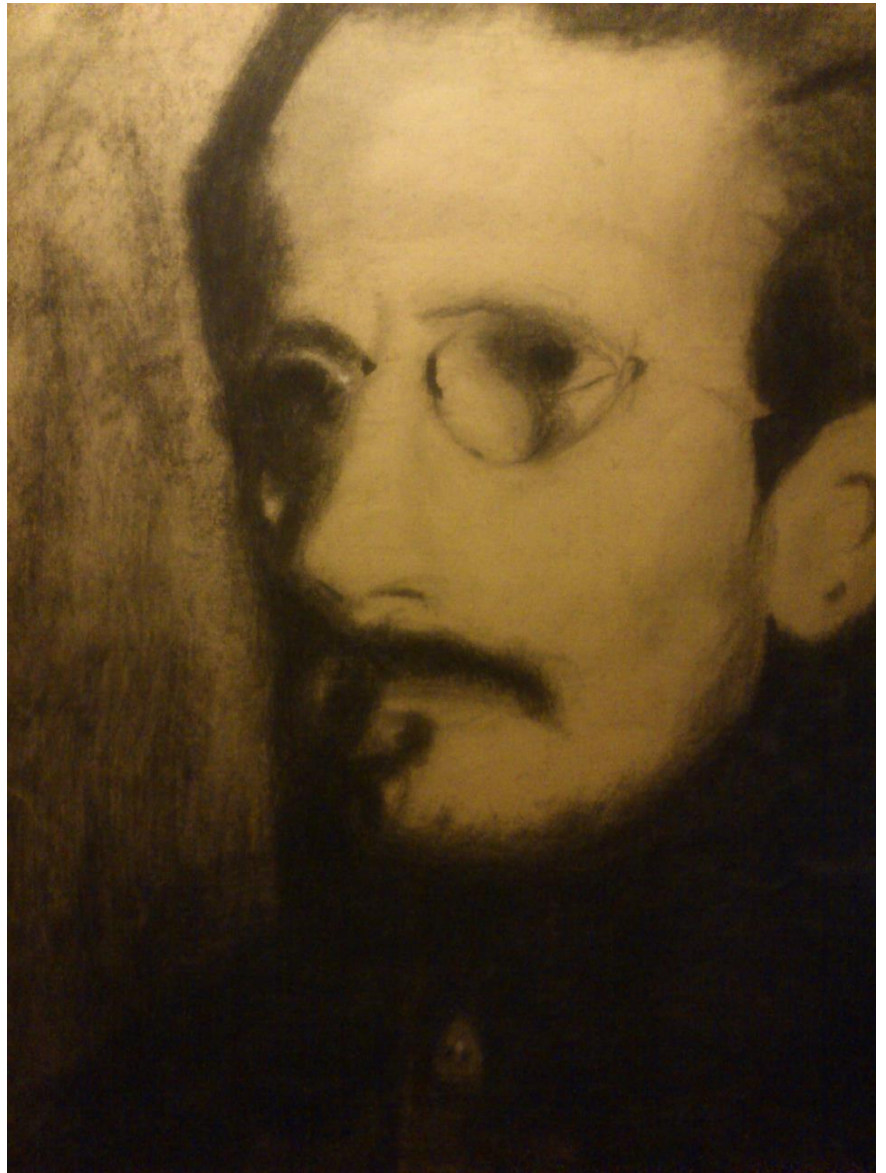
I point with my gun

and I repeat my desire.

My men bring the trunk

of the old enemy,

already cut down:



head, arms

and feet.

It opens in channel

and throws to the wind

the intestines.

With knotty hands

read the message

and the necromancer

you want me prosperous

and eternal life

with my demons.

Little stories

By Lynette Mabel Pérez (Puerto Rico)

To Poe and those who whisper darkness

He whispers stories in my ear.
He tells me with such a voice
that scares me to the sound
of the door suddenly opening,
they are not little stories to sleep,
they are the ones that are scary
because they talk about
werewolves
who groan tormented with love,
they are little stories that hurt,
that make life unbearable
because I want to keep hearing
them,
I want your voice near my ear



talking about impossible thules,
of chroniclers who make natural history
of the birth / sunset of an illusion,
his voice has the cadence of a song,
it is a dark hymn to melancholy,
while he sings, I'm enthralled
listening to the blood running in my veins,
the shadows are reflected in the glasses,
they dance with the characters their idyll,
they move silently around the room,
no, they are not little stories to sleep,
they are those that keep you awake
with a little pounding in the chest
that is growing, like his voice in my head.

