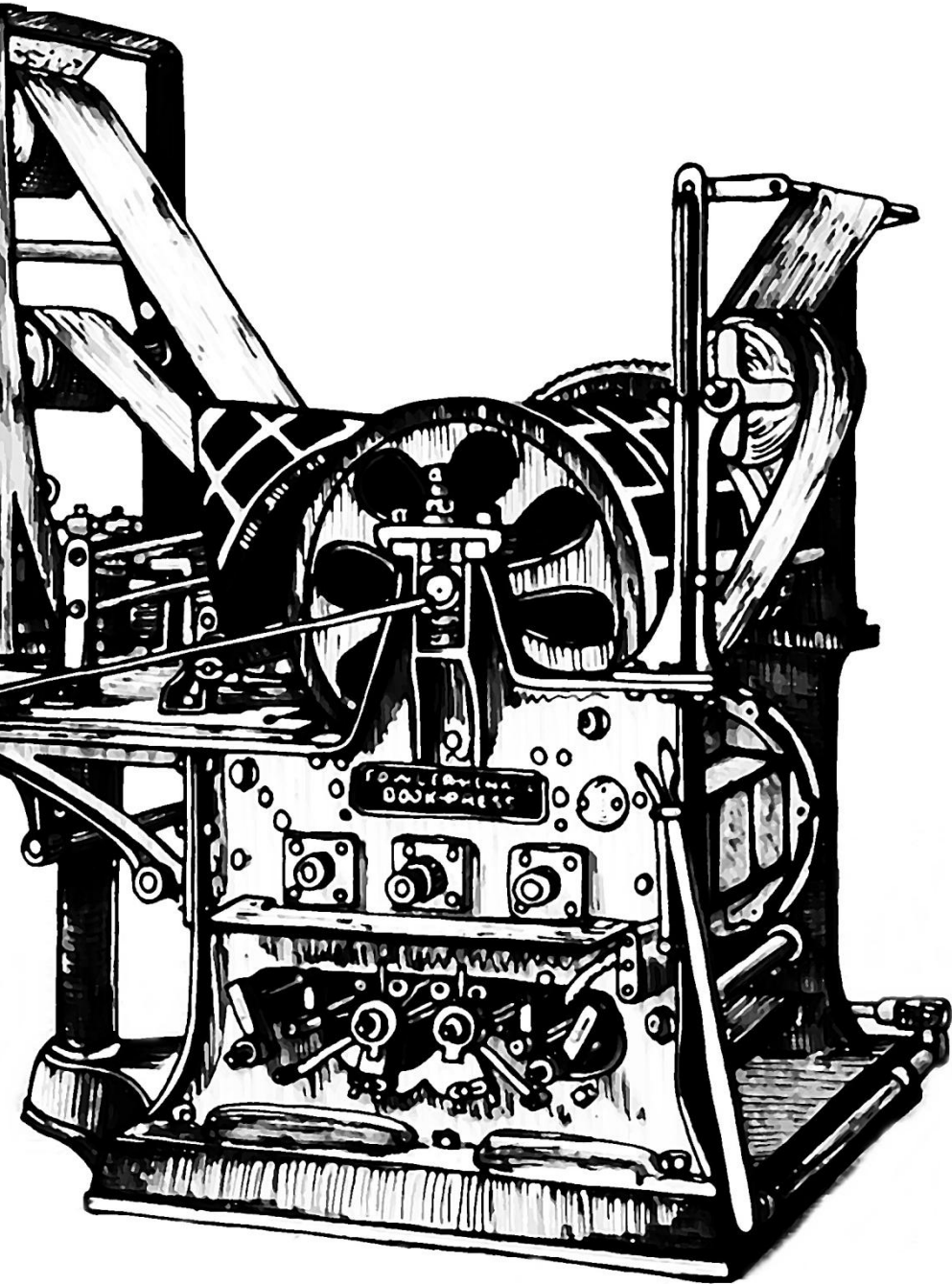


# The Paperbook Collective.

Issue 6.

January 7.

2014.



IT IS NOT MY ONLY ADDICTION,  
it is not my only addiction,  
BUT IT IS THE ONE OF WHICH I AM MOST FOND.  
but it is the one of which i am most fond.

a *jayde afhe*  
publication

This magazine and its design is copyrighted to

*jayde afhe*  
publications  
©2014

All attributed work is copyrighted to the original owners.

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

# Welcome.

Welcome everybody, to the very first Issue of The Paperbook Collective for 2014.

It is also the sixth Issue of the magazine, which means we have made it through half a year! Thank you to everyone who has supported The Paperbook Collective through its first six months as an independent publication.

2014 is set to be a great year for The Paperbook Collective, with plenty of new and exciting developments on the horizon.

Your support is just as valuable as ever this year, so keep sharing the Paperbook message.



# Contents.

From the Editor - 2

The Day After New Year's Day - John W. Howell 5

Three Tankas - Leonard Durso 7

Emotions Speak More Than Words - Amreen B. Shaikh 8

Happy New Year! - Leya 9

*Chissà...?* - Margaret Rose Stringer 11

Weather Or Not - Terry Barca 12

Art From Recyclables - John Arthur Robinson 13

Jayde Ashe Photography - jayde ashe 14

The Mother - Andrew Geary 15

He Proposed - Ana Maria Cabalero 16

What Lies Underneath - Marie Ann Bailey 17

# Contents.

Poems Translated from Turkish to English - Rukia Kuchiki 19

A Winter Walk through Pike Place Market - Lisa Kennedy 21

a poem about love, sort of - Leonard Durso 25

Book Quote - Bhuwan Chand 26

Void Hunters - Tempest 27

Jayde Ashe Photography - jayde ashe 28

Haikus - Jay Carr 29

The Place We Need & New Years - Jeni de Vries 30

Take Time Waning Gibbous - Andrew H. Kuharevicz 31

I Saw You Yesterday - Pamela 32

Onyx - Rhiannon Connelly 33

Support Your Local Bookstore - jayde ashe 35

Contributors - 37

Like What You Saw? - 41

# The Day after New Year's Day.

John W. Howell.

