



Cuaderno de tormentas [Storm Journal]

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A journey through a terrible and fascinating city

Cuaderno de tormentas [Storm Journal] is a metaphor about the search for inspiration, about the torturous road that is creation, about the dangers of dependence upon the muses when the time comes to find stories to tell. At the same time, it is a journey across the map of the most terrible and yet most fascinating city in the world, a giant flashback that bit by bit reveals its keys.

Word rights

I put on the clothes given
to me by that strange shadow,
and, to my surprise, my body
began to move to the rhythm that
my recently acquired attire
dictated...



Streets and mountains, regions and countries seemed to fold before my step, and in only an instant I found myself on the outskirts of Fright City, lightly crossing a path of little paving stones leading to what some of the lost souls walking by my side called the *Gorges of Oblivion*, the entrance gates to the city.

They used to say that whoever crosses the jaws of Fright leaves behind everything they were up until that moment. Everything good that dwells within us, that which makes us human, is devoured by the city, recycled into cogs for its precise machine of torture.



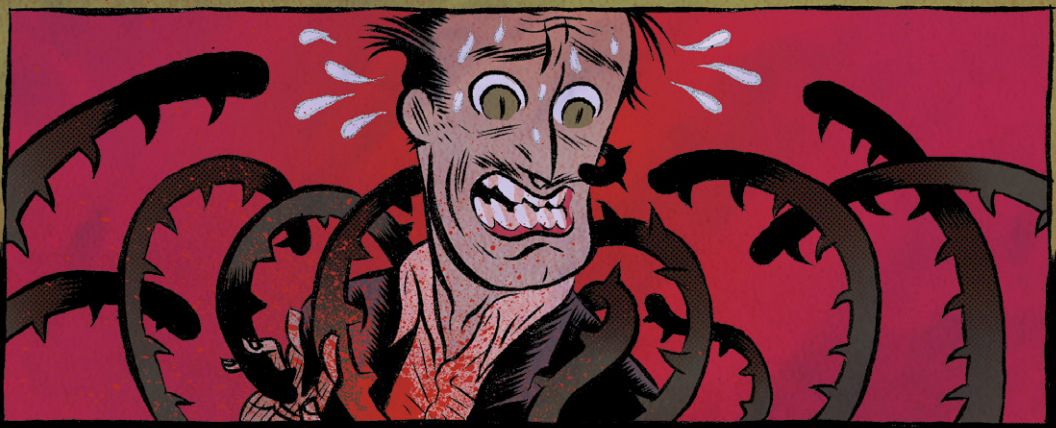




The first of the obstacles the traveler must face upon penetrating Fright City are the so-called *Pillars of Pain*, the high bridges that unite the Gorges of Oblivion with the vast city.

They also have the nickname the "*Bridges of Orpheus*," as they say that whoever crosses them, if in the middle of the way changes his mind and decides to retrace his steps, is swallowed by the very pillars so as to feed its structure.

There is no turning back once having crossed the gates of Fright.



In the shadow of the *Pillars of Pain* the *Square of the Hundred Thousand Cut Down Forests* can be found, all of it constructed –and in perpetual growth– with ghost-wood from forests cut down to make the paper for printing the infinite works that never ought to have been created.

In the center stands the only stone construction in the area: a great statue that was once a flesh-and-blood woman.





As reads a plaque at her feet,
it was *Sansona Domínguez*,
who decided upon her arrival to the city to transform herself into stone
to make herself impervious to the pain and feelings
which attacked her flesh.

If you listen carefully to her rocky surface,
you can perceive a slight sound,
like broken glass, and behind it, almost imperceptible,
the faraway cries of the lady who dwells behind the stone,
Sansona Domínguez, the woman-stature,
of the ironclad heart.



Going around the city, a bloody circle appears:
the *Great Carniverous Canal*,
an immense grave shielding Fright from reality
and that instead of water contains in its interior a sea churning
with flesh, guts, and blood.

On its northern bank can be found the *Port of Drygap*,
where the ghosts of dead inland sailors
catch the bones returned by the great canal in their nets.

