



Rorschach

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WLATHE

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First English edition

Translation from Spanish

Gabriela G. Palapa

Desing and artwork

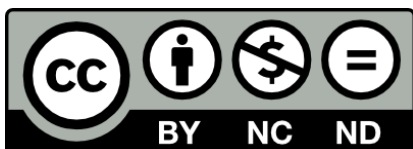
M. F. Wlathe

<http://wlathe.blogspot.mx/>

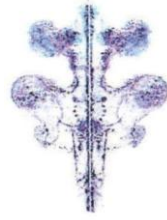
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Mexico City. 2014



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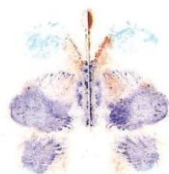
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Introduction

Stories we used to tell often say way more than we would like to admit. It's near impossible not to reveal a part of our personality, our deepest emotions, fears and desires between the lines. We take a vulnerable position as we write. We stand defenseless facing the reader, the reviewer, and finally ourselves, but that weakness is precisely the one who inspires us and give us strength to keep telling stories. We hide a piece of us – many times it is inadvertently- inside the mind of an incidental character and we embellish imaginary places with childhood tales. We use to draw us away from the main plots in order to show ourselves freely on the borders of our tales, even now I write plural sentences not accepting the fact that I'm really talking about my own case.

The author's mind is a labyrinth; a labyrinth that we pretend to solve with one story at the time. And the triggers that shout those stories are as wide as the imagination itself. Here, in this little book, the authors give us the first image that they perceived in the chaos made by 12 paintings just to offer you, reader, a piece of us. Of course it is not a rigorous psychological test, but a game about imagination and creativity which pleases me to share with writers that I appreciate, admire and to which I thank with all my heart their acceptance to join me in this project. Thank you very much Miguel, Alberto and José Luis!

M. F. W.



Rorschach

DUCKS

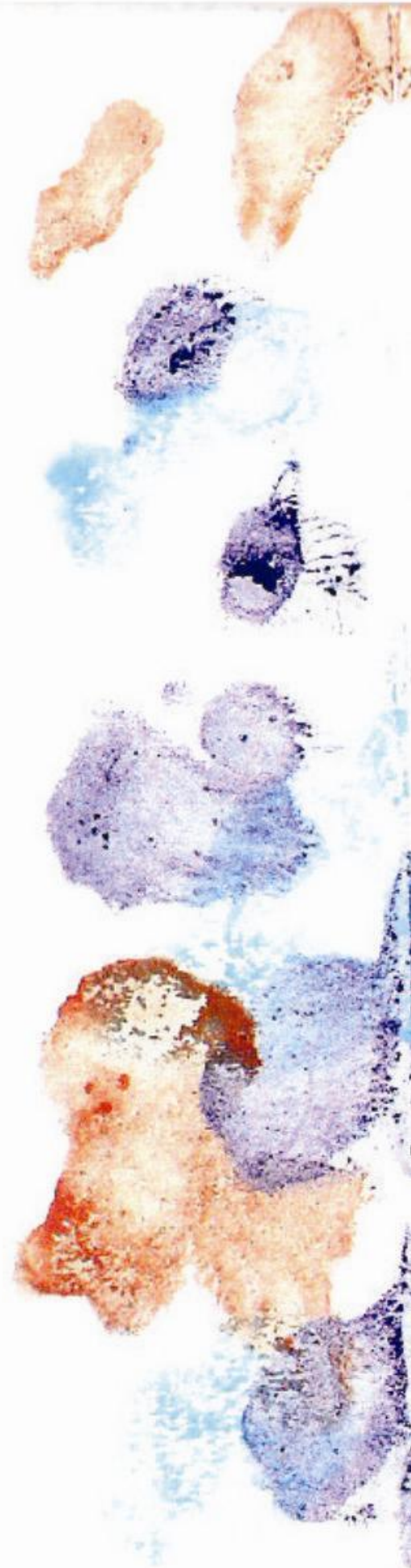
After so many years of searching for, the explorer found the mythical bestiary, whose first page showed *Zaratecus* ducks specimens, a primal bird that according to the Elders used to spread bad news. Quack, quack!

M. A. L. S.

WOMAN WITH HUGE FLY HEAD

Lying in an elegant hotel bed, the man —anxious for the promise of pleasure— waits for the girl that gets ready in the bathroom. As she walks out, turns off the light and hugs him, he is able to see in her face the bright of two huge fly eyes.

A. S. A.





DUCKS

The little boy took the rubber duck trembling from his mother's bed, put it in the bathtub and filled it with warm water, so he no longer would be cold.

M. F. W.

FOOTSTEPS

Footprints, one over another; a big deep silence in the abandoned village. The fire still smoking. The footsteps converge there, but don't draw away. I could imagine the rumble, the ecstasy, the paroxysm of the flying dance. I watched up to the sky, who wouldn't? Looking for their footsteps on the clouds.

