

# QUARA-TEEN

A ZINE TO CURVE THAT BOREDOM

ISSUE 1



# editor's letter

Hi all,

Welcome to the first edition of Quara-teen and oddly, for an editor, I hope that it's the last one. This zine is made in the midst of COVID-19, a virus that has affected all of our lives. The zine has been made to try and bring people together—“to curve that boredom” as we at Quara-teen would say. We wish all who are suffering and dealing with this pandemic a quick recovery. We also wanted to say a massive thank you to all those working in healthcare as well as essential workers—you are keeping our countries running. This zine includes a lot of really talented people who have contributed their artwork, photography and writing to entertain all those in isolation. We hope that you enjoy and that this can help with any boredom you may have.

Abi Turner  
Editor of Quara-teen





Looking out of my window.  
A very different experience,  
now that it shows a world  
that is limited to me.

Yesterday,  
a heron passed my window.  
Far from home  
and I do not leave mine.  
It is doing the adventuring for me.





MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

MOTHTING

NOTES



**FEATURED**

**ARTWORK**



a self- portrait



Artwork by **CYRUS AGUILAR** | Instagram: [@cyrusaguilar](https://www.instagram.com/cyrusaguilar)



**Following artwork by Nelli Molfenter**















**ART  
BY  
ROSINA  
MARTIN**



'The Devil Approves'

**@hotmeat**

'Eye Scream'







## **QUARANTINE COLOURING**

Colouring has been proven to help with mental health. In a busy world, it allows time to relax and unwind—an opportunity for rest. In these strange times, it's a perfect chance to start colouring.

The following artwork is coloured by  
Kimberley Turner























MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

HAVE A LIE IN

NOTES



# FEATURED POETRY

# FAKING

This act I have perfected as I am forever sad.

But this world has no time or care for the  
depressed.

So I pretend

I select my smile, bold and gleaming,  
place on the mask and prepare to play the  
game.

If you all saw me, I mean me,  
you would not like me, you would not love  
me,

you would just look and leave me.

Sometimes the mask slips off, its difficult to  
be

an actress all the time,

So you see me sitting and looking, that is me

choking without any pretences

but I have learnt to love its pain

Because it's all I have left.

# HAPPINESS



# Ray Bradbury

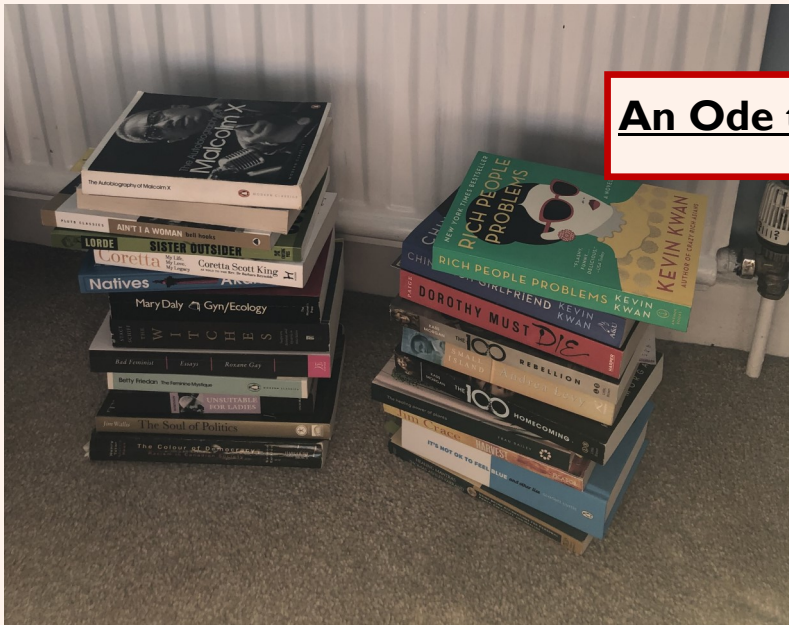
How you could make the unreal real. How I wish you could do the reverse. How I wish you were still alive, wish your house had not been razed for that exhibitionist architect and his open-air bathroom. You could turn sipped lemonade into the pinnacle of horror. You taught me what a ravine was, and why to fear its opening. Its mouth, its teeth, it eats you, but it's such an inviting shortcut. I was intimidated by your suggestion to write a short story every day, to read an essay every night. Before they tore your house down, the architect described how your basement had no good lighting. That was where you wrote. Only a single bulb, hanging. How you could see the typewriter in all that darkness is beyond me, like so many stars. Why you would want to write in the dark is near me, between my ribs, red and gooey and admiring. How your favorite food was tomato soup. How you asked to be buried in a Campbell's can, shot to or gently placed in the rust-colored dust of the red planet. I read the epitaph on your grave, past your name and the dates: "Author of Fahrenheit 451". How, I thought, is that all? It hit me then as it never had. How few words fit on a gravestone.

