

LATIN AMERICA

STATE OF FURIA

A RED DAWN

Ricardo Hernandez

Table of Contents

IN MEMORIAM HISTORIAE	7
WELCOME TO LATIN AMERICA	8
I. SUNDAY OF ASADO AND AREPAS	12
II. BETWEEN MEMORIES & NOSTALGIA	43
III. THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME	77
IV. IN THE HORIZON	96
V. LOST STRIDES	112
VI. WITH POWER ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE	138
VII. POLARIZED	172
VIII. WALKING ON THE EDGE	206
IX. NEW WORLD, OLD HELL	241
X. DEMONS & ANGELS	262
XI. RESPITE	296
XII. THE CORDÓN	337
XIII. MARCH OF THE FORLORN	365
XIV. POST-PRETORIA	387

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Author's Notes

This is a work of fiction that is intended as a means to entertain the fact of Latin America and Latinos uniting under one Federation of Nations. The aim is to appreciate how Latinos would face the end of the world in many of its potential apocalyptic destinies.

There will be unwarranted dark humor, sexual references, political, social, and religious references in the context of a post-apocalyptic world. If you are offended by any of these topics, you're advised to steer away from this adventure throughout the Americas and the World.

Safe travels, and Bienvenido a Latinoamérica.

If you would like to explore the world of the Latino post-apocalypse more, we recommend reading the 1st and 2nd issue of our comics named State of Furia (more coming soon!)

A Brief Thank You

This book represents and is dedicated to all Latino talent taken to a global scale, paying our respects to both those that preceded us and those that will come after, through this creation of ours we would like to showcase how dreams can become a reality on any platform, hopefully getting people to realize that any form of entertainment is worth the risk and the devotion to see it through, to realize that there will always be room in the world for good entertainment and art.

We would also like to thank everyone that believed and supported us from the beginning, be it friends, family or even strangers that just encouraged us to carry on with our project and dream, further fueling us to improve and expand our work so that we can make it better every opportunity we get. We wholeheartedly thank you.

Our inspiration to make this was both a mixture of media we consumed, like books, movies, videogames, manga, comic books that brought us to the point of wanting to display something different, but with a familiar feeling. This is a love letter to all those creative minds, of their stories and their lack of fear to show the world what they're made of, and make them enjoy every moment invested in it.

“Latinos come from the Roman *Latinus*, defined as those who speak a Latin derived language. In today’s world, anyone is welcomed to become a Latino, if they so desire.”

In Memoriam Historiae

Ever since the Latin American Federation of Nations (L.F.N) united, this side of the world has known peace and prosperity beyond all expectations, improving the quality of life in the entire American continent.

Officially consolidating this alliance by 2042, there has been a noteworthy growth in economic, social, philosophical and even political scale, never before seen in Latino society. Corruption is at all time low, prosperity reigns throughout cities, towns and communities.

We celebrate this achievement by sharing our culture, now more globalized than ever; from Mexico down to Argentina, from the Pacific over to the Atlantic, we are still individuals, but we are united by our potential and fraternity.

Thanks to the unbreakable dedication and valor of the Nationalist American Organization (N.A.O), there has been advances beyond measure in the fight against crime, corruption and general misery amongst citizens of our great Federation, representing a victory not only for Latinos as a whole, but to anyone that once brought their hopes and dreams to these shores, and found happiness in these lands.

Since these humble beginnings we have managed to grow strong and unified, being thankful and proud to be a part of this great region of the world, and that despite harsh or plentiful times, we shall remain together as one huge family, with enough strength to face any obstacle that life throws our way.

“Remember the land of freedom which has been given to thee, because liberty is the key to the future.”

-Latin American Constitution of 2040.

Welcome to Latin America

It has always been considered a troublesome or tumultuous continent, filled with people that are just “passing by” or striving to get by. From our childhoods to trips out of town, be it a beach, the mountains, deserts, bustling cities, heated dances, and even lost love in one crazy night a long time ago.

That has always been part of our identity, transcending beyond what most people would admit or deny. Our relationship with prosperity has always been a sort of *yin-yang*. Good and bad are always present in every decision we make, sometimes bending the rules in a gray area like deciding whether to tell our parents or not after doing something naughty, or biting our tongue so that we don’t ruin the mood of everyone in that social gathering.

We have an incredible amount of majestic things: from our breathtaking landscapes spanning deserts, plains, steppes, hills, and mountains of every shape and form. Crystal clear turquoise beaches with bright blue skies, forests and jungles home to every type of creature imaginable, even some that you wouldn’t think possible. The aroma of our food, combined with the taste that takes you to another dimension of

Welcome to Latin America

enjoyment. Almost like a poem written on a plate, being so passionate about freedom we don't even try to tell you how to eat and enjoy it. Just know that if you were invited to that table, that plate of food means that you are part of that family.

Our dedication to monuments and sculptures inspired from everyone across the world that has crossed our lands. Europeans, Americans, and even Asians have shaped our architecture. The memorials to important historical events that have left the world in awe, in honor of our *Libertadores*, as those who fought against our colonizers that even after the war ended, we still welcomed any and all to stick around, making a home in this side of the world.