J. L. Z.

SNAKE

The big snake showed himself while crawling through the second page. Legend has it that the brave one who dares to hold his gaze would be able to see the secrets of the cosmos, but at the first gesture of doubt, a bite would inject him the sweet poison of ignorance.

M. A. L. S.

BUTTERFLY

Every night, Juan Ramírez dreams that big butterfly wings grow on him. Then, just when he is ready to fly, his boss chopped his wings off and Juan turns back to his cubicle —with his bleeding back— to register folios and redact memoranda.

A. S. A.



BUTTERFLY

Despite being too old, the claustrophobic caterpillar refused to become a butterfly.

M. F. W.

HANDS

Nudes for the first time, our hands travel through the new lands; mine found ridges on your back, the stump of the wings, peaks and a mountain where there was nothing but loneliness, silent and that peaceful and beautiful white death.

J. L. Z.

MERMAIDS

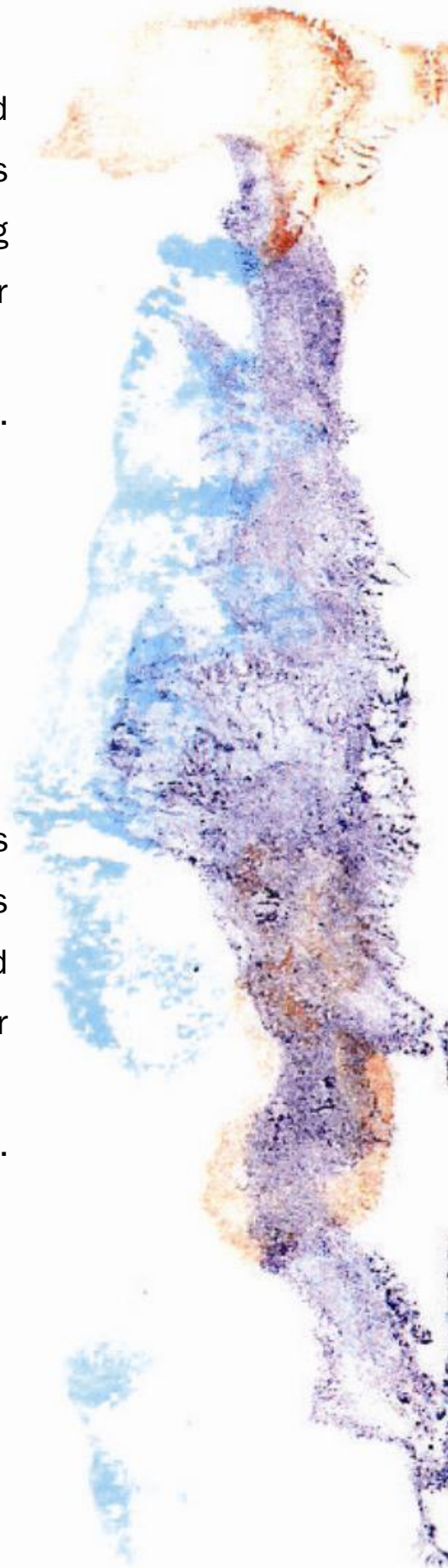
At turning the page, many outlandish colored feathers fell to the ground. The mermaids fluttered exhibiting their bare breasts, desiring the explorer's skin, mesmerizing him with their sultry singing.

M. A. L. S.

SIAMESE BOYS

On the streets of my city, those siamese boys wander naked on the sidewalks. Sometimes people give them food, others they are kicked as dogs. At night they send signals to their home planet. We're not passing this proof.

A. S. A.





KISSING CLOWNS

They achieved to convince the world that their love was no joke, although they could never recognize each other without make up.

M. F. W.

PELVIS

We discovered the pelvis of an unknown dinosaur, so big that we can't even imagine how was the rest of the animal; or well, we may imagine, we see the mountains and think that long time ago they wandered looking for each other, trumping.

