

# The

# Paperbook

# Collective.

Issue #1.

August 1st.

2013.



*It is not my only addiction,  
but it is the one of which I am most fond.*

a *jayde ashe*  
publication

This magazine and its design is copyrighted  
to *jayde ashe*  
publications

All attributed work is copyrighted to the  
original owners.

All non-attributed work is the intellectual  
property of jayde.ashe publications.

# Welcome.

This is issue number one of **The Paperbook Collective**.

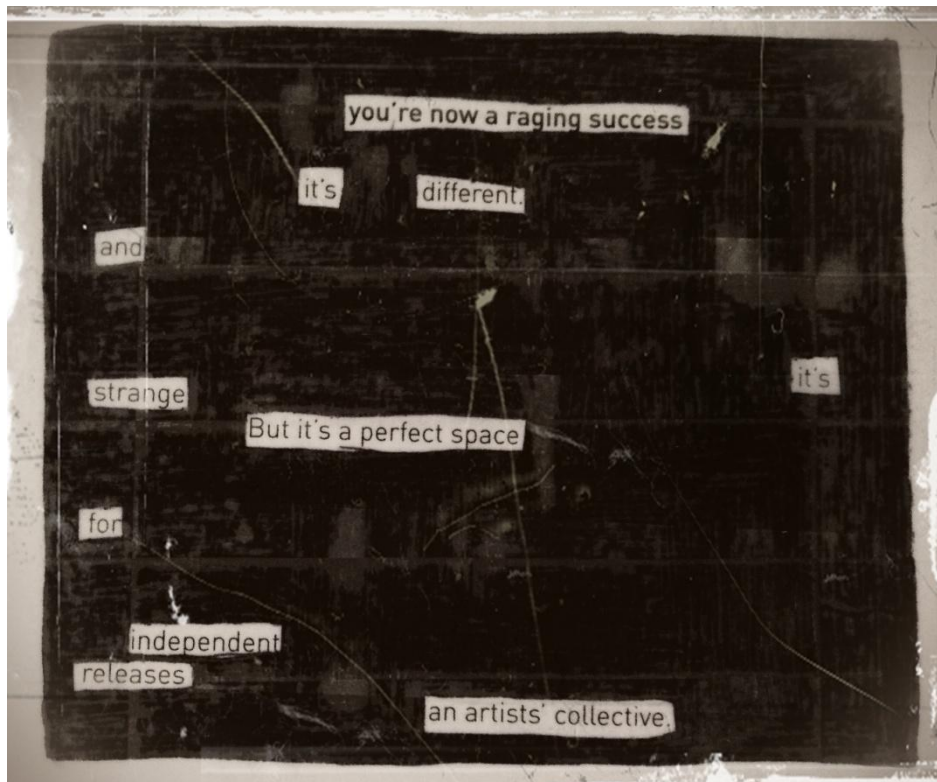
What is it all about?

Well, firstly, this magazine is paying homage to the place it all began, [The Paperbook Blog](#). I created this blog in order to celebrate the book in its paper form, a form that is currently being eaten alive by technology. As the world moves online, all that is tactile and enduring is being lost in the digital wonderland. The blog, and this magazine, are my attempt to connect the digital world with creativity and design in its traditional form.

The Collective refers to the positive side of the digital wonderland, the ability it has given us to connect and share with people around the world. This magazine is a collective collaboration of art, design, writing, poetry, and photography, spanning more than 10 countries and dozens of nationalities.

Creative work in any format is welcome in **The Paperbook Collective**, so if you would like to have your work published in the magazine check out the submissions form on page 48.

So here it is, the maiden issue of The Paperbook Collective, a magazine for you to flick through with a click of your mouse or download, print off and enjoy at leisure. Whatever your tastes, the Paperbook Collective is sure to appeal to the creative within you.



**Design. Create. Unite.**

# Contents.

- To The Physical Book, with Love ~ Michelle Furnace 5
- When Reading Turns Deadly ~ Hadas Nahshon 7
- Sunshine Elephantine ~ AnElephantCant 8
- iPhoneography ~ Little Dogs Laughed 9
- Of A Merchant and a Mermaid ~ John Arthur Robinson 10
- Conversation ~ Emmyl Gant 11
- Overslept/Mercy ~ Anne C. Longmire 12
- Shades of Addiction ~ Kira Woodsbury 13
- Haiku: Whisky/Whisky Soaked Dreams ~ jayde.ashe 13
- The World Darkly ~ John W. Howell 14
- A Reminder ~ Nate Richardson 15
- Pretending at Parties/Confessions of a Catholic ~ David Collante 15
- How Do You Read? ~ Michelle Furnace 16
- Children of Cambodia ~ Andrew Hardacre 17
- Service Please ~ jayde.ashe 19
- A Davidic Psalm ~ Eric Keys 21
- Taken Into Zephyrus ~ Oloriel Moonshadow 23
- Coloured Blocks ~ Penegrin Shaw 24
- A Staircase ~ John Arthur Robinson 25
- Varied Words ~ Khaula Nazir 26

Mind ~ Tempest 26

The Golden Hour ~ Leya 27

Oxford/Your Streets ~ Anuradha Gupta 28

Indian Natural Wildlife Habitat ~ Bhuwan Chand 29

Capturing the Tui ~ jayde.ashe 31

The Music of my Undoing ~ Vasiliye 32

Crossroads ~ Princess del Oso 33

*Wither* ~ CJ Kartchner 34

The Reverend Friendly ~ Nate Wilkerson 35

*Pride and Prejudice* ~ Paula Goberna 37

The Essence of Catharsis ~ Lavanya 38

Untitled ~ Tempest 39

Art Of Darkness ~ Tempest 40

Memories ~ shoe 1000 41

Book Quote ~ Bhuwan Chand 43

Elephant ~ jayde.ashe 44

Contributors ~ 45

Submissions: Issue Two ~ 49

## To the Physical Book, with Love.

Michelle Furnace.

When I check out a book from the library, I never know what I might find lurking within the pages. Sometimes it's a stray receipt. Hmmm, looks like the previous reader is taking a trip to Maui, judging by his purchase on a Lonely Planet guidebook. Occasionally I'll find a post-it with a grocery list written on it, or a slip from the library itself showing what the reader also checked out in addition to the book I'm holding. Previous reader also a fan of Danielle Steele... Ok, no judgment here. But what I usually find stuck between the much-thumbed pages is the telltale blob from leftover food. What is it, I wonder? Dropped pepperoni pizza? Lasagne? Something cheesy, definitely.

To most folks, stumbling upon the remnants of a lone reader's dinner is horrifying and gross at best, but I find it immensely comforting. No, it's not the actual food that is so gratifying, but rather it is the images I conjure up of a book hungrily being devoured by someone who is literally hungry. In short, it's proof of a book being enjoyed. Who doesn't relish curling up with a fascinating book, a plate of cookies and cup of coffee at hand? Who hasn't found him or herself alone at the table with a huge plate of food and the TV is safely turned off in favour of a thriller too good to put down? These are moments I experience often, and moments I treasure. But what I mostly love about discovering unidentified food blobs, scraps of previous purchases, or opening books with the spines barely held together by its glue, is that I am somehow indirectly connected to another person. Another book LOVER, to be exact.

Can the same experience be said for the e-reader? I fear not.

As someone who rarely leaves home without a book stuffed in my purse (my rule for shopping for bags: must be big enough to hold one normal sized book), reading is obviously important to me. With the advent of the e-reader- your Kindles and Nooks, iPads and the like- reading has never been more accessible. It's certainly easier to read via e-reader, lighter, faster, and sometimes even cheaper. Yes, I do own an e-reader, but I will never fully commit. I love the physical



# When Reading Turns Deadly.

Hadas Nahshon.

The attraction and dislike towards book stores vary from reader to reader. There are those who love just browsing around, touching the clean new covers, and those who hate book stores because they always end up buying books they can't afford. There are of course those readers who go only to used book stores and spend entire afternoons smelling books printed before their parents were born and buying piles of paper about some philosophical question they both don't understand or don't care about, and those readers who hate the idea of someone else touching their books and thus refuse to enter used book stores or libraries, or even borrow books from friends.

I'm the kind of reader that enjoys, well, everything. I love bookstores – both used and new. I like smelling old books and new books, browsing through endless shelves, discovering new things and writing down hundreds of titles on Post-Its so as not to forget, and of course buying more books even though I have so many I haven't yet read at home.

There is one thing though that I do hate, and that's what I like to call 'book murder'. We've all seen this before. You're walking around a used bookstore, looking at all of the lovely books, when all of a sudden a horrific scene is revealed right before your eyes!

## **Murder. Blatant murder.**

Whenever I come across one of these poor things, once I overcome the initial pain that envelops me, I feel a mixture of confusion and anger. I always wonder how people get their books to this... state. Calm down now, everyone who's thinking 'all of my books are worn! It shows I'm a reader!' and yes, I'm sure quite a few of you just thought that. I get it. Books are read, spines are broken, pages are damaged – it's okay. But this? This is no manslaughter, my friends. This is no accident. Unless of course it happened to be raining on you just as you dropped your book into a pile of dirt mixed with coffee and leftover cookie crumbs and then a huge elephant appeared and stomped on your book three hundred thousand times. And then you tried washing it and drying it with a tissue. If that's the case then I apologize for mocking you, you poor hopeless, unlucky, messy, dirty, elephant-troubled fella.

However, based on my personal experience as a human being on planet Earth (still tryin' to get away from here, not workin' so far) that usually isn't the case. Which leaves me in complete awe as to how these books turn into this huge disaster. It also makes me angry, of course. I mean, most people who go to used bookstores - and purchase USED property simply because they just want to read and are not particularly interested in how shiny and new a book cover is - are not just people who read, but **READERS** – people who define reading as **A PART** of their personality. I hate to admit it but I've always expected more from people who, of their own free will, choose to pick up a pile of papers lumped together and just look at it for hours. Each time I come across one of these brutally murdered things I question my faith in us readers. I own books I got in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade **from the library** that have gone through a transatlantic move and still don't look even remotely like this. It just seems like it takes massive effort to reach this kind of condition.

I am writing this to honor these injured souls, these wounded words. We all must remember these victims of careless hands and heartless humans. If you know of any book that might be in danger, don't hesitate to rescue it. Every story is a world of its own, and we must treat it as though it were an actual human organ – the author's own mind spread out on thin paper sheets, the author's own heart encased inside the spine.

This is the song of the unloved books. This is the anthem of our dead beloved - carcasses strewn on dusty wooden floors, the minds and hearts left behind in the ruins our own minds and hearts have created.



# Sunshine Elephantine.

Poem by AnElephantCant.

Sketch by Phil Burns.



AnElephantCant live without sunshine  
He is happier when he can stay warm  
Now he is growing old  
He prefers heat to cold  
He enjoys calm before the inevitable storm.

He loves how the trees look in sunlight  
When every finger seems to stretch to the sky  
So verdant and lush  
At the golden rays' touch  
A smile is high in AnElephant's eye.

Their blooms drench the world in sweet  
perfume  
Their colours promise many delights  
The wasps and the bees  
Come to feast as they please  
And it is heaven for the gay butterflies.

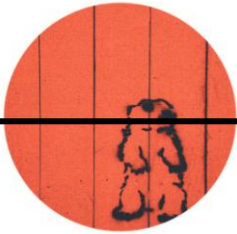
The waves in the bay have a sparkle  
As if diamonds wash in on the tide  
The sun again has his way  
Shaping rainbows in the spray  
And mermaids laugh and say live it wide.

The dog lies panting by the poolside  
In the shade of the parasol pine  
The murmur of crickets  
From the neighbouring thickets  
Give him comfort that the day is benign.

AnElephant chills outside his local cafe  
His wintery mood has long ago thawed  
He trumpets a wee song  
His life is *tres bon*  
With a cool drink and a trunk for a straw.



