as dnielly as she could, on guard. Liene eased down into the valley

roday. Irickery was atoot in her torest io change drastically mid-word. talling tree and the other seemed one sounded like the wind or a Yells in tact. Strangely though, floor as she heard raised voices. Ler attention tlew to the valley somehow and shuddered again. the forest looked different From the ridge Liene noted that

investigate. returned and she headed off to close to the village. Liene's spirit ridge; this was extraordinary so a wolt running along a distant mycelium. Instead, she glimpsed

tor signs of mushroom or Having little success, she searched she enjoyed most, heart first. rieue pedau per pick in the way

not as it seemed. au air of frepidation, like all was auticipation she was used to but through her. Not the loy and though Liene telt a shudder run in since she was a child, loday he forest she'd picked mushrooms mushrooms. She set off towards bocket ready for a day gathering arm and tucked her knite into her rieue pooked per pasket over her

Hailing from Latvia and Lithuania

with Liene Mushroom Picking # 101K 210KX

we the sun and ship in the sun and the sun

"Medeina, really. I'm just having

"Your tricks are not fun Velnias, they're dangerous. I protect the forest and you are not welcome here."

Liene froze, she was witnessing gods.

″Well-″

"No Velnias, leave now!"

Just like that, the forest felt familiar and all the creatures vocalised in relief and celebration. Liene breathed out and joined in.

Five strange mounds began to rise up out of the ground in a distorted ring, slower than an animal but much faster than a plant. All at once they were surrounded by

wolves and Medeina, with a cry like stone being torn apart, froze them in place. As quickly as it began, it ended. Liene approached to inspect the now petrified mounds.

She realised they were in the shape of fingers reaching up from underground, just bigger. In fact, they were all around the forest floor. The mounds started to burst in quick succession and there in place of each one was a brilliantly ripe mushroom.

Liene, astounded, whipped out her knife, filled her basket and returned home dreaming up recipes for Velnias flavoured mushrooms.

Other thoughts & into Kecommendations Rasic Income (UBI) Spotlight - Universal Future is Fungus Original poem - The

video link Folding instructions & 8 64 Picking with Liene Folk story - Mushroom Pg 4

#### HOW TO FOID & 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!

#### Kadical Hope, people!

wake it happen! world we want to see and (UBI) so we can verbalise the about Universal Basic Income So! I'm going to tell you all

felt bleak. attacks in Lebanon, things have Palestine and Israel's continued ot ramped up genocide in In the month that marks a year

October 2024

## **ACKNOMIEDCEMENIZ**

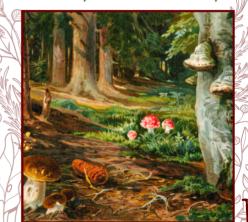
### The state of the s RPH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...



# ECHOES IN OUR TIME

FOLKTALES & VERSE

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley





aud you will be in me. I will still be here, eft to see And when nothing tamiliar is

ever wish to hold i am everything you could And new and bold I am vast and old

Not punishment rairytale, table, I am choice and nourishment

Discover yourself rose those you hold dear, or Do you dare explore my

> My truit is roulette I am life and death

am greams and nightmares

Wake att of and with me Paint me Draw me

> ousnme me Find new realms I ell stories about me

My versatility is extraordinary rat we the way you like best Fat me on toast, with eggs

> Eat me in stew, broth, and Eat me in company Eat me on your own

Eat me tresh from my woody

with the state of the state of

tat me cold. tat me hot,

oo, eat me You are tascinated by me I am tascinating

poqy's hum-drum Information incarnate is my sapling to trunk Commuter highway from I am all ot me, under the sun

l am reproduction, tree Gneer's got nothing on me I am everything all at once

I am the reason it's cycle not lio babna l I dominate soil

This world runs on me everything My mycelium connects wλ' mλ' see me run

Lou make on the threads of Every breath and every move aw every step you take

Admire me aw scales, spores and teeth I am no stem and stamen

The Future is Fungus







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.

**国家市 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.





# ECHOES IN OUR TIME THE B - SIDE

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



### SPOTLIGHT

Universal Basic Income is one way of redistributing wealth and resources so that people have more equal opportunities. Something like a wealth tax on assets e.g. land a shopping centre is built on and whose landlord is paid rent, brings in money which is then paid out to every individual equally, before anything else. People can still work, and in every trial (of many) people do still want to work, but they can already afford their basic needs. Additional income is still taxed appropriately and specific benefits e.g. disability /carers /bereavement, still exist.



Doughnut Economics (2017) this book by Kate Raworth expands on her 2012 paper laying out an economic model for environmental and social sustainability, whereby standards of living and invention

stay balanced.

**Turning Red** (2022) - a 13yr old girl starts turning into a giant red panda when having big feelings, as her female relations did before her. This film expresses neurodivergent puberty and mother/daughter relationships magnificently, on the shoulders of Brave (2012).