J. L. Z.

CHIHUAHUA DOG

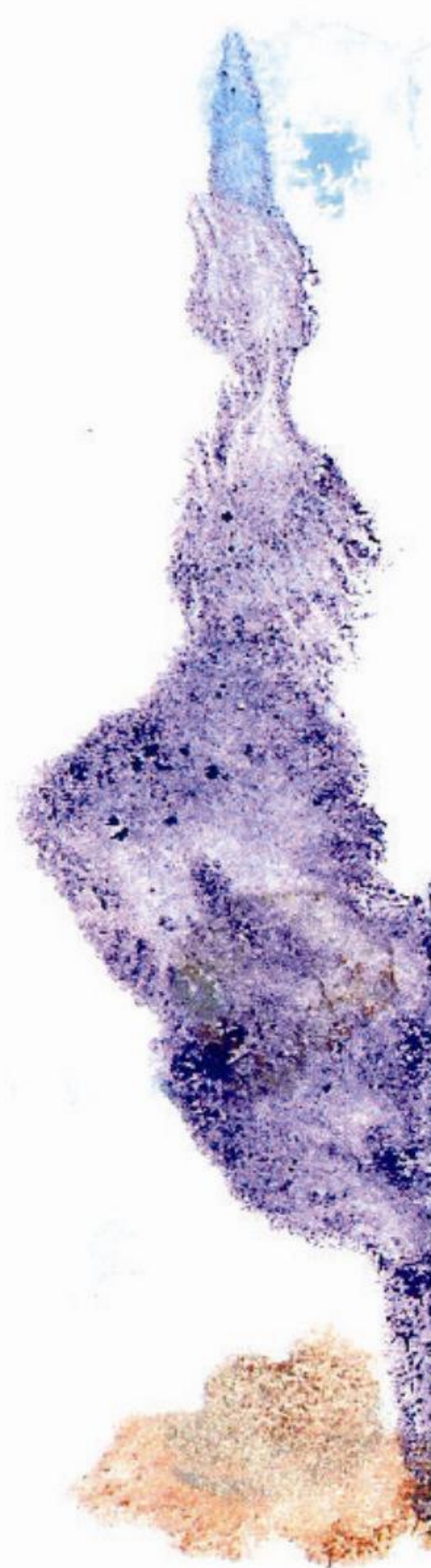
The bark of the long eared chihuahua broke the trance, in which the explorer had fallen into, who collapsed with a snap that resonated in the vaulted ceiling of the library.

M. A. L. S.

MONSTROUS RABBIT

There's a nice rabbit in the pet shop. Mom says that if I get good notes, she'll buy it for me. He tells me —with that voice that only I can hear— that as soon as he arrives to my home, we'll make pranks with my father's axe.

A. S. A.





NAKED WOMAN SILHOUETTE

I travel through your contours not being afraid to lose myself into your skin, for I'm guided by the constellations formed with your beauty marks.

M. F. W.

SIAMESE GIRLS

They had godparents, guns and enough offenses, but they couldn't walk away 10 steps to shoot.

J. L. Z.

ALLIGATORS

Two alligators, members of the imperial guard, whose aim was to help the visitors, guided him to join them and led him, not before chewing his shoes, to the next page.

M. A. L. S.

HORSE

Every night, when I see myself in my room mirror, I have a horse face. And I'm not saying it as a metaphor, I really mean it; I even have mane and all that stuff. I don't know if I should look for a therapist or buy me a nice leather frame.

A. S. A.





VULTURES

As vultures, doubts harass my mind. I feel their hungry gazes waiting for a mistake that turns my thoughts into death.

M. F. W.

HORSES

He woke up with a horse head on the bed, he turned toward his wife to share his horror, but another head occupied her pillow. He screamed, but from his mouth came out a terrified neigh.

J. L. Z.

CHICKENS

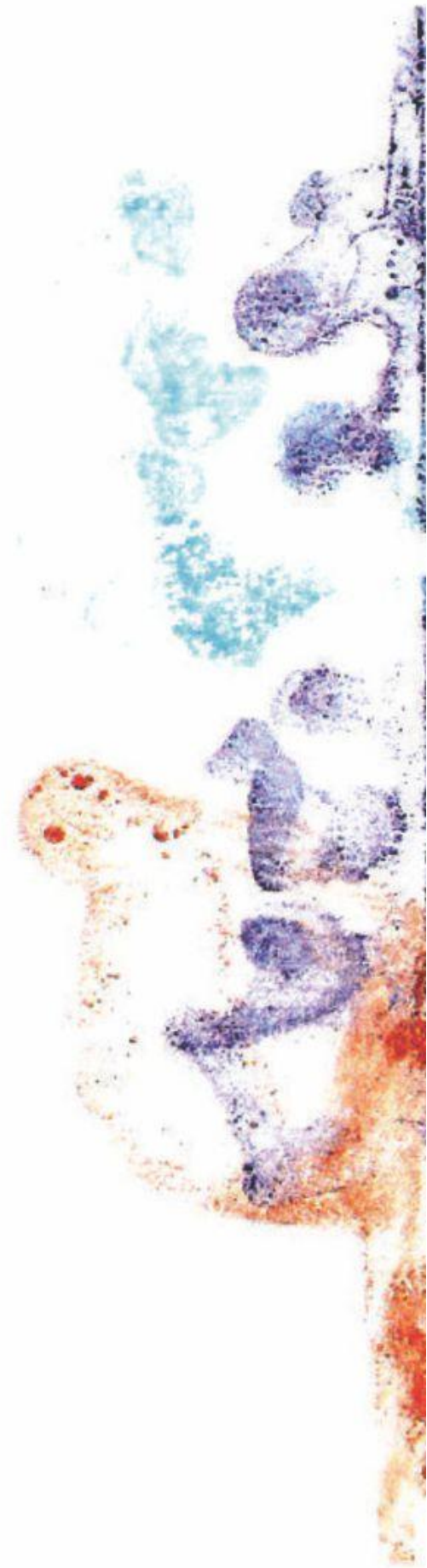
The page crackled and the temperature began to rise. Despite the Elders claimed that all the visitors would see different things in the bestiary, he was sure that it was about firebirds, the emancipatory ones. The explorer closed his eyes and felt the pain of oblivion.