# iPHONEOGRAPHY.



LITTLE DOGS LAUGHED.

**What device did you use to capture these images?**

I used an iPhone 4s.

**How did you edit them?**

I rely on a number of apps for editing and processing. Right now, my go-to app is Photo Toaster, but I also use Rad Lab's Pic-Tap-Go, Picture Show (my current favourite because of all the possibilities), Pic-Grunger, Mexture, PS Express and Distressed FX. It is not uncommon for me to run a single image through two to three apps to get what I want. And I am always trying out new apps all the time.

**What do you like about iPhoneography?**

Probably the best thing is the portability of the camera. I will admit I was slow to come around to the possibilities of the iPhone; I just could not see how it could compete with a digital SLR. But I am happy to say that once I began really seeing what people were doing and the ever-expanding world of possibilities, I was sold. There is something very freeing about using the iPhone too—that and the fact that you can take, edit and post your picture all on the camera really gives a photographer an amazing amount of independence.

**Tell us a bit about the dogs in these pictures.**

I have three—all rescues. I first began working with my pit bull Jack Henry several months ago. He is my muse and over the last several months, we have gotten to a place where he is more intuitive about being in front of the camera. I choose to place him in a lot of formal portrait settings—part of this because I like that format and also to try and show another side of a breed that is horribly misunderstood. Hubble is a recent rescue—because he is so little, I often find myself creating scenes in which his "littleness" is emphasized. I also have a German Shepherd, Anna, who is very shy and withdrawn—her background was such that she was never properly socialized. In working with her, she has slowly started to respond to the camera and it has helped build a bond for the two of us. In working with my dogs, I guess I am trying to get to their 'inner world'. With each photograph, I hope to offer the viewer a sense of the dog's personality. One of things I am always struck by is by the deep dignity many dogs possess. I think sometimes we can overlook that.

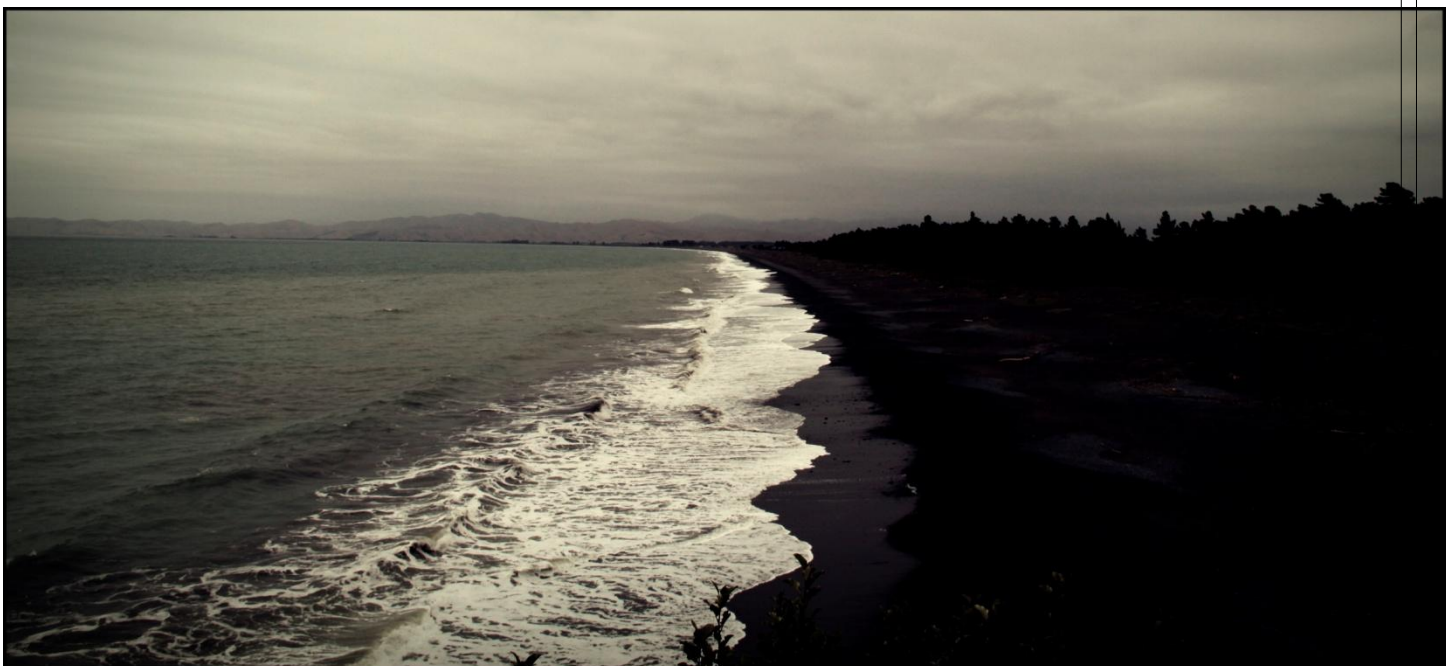
# Of a Merchant and a Mermaid

John Arthur Robinson

Two lives,  
one point in time,  
two worlds one can't combine;  
they meet  
where shipwrecked sands  
rush down to help the waves escape the sea.

Two dreams  
they might express,  
could hope bridge emptiness;  
they share  
with long, long-suffering surf  
a boundary.

Too brief  
this mingled heart,  
tide-torn, once more apart  
they weep,  
for unbending Fates decree  
that "two made one"  
must of one body be.



# Conversation.

Emily Galt

“He is the first and last thought of my day”, she said.

“We’re not dating any more, but we find reasons, *non, des besoins\** to get in touch. We text, we call, we email... *C’est fou\*\**... This is not good, I know it, but I can’t help it. I am like the moth to a flame”...

I listen as she describes the heartache, the longing, the frustration, the obsession, the idealization of the man she broke up with almost a year ago, the man she thought would become the father to her yet unborn children...

How do you forget the companion to your soul, she asks. How do you get past the hole in your chest, the waves of desperation that rush in like flash floods and leave you wishing for death?

I have no answers.

The blue smoke of her cigarette floats between us. She sweeps it away in a quick wave as if to let a path for my words to come through but I have none.

I fill the silence with a nod.

“I know what he is like. No one knows me better than he does... And yet patterns are set. There is no reason for me to believe things will change. So why do I? ... His voice on the phone, his smile when I see him... Sometimes, it’s the way he looks at me. Like I am the only person in the world that matters... As if I held the key... And I lose myself all over again. My heart skips, butterflies in my stomach, ah! *Je te dis pas!\*\*\*\**” she says ruefully.

Her pale blue eyes look inward at a passing memory. I let her wander while I fiddle with my coffee spoon. People live their lives around us while we sit still.

“It seems that we both want the same thing, we want to be happy together but we can’t make it happen.”

“At times,--no, often--love is not enough to make dreams real, Darling” I say softly.

\* needs

\*\* It’s crazy

\*\*\* I’m telling you.

# Overslept.

Anne C. Longmire.

Brenna awoke with a start. 7:00am. Late. Overslept. She tosses the borrowed shirt on the bed and pulls on yesterday's clothes. The drive seems long, her mind stuck in last night. Their windows are still dark. She creeps in, silent.

"Where have you been?" Dave frowns.

"Working," Her practiced lie.



*Mercy*

*Anne C. Longmire*

The fluorescent lights buzz overhead. The monitors beep slow and irregular. Clyde slumps in his borrowed bed.

The old man has fought hard for so long. His skin droops from his face in thin folds. Colourless. His eyes are closed. His breath comes in short gasps, long pauses between each raspy inhale.

Mildred forces her hand between his stiff fingers. She imagines his rigid grasp responding to her touch, clasping back. She nods to the nurse.

The nurse slips the needle into the dripping IV.

Mildred cradles his head, her tears wetting the side of his face, "Goodbye, My Love."



## Haiku: Whisky.

Jayde.Ashe

Ice clinks in  
the glass -  
Scent of whisky  
in the air -  
Dulling memories.

## Shades of Addiction.

Kira Woodsbury

Seasons, light and dark  
Peach sunrises, midnight skies,  
Shades of addict life.

## Whisky Soaked Dreams.

Jayde.Ashe

White teeth and  
Red lips and chipped nail polish.  
Fingers entwined  
Around a dirty glass.  
Hips swaying  
Gently  
To a melancholy tune.  
Whisky soaked dreams  
Trampled underfoot on  
The dusty bar floor.



# The World Darkly.

**John W. Howell**

Frank is cycling on the beach and sees something shining in the sand. He hopes it might be of value but is disappointed that it is only a pair of sunglasses. He gets off the bike and picks them up. He turns them over in his hands and notices that they are finely made; not like the usual junk people throw away. He opens them and on the inside of one of the ear pieces the words "The World Darkly" is stamped in gold. *Must be the brand*, he thinks. Frank looks around to see if anyone has noticed him pick them off the beach. There is only an old couple quite far away walking in his direction. *I wonder if they are coming back to get them*, Frank thinks. He stuffs them into his parka pocket and continues his ride. Before he gets home he is having second thoughts - maybe he should turn the glasses in to the police. Eventually, he decides against it. *Finder's keeper loser's weepers*, he jokingly tells himself.

Later that night, he puts the glasses on in front of a mirror. To his amazement, there are stock quotes crawling across the inside of the lenses, he can barely see himself in the mirror. He then sees a news headline about a winning Super Lotto ticket sold for the five hundred million dollar prize. He can actually make out the numbers. In the right corner is tomorrow's date and it hits him; *the drawing is tonight and I have the winning numbers*. He jumps into his car and heads to the convenience store. He rushes in and grabs a ticket to fill out. "Quick, where's a pencil?" he says. The girl behind the counter points to one on a chain. He writes the numbers and hands the slip and two dollars to the girl, but she shakes her head.

"It is after eight o'clock. Drawings close at eight."

"Damn. Can't you make an exception? I will make it worth your while."

"I'm sorry, the machine locks up at eight and no more tickets can be issued."

*Wait*, he thinks, *I can still use the glasses to score some cheap stocks next week and the Texas Lotto on Tuesday*. Frank tells the girl that she will be sorry when she reads about him in the newspaper. She gives him a puzzled look and he leaves the store deep in thought. He isn't paying attention - he steps in front of a car whose driver does not see him in the glare of the lights. He is thrown into the bushes that are in front of the store and smashes his head on the brick façade. Frank is no longer of this world.

After the police and EMS leave, a car pulls up to the front of the store. The driver gets out and sees something shining in the bushes. He goes to investigate and picks up a pair of sunglasses. He looks at them and runs his finger on the gold embossed words *The World Darkly* on the earpiece. He looks around to see if anyone is watching and then stuffs them in his jacket pocket. He wonders if he should turn them in but decides; *finders keepers, loser's weepers*.

It never ends.

Short and  
Sweet

A Reminder

Nate Richardson.

A lawnmower  
reminds me of  
A baby stroller  
You shouldn't  
put a baby in  
A lawnmower

Confessions of a  
Catholic

David Collante

Breads cool and all, but  
why couldn't Jesus break bacon?  
Communion would rock.

pretending at parties

DAVID COLLANTE

So, what do you do?  
I make paintings with bacon  
That's right, with bacon.



# How do you read?

Michelle Furnace.

Do you read in bed every night? Do you read more than one book at a time? Do you read a book, stop for a while, and then come back to it at a later date? Do you read the dedication, the copyright, and the quotes? Do you read every line or do you sometimes skim?

Do you ever reread the same book?

Do you skip to the end of the book before you've finished?

Do you read the ending first?

Do you sniff the inside of a newly printed book? Do you ever take a moment to read who designed the jacket and who took the author photo? Do you find a certain genre of book is necessary to read in order to get to sleep?

Do you read a book series out of order?