We live in such an extreme expression of freedom that even the beauty of our women is of such an indescribable nature that they don't hold men to that unreachable standard, making people frequently ask: "How did you get together with that stunning woman?" There was always the saying that if you treat a woman with respect and make her laugh a lot you can become: "*the one who eats quietly, gets seconds*" or so it goes.

Professions have always played a big role in every society, but here you can find a psychologist, engineer, doctor and even a lawyer in every corner, they could be your mom, dad, siblings, grandma, your best friend, or even one of those tried and true professionals that have also taken the world by storm in the amount of accomplishments, advancements, and contributions they have made.

Such is the mystical relationship with all that liberty that seems to pour all around these lands, that it was inevitable that some people would seek

Latin America State of Furia: A Red Dawn

to abuse or exceed that which made us great, leading us to unbelievable misery for many decades.

The decadence that has indoctrinated our children, parents, grandparents, and friends. To think that idealisms are better than actions, to become more of a cult than a community, to think that a politician is the same as being a leader. For a long time those that were considered ruthless and devious were praised as role models, whilst those that were hard-working and entrepreneurial were always seen as hopeless dreamers.

That brings us to today, amidst an unthinkable prosperity in the history of Latin America you can find certain interests that have a problem when that prosperity does not benefit them. One side of the board there's the Chinese Unified Front who have recently annexed most of Asia as a whole, except for Japan and South Korea which are a part of the New United States, having annexed Canada as well and a great part of the islands of the South Pacific. The decadent European Union has been partly dissolved into quarreling internally divided countries, fighting for political supremacy. In this year 2074, Africa has also been converted into an assortment of huge territories that have slowly annexed smaller nations, they are divided into the Arab States, the African Ultrationalists, and an African government that sympathizes with the Americans.

Up until this point, Latin America never really worried much about events around the globe, except for those brought into the spotlight by influencers or celebrities handing out donations to shady charities for even more questionable "causes". Little by little a few fanatical groups that

Welcome to Latin America

everyone thought have been stamped out have risen and gained a following in the last decade: communists, populist radicals, and even dogmatic clerics.

This would have gone under the social radar, if it wasn't for the multiple terrorist attacks that were seen for the first time in history throughout the continent. Coordinated strikes that ranged from car bombs, to logistic sabotage in supplies, instigating violent protests that ended with hundreds dead and thousands wounded, to even trying to release experimental projects carried out by regional funded research centers. This was no coincidence, people were terrified throughout the Federation, and those pulling the strings relished in the success of this orchestra of terror brought to life.

I. Sunday of Asado and Arepas

Buenos Aires has always been a cosmopolitan city, always expanding and hosting people of all walks of life, social class, creeds, and personalities. Being one of the largest cities in the world it's no wonder why it attracts so many to its neoclassical-urban charm. Looking back to history, many people escaping war-torn Europe, other Latinos escaping from bad governments, or tourists who just came to visit the "*Paris of the South*" and fell in love with the city and the Argentinean hospitality.

There have always been traditions that have been followed as if they were a religion. In Argentina, the asado is one of those traditions: grilled meat on a barrel styled barbecue, their version of the potato salad that comes with green peas and carrots, baked potatoes or fries. The choripan that it's essentially the Argentinean mesh between an American hotdog and a German bratwurst. It can come in one of two salsas: Criolla which is just a mixture of red bell peppers, onions, garlic, vinegar and olive oil. Chimichurri is red bell peppers, parsley with oregano, whole pepper, garlic, and the combination of vinegar and olive oil, it is usually put together in a blender or food processor.

This can be seen in other parts of the world, in this case as a result of the fusion brought forth from the love between an Argentinean and a Venezuelan. Venezuelan migration to the Argentine Republic began as early as the 2010's, joining the already numerous nationalities within the South American giant, bringing new flavors, traditions and warmth to Argentinean homes.

Cornelia was the first child of that couple, being born during a time of incredible change and prosperity. Today being only 15 years old, the world is presented before her so that her talents and potential can unfold.

She always enjoyed playing guitar because of her dad, and she tried singing like her mom but was always too embarrassed to do it in public, rock was always her passion, listening to bands from all eras up until now. She always preferred simplicity over everything else, sporting stretchy jeans, some *Converso* sneakers, and a black shirt that she wore over another white long sleeve shirt for those chilly afternoons. She was always grateful for all she had, coming from a relatively well established family, she never looked down upon anyone for having more or less than her, being happy and thankful for what she had. Inspired mainly by all the stories her mother told her from how she and her parents survived when they escaped the Venezuelan Exile.

As the weekend came along in that particular apartment in the neighborhood known as Retiro in downtown Buenos Aires, even before the typical asado got to the grill, everyone had to have some arepas for breakfast that were just as generous with the fillings as everything else.