PROVIDENCE 1910 H.P. LOVECRAFT ENCUENTRA A SU MUSA

But, señorito!
Are not you going to try this typical dish
from my people?



[Signature]
El Santa 09/05/2017

I love Cthulhu!
Would not he
have to get up
and take down
Humanity?

But if they alone are already
doing it, let me sleep a couple
of million more!



El Santa

El Santa 03/02/18

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Nº1, mayo 2018

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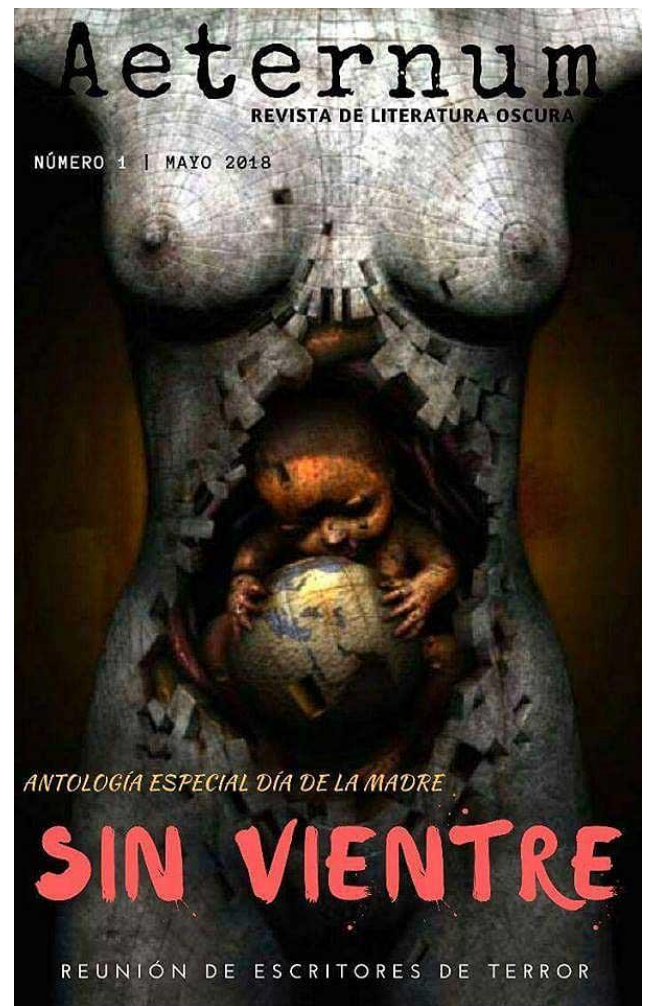
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Nº8, Mayo 2018

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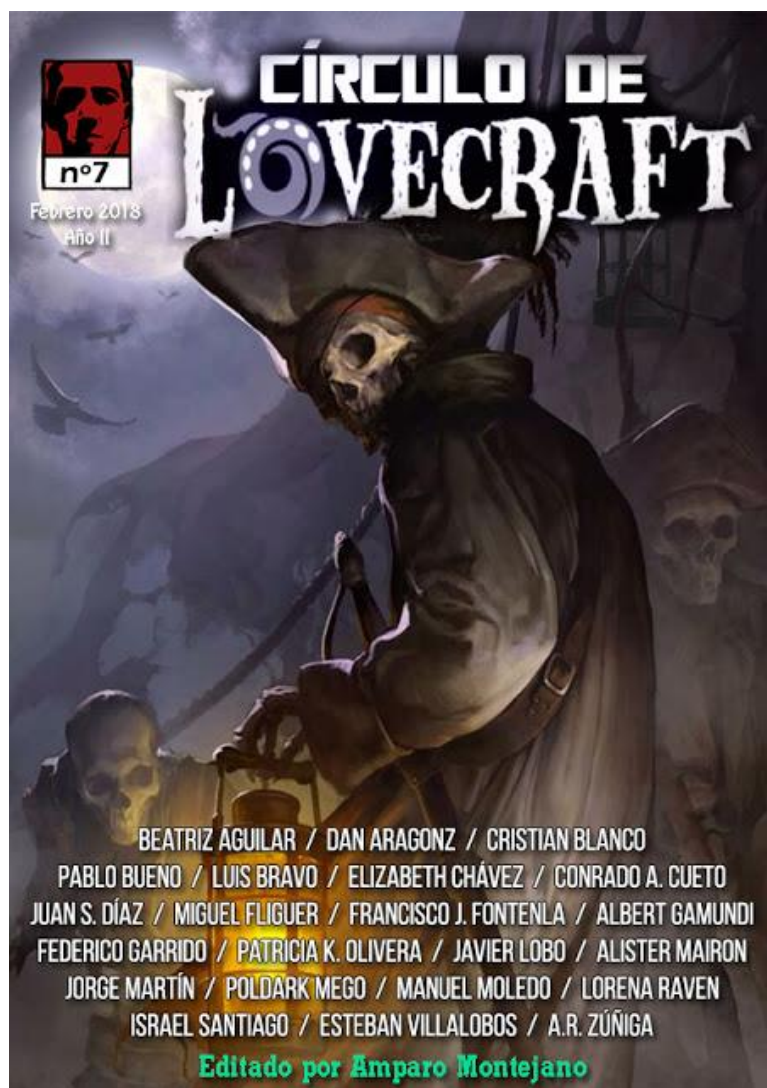
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Directors:

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

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) potter, photographer and illustrator. Been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Red Magazine Science Fiction, Axxón, NGC3660, ICTP Portal Magazine Digital miNatura, Brief not so brief, chemically

impure, Wind flashes, Letters to dream, Predicate. com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog's count stories, book Monelle 365 contes, etc.). He has written under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages multiple blogs, two of them related to Magazine Digital miNatura who co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story publication.

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

Editor:

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

Writers:

Candelaria Zárate, M^a. Del Socorro

(Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program Coordinator of San Luis de Potosí. He has worked in different numbers miNatura digital magazine.

Dan Aragonz -seud.- (Chile) amateur writer. His texts have appeared in different anthologies and publications.

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 Inonsexist 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.

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973)

Having studied at the University of Pisa, La Sapienza University of Rome and Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome, she took a Doctor degree in Philosophy and Arts at the Autonomous University of Madrid (2005). Member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the UAM. She has received many national and international literary prizes. Her work appears in numerous

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

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

Karimo, Samir (Portugal) translator.

A fan of the fantastic, as the author highlights the texts *Santa Claus sideral y a gota de oro navideña* and *Delirios fantasmales*, both published in the phoenix fanzine and now comes with this first book of short stories or pre texts that are pretexts for new texts.

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

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.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National

Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farraluque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba EventFiction 2003 Award "Rationale "2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation, International Competition" The Revelation", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition "Wave Polygon", Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

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>

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 LastContinent, space devoted to the genre of Science Fiction, Horror and dark fantasy especially. The latter symbolized by the blog name taken from the eponymous series American writer, Clark Ashton Smith.

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

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

Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own

language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

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

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

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

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

Pérez, Lynette Mabel (Moca, Puerto Rico 1976) He has a Master's Degree in Language Arts from the Interamerican University of Puerto Rico. He has published five books:

Imaginería (Isla Negra Editores, 2010), the plaquette of poetry; Psicodelias Urbanas (2012) and Mundo cero (2013); Under the stamp of Verde Blanco, Ciclos (2015) and Lab Skin (2016). She is co-author of Modern Woman (2013) and Ars memoriae (2014). It was awarded in several literary contests.

Published in national and international magazines.

It was included in the anthologies

Army of Roses (2011), Plomos: Anthology of Puerto Rican Poetry (2012), Without Borders II (2012), Tales of power (2014) and the anthology of children's literature 1,2,3 For all my friends (2014), between others Compiled with Miranda Merced the anthology Circus Fantasy: anthology of contemporary literature (2011). It belongs to REMES. She was a professor at the Metropolitan University, Aguadilla Campus, Turabo University of Isabela and currently works at the Columbia University Center of Caguas.

Pradillos Luque, Lucía (Spain, 29 years old) Writer from Madrid who has been writing since she was fourteen. He has published poems and stories mainly of terror in various literary magazines, as well as in the anthology of Queer terror of Cthulhu publishing house. He currently writes for his radioteatralization at Vilkaí Creepy.