Do you dog-ear pages or do you use a bookmark?

Do you fall asleep with the book lying by your side?

I can say yes to all of the above, for sure. I shamelessly read more than one book at a time, usually a "Day" book and a "Night" book. To clarify, "Night" books are generally mysteries or memoirs that help me get to sleep. I have no idea why a thriller, which in theory is supposed to make your heart race, not slow down, allows me to blissfully drift off. I like reading all other genres outside of my night-time ritual. Admitting to letting a book go in favour of another is not a problem for me. I will always go back to the book I've started no matter what, unless it is absolutely terrible.

But I have to say I am guilty about one thing on my list, something my fiancé teases me about to no end. It bothers others that I do it, and it certainly bothers me, but I honestly can't help myself.

I skip to the end of books.

I don't know where this urge stems from, exactly. Sometimes I think I do it out of sheer boredom, but in the case of mysteries I find myself daring to skip just to see if I'm right about who did it. I recently skipped from the middle to the end with my latest book, and I got the itch to peek from impatience. While I'm enjoying my book, it's sagging a bit in the middle for me, and I have so many questions I just want answered already!

You might wonder, "Doesn't skipping to the end ruin it for you?" Good question. Yes and no, I suppose. I always go back and finish the book. Sometimes it feels really good to know that I'm heading towards a great ending. If I guess the culprit correctly in a mystery by skipping ahead to the end then I am immediately reinvigorated to continue reading where I left off and see HOW the murderer came to be found out. But I will be honest with you: I do get mad at myself for "cheating". The urge to skip is STRONG with me, and I'm so sad that I lack the willpower not to look.

I did come very close once to not peeking, a feat for me. The book was "Gone Girl" by Gillian Flynn, a completely nerve-wracking mystery that was unlike any book I'd read in a long time. I really thought I could make it all the way until the end without skipping because the book was so gripping, so enthralling. For the record I did peek, but I only allowed myself to look at one sentence near the very end of the book. The sentence didn't provide many answers, but it did solve the mystery in an indirect way and once again, I found myself beating myself up and vowing to never peek again. Obviously, I never kept my own promise, but rules are made to be broken...

# Children of Cambodia

Andrew  
Hardacre.



### What makes Cambodian children so lovely to photograph?

Cambodian children are largely untouched by materialism. Sometimes they are puzzled by the interest shown by photographers but invariably they quickly relax and exude a spirit of fun and energy. They have very little. Some have little more than the clothes they wear. If you return to the children a day or so later and give them a print or two of the photos you took they will squeal and laugh with delight. The parents are similarly captivated. I have photographed in many countries but I rarely have come across people so accepting of their fate in life. There are lessons for us all in their philosophical outlook. The downside is that most children receive the most basic of education, especially outside the larger towns. They are needed to contribute to the family's survival, whether by taking a job or family labour, perhaps in the fields.

### Do you prefer B&W or colour photography?

Black and white but I do both. My urban photography is usually B&W and my wildlife, colour. I feel black and white reduces the elements of the photograph to the most fundamental. There is a power in monochrome that is somehow missing in colour. Sometimes however colour makes the image - it is about tonal range and contrast. Some colour combinations don't convert well to monochrome. The only rule is that there are no rules and a photographer has to feel a freedom to experiment.



# Service Please: the life of a modern day waiter.

jayde.ashe

No matter which restaurant I am in, who I am with or what I am wearing, my dinner conversation always seems to begin the same way.

'Hello, my name is Jayde; I will be your waiter for this evening.'

Unoriginal, I know, but it covers all bases. It also breaks that uncomfortable silence which occurs when you are looming over two people, quietly trying to achieve the impossible balance between unobtrusive and obvious. My all time favourite customer response, tersely stated while avoiding eye contact, would have to be,

'We're not ready yet.'

Ok. I'm just trying to say hello, for god's sake. I'm not asking for a life-long commitment, I'm not suggesting that you won't be fed if you don't order in the next 4.8 seconds, but I'm telling you, your wait on drinks just got a hell of a lot longer. Usually, I paste a smile on my face and hiss through gritted teeth,

'Absolutely, I was just wondering if you would like to hear the specials or order a drink.'

One-half of the couple then listens attentively while the first continues to read the menu, looking up only at the end to ask for a repeat. This is followed by a demand to know if the barramundi is salt-water or farmed.

'Farmed', I ever so sweetly reply.

This lovely paragon of customers everywhere then follows up by stating loudly that they would never dream of eating farmed barramundi because it tastes so *muddy*.

I HATE YOU! I scream in my head while quietly assuring them that chef is confident of the quality of our barramundi, otherwise he would refuse to serve it. The long-suffering customer shoots me a withering look before ordering the steak, in the tone of someone who is confronted by imbeciles on a regular basis. But this only happens if I am in a good mood.

If I am in a bad mood, the comment 'we're not ready yet' is followed by a beaming smile from me, and a quick 'absolutely, not a problem!' as I glide away from the table with all the grace of a ballerina. My smile grows bigger as I hear one of them mutter quickly,

'We could have at least ordered our drinks.'

This is followed by a soft, embarrassed 'excuse me', which quickly trails off as they see me sweep up to the next table, my exuberant waiter mode firmly in place. I smile, I make a quick joke, my new table laughs; they comment on the outstanding quality of the food and the restaurant and I top up their wine with a showy flourish. Meanwhile, my rude friends next door sit without drinks or bread, rage mounting as they observe the

wonderful evening my more agreeable customers are having. And there they will sit, thirsty and confused, unable to comprehend why the nice table next to them is already on desserts. I make sure I waltz past them several times, smile in place and head held high, until they finally manage to pin me down.

'Oh!' I say, appearing pleasantly startled. 'Are you ready to order now?'

I probably sound like a sadist. Ok, fine, I definitely sound like a sadist. But I want you to know that I didn't start out this way, I have been conditioned through the years by those delightful people who seem to view going out to eat as an opportunity to make someone else's life hell. In this age of instant gratification, personal satisfaction and maintaining social status, the role of the waiter has become a servitude position garnering little respect. I am constantly asked by well meaning folk, 'what else do you do?' or, 'are you studying at university?' as though my 60-hour working week is of no significance. When I am in a pleasant mood, or slightly drunk, I enjoy making up witty stories to please their good intentions, regaling them with tales of my successful life in which waiting tables is but an insignificant and humorous part. More often than not, though, their benevolence grates like the worst insult.

Countless people have exclaimed to me, 'oh, you're just a waitress?' before blushing uncomfortably at my disparagingly raised eyebrow. Yes, my friend, I am *just a waitress*, a pitiable soul who brings food and beverages to your table in exchange for money. But does that make me any better or worse than you? Unfortunately, in 2013 we are often encouraged to view people in terms of their occupation. Celebrities, lawyers, doctors, sports stars and CEO's are envied for their fabulous jobs, their prestige and their enormous disposable income. More and more people in Australia are joining the mining workforce in search of a six-figure salary. Single car garages are a thing of the past: darling, where *would* we fit the new boat? We refuse to wait patiently for anything, 'saving' is considered old-fashioned in this age of instant and seemingly unlimited credit. Going out to dine in restaurants is no longer considered an exciting and highly anticipated luxury; rather it is what you do when you're bored on a Tuesday night. And hey, thanks to the advent of reality cooking shows, customers now know, or believe they know, everything there is to know about food. They know all about gourmet cooking and achieving the right balance of flavours. They heard it from Marco Pierre White on Master Chef last night.

So, for those people out there who deem themselves above their lowly waiter and behave accordingly, watch out. I will be smiling politely at you while I tell the kitchen to wait on your meals, the bar staff to under-pour your drinks and the manager to seat the family with four screaming children at the table right by you there. Dare to come back again? I will be sure to find you a fantastic seat right by the toilet.

# A Davidic Psalm.

Eric Keys

I hate your gods. I hate your morals. I hate you.

I hate your ignorance. I hate that you think you know how things work. There are forces operating which you cannot see. You worship your gods but you have not met the real gods. I have. And they love you in a fashion. They love to torture you, to manipulate you, to hurt you, to make you beg and scream. And it is a real sort of love. If they did not have an intense desire to be near you, they would grow bored of you and abandon you.

But they do not. They must love you. If I lived as long as they then I would long ago have grown weary of your squirming, your horrified cries of pain, your terror at knowing that no matter how bad things are, they could be worse. They've had eons to imagine new ideas to test on you.

Some of you have discerned the existence my former Patrons. Sometimes they have even connected my existence with them. One or two have asked me to explain them. Their motives are hidden from me. They never speak directly. Hints. That is their favourite mode of communication.

Some of your wretched kind have banded together to fight The Patrons. You would be foolish to find hope in this. They work with no oversight and no accountability. The choices they make would drive a good man to despair which is why they hire only scum. What victories they win are trivial and I am convinced these alleged victories are only part of the obscure plans The Patrons have for your kind. Those who struggle and fight are puppets of The Patrons just as much as I am.

Humanity, you are their great work of art. Look at all the violence, madness, disease and despair around you. You are their masterpiece. Your vileness amuses them.

One of your "thinkers" - C.S. Lewis - wrote that since humans have desires that cannot be satisfied in this world then you must be made for another world. When I heard this it stuck with me. Normally your sentimental Christian tripe goes in one ear and out a less respectable orifice, but this lingered. For, you see, I have often speculated that perhaps The Patrons had knitted you together from strands of DNA and other materials from across the galaxy. Maybe they are more like your gods than I had realized. And what does that say about you? That you were designed for the amusement of sadistic monsters older than the oldest planet in your solar system?

I was their star pupil. I came up through the ranks reigning terror and misery on humanity - always with appropriate subtlety, always behind the scenes, always with enough plausibility to look like the causes were "natural" - whatever that term means. The Patrons would sometimes even smile at me. They loved me. Perhaps that was my undoing. Their love is no comfort.

They hinted - again the hints! - that I - one of The Converted, a former human - was to rise to one of the highest ranks that a former human could rise. They had hinted that one day I would receive the training to be a Philosopher.

And then one day I was called before a tribunal of sorts. Faces - if you can call their visages faces - I knew and faces I did not. They talked among themselves about topics that seemed random. And then at once they seemed to reach some kind of conclusion. One of them turned to me and simply said: "Go." That was all.

To Be Continued...Issue Two

# Taken unto Zephyrus

April Moss Jackson

I had a rendezvous 'neath the moonlight;  
hair as wild as a rose,  
my brown Victorian dress  
teasing my knees with ruffles,  
my un-matching purple scarf;  
cold and curious  
I awaited  
my secret suitor.

In a whirl, I was in his embrace;  
my breasts rose up and down,  
a pyre,  
smeared and smudged  
through the air,  
like a sunset  
I was inflamed  
on the canvas of the night.

I looked,  
my eyes disarmed  
and wide in their surrender,  
as the July wind  
took my hand,  
the dry voice  
of my invisible lover  
strummed through my head:

*"I know these raven eyes,  
that look away in shame  
when the tears of the storm  
cascade the window  
with their last plea of life.*

*I know this dress,  
it still smells like fingertips  
of the crowd dancing  
to the eulogy for the dolphin,  
swallowing you.  
I know this scarf,*

*how every of its strings was named  
by each poem that split your pedicle  
to inoculate its azaleas,  
to remind you why you walk  
that same street, each time,  
caressing the "No turns" sign  
in despair.*

*I have seen your armour,  
finely polished,  
your little mirror,  
your labyrinth,  
unravelling choker of melted silver,  
your "fine Saturdays" suit,  
your laced gloves for Wednesday,  
your pride fine-crafted  
into juggling blades  
by blacksmiths of the summer nights.  
I have seen you leave the Grecian urn  
and never dare ask the street sweeper  
where did they take your love  
as the gravestone mourned in silence;  
you smiled and bowed  
and the bells of your headdress jiggled,  
you jest the Shakespeare on the stage  
and the audience claps and laughs,  
saw it all.*

*Show me,  
show me something  
that you have never  
shown to anyone  
before."*

My clavicle sparks in thunders  
and I take off from my shoulders  
the invisible backpack  
full of folded worlds

and things named;  
I reach for my ribcage,  
I dig into the skin  
and pry it open,  
I invite  
"Zephyr, look inside."  
You see, I've got the blues  
in all shapes and hues,  
a little  
grey-haired fae-child  
strings my alveoli  
and I hum this tune  
of otherworldly sorrow,  
while the city sleeps.  
Don't tell anyone!  
We kiss.  
We part.  
I appear healed.  
I sing.  
I can hear the Zephyr cry  
and hide from other winds.



