

# Zine Verschenken

#9 | february 2023 | beginnings



# Editorial

Hi readers. Welcome back. We are pleased to have made it through to the new year with zine verschenken. This marks six months in publication. What started as an idea has become an integral part of our lives – at least at the end of the month when the new issue is due! As each month carries over to the next, this zine has ventured into a habitual routine for each one of us. Which poses the question, where would we be without this month's theme; new beginnings?

We have so many chances to reset and start again. Each month begins new, along with each week, each day, each hour, right down to each second. And yet, we feel that we must wait until January 1st to take the plunge into new beginnings.

How are you all doing on your latest resolutions?

Ask yourself internally. And readjust. Check in again next week, next month.

The steps themselves are the best part of the journey. The funny thing about goals is that once they are achieved, there is always this moment of quiet realisation that you are never finished, never fully accomplished. There will always be something coming next. A new beginning is something we are experiencing every day. And the path to get there is just as important as the final result. So I hope you are all feeling inspired to start anew any time your goals get away from you.

Now let me leave you with one of my own, still unaccomplished goals, which has been carried over from several years, because I also still need to reset and start it fresh.

I am a seasonal jogger. I really enjoy running outside when the weather is cool. As soon as the first changes of autumn begin, I remember that feeling of the cold air around my neck and in my lungs. It is a sensation I crave and one of the things I look forward to most about the colder months.

Another big perk of running for me is the music. I dedicate at least an hour every few months to add new songs to my (self-declared) perfectly curated running playlist. The songs all have just the right beat and enough differentiation so I never get bored.

And finally, there is the game I like to play, which I have called 'The Joggers Nod'.

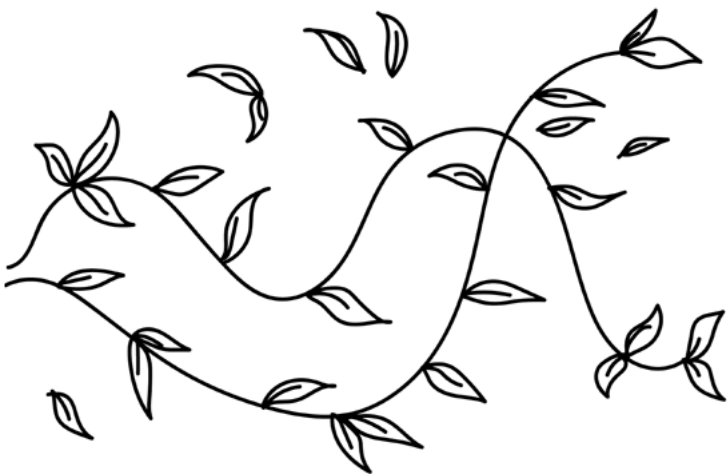
People often talk about the jogger's euphoria. It is a rush of dopamine, noradrenaline and serotonin. I believe it helps me maintain that bit of extra sunshine during those gloomy months. I feel it is a huge part of why I enjoy running and I think surely others must have the same feeling. So while I am running and I see another jogger heading in my direction, I try to make eye contact, smile and give them the

joggers nod. It feels like a secret conversation that we share together. Sort of a physic communication where I am asking ‘Are you feeling how I am feeling?’ and they will return my smile and the joggers nod with ‘Yes, isn’t it just the best?’. It’s a pretty understated game and not everyone chooses to play. There are people who are in a more focused state, using it as some form of mediation. Others are perhaps really enjoying the fact that running is their only true moment of solitude in their busy day.

In contrast, this is my moment for social interaction. Now here is where my goal comes in. I dream of one day having the bravery to give a high five to another unexpected runner while I am passing.

I might have missed my chance on one particular day. I was dance-running as I sometimes like to do when I spotted another woman headed towards me in much the same style. Her smile matched mine and we saw each other at the same moment and just laughed, danced some more and continued running. I enjoyed this experience with one of my own. Another kindred spirit.

This goal is not at all an accomplishment to anything aside from getting an extra kick to my day. But don’t forget, goals are just for ourselves. They are to help us to enjoy and accomplish a small part of our everyday life. As it is January, I see a lot of new runners out there starting out with their own personal goals. Maybe it’s going to help that other persons journey just as much as it is mine. Just putting it out there!



66 EVERY DAY IS A NEW DAY

all years EVERY MONTH

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
X	NEW START	U	V	X	X	X
X	NEW START	U	V	X	X	X
	NEW START	V	X	X	X	X
	NEW START	X	X	X	X	X
	NEW START	X	X	X	X	X

EVERYTHING COMES IN WAVES

THERE ARE MANY STARTING POINTS BUT ONLY ONE FINISH?