## About the author ....

Bailey Bujnosek is a senior at Idyllwild Arts Academy, where she is studying Creative Writing. Her poetry has been featured in Bright Lite magazine, and her interviews and articles can be found in Teen Vogue, Girls' Life, The Adroit Journal, and parallax-online.



## An Ode to the Bookshops I Miss



I miss you.  
The indescribable feeling,  
as if you can feel the possibilities that await.

The friends to make,  
the deaths to mourn,  
the history to be taught.

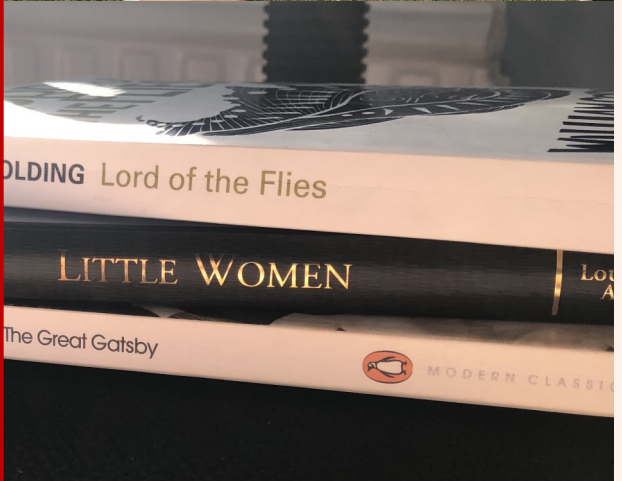
The familiar smell  
and the familiar faces.

The hours that I spend,  
browsing,  
skimming,  
dreaming.

Missing the Smart Thinking section,  
that carries my favourite feminist reads  
or the Young Adult section,  
where I find books to get lost in.  
For now, my house is my bookshop.  
Those I never had the time to read,  
or those that I want to read again,  
or those I borrow from my Mum's collection.

The stacks that pile in my room,  
remind me of you.

I look forward to when we can meet again,  
my dear friend.





# FOUR WALLS

four walls  
thick, dense,

everlasting stone and rock that breathes deeply,

exhaling slightly, Windows thrust open,

infected air rushing in as spring sky

trickles onto wooden floors

gleaming and hot, steam rising from tea cups

screens glaring, phones blaring

flat faces, electric voices

as birds fly upside down and rain drops fall without a sound

Guinea pigs invading grocery stores empty shelves left entirely torn

locked pathways, closed doors

captive to my four walls

I sit in those four walls,

a world comprised of lines

mango pit head; flat as the horizon I see,

not truly knowing that I cannot walk straight,

not follow roads or maps

rule books and paper stacks

as the world is never truly flat,

four walls that I have built

to adjust it to My squared space and My squared looks

as my eyes limit my brain to fully see, to grasp

That the ground is never flat,

darkness never truly black,

and my head never truly trapped.

What god used to be is now laid upon my own shoulders

Meaningless crisis,

no one to blame.

Because I fail to believe in pre-paved paths

stones laid before me as I take my steps

as if I was destined to have my royal feet walk here

a queen with servants who desperately try to please

numbers that desperately try and ease

the questions that plague me

what eyes may see,

yet my head is laid upon language

born in words not letters.

By Nelli Molfenter



Jimmi Hendrix

Live

**nostalgia**

Nostalgic,  
for a time before mine.  
Wistful yearning  
for happiness  
I didn't feel.  
Nostalgic for someone else's  
memories.  
Nostalgic for someone else's  
love.  
Yet, as that record turns and turns  
the hypnotism starts  
and the nostalgia fades in.



Poem by Abi Turner



MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

GO OUTSIDE

NOTES FROM BORIS

IF A FRIEND ASKS TO MEET - SAY NO!!!