"So what day is it?"

"It's the day after New Year's day. Have you lost track of time again?"

"I don't think so. How long have we been here?"

"For god's sake Frank we go over this every morning. What the hell is wrong with you?"

"I-I'm just a little uncertain is all. Just tell me."

"We have been here over three years now. We came the day after New Year's day three years ago."

"Only three years? It seems a lot longer."

"It seems longer because you always ask about how long we have been here and what day it is."

"I know I'm a big problem to you, but I really need to stay on top of this shit."

"You are not a big problem Frank. It's just I get concerned when you don't have a grip on the situation."

"I have a grip, but I need to keep checking."

"Checking what?"

"My math. I gotta make sure the math is right otherwise we may be here forever."

"So what kind of math are you doing?"

"Now who has lost track of what we are doing? You know very well I am using calculus to get a bead on where we are."

"Frank you know very well where we are. We are in a cabin in the woods in the north of Maine."

"Yes Phyllis I know that, but you go ahead and tell me the year."

"The year? Um, I'm not really sure."

"Yeah so tell me I have a problem. I think you have forgotten what the hell happened. Sure you can remember it was three years ago because I keep asking every day so you'll remember."

"Don't mess with me Frank. You telling me the truth? You have been a pain to help me remember"

"Yes I'm telling you the truth."

"So what year is it?"

"My calculations tell me it is 2014."

"2014? Are you out of your mind?"

"Nope look right here."

"I don't understand any of that crap Frank and you know it."

"Well if you did you would see that where we are it is 2014."

"But when we left it was the day after New Year's Day 1911."

"Quite true Phyllis. That was the year I figured out how to travel through time."

"And we have had such a wonderful time since."

"Now come on. It hasn't been so bad. Look at all the neat things you have seen."

"Well it has been quite a trip. I never would have believed some of the things that have been done in the last hundred years."

"Remember when we saw that television for the first time? I thought I was going to wet my pants. I couldn't get over the idea of waves broken down and reassembled in a different place."

"What are you talking about? You somehow broke us down and reassembled us in the same place, but in a different time."

"Yeah I guess you're right. I now need to reverse the sequence and get us back."

"Why do you want to go back? There will be none of the technology we have come to love."

"Love is a strong word. If you take all the technology away there is little that has really changed."

"Okay Frank. You want to explain that?"

"Do you still eat food?"

"Yes."

"Do you still sleep, wake up and start each day?"

"Yes. So what's the point?"

"I think life is a simple thing. You need to work, eat, sleep and reproduce. I don't see any of these technological advances doing anything to alter the basics."

"Yes, but a good movie, nice music, thrilling TV show all make life so much better."

"Than watching the moon come up over the pasture?"

"Okay then how about those neat refrigerators and ice makers?"

"Ice box is just as good and the ice is better. Nice and clear."

"Air conditioning. How about air conditioning?"

"Forces us to put on too many clothes in the summer. Remember when we would go out on the porch and sleep to the sounds of the woods."

"And mosquitoes."

"We always had a citronella candle for that."

"Microwave. Cooks in seconds."

"Sure. How good is the food?"

"Alright Frank. You have me convinced. Go ahead and make your math calculations and get us back home again. You better promise to help a little more around the house since I won't have a dishwasher, vacuum and clothes dryer"

"I'll try to help more dear. I'll really try. Could you get me a cold beer while you are up? Do the Steelers play today? No of course not they got knocked out of the preliminaries. I wonder if the Mentalist is a new episode."

*Three Tankas.*  
*Leonard Durso.*

*those faces*

my dreams in the night  
are filled with people long gone  
their names indistinct  
faces though crowd round the bed  
stare intently in my eyes

*treasures.*

the treasures that we seek  
are often not what we expect  
come unfamiliar  
in wrapping strange to our eyes  
though there are wonders inside

*the prince*

the cat on the bed  
a prince surveying his world  
the eyes droop sleepy  
this is no easy business  
keeping tabs on his domain