# COLOURED BLOCKS

PENEGRIN SHAW

When I saw there was no 'up' button in the Schindler's lift I knew where I was going. I knew a long time before that in truth, but there is always hope... *isn't there?*

I had envisaged a red man with horns and a tail, but when I got out of there, into the basement, there he was in coloured blocks of yellow, black and grey. Angry as fuck, ranting, and, for no reason that I could fathom, the entire conversation which followed, *and would ever follow*, was subtitled on the wall in the same coloured bricks, shifting like cockroaches.

"Every man and woman is entitled to their own version of hell. This is my gift to all that come here, most personal in every case, more original than feathered wings." His Lego mouth moved out of sync with the cockroach words on the wall; a simple animation and a simple madness perfected. The effect on me a success...

I looked at the floor and although I wasn't made of this stuff yet, the blocks swarmed towards me as one, in a sinister living carpet, to eat the reality of all that I was. I shrank away from it, but there was nowhere to go, for the lift had disappeared behind me. I tried to stamp on them, but my feet became hard and frozen; locked into the floor as the rest of my body began to change into rectangles and my blood congealed as plastic.

I *pleaded* and screamed as my thighs then my penis became something they should not be. I shrieked, whilst the tyrant laughed at me and the words on the wall mocked and accentuated my plight.

Then my tongue was met by the Lego as it reached my own mouth and I saw my scream carried in word form and translated onto the wall. My thoughts now disjointed with my voice and locked in. The delay in the delivery of my words I would never get used to here in my Hell.

My hands were cold, rigid and fingerless. My face had just painted features to touch.

The devil before me, this Lego Hitler, with rectangle moustache and rectangle side-parting; he had me then and he has me still.

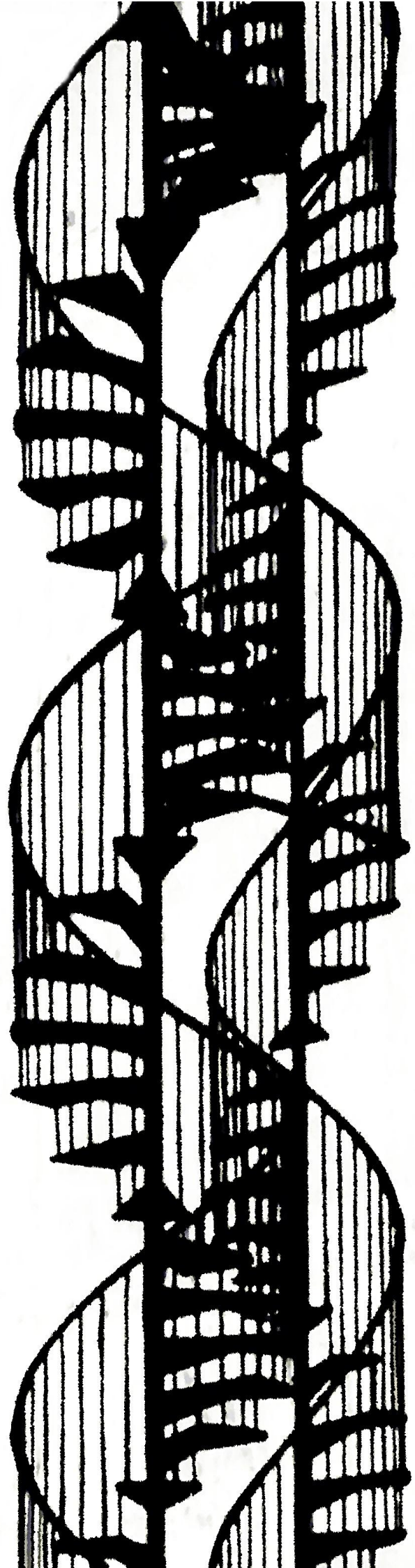
As I speak to you now, my words projected as multi-coloured subtitles read...

**IF EACH AND EVERY PERSON IS ENTITLED TO  
THEIR OWN VERSION OF HELL THEN THIS IS  
TRULY MINE**

# A STAIR CASE.

JOHN ARTHUR ROBINSON

I STOPPED MIDSTEP AMID THE STAIR  
UP? NO REASON GOING THERE.  
DOWN? THE PLACE I HAD JUST BEEN.  
(AS FOR GOING OUT, I HAD JUST COME IN.)  
SO THERE I SAT MIDSTEP, MIDSTAIR  
TO RETHINK THE LIFE THAT LED ME WHERE  
NO CLEAR DIRECTION BRIDGED THE SPACE  
AT EITHER END OF THAT NOPLACE PLACE.  
THE THOUGHT OCCURRED, "I MUST NOT FAIL!"  
SO I JUMPED CONCLUSIONS AND LEAPT THE  
RAIL  
TO LAND CRASH-DOWN ON MY INDECISION  
WHICH RAISED UP BLACK-AND-BLUE DERISION  
WHEN I PAINFULLY  
DID AWAKEN  
TO THE STEPS  
I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN.



# varied words

khaula nazir.

whispering illusions

silent syllables

broken strings

maddening sanity

differentiated delusions

shattered silence

a voiceless roar

provoking agitation

it is my compilation

of words

varied.

# Mind.

Tempest

A thousand tendrils of  
night, a thousand voices  
speaking as one.

Imperative is the call, a  
demand beyond the  
concept of question.

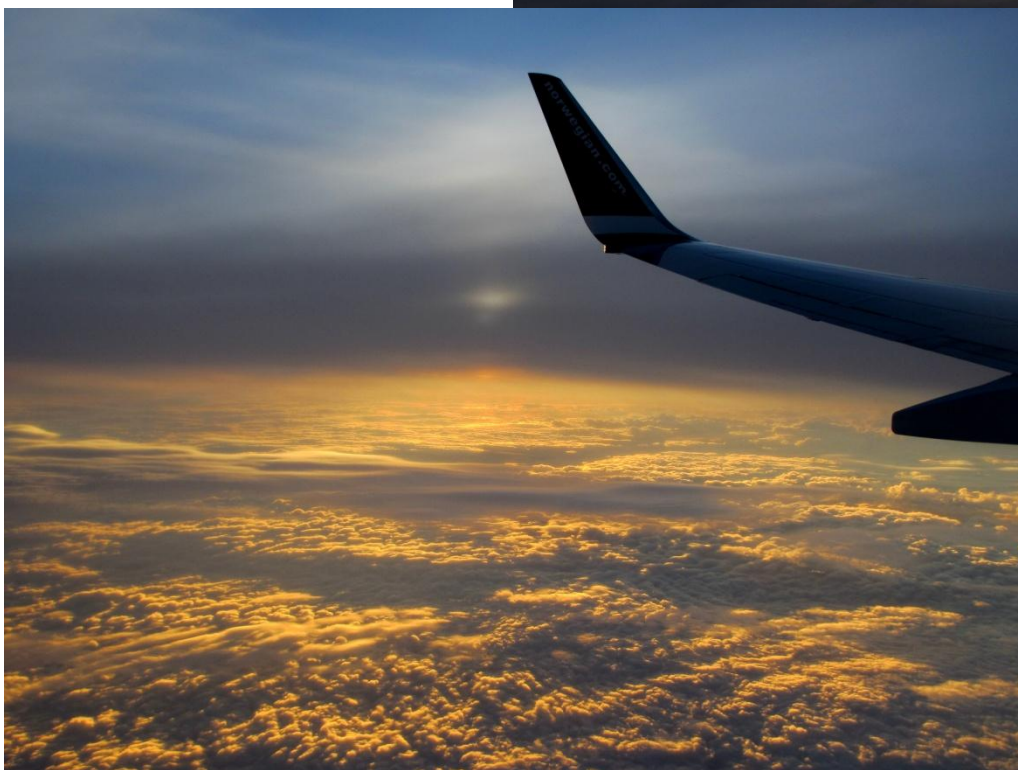
A howl of unending  
hunger, a primal longing.  
Heads turn to heed,  
actions as old as time.

Masked by ferocity,  
blinded by slaughter, the mind  
commands.

An end to all things of life,  
a new beginning  
underneath.

# The Golden Hour.

Leyá



Photographs taken on a Canon IXUS 230 HS during a flight between London and Copenhagen ~ June 2013.

In the first one, sky meets sky - darkness divided by light. In the second one, I fly somewhere in between, and the golden light is flowing over the clouds. Darkness is conquered a last time. And, in the third photo, the golden light is fading and the blue veils are sailing over the sea of clouds.

Photography is one of my ways of expressing myself - trying to catch what I treasure most in this life and this world. Mostly about what beauty and peculiarities I find in nature - living wonders.



---

# Oxford.

Anuradha Gupta

A Wednesday, one  
Grey summer's day.

A whim, a fancy,  
A train journey.  
Two near misses.

Unknown destination.  
In the crowd, a face  
Nearly forgotten.

Church towers and spires  
Gilded Halls of fame,  
Hushed cloisters.  
Books, book shops  
An old café.

Cobbled streets,  
Polished so  
Turn Again Lane...  
Where did that go?

A grand old chestnut  
A river somewhere  
Tales of Wonderland  
I was there.



## Your Streets.

Anuradha Gupta

Sometimes I walk down your streets  
I imagine you a brisk step ahead of me  
I am hurrying to keep up...  
Pointing now to your coffee shop,  
Then your favourite book store  
Your friend's place, the ride to work  
A temple here, a park there...  
Sometimes I walk down your streets.

# Indian Natural Wildlife Habitat :

## It's a catch-22 kind of situation.

Bhuwan Chand

Must see before they vanish or contribute towards their existence by staying away?

### Part I

I was quite amused reading a newspaper report recently. It very aptly highlighted the tragedy of the vanishing biological treasures in India, but, at the same time, promoted them to potential tourists. Tourism in itself is a big hazard for these places. It is ironic, a catch-22 kind of situation.

Since early childhood I have this desire to see the whole of India. The country has amazingly diverse geography and climate which is the reason for its varied flora and fauna, but the number of species falling under International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN) Red List of threatened Species is increasing due to rampant unsustainable development and malpractices. That is the reason why these places are under very real threat of being destroyed.

I wish to visit all these places at least once in my lifetime, before they vanish and become nothing but history. But, this is the dilemma that I have. More than the desire to see them, I also wish for their continued existence. I feel they are vanishing because of extreme human involvement and interventions. We, the people who visit these places as tourists, are the potential culprits. We are doing more damage than good to these places and the people who live there. Although, perhaps tourism is a necessary evil, as the economic interests of locals are now linked with the tourist's interests in these places.