M. A. L. S.

CHANDELIER

I've always thought that the chandelier of the living room may fall over our heads. When my wife is below it talking with her friends, it seems to me as it moves softly. Today, when she's sleeping, I will loose the nuts a little bit, just a little bit.

A. S. A.





TWO MEN PLAYING AN ORGAN

Two organists repeat incessantly a cursed mass;
siamese brothers that hinge on the other's
music to be able to breathe.

M. F. W.

CHANDELIER

The phantom of the opera used to give
(anonymously) to the fiercest critics, beautiful
chandeliers filled with ornaments that shine like
glass knives.

J. L. Z.

BOXER

The page seven couldn't be occupied by no one but the torturer; that huge creature with massive extremities, whose head's absent allowed him to punish with justice. Not being able to react in time, the explorer got punched in the nose.

M. A. L. S.

GIRL

A little girl approached to me in the café and told me that I would die within three days, three hours and three seconds and then she left. The predicted hour came and besides the same girl approaching with a stick, there's nothing strange to tell.

A. S. A.





JOHN LENNON

Every time I imagine a world without war, a
David Chapman wakes me up.

M. F. W.

ROCKY

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10!

Balboa jumped over the ring, happy; and within
a year Rocky 11 will arrive, so he promised.

J. L. Z.

CAT

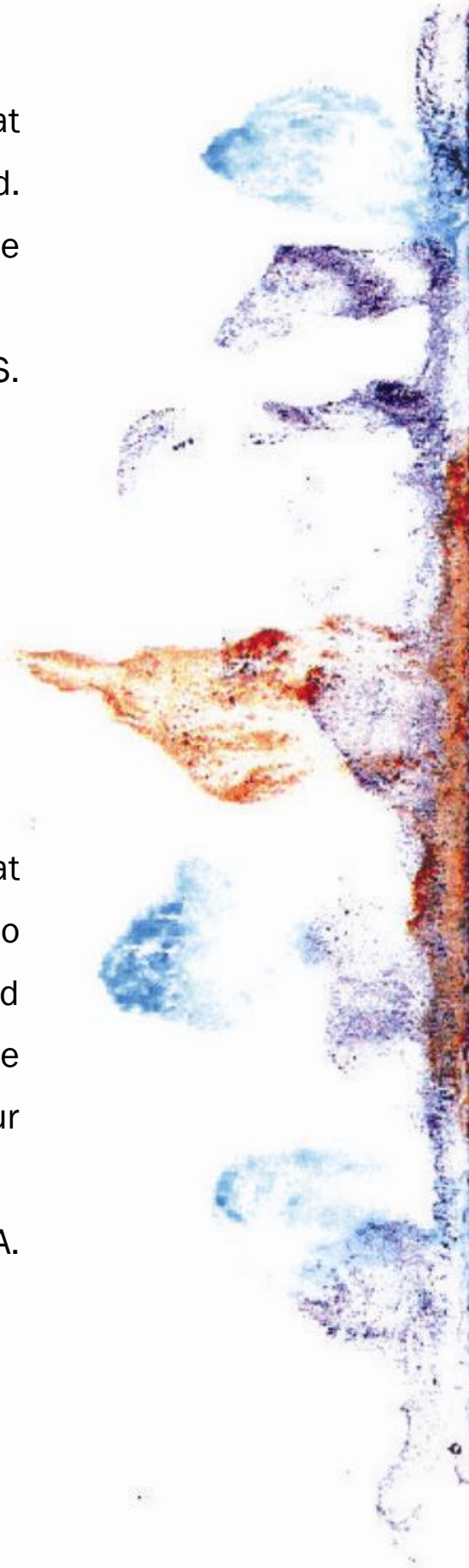
From the next page jumped a little albino cat that began to drink the explorer's spilled blood. This one, remembering certain aphorisms of the Elders, lifted him and swallowed him.

M. A. L. S.

STRONGMAN

That girl of the gym loves my body, so much that every time we make love, she gives me a bite so strong that takes skin and muscle. I can stand the pain and heal quickly; problem is that she wants that three friends of her join our relationship.

A. S. A.





CROW

Standing on the abyss border, the crows stop
and stay next to me looking at my eyes and
inviting me to jump.

M. F. W.

BAT

Dracula's plane, dark and stylized used to fly by
night and suck oil from planes heavier and
defenseless than him.