# *Emotions speak more than words...*

*Amreen B. Shaikh.*

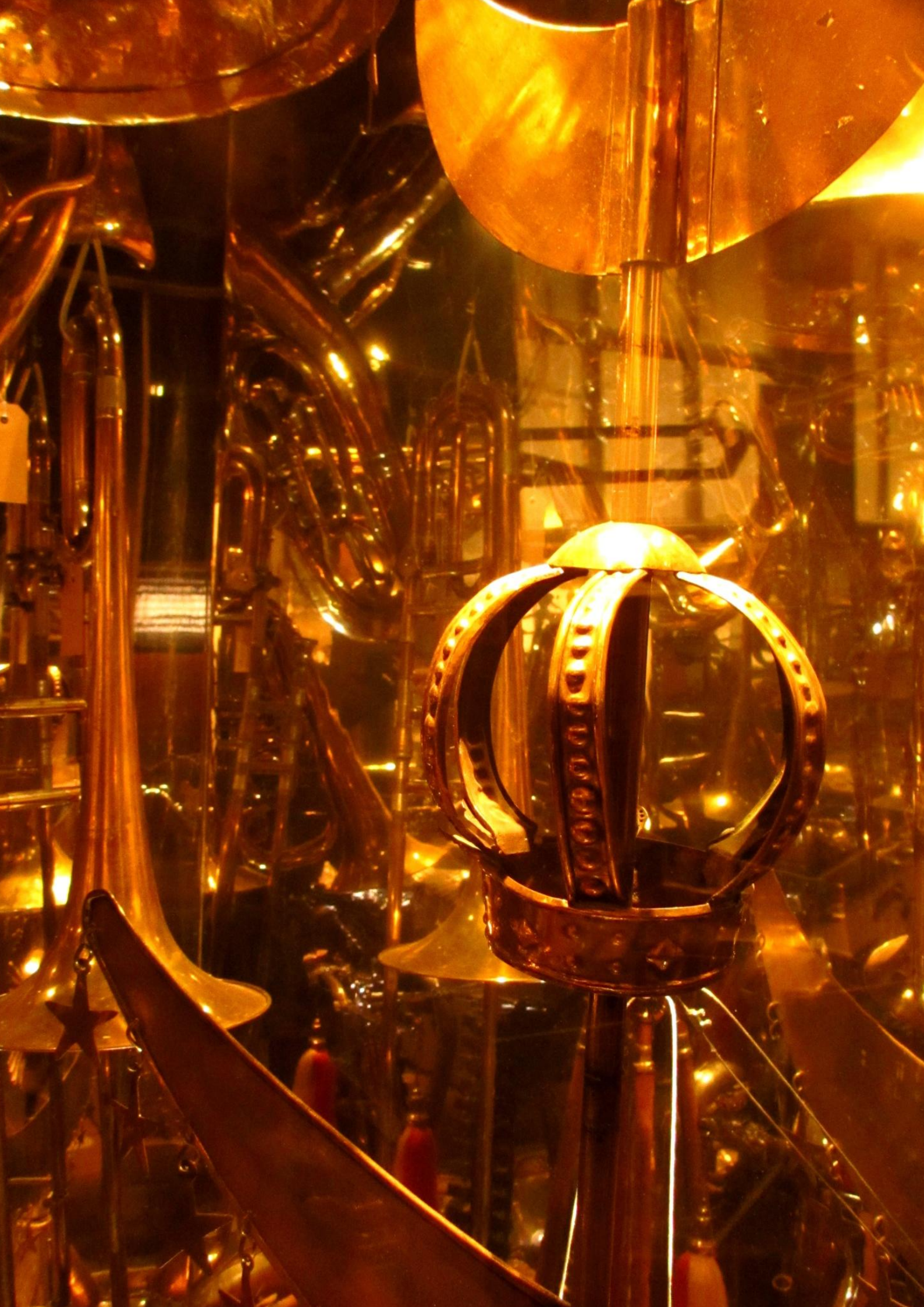
---

*Sometimes words lose their charm  
when emotions swirl around the soul  
you want to speak your heart  
but at times you could only emote...*

*Tears drain  
the water of sadness  
washing away  
the cry in your words....*

*Laughter flies away  
the birds of happiness  
which fail to build a shelter  
on the nest of your words....*

*Sometimes emotions  
embraces  
the beauty of your speech,  
sometimes emotions carry  
more warmth than the calmness in words,  
sometimes emotions steal the love filled in words,  
sometimes emotions break the tranquillity  
stored in the serenity of words....*





*Happy New Year!*

*Leya.*

# *Chissà ....?*

*Margaret Rose Stringer.*

What is happiness, after all ...?

Something that comes and goes at will?

Something we have the power to call upon whenever we seek to fill that loving cup?

Or is it just a thing we use to blind ourselves – a way of stirring up the dust that's settled quietly on the shelves of memory?

Can it really be here? With us? Now?

And can we hold it long enough to clearly see just what it is?

I once was told that happiness can be likened to a breath of wind from long ago, that whirls and eddies 'round and through our lives ...

And that we cannot know its origins; nor is it known if happiness will go, or stay ...

But certainly we cannot own the wind, no matter what we'd pay.

# Weather Or Not.

## Terry Barca.

“When all else fails you can always talk about the weather.”

My mum was full of little sayings and this one came trotting out whenever there was an upcoming social engagement looming on the horizon.

Despite my obvious ability in the talking department, my mum seemed to think that this ability would desert me if a female hove into view. She had seen a bit of life and she was still attractive having been VERY attractive in her younger days so she knew the effect a pretty girl could have on a young man even if he was normally loquacious.

We lived in a part of the world that had weather.

That is to say it had four distinct seasons so if one was prone to talking about it, there was generally a new subject every three months or so.

But it didn't matter what season it was, it always rained on a Sunday.

No one could explain it but it had been going on for so long it didn't seem to matter anymore.

Sometimes it just drizzled but generally it rained. Sometimes it poured!

After a generation or two people stopped talking about it and planned their week around it.

Picnics and such were always on Saturday.

At one stage there was a move to have the weekend shifted to Friday/Saturday because the workers felt that they were missing out, but the bosses put a swift stop to that.

The unions had lost a lot of their power and influence since the country had drifted towards a 'middle class' accommodation.

People weren't exactly rich but they were reasonably comfortable so they stopped joining and supporting unions.

It wasn't all bad news.

Several umbrella companies had been revived and were doing quite well.

Ducks seemed to be very happy and people with sensible shoes had smiles on their faces.

Shops that sold raincoats did reasonable business.

People's gardens looked good and water consumption was down and, in a country that traditionally was in permanent drought, this was a good thing.

Unfortunately, rainy days tended to push up the rate of depression in the general population and suicides on a Monday were higher than they should be from a statistical standpoint. It didn't rain a lot on Mondays but I guess the 'rainy Sunday effect' mixed with Mondayitis was too much for those poor souls who were teetering on the brink.

I seemed to be one of the few people who didn't care much; I like the rain.

I like the sound of it on our 'tin' roof. I sleep better when it rains, and I like the smell of the earth after it stops.

Back when the 'Sunday rains' first started a few people thought that it might be the end of the world.

But, then again, there are always a few people who think one thing or another is heralding the end of the world.

The fact is that the world comes to an end for a lot of people every day so I'm going to enjoy my time here whether it's raining or not.

# Art From Recyclables.

John Arthur Robinson.



## Napoleon's Handicap.

MADE FROM OLD  
HARDWARE HANDLES,  
A TIN COFFEE-CAN  
LID, AND TUBES FROM  
A BROKEN TELESCOPE.

## White Caps.

MADE FROM AN OLD  
ACRYLIC CUTTING  
BOARD AND  
DISCARDED CAPS  
FROM GALLON  
MILK JUGS.