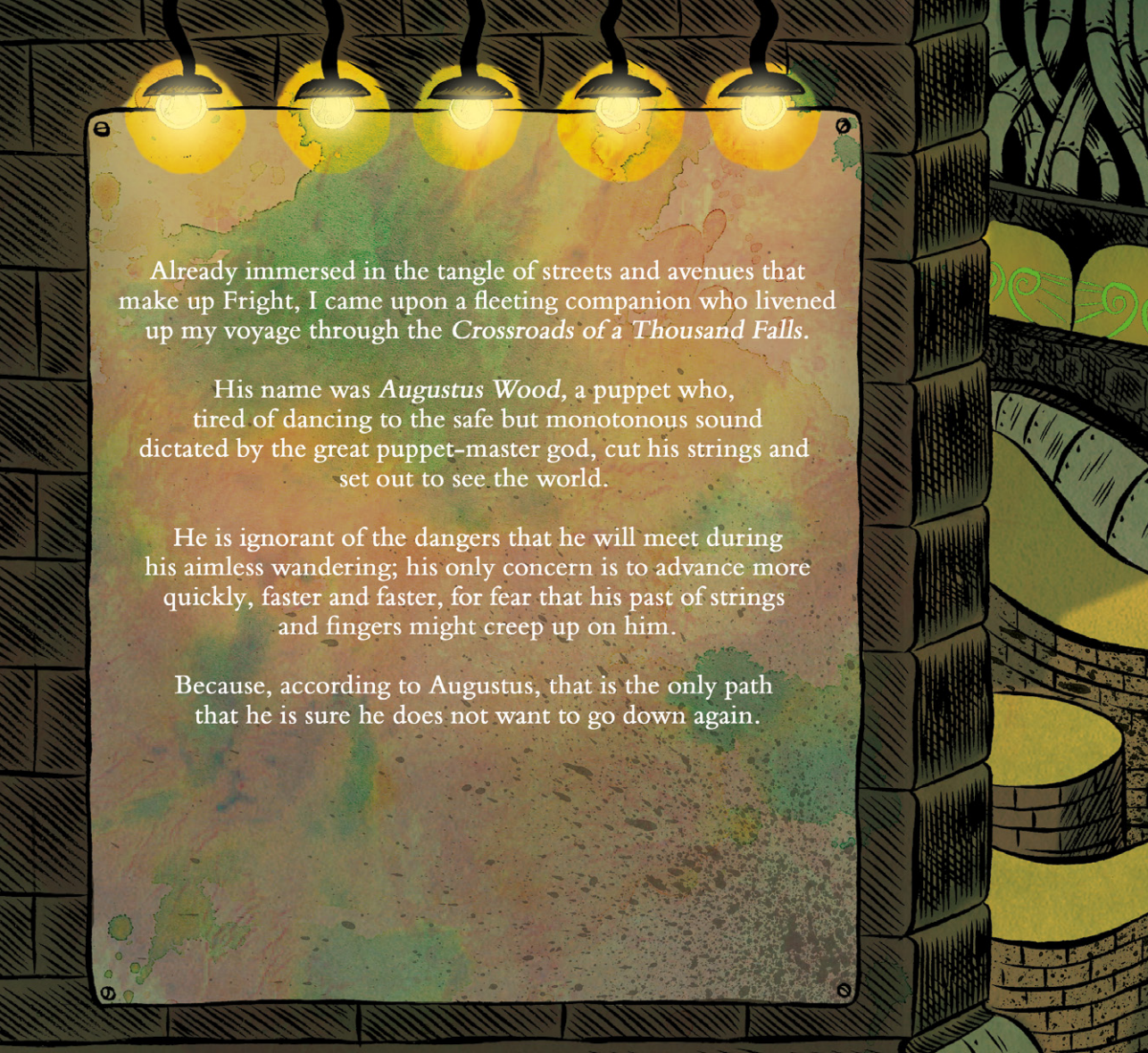
With them, mechanical crabs construct and sell
musical instruments which, upon being played, recite the secrets
harbored in life by the bones' owners.

Eager to entertain myself playing and listening
to some note of another's shame, I chose a small piccolo
that recalled what must have once been part of a rib.

"Good choice! Now you must play it!"
one of the crabs told me.

And with the bone in my pocket
I continued on my way.





Already immersed in the tangle of streets and avenues that make up Fright, I came upon a fleeting companion who livened up my voyage through the *Crossroads of a Thousand Falls*.

His name was *Augustus Wood*, a puppet who, tired of dancing to the safe but monotonous sound dictated by the great puppet-master god, cut his strings and set out to see the world.

He is ignorant of the dangers that he will meet during his aimless wandering; his only concern is to advance more quickly, faster and faster, for fear that his past of strings and fingers might creep up on him.

Because, according to Augustus, that is the only path that he is sure he does not want to go down again.