Latin America State of Furia: A Red Dawn

Arepas were made originally by natives throughout the Caribbean coastline that went mainly from Venezuela, where you can find most of the variations and flavors, to Colombia, which also adopted a version of the tasty round and flat cornbread. It's usually pan toasted or fried, though it can be baked or even boiled to those who are experimental enough. The numerous fillings that you can stuff it with are virtually limitless, since it's the concept of a sandwich but amped to the max. Arepas used to be a wartime meal for soldiers during La Revolución in the early 1800's, nowadays you can find it in almost any major city in the world. Cornelia's favorite stuffing for the arepa was one that was dubbed in Venezuela as Reina Pepiada or Preppy Queen, consisting of avocado, shredded chicken, onions and optionally mayonnaise for a more creamy texture.

In that household everyone usually had a role, her dad made the big meals and most lunches, whilst her mom prepared dinner and breakfast. While Cornelia helped her father with the grill, she also pitched in with her mother who was making the salads. She was always drawn to cooking, intrigued by how different ingredients interact with each other, making people change their mood and disposition depending on the maker's skill and seasonings.

Between those combinations that life can bring us, nobody at her school imagined what a spontaneous combination of traits Cornelia represented. At that point in time you could appreciate the amount of foreign kids that were around campus. The thing that made her stand out was her unique mixture of Argenzuelan in her accent and appearance. Being a vibrant orange redhead, having piercing emerald green eyes, and her white

freckled skin, which made most people doubt if she was from there or even a Latina for that fact. When in reality, her close friends knew she was more Latina than the Argentinian mate, or a Venezuelan empanada.

One thing Cornelia didn't appreciate was unsavory comments about her body, since she wasn't skinny, and not really chubby either. Her thick thighs drew all kinds of attention in how they made that smooth transition to her plump behind. Her wide hips combined with her prominent breasts that seem to have a mind of their own because they didn't seem to show signs to stop growing anytime soon.

She never appreciated dirty comments or when guys came over to try and win her over with typical flirty compliments. If they only knew that the key to her heart was hidden in plain sight: just by making her laugh, giving her good food and company could make her melt way more than anything else. Despite that, the enigma of how to win over such a stunning girl escaped everyone's grasp, since she never told anyone about it.

After many lost battles to conquer her heart, Cornelia did find a feeling that she could relate to *love*: a guy close to her age, sharing classes together, going on field trips, and even sometimes extracurricular events. After trying to get close to him, finding excuses to linger just a bit more when he was around, commenting stuff out loud just to see if it peaked his attention. When all else failed she even went as far as to buy him little gifts, or even stepping out of her comfort zone by putting on makeup in order to catch his eye to no avail. They did go out a couple of times, most of which Cornelia was the one that took the first step to invite him, the guy *did* pay

Latin America State of Furia: A Red Dawn

attention to her, being kind and nice but after a while, he just decided to not go beyond being friends because he wasn't looking for anything serious at the time.

Cornelia always had a confidant, someone with whom she shared almost everything about her daily life: Martina, a skinny, blonde, and slightly taller than Cornelia with a more carefree personality.

Cornelia is fidgeting with her pen whilst looking out of the window of her classroom into the deserted school grounds. With a frustrated sigh she says:

“Martu, I don't know what to do to make that jerk pay attention to me, I mean, what's wrong with him?”

“Why do you even bother with that guy?” Martu asked. “He doesn't even answer your texts, just let it go.”

“It's just that... I've never felt this way about anyone before. I feel like if I just let it go, I'll regret it further down the line. My mom always told me that you shouldn't leave for tomorrow what you can do today. I do think that we'll eventually run out of time though.” she said, falling into a whisper.

Suddenly, a loud thump fills the classroom after the teacher hits her desk with the eraser whilst shouting:

“LADIES! Page 678 of your books! If you truly want to conquer something, why not begin with your brains? It's like Sir Bacon said: *knowledge is power.*”

Shaken by the words of the teacher, both girls nervously answer in unison:

“Y-yes! Excuse us, teacher!”

After the teacher turned her back on the class, Cornelia leaned toward Martina, whispering discreetly:

“How could I take seriously a guy that is named after part of a breakfast? Pair Mr. Bacon together with sunny side eggs and some toast and *now* we’re talking.”

The day passed as uneventful as ever, the girls returned to their usual studies, Martina occasionally teasing Cornelia for her bad jokes and somewhat unhealthy fixation for a guy that will most likely never give her a proper chance.

Finally arriving home she sits down at the table, whilst her mother is sipping a cup of coffee and asks:

“Mommy, would it be so bad if I had a boyfriend?”

“No, mi amor. You’re already at *that* age. I know I’ve raised well enough for you not to go fooling around unprepared. Maybe that guy isn’t the right one for now”

Her soothing tone plus hearing the way she said “my love” with the same tenderness as when she was just a baby, and while it did bring tears to her eyes, it also made her relax and take her mind off the topic while she joined her mother with another cup of coffee.

After a brief chat, the rattle of keys can be heard from the front door, her dad enters the apartment with a tired smile, to which Cornelia immediately jumps to hug him.

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