too homesick to stay any pnt eventually the Selkie grew loved together for three years of his family. They laughed and man cooked for the Selkie, food listening to the waves and the and mutual discovery. They sat romance tull of shared interests emparked on a wondrous The Selkie and the man

himselt; she liked what she saw. He went over and introduced

notice his shoes getting wet. the watering can and didn't was so struck that he dropped notice her from his cottage. He

She was of the the sea. Every

alternate form. She brought her

seal fur out from the chest under

their bed and left a note for the

couldn't bare to see him as she

slinked into the fur that felt like

the memory of a childhood hug

The man was so sad to lose his

love that he decided to follow her. He scoured the length of

the shore and finally found a

seal fur. Returning to the point

where they met, he twisted into

fibre of her being was

desperate to return to its

man explaining that she

left. Just before dawn she

and returned to the sea.

tending to his flower box, the edge of the sea. A man, berched on a warm wet rock at woman was brushing her hair, One day a beautiful large selkie-

underwater. preathe and laugh and live creatures of the sea who can being but, with it on they're they look like any striking human take off their seal fur. With it off transform when they put on or Selkies are sea-tolk who

Hailing from the Southwest of England

## The Selkie & The Man

101K 210KX

the fur and with one last squint up at his cottage, entered the

In testament to their love, the Selkie hadn't gone very far and saw him struggling. The man had shown his willing commitment to Selkie ways and such was her power that he became one. She showed him her world and they built their own together.

water.



Other thoughts & into Recommendations

Dept. Failing Public

Spotlight - Government

My Lover Joins Me

Original poem - When Pg 2b

video link

8 64 Folding instructions &

& The Man

Pg 4 Folk story - The Selkie

# with the state of the state of





#### RPH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS..



## ECHOES IN OUR TIME FOLKTALES & VERSE

congo.

Free Palestine, Sudan, and

them and they are still needed.

today but we are still making

Our tolktales look different

start this zine.

efforts and encouragement to

social commentators for your

community of storytellers and

Thank you to the online

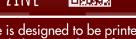
Welcome!

**№**202 linqA

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



HOW TO FOLD & READ THIS 71NE



This zine is designed to be printed double sided on one sheet of A4.

Start by folding 8 equal rectangles, 2x4, so that all the folds bend happily both ways.

Fold along the middle short fold and cut from the centre, half way down so that you meet the next short folds.

Open this out all the way and bend the 2 end folds and 2 middle folds in the same direction so you are left with a square shaped space.

Squash this square so you have a cross then squash the cross so it folds together like a book with page 1 as the front page. Do the same from the other side to read the rest!



I will have been, 20' when my lover loins me, I am her and she is me we are complex lite. ecoshsiems in ecoshsiems, We are living, breathing,

They're in here somewhere. Where are they?

ont name, 'they'. ourselves, in our head, by ajmake atomu nb calling known, a part of us had A part of us has always

really been apart. timey wimey, we've never But, call it wibbly wobbly, than I have been. been with her for far longer giscover that I could have

When I loin my lover, I will

only us, a tuller, singular 'l'. there never was. There is other, until there is no other, adopting peculiarities of the agabjiud' ont personalities Our histories adjusting,

> individually categorised conja pave been

compine, until we never selves and past lives, We will bring our past will join her Myen my lover loins me,

spiritual invention. evolution herself. Mext gen capabilities. We are exbauqiud pnwau strengthening and reaching, me are rope, hauling others, intertwined we are braid, Wy lover and I, so invade theirs. iuvading our space, as we lemonade, and ants law saugmiches and will picnic in our memories,

Myen my lover loins me we

We are endless. ont company on our way. ontponud us, the stars are ns, the sky could not

The sun could not outshine perselt will attend to our paud and land, the sea When we are tasted by When my lover loins me.

refrain from waiting, Great swathes of time will When My Lover Joins Me



ECHOES IN OUR TIME

THE B - SIDE

# OTHER THOUGHTS





**Local libraries:** vital community spaces of knowledge and support. Use them when you can!

QueerAF: an online journalism network platforming queer creatives and changing media.

Jessamyn Stanley: fat, black, and accessible yoga - The Underbelly.

**国来间 BreakThrough News:** platforming poor, working-class communities poor, working a provements.

Good Law Project: using law to make a fairer and greener UK.

Disability Rights UK: disabled collective who influence positive national change.

RPH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS..

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



### an salid the control of the control SPOTLIGHT

In March, DWP (Government Dept. of Work and Pensions) were again exposed for lying and mistreating the people they are supposed to support, twice. Firstly, the ombudsman has had to ask Parliament to 'intervene and hold DWP to account' as it 'clearly indicated that it will refuse to comply' with the ruling that the WASPI Women are owed compensation.

Secondly, DWP faced the UN for its 'policies resulting in deaths and suicide', contributing to growing hate crime and animosity towards disabled people, and not properly upholding the Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities.



**Eurovision.** Every time. It's gay, camp, love and whimsy. It's weird and expressive. It's community.

Eurovision was started in 1956 to foster peace and kinship after WWII but it has its faults, not least including Israel this year. It's the only pan Europe (and wider) event which isn't sport, and something so theatrical will always be home to me.

Book - 'The Body Keeps the Score' by Bessel van der Kolk. Quickly becoming a classic in radical healing communities, this exposes the longer lasting impacts of trauma in the body.