*Jayde Ashe  
Photography*

# *The Mother.*

*Andrew Geary.*

Death throbs throughout  
her body. (She pushed  
the needle, and her eyes  
are tethered to the empty,  
white ceiling.)

Her mind clings to Michael  
who's fixated on the swings.  
He is released and attacks  
the playground. Why is he so  
happy? Finally, his head pulls  
away from the sand, he waves.  
She tries to push a smile,  
but she can tell--from his changing  
face--he is learning.



# He Proposed.

Ana Maria Cabalero.

Last night

On a balcony with an almost full moon

Few people present some of them watched

After champagne somewhat more wine

An open view of the late summer night

Standing straight

Feet steady sturdy positioned and placed

On a balcony with a view a street full of trees

Some people present few of them watched

Having had wine champagne the almost full moon

Standing straight feet steady sturdy positioned and placed

People were present one of them spoke

Yeah he proposed

# What Lies Underneath.

**Marie Ann Bailey.**

Mary gazed at herself in the full-length mirror and tried to take objective stock. “Dressed to kill,” she thought as she twisted around to see that her slip wasn’t showing in the back. She was wearing a pearl-gray suit: a pencil skirt paired with a short boxy jacket. She was pleased that she could still fit into this suit that she had last worn on her honeymoon. Underneath she wore a lacy silk silver slip with a built-in bra. Her favorite white thong with the wide lace waistband. Sheer gray stockings held up with a white lace garter belt. Although no one would know what she was wearing underneath, she knew. It was part of her confidence building to feel sexy in a non-sexy environment, like today when she had to meet with the bank’s loan officer about refinancing her house. He wouldn’t know about her lacy undergarments, but she hoped that her knowledge would make her feel desirable and thus make her look desirable and thus make the loan officer amendable to her needs.

She turned back to face her front and flicked a few strands of her cropped salt-and-pepper hair. She stepped closer to the mirror to admire the tiny pearl-studded earrings she wore. She held up her right hand. Her wedding ring was very simple, a platinum band with five tiny diamonds set in. Christopher had wanted to give her a “rock” as he called. He had shown her the ring he had picked out but fortunately had not yet bought. It was a 24-carat yellow gold band with a huge solitary diamond. Mary’s first thought had been, “Oh, god, that ring will get caught on everything!” She had surprised herself since she already knew that one of the things she loved about Christopher was his desire to buy her things: clothes, shoes, bags, a red Miata.

At DeBeers, her eye had caught a lonely platinum band with five tiny diamonds. She wanted just the one ring, no engagement ring, no separate wedding band. Christopher had known not to argue once she decided on what she wanted. He was disappointed, she knew, but he gave in. “If this is what will make you happy, then it’s yours.”

She turned the ring around on her finger. She had almost lost it once. After Christopher's death, she barely ate, having no appetite and less desire to get from one day to the next. Then one morning the ring slipped off, quietly tumbling to the soft white carpet of her bedroom, falling between the folds of the clothes that she had dropped there days before. She remembered the panic, the utter horror when she saw her finger bony and naked. It took her two days to find the ring, tearing through her house, turning out drawers, upending baskets of waste, throwing beams from flashlights down dark slimy drains. After she had given up hope and returned to her bedroom, picking up clothes and tossing them into a laundry basket, she stepped on the ring with her bare foot. She couldn't remember how long she sat there on the floor, clutching the ring and crying, first silently and then with howls of anger and anguish.

Mary stared at her reflection in the mirror, her eyes rimmed red and her vision slightly blurred. Her appointment was in thirty minutes. It would take her at least twenty to get into town, another five to park in the public lot and walk to the bank. She didn't want to be too early but she didn't want to be late either. She needed to get a grip. She grabbed a tissue and dabbed her eyes, careful not to smear her mascara. Her hands were shaking slightly and with a sick feeling she realized that she had lost that confidence-building feeling of sexiness. Her face looked drawn, the skin almost as gray as her suit.

Her phone rang or rather sang to her. It was Randy. Randy—the tall, dark and handsome man that she had known since high school when he was a lanky, two-left-feet youth. Randy—the man who, several years ago, had had the misfortune of being the one to tell her that Christopher was dead. Randy—the man she had since fallen in love with. Randy—the man who knew what she wore underneath her clothes.

She picked up the phone, her hands now shaking with excitement. “Randy, I'm so glad you called. Are you free right now? Oh, good! I was wondering, could you meet me at the bank in about thirty minutes?”

*Poems translated from Turkish to English.*  
*Rukia Kuchiki.*

*Serenad.*

Yeşil pencereden bir gül at bana,  
Işıklarla dolsun kalbimin içi.  
Geldim işte mevsim gibi kapına  
Gözlerimde bulut, saçlarımda çiğ.

Açılan bir gülsün sen yaprak yaprak  
Ben aşkımla bahar getirdim sana;  
Tozlu yollarından geçtiğim uzak  
İklimden şarkılar getirdim sana.

Şeffaf damlalarla titreyen, ağır  
Koncanın altında bükülmüş her sak.  
Seninçin dallardan süzülen ıtır,  
Seninçin karanfil, yasemin zambak...

Bir kuş sesi gelir dudaklarından;  
Gözlerin, gönlümde açan nergisler.  
Düşen öpüşlerdir dudaklarından  
Mor akasyalarda ürperen seher.

Pencerenden bir gül attığın zaman  
Işıklarla dolacak kalbimin içi.  
Geçiyorum mevsim gibi kapından  
Gözlerimde bulut, saçlarımda çiğ...

*-Ahmet Muhip Dranas.*

*Serenade.*

“Throw me a rose from your green window,  
So that my heart fills with lights.  
Here I am at your door like the season  
Clouds in my eyes, dew in my hair.

You are a rose that opens up petal by petal  
I brought you the spring with my love;  
From distant climates whose dusty roads I pass  
I brought you songs.

Each stem bends under the rose bud  
That is heavy and trembles with clear drops.  
The perfume seeping down the branches is for  
you,  
The clove, jasmine, lily are for you...