J. L. Z.

WOODPECKERS

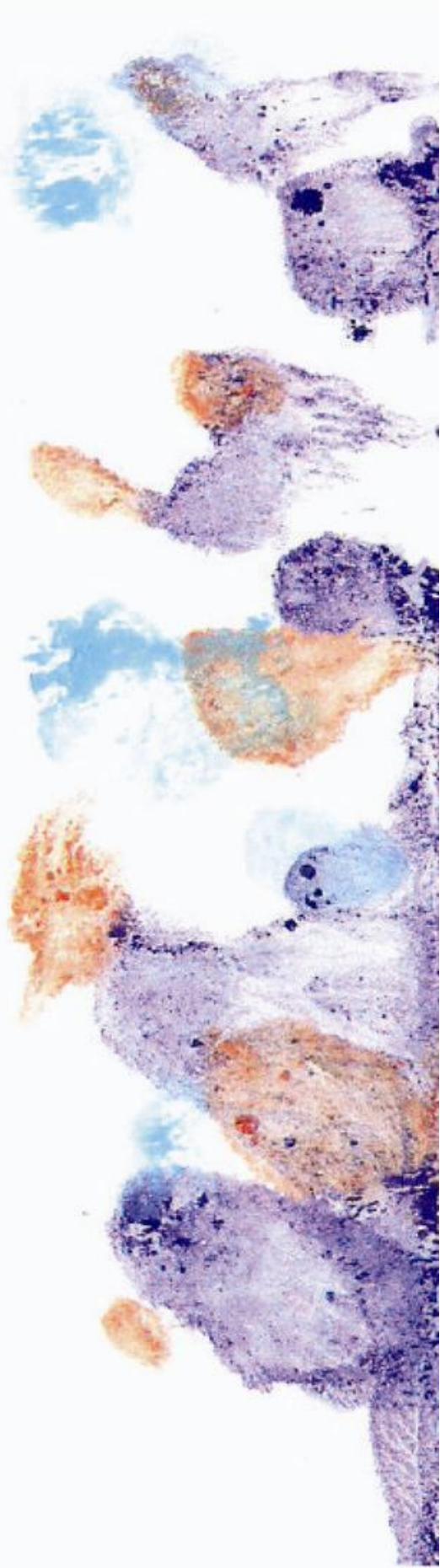
The woodpecker's clattering (bringers of the good news) over the poetry books, made the explorer smile for the first time. The explorer, in love with the melodies that escaped from the poems, changed the page.

M. A. L. S.

DOG

My neighbor's dog is in love with me; as I jog, he stares at me melancholically. When I come back from the job, he's waiting for me on the sidewalk to give me big licks. This morning I found a letter from him asking me to elope together. I have my bag ready.

A. S. A.





MICE

Beside you, my body has turned into a mice nest. I feel their little teeth gnawing my bones and their feces flooding my brain. My skin waves because of their frantic movements. Now having eaten my flesh, they began to eat themselves.

M. F. W.

FROG

Though the kiss gave him back the human shape, everyone refers to him as the Green Prince.

J. L. Z.

DONKEY

Darkness; only two red dots approaching; that was the donkey's flamboyant eyes, the older and wisest between the Elders. A stream of ideas punched the hardheaded explorer, who took off his glasses and his clothes, opening his mind and allowing being possessed.

M. A. L. S.

DEMONS

When we arrived at hell, a group of starving demons gave us tridents and asked us grudgingly to go inside the fire craters and to thread each other every fifteen seconds. We discussed how the customer service was awful in this place.

A. S. A.





SPIDER

I can't stand that the spiders have eight legs.
According to my therapist, my arachnophobia
began the night I found my parents in their bed.

M. F. W.

BREAST

Pygmalion sculpted the perfect breasts, but
what a disappointment when Galatea became
alive and they were no longer cold, pale and
lacked that exciting marble texture.