# FEATURED PHOTOGRAPHY



**By**  
**Savannah Jackson**







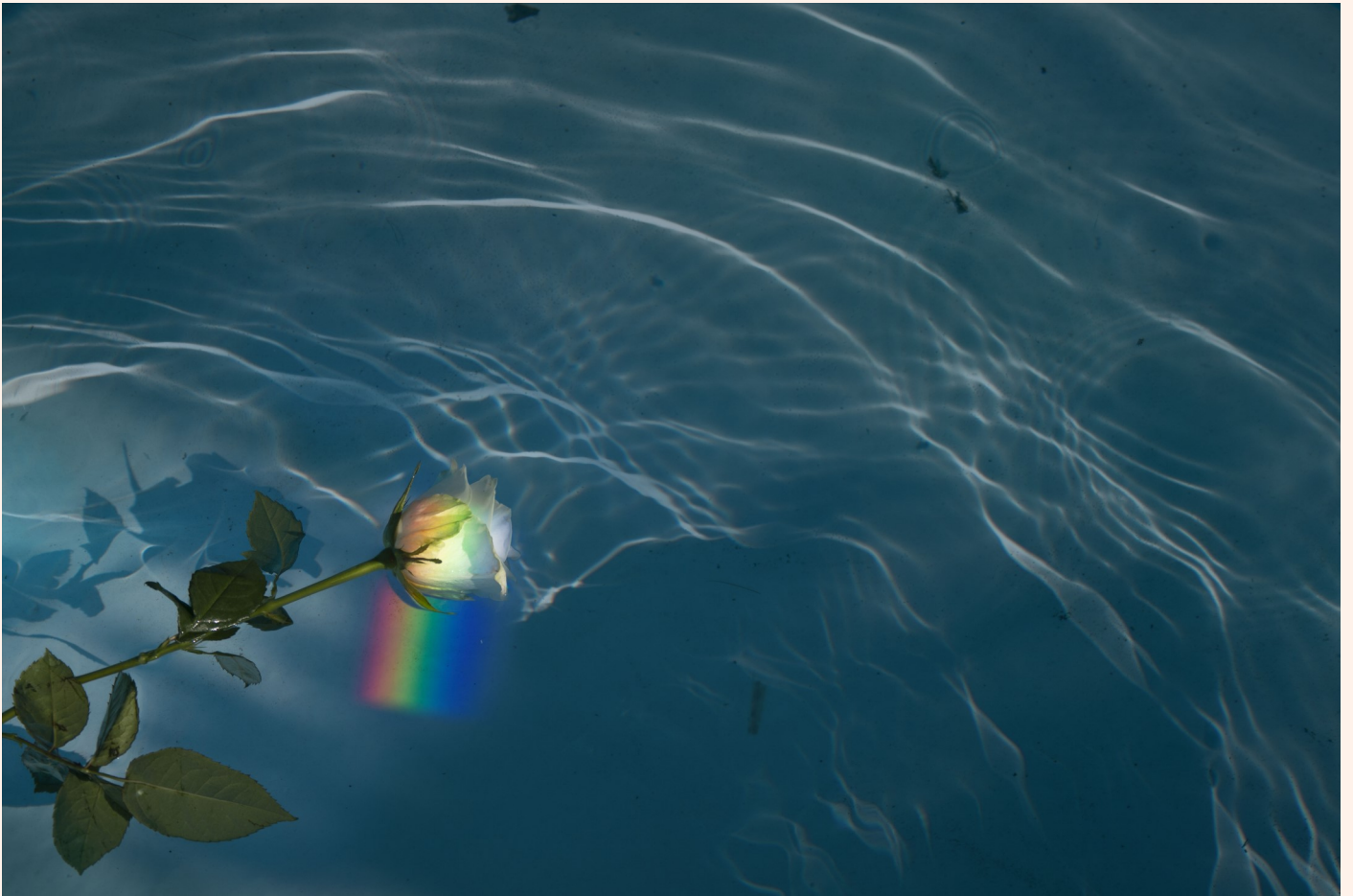












***Following photographs by Alisha Patel***



















Follow Alisha on Instagram: [@picture.patel](https://www.instagram.com/picture.patel)