Rodríguez Cal, Amilcar (Santa Clara, Cuba) Bachelor of Sociology at the University

of Las Villas. Annual graduate course narrative techniques of Literary Training Center of Havana. Mention in national competition SF 2003 issue of Technical Youth with the story "The Flight". Mention in the National Poetry Competition Regino Pedroso 2006. Texts published in anthologies on paper "Press release" and "The balance of the world", publishing Luminaria and Caja China. Chronicles published in national newspapers as a collaborator. First Prize in National Competition III Chronicles "Cuba Deportiva" 2009, with the text "A victory announced". Mention in Sport Cuba 2013 with the text "The Fall". Mention Regino Pedroso 2014 National Poetry Competition. IV Contest prize Chronicles Caridad Pineda in Memoriam, 2015. Mention in SF 2015 Technical Youth with the text "Offering". Texts published in the magazine El Caimán Barbudo and the colombian ezine Cosmocápsula of science fiction and fantasy. Collaborator of the spanish ezine MiNatura.

Segovia Ramos, Francisco José (Spain, 1962) Degree in Law from the University of Granada. First Prize, among others, of the IV

International Contest of science fiction novella "Alternis Mundi", of the XXVII Prize of Prose of Moriles (Córdoba); of the Micromegas of Science Fiction Story Books; of the II Story Contest "Primero de Mayo", Argentina; of the XII Story Contest "Saturnino Calleja", Córdoba, of the First Literary Contest in Homage to Mario Benedetti, Albacete.

Publications: "The dead dreams", novel, "What the shadows tell", stories; "The Anniversary", novel. Participant in numerous anthologies of poetry and story with several authors.

Other activities: Contributor of literary magazines and in several newspapers.

<http://www.franciscojsegoviarra.com>

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

Sixtos, Sergio F. S. (Mexico City, Mexico)
Studied metallurgical engineering. Like to type in Hermes Baby machine. He has published the book: Palabráfago Coedición Infame and Sikore Ediciones (2016).

Strigaro Natalia (Argentina, 42 years old)

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

He began his career in magazines in that country as The ONO, Fierro, Dipsus, Rigor Mortis, Acid, and Axxón internationally. MiNatura Magazine n ° 158, The circle of Lovecraft n ° 6 magazine and active participation in the page dedicated to carnival stories

<https://www.facebook.com/Sharol-131860017496415/>

Vázquez, María Victoria (Buenos Aires, 1973) Future graduate in Communication Sciences from the University of Buenos Aires. English teacher. Culture columnist on the radio show "Las buenas y las malas". Multi-tasking woman, like most.

In 2016 published his first book of stories, "Cold", editorial Intruding Texts.

<http://comocontintachina.blogspot.com.ar/>

Illustrators:

Pág. 01, 83 Bayarri, Jordi (Alboraia, Valencia, Spain, 1972) A comic book fan since

he was a child, he formed, together with other young authors, the 7 Monos self-publisher collective when he was doing fine arts at the Polytechnic University of Valencia. Under this seal he began to draw and publish his most well-known series: *Magia & Acero*, which earned him the prize of the readers for the best erotic comic in the International Comic Fair of Barcelona FICOMIC 2002.

In 2003 he began his collaboration with the Aleta publishing house, publishing first the science fiction work *Titan of the Past* and then the *Tome of Dragon*. Subsequently, he began to write and draw the fantasy series *Entre Tinieblas*, with which he won the Best National Screenwriter Award at the Madrid International Comic Fair EXPOCÓMIC 2007, and in which he published the ninth episode in 2016. In 2010 his graphic novel *The Hidden City of Alexander the Great* appeared, winning project of the first edition of the prize "Drawing Between Cultures", of the Three Cultures Foundation.

Since 2012 he has been working in the *Scientific Collection*, a series of comics for spreading science aimed at the youngest,

narrating in vignettes the lives of such illustrious scientists as Darwin, Galileo, Newton, Marie Curie, Ramon y Cajal and Aristotle.

He is currently working on the next volumes of *Entre Tinieblas* and *Colección Científicos* and his comics projects for adults on the internet.

Pág. 18 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. 67, 68 Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977) Bachelor of Nautical and Maritime Transport. Currently I work as a freelance trainer of merchant marine courses which I manage from the facebook page "Nautical Training Cádiz".

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

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

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

Pág. 64 Sixtos, Sergio F. S. (Mexico City, Mexico) *See Writers*

Pág. 14 Teixeira, Catarina (Lisbon, Portugal, 1983) In addition to illustrator she

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

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

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

<https://twitter.com/SkreeBat>

<https://picarto.tv/SkreeBat>

Illustrations:

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Jrui
2012.