J. L. Z.

RACCOON

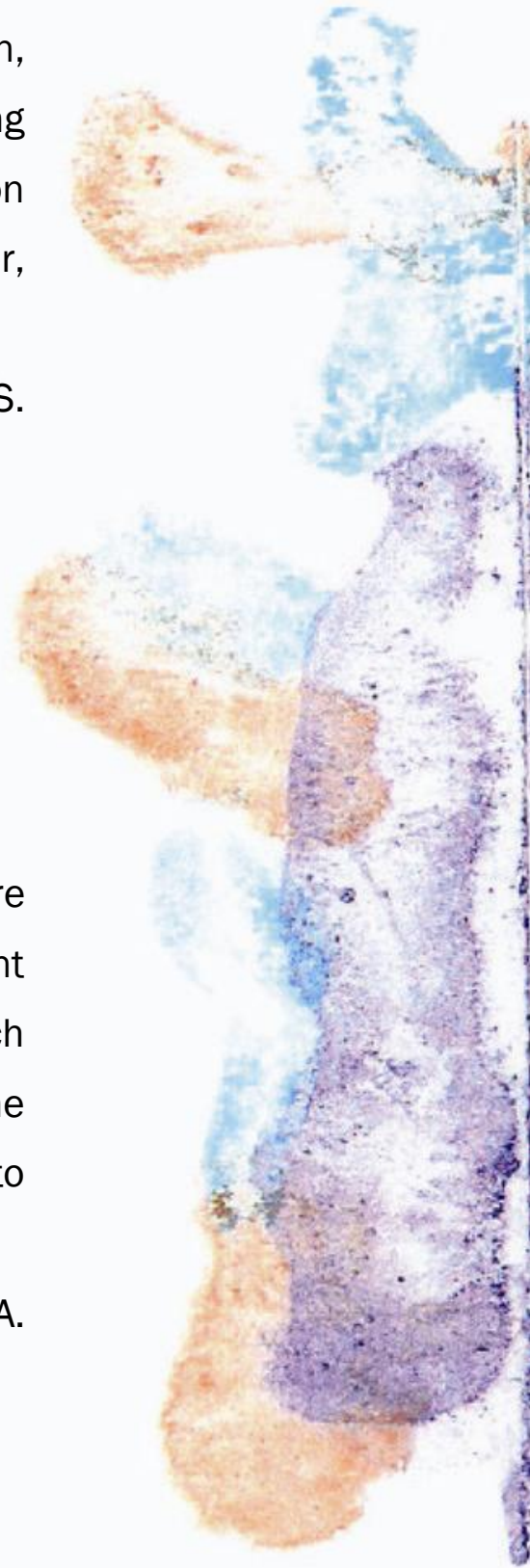
From the eleventh page emerged the raccoon, the cheater, which was responsible of charging the two men the gifts received. The raccoon pointed out many body parts of the explorer, who being sorrowful chose his left leg femur.

M. A. L. S.

BUG WITH MUTILATED LIMBS

Yesterday, when I woke up, giant bugs were taking me out of my home; I ran away and went to work. Upon returning, a huge cockroach almost caught me in the porch. I think that the time to stop reading Kafka and then turn to Coelho is coming.

A. S. A.





TEDDY BEAR WITH ANTENNAS

A martian girl looks at the stars and wonders if there would be teddy bears in other planets.

M. F. W.

NARCISSUS

Narcissus caressed so much the mirror that he was sure that his flesh was made out of crystal.

J. L. Z.

COWS

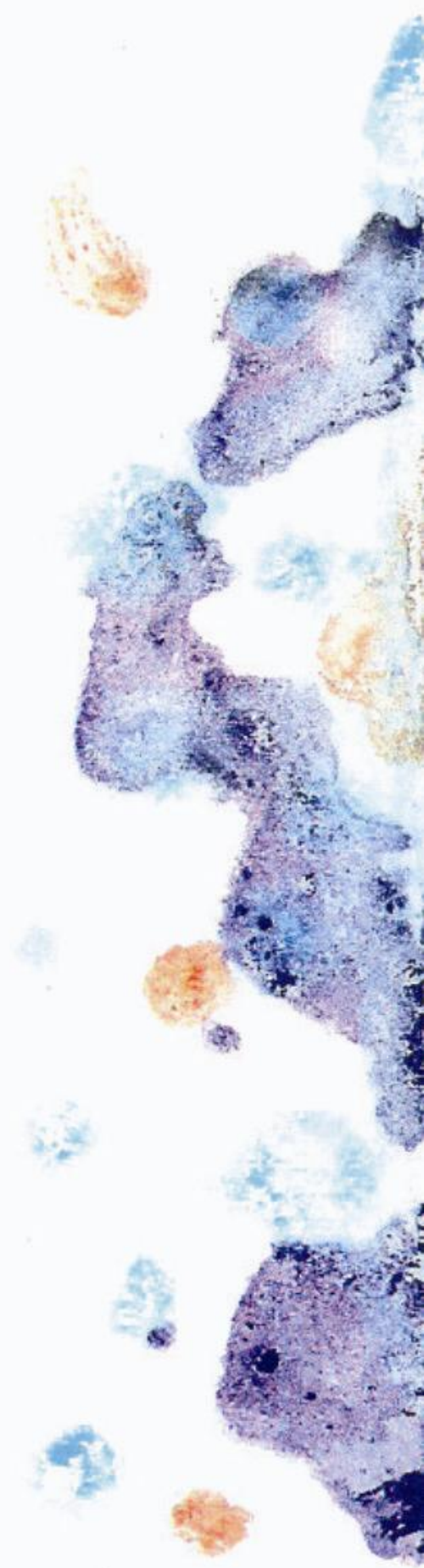
The healer cows licked the explorer stump, burning it. The explorer closed the bestiary, got out the sword from Rorschach's chest, the librarian, and resting on her, abandoned the last library in the world.

M. A. L. S.

SKELETON OF A GIANT TURTLE

For the last great famine, the global government sent to butcher the giant turtles that used to hold our planet. Now we are waiting for the moment in which the empty shells break out and all of us fall in the abyss.