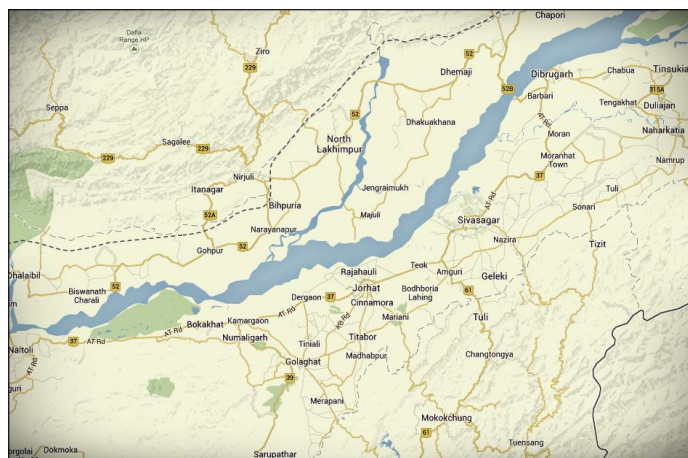
These places existed long before we decided to make them a part of our habitat, and exploit them to enhance our own chances of survival. No matter how noble our intentions are, we are causing damages to nature. Same goes for the local people in these areas. To survive and prosper, they utilize all the natural resources at their disposal. By encroaching upon the nature, they are putting a lot of pressure on the ecology of these places. Tourism does fuel the very cause which is threatening existence of such delicately balanced natural wonders. These factors make these beautiful places commercial, they attract local business and outsiders to set-up their shops. Focusing only on revenue enhancements, at times they fail to understand that their actions are slowly killing the golden goose.

The increasing density of population results in concrete jungle replacing the natural forest, as new hotels, shops and parking lots are built, as well as bigger houses for locals as their earnings increase. Natural resources start getting depleted rapidly – as the population increases so does consumption and wastage which starts to play havoc with the ecology of the region. Neither the tourists, nor the locals who enjoy the benefit of these developments, fully understand the harm they are causing to nature. If an administration is efficient and far sighted, they will try to monitor the situation and keep the long term perspective in mind. However, as is the case in India currently, they will just join in the looting. Corruption leads these places towards utter destruction. This was the most critical reason for the recent disaster which struck Uttarakhand, India where flash flood killed thousands of people at Kedarnath. More than 5000 people are still untraceable, even after a month of that fateful night.

When we start taking nature for granted, one day it is bound to unleash its fury and then we are left with nothing but pain and guilt.

So in this series, I will try to cover some of the places in India which are worth seeing at least once in a lifetime, with a request to try and be an environmentally aware tourist. Enjoy the beauty of nature, but let's try and reduce our negative impact on it. And the first in this series is the shrinking River Island in Assam, North Eastern India.

**Majuli Island, Assam (North Eastern India):** The largest river island in the world is shrinking slowly.



### What makes it special?

Year by year, the largest river island in the world is shrinking, and risks becoming totally submerged in water. Majuli, a wetland, is a hotspot for flora and fauna, harbouring many rare and endangered bird species including migratory birds that arrive in the winter season. Among the birds seen here are: the Greater Adjutant Stork, Pelican, Siberian Crane and the Whistling Teal. After dark wild geese and ducks fly in flocks to distant destinations. The island is almost pollution free owing to the lack of polluting industries and factories and also the chronic rainfall.

### The Looming Danger

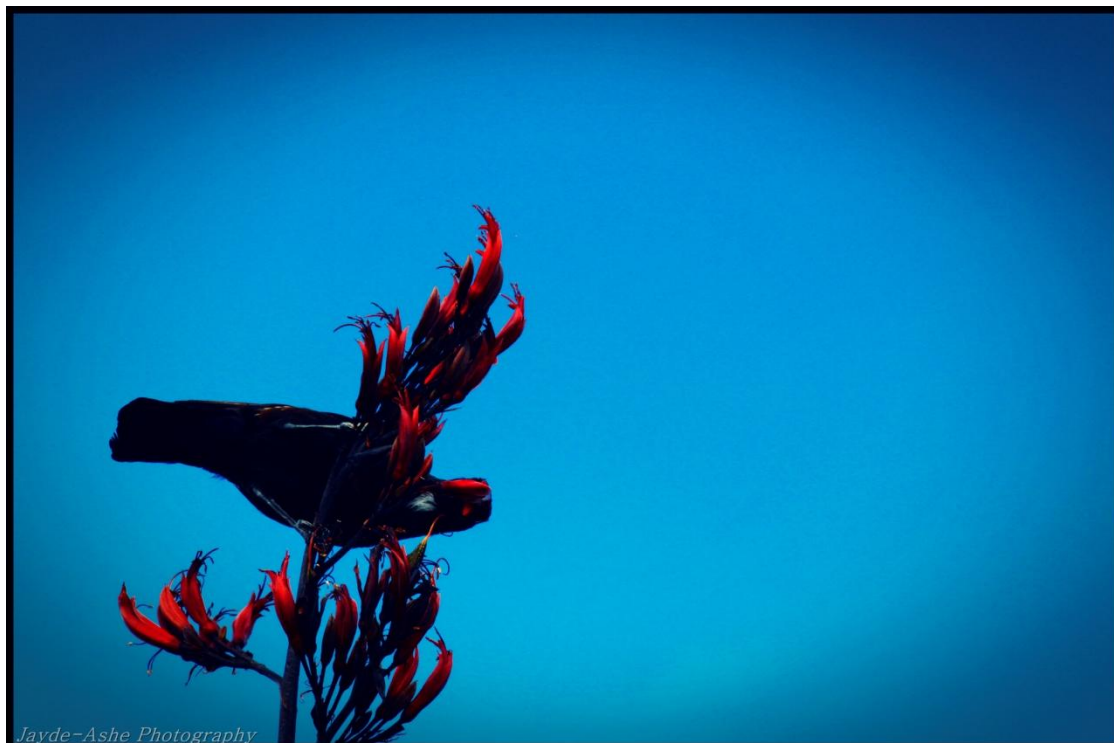
The islands are under threat due to the extensive soil erosion on its banks caused by floods. In 1853, the total area of Majuli was 1,150 km<sup>2</sup>. Approximately 33% of this landmass has been eroded in the latter half of 20th century. Since 1991, over 35 villages have been washed away. Surveys show that in 15–20 years from now, Majuli will cease to exist.

### The Potential Loss

The hundreds of migratory birds, which populate this island in Assam during winter, such as Pelicans, Siberian Cranes and Adjutant Storks.

# Capturing the Tui

*Jayde-Ashe*



The Tui. A notoriously shy and skittish bird, not overly keen on having their photo taken.

I took hundreds of pictures from thousands of angles but never quite the right one.

Whenever I saw a clump of flax, wherever I was in New Zealand, I would whip my camera out and desperately scan the area for this evasive bird.



# The Music of My Undoing.

Vasilije

I call for words,

but they, they do not come,

I call for you,

but you, you do not listen,

I call for salvation,

but none, none is saviour.

Empty I've become,

to live another day,

Empty inside to breathe,

to hear echoes,

Empty to bear silence,

to read from my reflection.

Sounds, everywhere around me,

cicadas, howls and stars,

sounds, beating on my ear drum,

cicadas, as I arc my back,

sounds, screaming drowned in  
weeping,

cicadas, and pain in bones.

Now, heartbeat moves me,

betrayed of my soul,

now, hope is my new lust,

betrayed of myself,

now, muffle my mourning,

betrayed of death itself.

Looking to find nothing,

for I am not lost,

Looking to creep between holes,

for I linger in windows,

looking to ease my sorrow,

for I imagine clouds

# *Crossroads*

## *Princess del Oso*

It started in the distance; that low rolling rumble like thunder. Shane put his fork down and cocked his head so as to hear better.

We were eating dinner on the patio. It was a pleasant summer evening, blue skies, the sun blocked by the trees in the yard, a cool breeze blowing from the west.

The rumble faded, and he picked up his fork again. But just as he was about to stab a plump piece of shrimp scampi, the rumble came back, closer this time. His fork dropped from his hand and clanked on the plate. He stood up and stepped to the edge of the patio.

Every sense was attuned to the rumble. Which direction was it coming from. How many were in the group. Were any of the individual roaring's now discernible recognizable.

I could tell by his posture; the tilt of his head, the look in his eye, that I was losing him. The call of the wild was beckoning.

It had been awhile since he had come in out of the rain, cold and wet. Ready for warm, dry clothes, a hot meal, and a soft bed to lie in. The rumble turned into screaming as they came out of the hilly curves and onto the straightaway. Even I could tell, there were at least a dozen wild ones out there teasing and taunting Shane to come out and play; to release the fetters of domestication.

He seemed to sniff the air. He was making a decision. The high pitched wail of the downshift signaled the packs entrance into another set of curves. Shane nodded his head, looked across the backyard then to me.

My heart beat in my throat. Then it came.

His head dropped down, he slowly walked back to the table, sat down, picked up his discarded fork.

"Hondas," was all he said.

He attacked the once forgotten shrimp, popped it into his mouth, and chewed it with relish.

I took a sip of beer from my glass and smiled faintly. For one more day I would have my wild man by my side.

# *Wither* by Lauren DeStefano.

Book Review by CJ Kartchner.

*"I know girls disappear, but any number of things could come after that. Will I become a murdered reject? Sold into prostitution? These things have happened. There's only one other option. I could become a bride."*

You know when there is one of those long summer heat waves that last all week, and then when the weekend hits the warm front breaks into two days of torrential downpour? That's what *Wither* is. Cold, dark, and refreshing.

The story is set in a dystopian world in which 50 years prior a perfect generation was born. The generation before them had perfected the human genome, eliminating the chance of disease, cancer, and birth defects. Well, at least they thought they had perfected it. When that generation began to have children of their own, their daughters died at age twenty, and their sons at age twenty-five.

Fast-forward fifty years and now we have a country whose human population is slowly dying. One generation growing old, while they watch their children die. The race to find a cure for the Virus is becoming more and more dire, but without new children being born, they will have no idea whether their cures will work or not. Solution: kidnap young girls and marry them to a young man, so as to create an environment in which the most offspring can be born. Obviously.

This is where Rhine's story begins. She is sixteen, kidnapped, and taken to a lavish estate to be married to a twenty-one year old man she has never met, along with two other girls. She has four years left to live, and all she can think about is how to escape, and be reunited with her twin brother, Rowan. What Rhine quickly figures out is that not everything in the Manor is really how it seems, and running away from it is going to be harder than she ever imagined.

I love this book. It's different from the typical YA dystopian novels, where main character transforms into a badass overnight and is chock full of actions. Don't get me wrong, I absolutely love those books, this novel just isn't one of them. Lauren's writing is so beautiful, and just a touch creepy. In this novel she has created my favourite kind of dystopia. The kind where half-way through the book something terrifying clicks in your brain and you have to set down the book for a minute because you've just realized that this situation could totally happen in the near future in your own world. After that realization, it made all of Rhine's struggles more relevant, personal even. I found myself trying to figure out how I would handle the situation she is in, and if I agreed with the decisions she is making. In essence, while Rhine was learning who she really is, I was learning things about myself. Mission accomplished Ms. DeStefano.

The only thing I would change about this novel is that Simon and Schuster have it rated at ages 14 and up. If you're a parent, and have just read the summary on the back of the book and think, "Oh, sounds harmless, and look here it says 14 and up, I'm sure my mature 12 or 13 year old would be fine reading it." While the reading level of this could be placed at 14, so can the maturity level. This book tackles some pretty deep stuff. There is murder and teenage pregnancy, and you know, sister wives and everything that comes with that. So really, it's your call mum's...but you have been warned.

*Wither* is the first novel in The Chemical Gardens Trilogy. It is followed by *Fever* and *Sever*, both of which are available now.

# The Reverend Friendly.

Nate Wilkerson

He rode the Greyhound, grey haired and ruffled. A bulbous nose burst through a cloud of beard and moustache. There were no sharp points on his face; all was smooth and rounded, like stones that have lived under a creek for uncounted years. He was the Reverend Friendly.

He got on in Pendleton. At the first stop in Utah, he had a joint rolled before the bus even got to the station.

- Salvation behind the convenience store, he said, hunched over.