A bird sound comes out of your lips;  
Your eyes are narcissus that blooms in my heart.  
The dawn that shivers in the purple locust trees  
are  
kisses dropping from your lips.

When you throw a rose from your green window  
My heart will fill with lights.  
I am passing by your door like the season  
Clouds in my eyes, dew in my hair...”

## *SESSİZ GEMİ*

Artık demir almak günü gelmişse zamandan,  
Meçhule giden bir gemi kalkar bu limandan.  
Hiç yolcusu yokmuş gibi sessizce alır yol;  
Sallanmaz o kalkışta ne mendil ne de bir kol.  
Rıhtımda kalanlar bu seyahatten elemli,  
Günlerce siyah ufka bakar gözleri nemli.  
Bıçare gönüller! Ne giden son gemidir bu!  
Hicranlı hayatın ne de son matemidir bu!  
Dünyada sevilmiş ve seven nafile bekler;  
Bilmez ki, giden sevgililer dönmeyecekler.  
Birçok gidenin her biri memnun ki yerinden,  
Birçok seneler geçti; dönen yok seferinden.

*-Yahya Kemal Beyatlı.*

## *The Silent Ship.*

When the day comes to weigh  
anchor from time,

A ship sailing into the unknown  
leaves this harbor.

It sails silently as if there is no  
passenger;

Neither a handkerchief nor a hand is  
waved in that departure.

Those left behind on the dock are  
sorrowed with this journey,

With wet eyes, they stare at the dark  
horizon for days.

The wretched hearts! This is neither  
the last ship leaving!

Nor is it the last mourning of the  
painful life!

The beloved and loving wait in vain;

Not knowing that those who have  
gone will not return.

Many of those who have gone must  
be happy with their place,

So many years have passed; none  
have returned from their journey.

*A Winter Walk Through  
the Pike Place Market.  
Seattle.*

*Lisa Kennedy.*



CAPPUCCINO • CAFFE

Exclusive  
to this Market

Pike Place  
Special Reserve

LATTE • ESPRESSO

GIVE  
THANKS



# PUBLIC MARKET



ARCADE NO. 7

**FRUITS & VEGETABLES**  
**FRESH PICKED DAILY**

FROM  
FRUIT









# a poem about love, sort of.

Leonard Durso.

he brags about the prostitute  
that didn't charge him  
because he is a college administrator  
an important man  
even more so in his own eyes  
and his wife  
well that's just the kids  
he gets his love  
other places  
his chest swells  
his eyes twinkle  
his lip curls onto itself  
he's like my barber  
who pines for love  
as he looks out at passing girls  
his view of marriage  
is the same  
it's just kids  
I try to understand  
this phenomenon  
different social classes  
the same view  
of marriage  
of love  
it seems to be widespread  
you're in love until you marry  
then you have kids

and look for love elsewhere  
in the US  
I heard it from women too  
the need for space  
self-fulfilment  
something it seems  
is lacking in couples  
nowadays  
but here women are more  
accommodating  
pick up after the men  
cook their favourite meals  
flush their toilets  
and pretend you don't notice  
the wandering eyes  
it's about values  
ultimately  
what is important  
and how much you give  
what you expect in return  
  
and me  
I'm on the wrong planet  
I'd ask to be beamed up  
but there's no ship waiting  
so instead I'm looking seaward  
for ships on the horizon  
ready to take me



# Book Quote.

**Bhuwan Chand.**

---

---

**‘Innocence is a  
kind of  
insanity’**

---

---

**The Quiet  
American.**

---

---

**Graham Greene**

**Oct. 2nd, 1954**

—

**Apr. 3rd, 1991**

---

---

Originally published in 1956 and twice adapted to film, *The Quiet American* remains a terrifying and prescient portrait of innocence at large.

‘I never knew a man who had better motives for all the trouble he caused,’ Graham Greene’s narrator Fowler remarks of Alden Pyle, the eponymous ‘Quiet American’ of what is perhaps the most controversial novel of his career.

Pyle is the brash young idealist sent out by Washington on a mysterious mission to Saigon, where the French Army struggles against the Vietminh guerrillas. As young Pyle’s well-intentioned policies blunder into bloodshed, Fowler, a seasoned and cynical British reporter, finds it impossible to stand safely aside as an observer. But Fowler’s motives for intervening are suspect, both to the police and to himself, for Pyle has stolen Fowler’s beautiful Vietnamese mistress.

# VOID HUNTERS

## TEMPEST

The night seemed to flow with movement, the seething heat flooding the streets and steaming into the sky like a living thing. Reaching far into the burning red sunset, the environmentally sealed towers that dominated the city below were immune from such discomfort, the minds that dwelt within consumed with thoughts of progress and expansion. The continuation of the empire demanded nothing less, yet to the masses below, the idea was as alien as the distant wars that raged amongst the Fringe Worlds. On a night like tonight, the only thing that mattered was the here and now.

Forty five minutes had passed since the first explosion, the first in a series of eight targeted at the cities central infrastructure; public transportation, government installations, and atmospheric processors. Without such engines operational, the humidity levels had risen dramatically in a matter of minutes, driving an already unruly and drug fuelled populace into new heights of turmoil and disorder. Acts of desperation aimed at destabilizing the ruling bodies of the vast city, such aggression could only lead to one possible outcome, a devastating and inevitable counter-attack. Only moments later the first Arbiter squads had deployed, state sanctioned professional killers, hunting their targets through the chaotic, smoke-shrouded streets. At their head, a tall and muscular figure in black armour halted, raising a hand to his temple.

Since his induction into the ranks of the Arbiters, the lure of the dream had been tempered and distilled in the cold routines of discipline. He had found a peace in the brotherhood and with it an acceptance of his gift, each dive into the ether measured and precise. The Arbiters represented control within an empire of chaos, its cities drowning in flesh, rampant and unchecked, never sleeping. His eyes closed for a moment, the silhouette of a hulking figure tattooed in his mind, and with a fierce resolve he awakened again, leading his squad onwards. A long awaited confrontation loomed before him and opening a channel to his brother operatives he spoke, "This is Leo. I have the target."