A. S. A.



A vertical watercolor illustration on the left side of the page. It depicts a rhino in shades of purple, blue, and brown, with some orange and yellow accents. The style is soft and painterly.

RHINO

The last rhino looked at me with such sadness and loneliness that it seemed to ask me for death. As I was shooting, I didn't feel as I was hunting an animal, but saying good bye to a friend. I refused to claim his body as a trophy; I just sat next to him and shed a tear.

M. F. W.

HELMET

After saving her from the dragon, the knight in shining armor did not accept the princess' soft gift. He appreciated that she has offered him her virginity, but he needed a heart.

J. L. Z.

Authors

Miguel Antonio Lupián Soto

(Mexico City, 1977) Former student from Miskatonic University. His stories had been published in many anthologies and translated into Italian, English and French. He's author of Efímera, Mortinatos, Trilogía Cthulhu, La muerte chiquita, El visitante y La maniobra de Heimlich. Ana's husband, father of three cats and is the director of "Penumbria, revista fantástica para leer en el ocaso."

mortinatos.blogspot.mx - [facebook.com/miguel.a.soto.507](https://www.facebook.com/miguel.a.soto.507) - [@mortinatos](https://www.instagram.com/mortinatos)

Alberto Sánchez Argüello

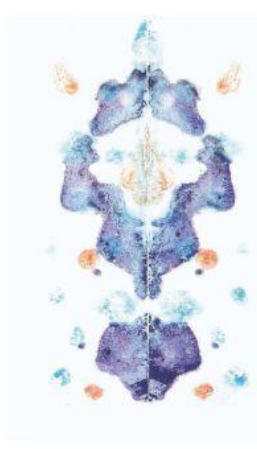
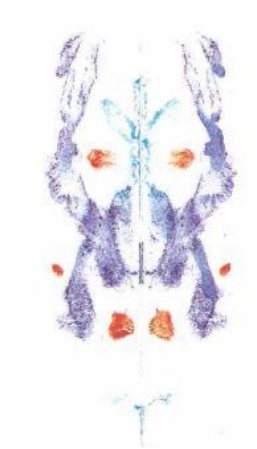
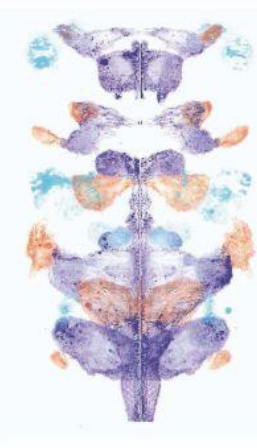
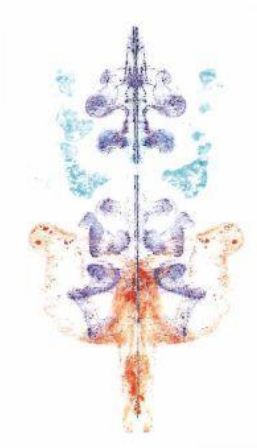
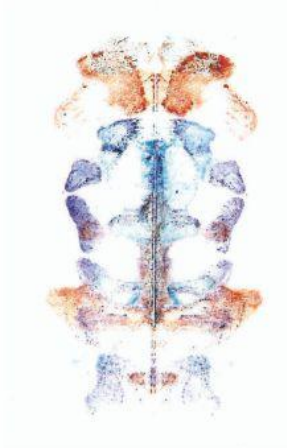
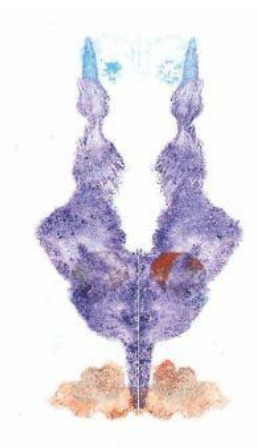
(Managua, Nicaragua, 1976) Psychologist. Winner of the First Short Story Competition Youth Version of the Fundación Libros para niños in 2013 with La casa del agua. First place in the VII National Competition "Otra relación de género es possible", Short Story Category of CANTERA Nicaragua. He sorted on the panel of Fourth National Competition of Children's Literature, Short Story Category as the result of his published work "Chico largo y Charco Verde" in 2008. A Micro-fiction selection was published in the literary magazine of the Centro nicaragüense de escritores Hilo azul N° 5. He was selected for the anthology "Flores de la trinchera" of the Fondo editorial Soma 2012. First place, Spanish Language Category 11^a International Call of Fantastic and Science Fiction Nanostory, Androides y mutantes. Second mention in I Central American Competition of Children's Literature, 2013 Libros para niños. Manager and coordinator of microliterary readings and poetry of the collective workshop of microliterature of Nicaragua in 2012 in El Panal and in 2013 in Alianza France and El Quilombo. ofrendando.blogspot.com - [@7tojil](https://www.facebook.com/asailustrador)