# TRENDZ

Photos by Abi Turner

“Trendz” is inspired by the TikTok trend























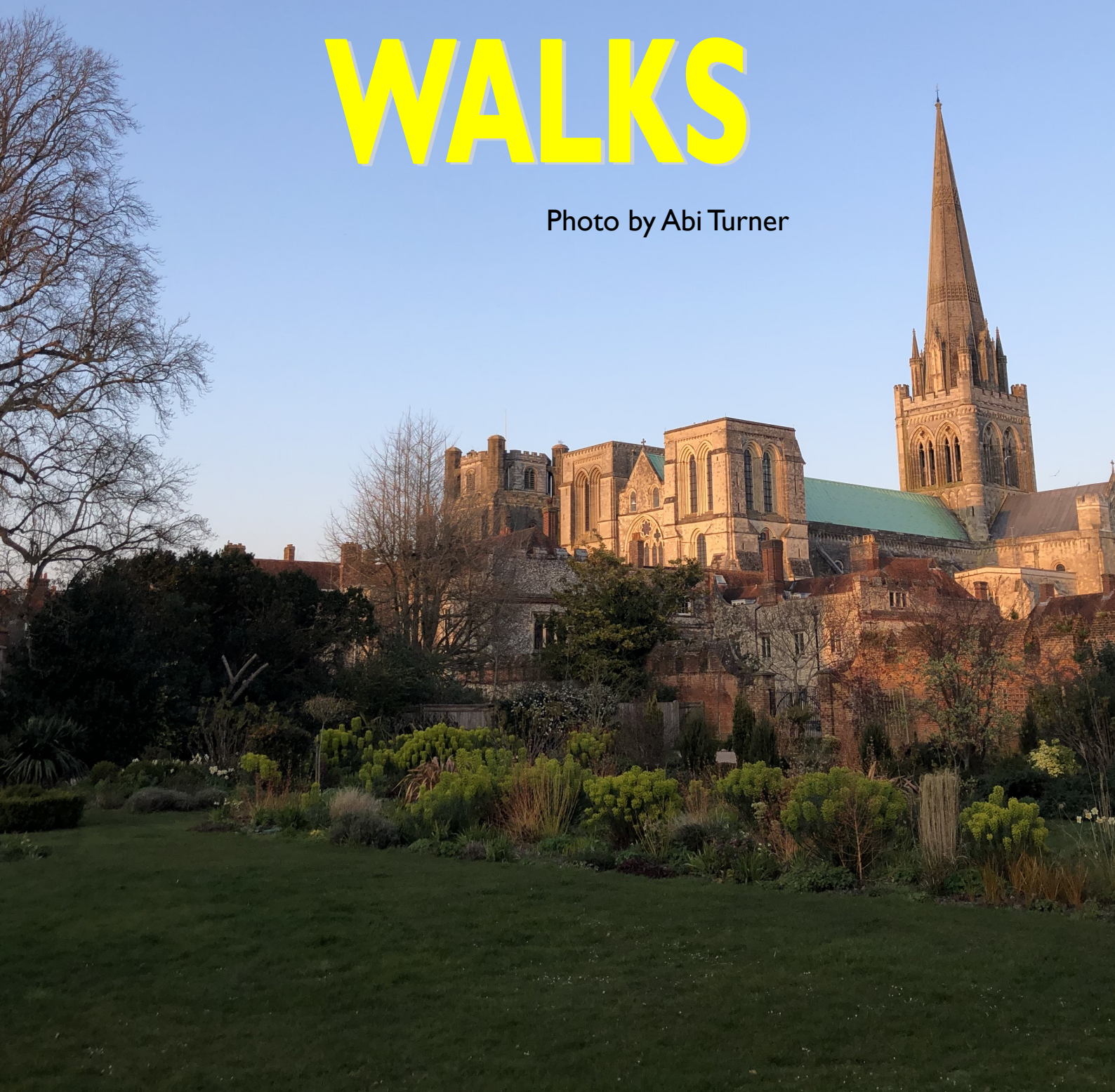






# QUARANTINE WALKS

Photo by Abi Turner







**Photos by Abi Turner**





**Picture by Mark Turner**





**Picture by Mark Turner**





**Picture by Mark Turner**





**TAKEN  
BY  
OSCAR  
TURNER**





***thank you for reading the first issue of  
Quara-teen!***

***we hoped that you enjoyed it and that  
it helped ease any boredom you had :)***

***stay safe <3***