Down by a polluted trickle of water, smoking, watching the industrial sunset, the Holy Spirit filled me and made my eyes red. His stayed the same: sunken and timeless. Back on the bus, the driver was yelling at an Ethiopian man.

- Your bag doesn't fit, sir, she said. He replied, but no one understood him. It was mostly wild pointing from her and the man talking rapidly. The Reverend was a sitting a few rows ahead of me and I saw him crooning to see the two of them. The lady sitting beside me was looking down at her bag. She was Hispanic and grandmotherly.

After a particularly wild string from the Ethiopian man, the bus driver threw her hands up and announced that the bus wasn't moving until that bag went somewhere else. I looked down at the floor and took a deep breath. When I looked up, the Reverend had hobbled to the front, and was holding the bag up while the Ethiopian man gave it two hard shoves. It slid in. There was a weak cheer from the passengers, a few muttered thank yous, and the Reverend was back in his seat. The gentle hum of the engines began, and the bus moved.

I woke up in Steamboat Springs. The first driver had been replaced by a string bean of a man. The bus rolled into the Conoco and he hissed out instructions for a half-hour break. The rules are: show up late, and you get left behind. In the parking lot, the Reverend gave me the nod and we went down to another oil slicked stream to reinvigorate the Holy Spirit. The Reverend handed me a half-doobie, paper already turning brown.

- Where you headed? I asked.

- I travel not to go anywhere, but to go, he said, the silver hair that cascaded to his waist moved as he nodded his head. I inhaled, smiled, and nodded back, pretending like I knew what he meant.

- Stevenson, he said. Robert Louis Stevenson.

- Or, how about this one, he puffed his chest to quote, Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. He stared at me anxiously. I exhaled the smoke and shrugged.

- Ralph Waldo Emerson. He reached out for the joint and took a long, focused drag.

- Better to travel well than to arrive, he squeaked out, letting thin streams of smoke leak from his grin.

- Yoda, I cried eagerly, but he shook his head.

- Buddha. You kill the joint.

We didn't talk at the next stop. I just stood in line for a quick leak, but I saw him head around back. I didn't care; I wanted to sleep all the way into Denver. I wanted to dream of Kathryn and those wonderful legs of hers, that comfortable pressure of lying underneath her, weight pressing down on my groin, but not squashing anything. She was the girl from fairy-tales, just right in every way, the girl who made jealous the evil queens. That's what I was looking forward to. I didn't care if I popped a boner and the Hispanic grandmother sitting next to me saw it.

But it wasn't the Hispanic Grandmother who came and sat next to me. It was him, reeking of Blessed Sacrament. When the Hispanic grandmother returned for her seat, he gave her the dead eye. They stared each other through, silently, until she finally moved up two rows to where the Reverend had been sitting.

- I found something, he whispered.

- Jesus, I know.

- No, I really *found* something.

- What is it? I gave in. He held out a fist, balled up like he was hiding something from a child, and he wanted me to guess, so he could surprise me.

- I'm not a kid, I said. What'd you find?

He opened his hand which had been housing a boring, grey miller moth. He pushed it up into the air and released it into the stale atmosphere of the Greyhound. It fluttered erratically, not knowing where to go. Friendly gave it a boost with his breath and it made its way up over the seats.

- What're you doing? I asked. Letting bugs loose in the bus?

- It's beautiful, he said.

It kind of was, floating loosely on tufts of hair and seat backs on its way to the front of the bus. Then a woman shrieked and swung her hand, and either it got smashed or swept away, but I didn't see it again. I looked at the Reverend, and his eyes seemed even sadder, set back into his face even further, his brows stuck out a bit more, bursting with icy bristles.

The Reverend Friendly got off the Greyhound in Longmont, hunched and shaggy like a sheep in the rain.

# *Pride and Prejudice* by Jane Austen.

Book review by Paula Goberna.

Before reading *Pride and Prejudice* I used to think of it as a Mills and Boon novel. Just another unsubstantial book for girls to fantasize about marriage: sob, sigh and swoon over British gentlemen. The reason behind that assumption was the story line, 'corny' was the adjective I used to describe it. What else would you call a book focused on five sisters and their longing for marriage in the 19th century, and a certain Mr. Darcy who still causes thrilling sensations in females around the world? In short, just another lightweight rom-com.

Wrong. I was wrong. I was very, very wrong.

Now that I've read and re-read the novel, my perception of it has changed and I admit that I deserve, for my blasphemies, to be slapped, grounded and have my library card blocked. My disdain has gone, to be replaced by complete admiration of Austen.

Sure, the plot could easily have been the storyline of a Mexican soap opera but, to my surprise, there was a lot more hidden beneath the surface. *Pride and Prejudice* is a book that works on many levels, antiquated and current at the same time, written with a strong British accent and a refined style. It is a story that parades around ideas of manners, satire and romance. It flirts with each one of those genres, leads every single one of them on but, very wisely, doesn't commit to any of them. The focus on marriage is just an excuse for Austen to go deeper and talk about manners, upbringing, education and morality. Not bad, huh?

This is a book that needs you to take things slowly, don't rush it, and give the story a vote of confidence because it will pay off in the end. Austen tills and sows a land that I never imagined to be so fertile. She is in no hurry. She ploughs and plants the seeds. She waters them. She takes care of them. She talks to them. She gives them her heart and soul, and lets us watch as the characters grow stronger and stronger as we flip the pages, until they end up taking over the story. It is due to the characters that *Pride and Prejudice* is still such a huge success. They have chemistry and charisma, sparks fly when they enter the room, and they still stir passions and cause palpitations among readers. Austen found the formula for eternal youth and forced the cast of *Pride and Prejudice* to drink from it. Hundreds of years after they were born, they are still glowing without a single wrinkle on their faces.

*Pride and Prejudice* is one of the few books that enjoys the rare privilege of hanging out with book snobs and mainstream readers and manages to keep it cool with both. It is a book that works equally well for literature believers and atheists. A book that has the *je ne sais quoi* that makes it special, that makes it linger. And, more importantly, there is more than a few youngsters who consider this among their favourite novels, an amazing achievement considering how hard it is these days to beat vampires, District 13 tributes and other poorly written novels.

After writing all of that, I can only ask myself: what is this spell that Austen has cast over us?

# The Essence of Catharsis.

#1

Spaces between notes

Lips curved in warm knowing  
smiles

Demented blackened souls

#2

Empty vastness echoes.

Angst, drama et cetera

Empathy's wet dreams.

#3

I ask for little

Just unassailable trust.

Darling infidel.

*Laobanga*

#4

Kaleidoscopic—

My life remains unchanging

It's Kafkaesque.

#5

Several bloodstains -

Rejoicing in war and peace

Vivat Regina!

#6

The charioteer

Handsome brilliant scorching--

Leaves me enamoured

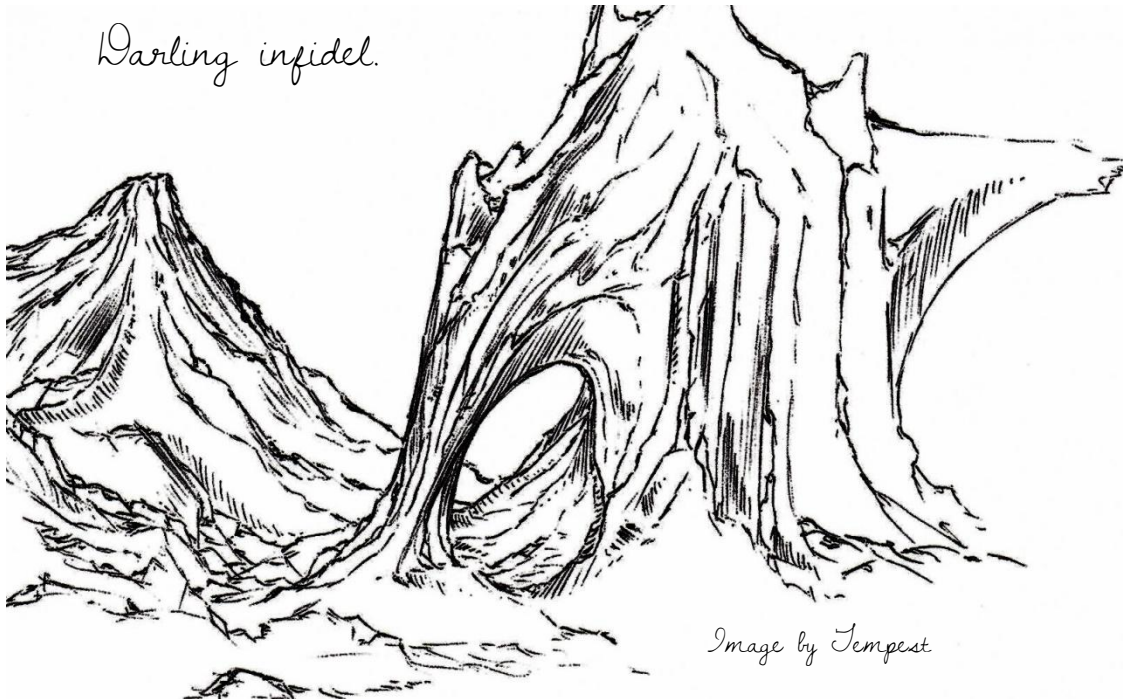


Image by Tempest

# UNTITLED

TEMPER

Days pass him by, as the darkness that lingers within, hides his passage through the world. He breathes the earth, the scent of flame touched fragments stirring within him. Drowning every night, he awakes to a distant recognition, the relief and the despair merging as one. Conversing through a mask, the stares that would cut fall from his skin like water.

Descending night, like an unlocked door, beckoning to engage once again. The light flees from his touch, shudders at every footfall, gliding in shadows. Silver words, embraced by the concussion, reverberate through empty space, like a memory. They wait still, wait for him, an apparition forever haunting the silence.

Decrepit fingers hover, breaking down his thoughts, killing every nuance of possibility. Self-created cage, an intentional isolation, among the precious and disposable possession. Lies flow from his lips, disguising true intentions, a perverse protection. Losing all hope, what remains is a mere relic, a vicarious fascination.

Disgust flows through his veins, a beautiful accompaniment, to the pollution he provides. Welcoming guilt, holding the familiarity close, this sense of freedom. Existing in detached observation, as they fall into the wayside, his path is clear. Shrouded is the world beneath, siphoning information, biding time as the wheel turns away from him.

Desire to break, to expand beyond this temporary override, she is not forgotten. Returning to her, wounds open fresh, font of life giving blood, for a vampire recollection. Gasting them down, hurling indifference into the oncoming, they crawl around in damage, clutching as he strides away. Compromise, ferocious intent softened by the blow, he feels it keenly, bleeding out into nothing.



# ART OF DARKNESS

## TEMPEST



# Memories.

Shoe1000.

He remembers it like it was yesterday. He was standing outside of Reeder's coffee shop on the corner of Lincoln Avenue and Myrtle Street in Calistoga, California on a clear, hot summer morning. A tall, skinny kid at the time, he had on blue work coveralls, sunglasses, a bandana and tennis shoes. His hair was long and pulled back into a pony tail. He had a cigarette in his hand and was walking back to his 1968 Ford Ranchero pickup.

This was like any other day of his life up to that point except for one small fact. He had just dropped a high school buddy off at the Greyhound bus stop. His buddy was on his way to college and he was getting into his car to drive down to St. Helena to go to work in a local winery. He remembers thinking, why is his friend going to college while he's going to work in the winery? At that time he didn't think he had it in himself to go to college. His addictions were in full bloom by this time; he smoked cigarettes, drank alcohol daily, smoked marijuana daily and usually took whatever drug that you had to give him, except of course heroin...because he was not going to be a junkie!