Mariano F. Wlathe

(Mexico city, 1986) He studied Communications at the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México. His stories had been included in national and international magazines, as well in the anthologies: Visiones 2013 (AEFCFT, 2014), Alter libido 4 (Alevosía Multiformatos, 2013), Cuéntame un blues (La tinta del silencio, 2013), Antología de cuentos y obras para títeres sobre alebrijes Vol. II (Gobierno del Distrito Federal, 2013), Bosques (Fantasía, 2013), Penumbria Año I (Penumbria/KGB, 2013) y ¡Está vivo! (Difusión Cultural Saliva y Telaraña, 2012). In October 2013 published his first book of micro-fictions: CALAVERA. wlathe.blogspot.mx - facebook.com/mfwlathe - [@Wlathe](https://twitter.com/Wlathe)

José Luis Zárate

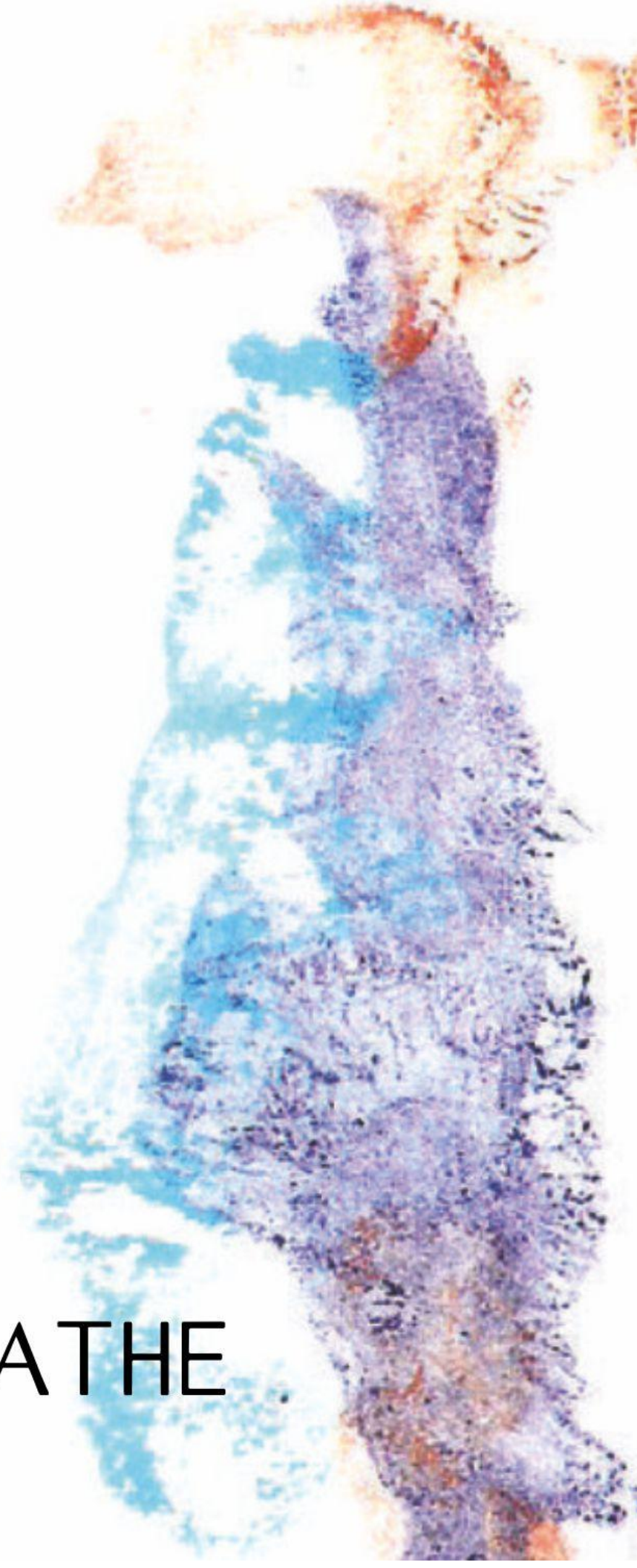
(City of Puebla, 1966) He published novel, essay and short story. His ebook El tamaño del crimen is the first electronic book presented in Bellas Artes. With his Twitter and Facebook account dedicated to the Twitterature he's a constant presence in Micro-Fiction. Winner of the Flash Fiction Competition of the magazine El cuento de Edmundo Valadez. He has published micro-fiction books in Mexico and France (Le Petits Chaperons) and he's been included in anthologies of Spain, Portugal, Argentina, Venezuela. He has won the International Award of Science Fiction and Fantastic Novel MECyF twice, Award Kalpa for the best Short Story of Science Fiction of the 80s. Founding Member of the Mexican Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy. In conjunction with Gerardo Porcayo, he created the first mexican electronic magazine of science fiction: La langosta se ha posado (autorun diskette). zarate.blogspot.mx - facebook.com/joseluis.zarate - [@joseluiszarate](https://twitter.com/joseluiszarate)



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Finished in Mexico City.

October 2014.



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