Ender fled through the twisting streets of the lower levels, knocking frightened civilians from their feet and smashing aside obstacles with brutish rage. Gabriel should have known better than to have accepted the contract, the possibility of escape already difficult and now suddenly narrowing by the second. His opinion had counted for naught, and in a terrible moment of hindsight, it always had. This deviation from their usual line of work was troubling, for in truth, he was a killer, and nothing more. As he raced through the labyrinthine slum, silent figures in black bounded after him, and for the first time in many years, Ender felt fear.

Leo leapt from a factory roof, plunging feet first into darkness and after the fugitive, his fall arrested at the last moment with a brief surge from the compact thruster pack on his back. For all of his skills, the target was pushing his endurance, the solid figure ahead unmistakable now as he turned and fired an aggressive burst of gunfire back towards him. The bullets screamed close by his head and before he could recover, a sudden flash of shining violet eyes seared his retinas, causing him to stumble, the sun touched face that bore them smiling at him, the corners of her mouth pulling up in amusement. He suppressed the memory with anger, regaining his footing in an instant, simultaneously bringing his own weapon to bear and squeezing the trigger.

Regaining consciousness from where he had fallen, Ender scrambled in blind terror, unable to place where he was. The pain hit him almost immediately, and he knew then that he had been shot, and that this was finally the end for him. Blood was everywhere, filling his mouth and spilling onto the water slicked concrete street, pouring out of the horrendous wounds that decorated his torso. His fingers held his weapon still, but after trying to raise it unsuccessfully at the hazy shadows approaching him down the alley, he let it go, roaring in pain and frustration. For a brief moment, he caught a look at the face of the Arbiter that now stood over him, his gun aimed squarely at his face. Eyes widened in recognition, and with a voice filled with wrath, Leo snarled, "This is for Mira."

The report from the gunshot echoed through the strangely quiet streets, and turning away from the kill, Leo shook with premonition, his sight leaving his body and finding a similarly black clad figure standing motionless at the opposite end of the alley, ruthless golden eyes staring straight back at him. A gleaming silver pistol was pointed toward him, but before he could react, it suddenly fell, and where the would-be assassin had stood was now nothing more than empty night and swirling mist. Gabriel had vanished, and Leo knew that although it would not be tonight, there would be a reckoning between them. Soon.



# Haikus.

Jay Carr.

## The 'Tide' has Turned

I'm prone, on the couch  
my laundry spins, finishes  
now IT waits for ME

## Winter Storm

Scraping asphalt bare  
plows sound through the arctic air  
interrupting sleep

# The Place We Need.

Jeni de Vries.

I've gone away

Against my better judgment

To a place away from here

To a land of the free and wild

The trip is harsh and the road is long

But get there I will

For in this place there's a

Sense of hope, in the living quarters

A home away from home

To a land of the spirits

A place where your dreams come true

Where birds can spread their wings

Where the living can be free

And the silence can be welcomed

The loudness is outlived and

The memories are never broken

Where everyone is accepted and loved

For who they were, inside and out,

Where loving is a sign and

Friends are welcome here

This is the place where we dream to be

The hopes we relish, the friends

We need, the loves we share but

Most of all the memories we retain.

# New Years.

Jeni de Vries.

it's almost that time

to start the new year

everyone's excited

for the new beginning.

but we should take a moment

to reflect, to think

about the year that's been

because it's gone in a blink

the babies we've created

and the people we've lost

the lives we've changed

no matter the cost

may 2014 be a happy year

and your dreams come true

reach for the highest star

and see what you can do.

# Take Time Waning Gibbous.

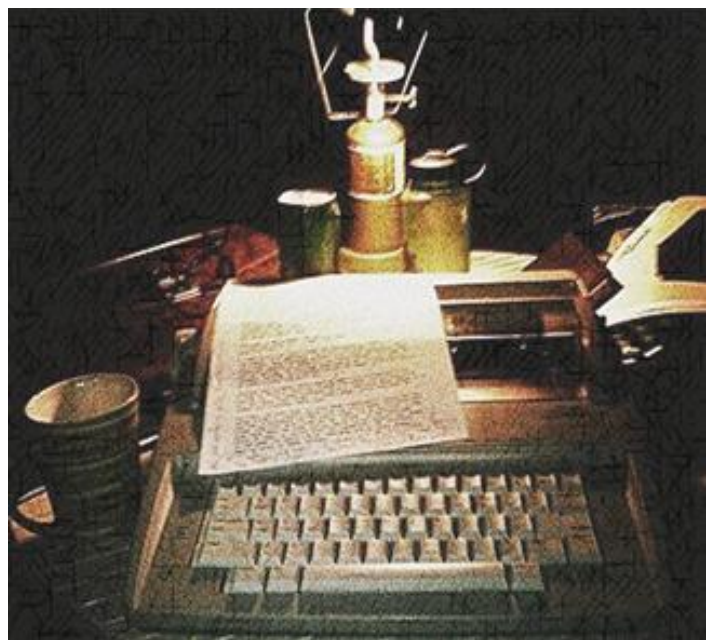
Andrew H. Kuharevich.

I wanted to write something new but I knew I should wait. The wireless signals all turned off and piles of years are made from paper, and it took days, maybe years, but it's all neatly stacked and...the stomach growls.

I wanted to write something new but I knew I should wait. I turned off the lights and the screens and paused, and while opening the window I thought I'll write about the morning... I'll wait for the sunrise to see.