So, as he got into his truck and started driving to work, that familiar fog-like sense of hopelessness, helplessness and uselessness dropped over him again. It was so damn uncomfortable whenever that feeling would take over his consciousness and he didn't want to feel it because he knew it would overwhelm him. But he knew what to do; he smoked a joint and another cigarette in the 15 minutes it took him to get to work.

\*\*\*

Flash forward to 36 years later. That 19-year-old boy worked in the wine industry for about five years before realising it was a dead-end street. He then learned the construction trades pretty thoroughly for the next twenty or so years. He grew his own marijuana because it was cheaper than buying it, put himself through college and law school, become a lawyer, had financial success beyond his wildest dreams, married and had the most beautiful child in the world entrusted to him. Yet, at the 'end' of all of that, he would find himself saying that he was more valuable to those he loved dead than he was alive.

\*\*\*

*The fates lead him who will; him who won't they drag.* That's what happened for me. I was going along with my life, thinking it was perfect. It was actually a house of cards, and that house of cards fell on that day in 2008 where I believed that I was more valuable to my family dead than alive.

I was no longer able to run from the pain that I carried inside. I was going to have to face all of those 'demons' as my friend Jeff called them, the ones that I had been running from my whole life. I wish that I could say that I immediately started to do the work that was necessary to heal from those wounds I carried. But I couldn't, because I didn't know what was going on with me.

But that sense of helplessness, hopelessness, uselessness, worthlessness, and just overall lack of connection to anything or anyone overtook me with a vengeance in 2008 and I could no longer avoid it. I felt more value as a dollar sign than as a human being.

\*\*\*

*The black moment is the moment when the real message of transformation is going to come. At the darkest moment comes the light.*

The moment that my depression became overt, at least in my mind, was a day early in March of 2008. I was standing outside my front door in San Rafael, California. My wife and I had had a long period of bad economic news. We had lost a lot of money in an investment where some 'friends' of ours were reckless, or worse, with our money. I felt powerless to do anything about it. I remember walking out the front door and closing it behind me. I was headed to the courthouse as I was a practicing attorney at the time. Still in the house were my wife, and my daughter Jessica. I honestly thought I was going to go to work.

But as I walked towards my car a Marin County Sheriff's car pulled up across the street. I had not done anything wrong but the fear of seeing that police officer's car overwhelmed me. I remember quickly walking around the corner of my house, through our fence, and closing the gate behind me. I stood there behind that fence shaking uncontrollably, so much so that my teeth were chattering. I remember going through the side door of the house and explaining to my wife that the police were out there to get me. I hadn't been in fear like that since I was a child. My wife tried to comfort me and to assure me that the sheriff wasn't there for me. The hardest part of all of that was that my daughter watched me as I went through this terrible fear and emotional pain that I could no longer run from.

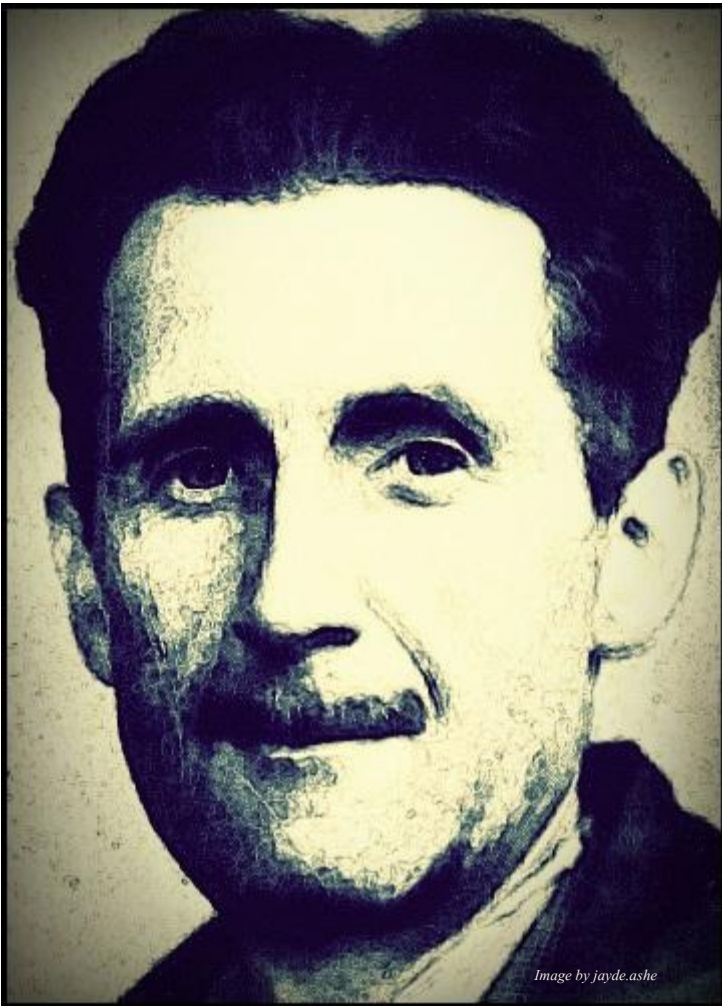
It turned out that the sheriff was there to check on my neighbour, as he had received a call from their daughter in law. But I was at the point in my life where fear dominated me and I could not get relief from it. I actually thought that I was going to be arrested for some trumped up charges. That's when the thought entered my mind that I should just die and that way my family would have enough money to alleviate the fear of the economic insecurity that we were going through.

\*\*\*

I could no longer keep the depression covert. From that day on I was almost catatonic in my inability to work, to think, to plan, to do anything that needed concentration, focus, continuous effort, and anything beyond almost a yes or no decision to any problem that I faced. Needless to say this was disastrous for my life, and sadly for all those people who had to endure me continuing to try suppress my depression from that point to just a couple of years ago.

Storied Mind: <http://www.storiedmind.com>  
Beyond Meds: <http://beyondmeds.com>  
Willspirit: <http://willspirit.com>  
Beyond Blue: <http://thereseborchardblog.com>





## BOOK QUOTE

BHUWAN CHAND

**WHO CONTROLS  
THE PAST, CONTROLS  
THE FUTURE...  
...WHO CONTROLS  
THE PRESENT,  
CONTROLS THE PAST.**

---

George Orwell ~ June 25, 1903 – January 21, 1950

---

### '1984' by George Orwell

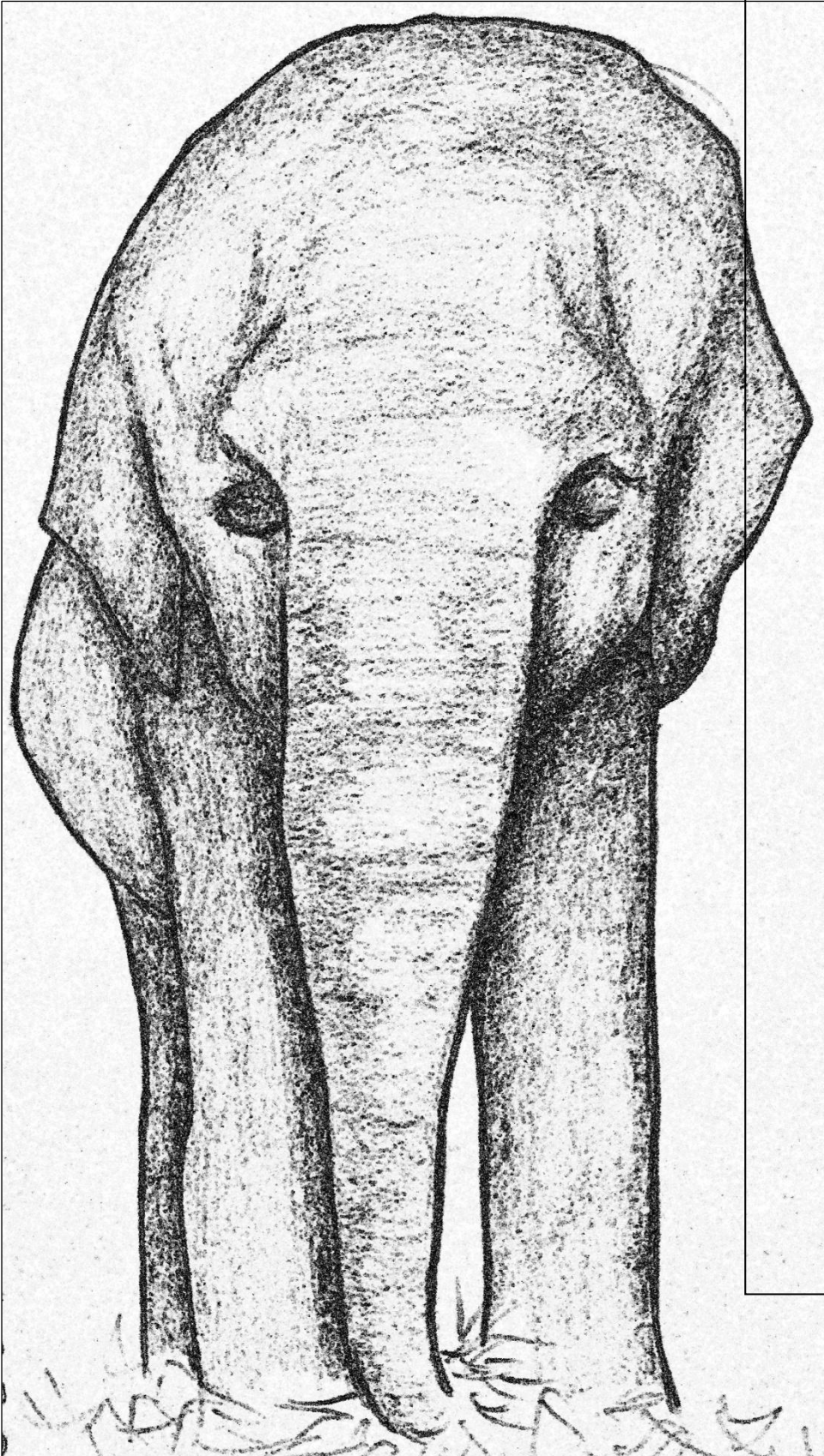
Written in 1948, 1984 was George Orwell's chilling prophecy about the future. And while the year 1984 has come and gone, Orwell's narrative is timelier than ever. 1984 presents a startling and haunting vision of the world, so powerful that it is completely convincing from start to finish. No one can deny the power of this novel, its hold on the imaginations of multiple generations of readers as well as inspiration it provides to the creative minds across the world or the resiliency of its admonitions.

Eric Arthur Blair, an English author and journalist, used 'George Orwell' as a pen name. His work is marked by keen intelligence and wit, a profound awareness of social injustice, an intense opposition to totalitarianism, a passion for clarity in language, and a belief in democratic socialism. Considered one of twentieth century's best chroniclers of English culture, Orwell wrote fiction, polemical journalism, literary criticism and poetry. Apart from 1984, his satirical novella "Animal Farm" (1945) continues to sell even today across the world. Together, these two books have sold more copies than any two books by any other twentieth-century author.

His legacy seems only to grow with the passage of time. The term "Orwellian" is now a byword for any oppressive or manipulative social phenomenon opposed to a free society.

# ELEPHANT.

JAYDE ASHE



Hey little elephant,  
Locked up in chains,  
Are you sad? Are you lonely?  
Are you in pain?

The tourists all flock,  
To see you stand there,  
But I cannot shake,  
My sense of despair,

To see such an animal,  
Quiet and subdued.  
Listless and silent  
And ignoring your food.

So tell me, little elephant,  
Are you in pain?  
Living your life,  
For their financial gain?

Sketch and poem both done after visiting  
an elephant 'sanctuary' in Thailand, 2008.

# Contributors.

## **Andrew Hardacre - Children of Cambodia.**

'I aim to devote more time to photography and writing. I have a strong interest in natural history but my photography is broadly based. I read voraciously.'

