

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.

April 2024

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RPH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...



ECHOES IN OUR TIME

FOLKTALES & VERSE

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



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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!

Selkies are sea-folk who transform when they put on or 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,

Hailing from the Southwest of England

The Selkie & The Man

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.



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 himself; she liked what she saw. 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



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 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, jam 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 generation. We are 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. 

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ECHOES IN OUR TIME THE B - SIDE

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