

notice her from his cottage. He was so struck that he dropped the watering can and didn't notice his shoes getting wet. He went over and introduced the Selkie and the man embarked on a wondrous romance full of shared interests and mutual discovery. They sat listening to the waves and the man cooked for the Selkie, food of his family. They laughed and loved together for three years but eventually the Selkie grew too homesick to stay any longer.

She was of the the sea. Every fibre of her being was desperate to return to its alternate form. She brought her seal fur out from the chest under their bed and left a note for the man explaining that she couldn't bare to see him as she left. Just before dawn she slinked into the fur that felt like the memory of a childhood hug and returned to the sea.

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

Selkies are sea-folk who take off their seal fur. With it off they look like any striking human being but, with it on they're creatures of the sea who can breathe and laugh and live underwater. One day a beautiful large selkie-woman was brushing her hair, perched on a warm wet rock at the edge of the sea. A man, tending to his flower box,

The Selkie & The Man

Hailing from the Southwest of England

FOLK STORY

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

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.



Pg 2b Original poem - When My Lover Joins Me
Pg 6b Spotlight - Government Dept. Failing Public Recommendations
Pg 8b Other thoughts & info

Pg 4 Folk story - The Selkie & The Man
Pg 8 Folding instructions & video link

HOW TO FOLD & READ THIS ZINE



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!

April 2024

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RPH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...



ECHOES IN OUR TIME

FOLKTALES & VERSE

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



Welcome!
Thank you to the online community of storytellers and social commentators for your efforts and encouragement to start this zine.
Our folktales look different today but we are still making them and they are still needed. Free Palestine, Sudan, and Congo.



known, a part of us had
 always grown up calling
 ourselves, in our head, by
 our name, 'they'.
 Where are they?
 They're in here somewhere.
 We are living, breathing,
 ecosystems in ecosystems,
 we are complex life.
 I am her and she is me,
 So, when my lover joins me,
 I will have been,
 Brave

could have been
 individually categorised
 Our histories adjusting,
 adapting, our personalities
 adopting peculiarities of the
 other, until there is no other,
 there never was. There is
 only us, a fuller, singular 'I'.
 When I join my lover, I will
 discover that I could have
 been with her for far longer
 than I have been.
 But, call it wibbly wobbly,
 timey wimey, we've never
 really been apart.
 A part of us has always

will picnic in our memories,
 !am sandwiches and
 lemonade, and ants
 invading our space, as we
 invade theirs.
 My lover and I, so
 intertwined we are braid,
 we are rope, hauling others,
 strengthening and reaching,
 expanding human
 capabilities. We are
 evolution herself. Next gen
 spiritual invention.
 When my lover joins me, I
 will join her
 We will bring our past
 selves and past lives,
 combine, until we never

Great swathes of time will
 refrain from waiting,
 When my lover joins me,
 When we are fasted by
 hand and land, the sea
 herself will attend to our
 union.
 The sun could not outshine
 us, the sky could not
 outbound us, the stars are
 our company on our way.
 We are endless.
 When my lover joins me we

When My Lover Joins Me



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.

RECOMMENDATIONS

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.

OTHER THOUGHTS & HELPFUL INFO



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.

BreakThrough News: platforming poor, working-class communities and social justice movements.

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...



ECHOES IN OUR TIME
 THE B - SIDE

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



6B

7B

8B

1B