You can see more of Andrew's photography on his blog - [All Downhill From Here](#)

## **AnElephant Cant - Sunshine Elephantine**

'I am an artist/writer/poet combination whose blogs reflect an approach to life that celebrates nature and takes a tongue-in-cheek view of most issues. So you get rhymes and doodles, photographs and comments. Irreverent and irrelevant. Occasionally funny, sometimes serious, mostly pointless.'

You can see more of AnElephantCant's poetry on his blog - [anelephantcant](#)

## **Anne C. Longmire - Overslept & Mercy**

'I am a freelance writer, living near Canton, Ohio. I'm a stay-at-home mum of 2 teens and a toddler, so I have plenty of material for my articles about surviving family. I also enjoy writing flash fiction, short stories, poetry, and book reviews.'

You can see more of Anne's writing on her self-titled blog - [Anne Longmire](#)

## **Anuradha Gupta - Oxford & Your Streets**

'I was born and grew up in India. I moved away some years ago, and after brief stints in the U.S. and Czech Republic have settled down in London. This is definitely my home now. I am a travel writer, poet and storyteller.'

You can see more of Anuradha's beautiful writing on her blog - [All About Hinduism](#)

Or visit her Facebook page - [New Moon Rising](#)

## **Bhuwan Chand - Book Quote & Indian Natural Wildlife Habitat.**

'I live for books, the day I'd stop reading would be the day I'd stop living. They guide me to live a happy & contented life, keep focus on big picture, keep walking in this journey of life purposefully, steadily towards the final destination. I am so fortunate to have people around me, who share my passion for books.'

To read more of Bhuwan's book quotes, visit his blog - [Whatever It's Worth](#)

## **CJ Kartchner - Book Review 'Wither'**

'I am from a small town in Utah, and just graduated with my Bachelor's Degree in History/English. Now, I am finding I have so much more time than I know what to do with! That's when I turned to blogging. I love to read, and had the opportunity to be exposed to so many different types of literature while in school that I wouldn't have normally picked up off of the shelf, like Tolstoy and Thoreau.'

To read more of CJ's book reviews head over to her blog - [The Book Boozer](#)

## **David Collante - Pretending At Parties & Confessions of a Catholic**

'I am a Florida International University graduate with a Bachelor's degree in English. Alongside Miami artist and photographer, Steven D Morse, we co-founded Pork Belly Times, an open arts and journalism project. Their shared love for the crispy delicacy known as bacon yielded the savoury name of Pork Belly Times. You can check out the Tandem's project at - [Pork Belly Times](#)

Or follow him on Twitter - [@porkbellytimes](#)

Or visit the Facebook page: [Pork Belly Times](#)

## **Emmyl Gant - Conversation**

'I write mostly free verse poetry, but sometimes I sketch scenes. I write in both French and English. Everything I write touches on our human condition; how we live and feel our lives, how we experience our humanity, and fight the loneliness of being. And of course love. I often use nature in its different aspects to express beauty and complex human emotions.'

You can read more of Emmyl's writing on her blog - [unbuttoned or undone](#)

## **Eric Keys - A Davidic Psalm**

'I am a real-time unstructured data stream initially instantiated in the suburbs of a college town on the East Coast. In my spare time I exist, subsist and persist. I have been known to desist but I rarely cease. Recently I relocated to a house hidden by dense trees at the end of a dead-end dirt road on unincorporated land in the southern United States because, well, this is creepier than my previous location.'

You can read more of Eric's writing on his self-titled blog - [erickeys](#)

Or email him at [eric.keys@live.com](mailto:eric.keys@live.com)

#### **Hadas Nahshon - When Reading Turns Deadly**

'She is sixteen (and a half and a bit more). She is famous for her unbelievable laziness, her frequent use of the royal "we," and for speaking in third person about herself. She is a big fan of food, beds, words and cats. She spends most of her time reading, writing, or speaking quietly to herself in a British accent. She is bilingual, and yet does not have enough words to explain the deep love she has for her Lord and Saviour Douglas Adams. She usually ends up doing so by mentioning future plans to pickle his brain in a jar on her shelf or plan a pilgrimage up to his grave.'

For more endless rambling and creepy confessions visit her two blogs -

[Book Bugs Bite](#)

[When Life Gives You Letters](#)

#### **John Arthur Robinson - A Staircase & Of A Merchant and a Mermaid.**

'I have worked for over 30 years as an editor/course developer for Ohio University's distance-learning program. Every weekday on my photo-blog, I post one of my own photos with a humorous title and "pun-ny" caption. I have published a book of humorous fictional letters: More Later: Lyle's Letters from the University (available at Amazon.com).'

You can see John's hilarious photo's and writing on his blog - [The Daily Graff](#)

#### **John W. Howell - The World Darkly.**

'I love reading, writing and, sometimes, arithmetic. I began writing full time in April 2012. I write fictional short stories and novels as well as a twice weekly blog. I am currently under contract with Martin Sisters Publishing for my fiction thriller that is due to be released later this year. I live on a barrier island in the Gulf of Mexico off the coast of south Texas with my wife and spoiled rescue pets.

You can check out more of John's writing on his blog - [Fiction Favorite's](#)

Or email him at - [johnhowell.wave@gmail.com](mailto:johnhowell.wave@gmail.com)

#### **Kira Woodsbury - Shades of Addiction.**

'I have found that the most effective form of Cognitive Behavioral Therapy for my personal battle is to use my pen as my sword. It is through writing that I've found a semblance of peace from the attacks of my "chaos critters" (addiction jitters - temptations). When I feel like temptation is going to overwhelm me, I unsheathe my pen wielding it as a sword to fight against the temptation with the power of my words.'

You can follow Kira's journey and read more of her poetry on her blog - [My Pen. My Sword](#)

#### **Khaula Nazir - Varied Words**

'I am, but a forlorn narrator.'

To read more of Khaula's poetry visit her self-titled blog - [Khaula Nazir Chaudhry](#)

#### **Lavanya - The Essence of Catharsis**

Who am I? / I'm me / all the time / Within reason, with a rhyme / And that's enough for me / this is what I wannabe. / With Love, / Me

You can read more of Lavanya's beautiful poetry on her blog - [lespoesietlespensees](#)

Or follow her on Twitter @EstrellaAacharya

#### **Leya - The Golden Hour**

'I have had some experience of life - a great deal of it so far has been dedicated to travelling, and travel experiences. Maybe I'm a Buddhist. I still avoid treading on ants.'

You can see more of Leya's photography on her self-titled blog - [Leya](#)

#### **Little Dogs Laughed - iPhoneography**

I am a writer and photographer/artist living in North Carolina. Right now, I shoot primarily with an iPhone and do almost all my processing using iPhone apps. The iPhone has offered me tremendous freedom in playing with my photography, something I feel sometimes I cannot always do with my "real" camera.'

You can check out more iPhoneography from little dogs laughed on her two blogs -

[Move the Chair](#) & [Little Dogs Laughed](#)

Or check out her online gallery - [littledogslaughed](#)

Or follow her on Instagram - littledogslaughed

#### **Michelle Furnace - How Do You Read? & To The Physical Book, With Love.**

'I am a creative writer/reader by choice, an actor by passion, and a post-production aficionado by trade. Oh, and sometimes I speaks French. I live and work (write and read) in Los Angeles.'

You can read more of Michelle's writing on her blog - [girl with thoughts. beware](#)

**Nathan Wilkerson - A Reminder & The Reverend Friendly.**

'I live in Portland, Oregon where I am working for the YMCA while I finish school. Right now, the cursor is blinking, and the only way to make it stand still is to write things.'  
You can read more of Nate's writing on his self-titled blog - [Nate Wilkerson](#)

**Oloriel Moonshadow - Taken Unto Zephyrus.**

'I am a gentle-hearted flame of Aries, living in the city of Belgrade, Serbia. A wife, a mother, a dreamer and a writer, with hopes of becoming a chef in the very near future. I started writing when I was seven years old, and the sweet curse of spilled ink and flickering screen has not left me since. I consider myself an avid collector of post stamps, postcards, stuffed toys and knowledge.'  
You can see more of Oloriel's writing and poetry on her blog - [colour me in cyanide and cherry](#)  
Or email her at [isiltharrien@hotmail.com](mailto:isiltharrien@hotmail.com)

**Paula Goberna - Book Review Pride and Prejudice.**

'I love books. I hate carrots. A full-time bookworm. Part-time fan girl. Rumour has it that I'm a law student. Sarcasm is my way of life, pop culture my religion. Foodie 24/7. My heart beats to a Springsteen song. I'm waiting for a mad man in a blue box. Or Mr. Darcy.'  
Read more of Paula's book reviews on her blog - [find a girl who reads](#)  
Or follow her on Twitter @a\_girlwho\_reads

**Penegrin Shaw - Coloured Blocks.**

'I am a writer of sci-fi and horror, influenced by Stephen King and Clive Barker. I write of dystopia, alt worlds, near future technology, doggers, vampire royals and sinister children. I am putting a collection of short stories together for self publication this year and am writing my first sci-fi novel.'  
You can read more of Penegrin's writing on his blog - [Ribcage](#)

**Phil Burns - Sketch Accompanying Sunshine Elephantine.**

AnElephantCant and Phil Burns are long-time friends and former colleagues, who have done everything from IT systems to children's stories together!

**PrincessdelOso - Crossroads.**

'I currently reside in the Cascadia mountain range in the Pacific Northwest United States. I live with a wonderful man whom I've been with for ten years. We live on his family's property. We have a sweet kitty by the name of Ginger. I am an English Lit Major, graduating from the University of New Mexico with a Bachelor's Degree. I started blogging as a way to improve my writing, to write/journal more, and to just see what the blogging world was all about.'  
You can read more of Princess del Oso's work on her blog - [perceptive pot. clueless kettle](#)

**shoel000 - Memories.**

'I am a Recovering alcoholic, former attorney, construction worker, & pot grower! Just looking to write to help those in recovery who have been diagnosed with depression. There are people out there like me, who struggle with the fact that despite their sobriety and successes in the world, they "ran into the wall," as they say. I want to help them walk through this. I don't believe that it's something we have to, "live with," numbly the rest of our lives.'  
You can read more of shoel000's journey on his blog - [I Don't Want to Talk About It](#)

**Tempest - Mind & Untitled & Credited Sketches.**

'I am one third of an art collective called Art Of Darkness. We are three artists from the Southwest of Western Australia. We first met over a decade ago as students, before eventually parting ways. Drawn back together by our love of art and a mutual admiration for each other's work, we joined forces to take our creativity to new heights. Although we cover different styles and mediums, there is an underlying connection that binds it all together. We are Art of Darkness.'  
Check out Art of Darkness & Tempest's work on their Facebook page - [Art Of Darkness](#)

**Vasiliye - The Music of My Undoing**

'I'm a 24 years old bachelor of science, engineer, in love with fall: cold, but still warm, windy. Air-headed, always daydreaming, too lazy for my own good. My name is Ikarus, Vasiliye, Milan, and I'm a poet, or at least, trying to be.'  
You can read more of Vasiliye's poetry on his blog - [ikarusthefool](#)



## Submissions: issue two.

Do you think your work belongs in The Paperbook Collective? Would you like to be involved in a creative project that spans the globe?

Submit your work now to [jayde.ashe@hotmail.com](mailto:jayde.ashe@hotmail.com)

Submissions for issue two close 20th August, 2013.

# Design. Create. Unite.

Submissions must be in the form of a Word Document, without specialised formatting. Email your formatting requirements through with your submission.

You must include the following details to be eligible for consideration:

Name.

Published name/pseudonym.

50 word bio.

Country.

Submission piece.

Head online to [The Paperbook Blog](#) and subscribe via email for weekly updates.

Check out the Facebook page at [The Paperbook Collective](#)

Follow me on Twitter @JaydeAshe

a *jayde ashe*  
publication