And I wanted to write something new but I knew I should wait. Crawling out on the roof I thought about the week... strange; this week has been quiet, and it's so easy. This act of writing about my eyes and everything... hums... and the moon and the clouds are like a spine or the stellar uniformity of a slow moving traffic, and it's all running behind schedule and is distorted to hazy brown eyes from shapes and elephants and is lit like an old carousel seen in black and white... but there's still colour... strange but true. The night was a child born from the middle-aged winter, and then like an artist, Gibbous reminded me of the month of August, of wild country roads and muddy feet chewing on grass, and as soon as the match was scraped on brick the fire was gone... and... no... I was closing my eyes and lost track of... I... don't... know... it's all relevant and each morning and every night is its own book, a different life and a full pack of smokes. It's a gut feeling and that's what I'll do. I'll forget about love and around eight-thirteen A.M. I'll butter some toast and put on a wool hat. I'll wait and stop thinking about the kid on the page and about the reflection of someone else's eyes on glass as hands carve out these words like a rough stone, and I'll go and I'll freeze to death and I'll drink a swell to the tides shaking in boots sitting down on my backpack next to my younger brother... a young willow tree. The lake is calm and mad, warm, soft, manic and young; the lake is like me. The lake is forgetful. The lake never knows where to start and when to stop. It all feels the same, and it's just...

I wanted to write something new,  
but I knew I should wait.





I saw you yesterday  
Remembering your touch  
I saw you yesterday  
Wanting you so much

*I Saw You  
Yesterday.  
Pamela.*

I saw you yesterday  
For the briefest of time  
I saw you yesterday  
Wishing you were mine

I saw you yesterday  
Longing for your arms around me  
I saw you yesterday  
Knowing it would never be 'we'

I saw you yesterday  
Wondering what could have been  
I saw you yesterday  
Did you feel anything then?

I saw you yesterday  
My love awake and alive  
I saw you yesterday  
Will I ever be able to say goodbye?

# *Onyx.*

*Rhiannon  
Connelly*

Self Portrait Series.

Inspired by my journey through depression, each picture has a quote which has been taken from the journals I kept within that time. The words are written with my own handwriting to make it more personal. There is still not enough awareness and understanding about depression and I want to convey the difficulty of being in that situation and the kind of thoughts that come with depression.

*The sun hits me the same as it hits  
them but I can't seem to emulate  
the same light in my eyes.*



I will make it through this but I can't deny  
how much death appeals to me. That  
delicious silence and end. To be somewhere  
other than here.



# Support Your Local Bookstore.

## No One Else Is Going To.

jaydeashe.

I've always loved to read.

Even before I could read, I loved to read. When I was a toddler my favourite book in the world was my Little Golden Books copy of *The Little Red Caboose*. My parents would read it to me every night, probably several times over. I was a bossy child. They read it to me so often that I came to memorise the words, and would sit on the floor reciting it out loud while turning the pages at the correct time. Visitors to our house were amazed by the toddler who could apparently read. I was also a bit of a show-off.

Twenty-five years later, not a lot has changed. I am still at my happiest when I have my nose buried deep into a good book, oblivious of the world around me. I grew up in a household without mobile phones, without the Internet, almost without a computer. Our school projects were completed with the aid of a leather bound set of Encyclopaedia Britannica's, bought by my parents the year I was born from a travelling salesman. They probably never guessed that their set of Britannica's would become one of my most precious possessions.

Perhaps because of my upbringing, and the deep seated love I have for physical books, I cannot bring myself to fully embrace the digital literary takeover. Download a copy of a book online, only to delete it once you're done? No thanks. Don't get me wrong, I am sure that there are many circumstances in which an E-Reader is far superior to the humble book. I just haven't found any of those circumstances in my life. Going travelling? I seek out second hand bookstores in each town I pass through, swapping the books I have finished for something new. No space? Often I find books discarded in hotels and backpackers, which I take with me and then leave behind in a new room for some other weary traveller to find. I love the thought of these books making their own little trips across countries.

Everywhere I go, I seek out bookstores. New or second-hand, there is no shopping experience greater than slowly drifting through shelves laden with literature, dipping in and out of books at random until something incredible catches your eye. I never enter a bookstore with a particular book in mind, rather I wait and see what that bookstore will deliver just for me. The smell, the hushed quiet, the endless spines standing in rows, waiting to be plucked from the shelf. You don't get that experience on your Kindle.

Which is why I am so devastated by the fact that two bookstores have closed down in my small city in the last six months. The first to go was the Book Exchange, a tiny second-hand bookstore on the main street. I ventured in during the weeks before they closed and managed to buy eleven books, including a hard-cover edition of Bryce Courtenay's *Four Fires*, for twenty dollars. My bounty didn't quite make up for the sadness I felt at seeing all these empty shelves, with a couple of lonely books lying on

their sides looking for all the world like abandoned children. I went back to see what was left a week later... the shop was gone. It was as though it never existed.

Just before Christmas I headed into town to pick myself up a few books as a little early Christmas present. I rounded the corner of the Boulevard Bookshop ABC Centre, only to see a huge CLOSING DOWN SALE in their window as well. Shocked, I walked in to be greeted by another room full of empty shelves, with a few small piles of books and gifts in spaces that had once been packed with colourful displays. The excellent quality of books that were left indicated how great this bookstore once was, so I grabbed myself a handful and headed to the counter. I asked the lady why they were closing, to be told the familiar story that they just couldn't afford to keep a dying business open anymore. In a city with a greater population of approximately 68, 000 people, we couldn't even support two local bookstores. She went on to tell me that thirteen independent bookstores had closed in Western Australia in 2013 alone.

Where will this end? Where will all the books go? Even if hypothetically every single publishing house stopped printing books today, there are still billions upon billions of books out there in the world. Hell, there's billions of books in my lounge room alone. But where will I be able to donate them once the second-hand bookstores are all gone? How will any of us be able to get our hands on cheap and cheerful second-hand copies of books we love if we refuse to support our local bookstores? Will my grandchildren pull an ancient copy of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* off my overloaded, dusty old bookshelf and ask me, 'What's this funny looking thing Grandma?'

No. I refuse to let this happen. And if there is one thing I have learnt in the past few years, it's that if you want something done, do it yourself. So that's what I am going to do. Stay tuned Bunbury, you won't be without a place to get your second hand books for much longer.

And for all of you out there reading this, I have one thing to say to you.

Support your local bookstores. No one else is going to.



# Contributors.

## Amreen B. Shaikh - India.

'I am a Web Designer by Profession and write poetry in leisure time. I've my poems published in few Anthologies in the UK and recently started to run a blog which showcases my poetry and I try to inspire others about it as well.'

You can check out more of Amreen's poetry on her blog -

[Paint the Word with Words](#)

## Ana Maria Cabalero - Colombia.

'I currently live in Bogotá, Colombia with my husband and eight-month-old son. During my son's naps, I created a blog where I share my poems and love of literature.'

You can check out Ana's writing on her blog - [The Drugstore Notebook](#)

## Andrew Geary - U.S.A.

'I am 20 years old and a student Moorpark College. I enjoy the works of W.B. Yeats, Countee Cullen, Sylvia Plath, Hermann Hesse and Oscar Wilde.' Check out Andrew's other works on his blog - [andrew geary](#)

## Andrew H. Kuharevich - U.S.A.

'I'm a writer from the United States who lives in Michigan. I'm thirty two years old and a graduate of Western Michigan University. In school I studied criminal justice, sociology, and philosophy. I've written many books and the most recent one is called *More Adventures of a Dying Young Man, Book A*. I'm also an editor for a start-up publisher of real books called West Vine Press.'

To check out more of Andrew's writing, visit his blog -

[Adventures in American Writing](#)

## Bhuwan Chand - India.

'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](#)

## Jay Carr - U.S.A.

'I live and work in Central Indiana. I'm an active member of the Kurt Vonnegut Memorial Library's book club and a Great Books Foundation discussion group that meets at the Nora Library on the north side of town. In 2011, I started reading one short story per week as part of my "Project: Deal Me In" and have really become a fan of that form. I am always looking for short story suggestions...'

To check out more of Jay's stuff, visit his blog - [Bibliophilopolis](#)

# Contributors.

## Jeni de Vries - Australia.

I'm Jeni and I am 28 years old I have been writing poetry since I was a child. The freedom that writing gives me is not like anything I have ever experienced. My life consists of travel, love, friendship and hope. I live for family and friends and am grateful to be living.

## John Arthur Robinson - U.S.A.

'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 - U.S.A.

'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 *My GRL* that is due to be released later this year.'

You can check out John's work on his blog - [Fiction Favourite's](#) or reach him by email at - [johnhowell.wave@gmail.com](mailto:johnhowell.wave@gmail.com)

## Leya - Sweden.

'I am an amateur photographer who tries to capture some of the wonders in nature that make my soul soar and fly.'

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

## Leonard Durso - Turkey.

'I am a native New Yorker who finds himself in Turkey, currently in Istanbul, but with eyes gazing south, always hopeful of finding the sun.'

To check out more of Leonard's work visit his blog -

[Leonard Durso](#)

## Lisa Kennedy - U.S.A.

'My family and I make our home in a small town in the Northwest corner of Washington State and through my blog I share photos and stories of our adventures in this unique and beautiful part of the country.'

Check out more of Lisa's photography on her blog -

[Northwest Frame of Mind](#)

## Margaret Rose Stringer - Australia.

'I was 31 when I met my lifetime partner, stills photographer Charles 'Chic' Stringer, whom I married. Chic died in 2006. I have worked in film, television and video production, and live in Sydney. My first book is a memoir called *And then like my dreams*, about life with Chic.'

To see more of Margaret Rose's writing, check out her blog -

[Margaret Rose Stringer](#)

# Contributors.

## Marie Ann Bailey - U.S.A.

'I write mostly short stories, but thanks to the National Novel Writing Month, I also have a few first drafts of novels to edit. Occasionally I write what might pass as poetry. I also enjoy writing for my blog and supporting indie writers.'

To see more of Marie's writing, check out her blog - [lWriteWay](#)

## Pamela - U.S.A.

'I have started writing poetry at the suggestion of a dear friend. I am a middle aged professional woman with a passion for my day job.'

To see more of Pamela's poetry visit her blog - [Poetry by Pamela](#)

## Rhiannon Connelly - Australia.

'I am a young aspiring photographer from Perth, Western Australia. I love creating fantasy worlds and telling stories through my photos. I spend a large chunk of my time daydreaming and chasing the perfect light.'

To see more of Rhiannon's photography, check out her Facebook page - [Merelle Photography](#)

## Rukia Kuchiki - Turkey.

'I am an English teacher working at a college in Istanbul, Turkey. I have three blogs that I am actively using. I am very happy to be a part of Wordpress.'

To see more of Rukia's work, visit her blog - [Forgotten Hopes](#)

## Tempest - Australia.

'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](#)

## Terry Barca - Australia.

'I'm a writer who lives and works in the hills on the edge of Melbourne. I write a lot and walk a lot but never at the same time. I still have hair and teeth, which is nice. I don't like to travel but I do like to eat but never at the same time.'

Check out more of Terry's writing on his blog - [araneusl](#)



# Like what you saw?

Get involved in The Paperbook Collective!

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

Fill in the submission form located on [The Paperbook Blog](#), or simply send the following information along with your piece.

Name.

Published name/pseudonym.

Country of origin.

50 word biography in FIRST PERSON format.

The Paperbook Collective is an independent publication that relies entirely on your support, so jump online and share your love today!

Follow [The Paperbook Blog](#).

Follow The Paperbook Collective on Twitter [@jaydeashe](#).

Follow The Paperbook Collective on Instagram [@thepaperbookcollective](#).

Like [The Paperbook Collective](#) on Facebook.

Purchase a copy of [The Paperbook Collective Zine](#).

But best of all, spread the word! Share this magazine with your creative friends, family or followers and help The Paperbook Collective span the globe.

you're now a raging success  
it's different  
and  
it's  
strange  
But it's a perfect space  
for  
independent  
releases  
an artists' collective.