TAKE A FIRST STEP!

every new agenda is a new beginning

agenda # 1

agenda # 23

agenda # 727

agenda # 37

agenda #

ONE DIRECTION

every new beginning comes with another beginnings end

a new day with no mistakes in it (yet)

hope

a new start of a new start of a new start

energy

life

BEGINNING = HOPE = CHANCE = LIFE

life = passage of time

deadlines at a time

one day at a time

one step at a time

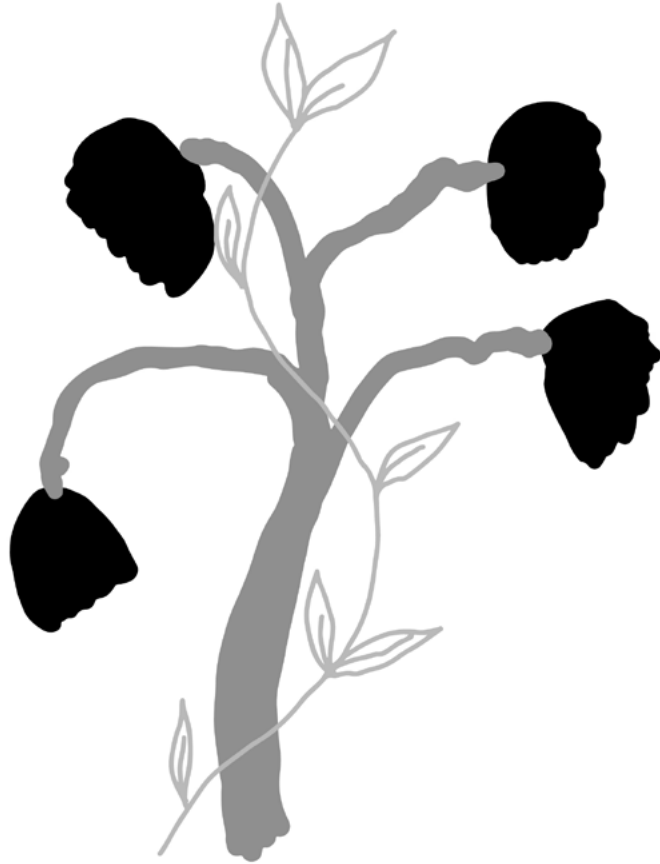
no ain't high enough mountain

AN OPEN HEART FOR CHANGE FOR NEW BEGINNINGS

the light at the end of beginning



no guilt in a fresh start



## First Day

Today, I am in an unknown place, and I need to find out who the owner is and what this place is. I get up, put on my slipper, walk to the kitchen, and find a bathroom, a bedroom, another bathroom, a living room, and no kitchen. I reach a point in this exploration where I am so lost that I wouldn't know how to go back to the room where I woke up, I decide to follow my instincts, which have abandoned me in the last five minutes that I have been wandering around these rooms, I stop, concentrate, close my eyes and take a step forward. So, I walk in a direction I don't know, and steps later, I find the longed-for kitchen. The feeling of not knowing where I should go makes me anxious, but the desire to learn more about this place makes me move on.

All white with even whiter cabinets, everything impeccable, clean, and smelling of disinfectant. So much organization that makes me rethink my desire to eat and mess up such a symmetrical space. Before I make the decision to deprive myself of the most important meal of the day, I decide to open the refrigerator and see if there is anything that doesn't need dirty dishes. There is so much food in this refrigerator, but I know exactly what I want to eat, I go straight to the margarine pot, get bread, ham, and cheese, put everything on top of the large counter beside the sink, and start looking for the drawer with the knives, I can't find it, I look in all the cabinets under the sink and nothing. When I raised my eyes, I saw an aluminum object in a shape I had never seen before, with a small black handle like a glass, but it was not one, too big and too small for that, my curiosity was such that I picked it up, I see how heavy it is, and how my eyes can deceive me.

I opened this lid, with the handle in the center so small I thought it would be impossible, inside, it was even smaller. What is this for? The object is already reduced in scale, and when you open it, you begin to believe it is just decorative. It has a pin in the center that takes up unnecessary space, it did not arouse my interest so much to start analyzing it. I left the object where I had found it and went back to look for the needed knife.

I wake up the next day in the same room and house with the same hunger. I already know my way to the kitchen, today, I wondered how I got so far away. I found out where they keep the knives, the plates, and the pans, but I still need to figure out what that object is. I pick it up again, lift the lid, turn it upside down, and nothing falls out. I notice a slight relief on the bottom, a cylinder, how come I didn't see this yesterday? What is this for? How do I open it? This has a spout. Water! Of course! So much mystery in a jar, I fill it with ice water, take a glass and pour it out.

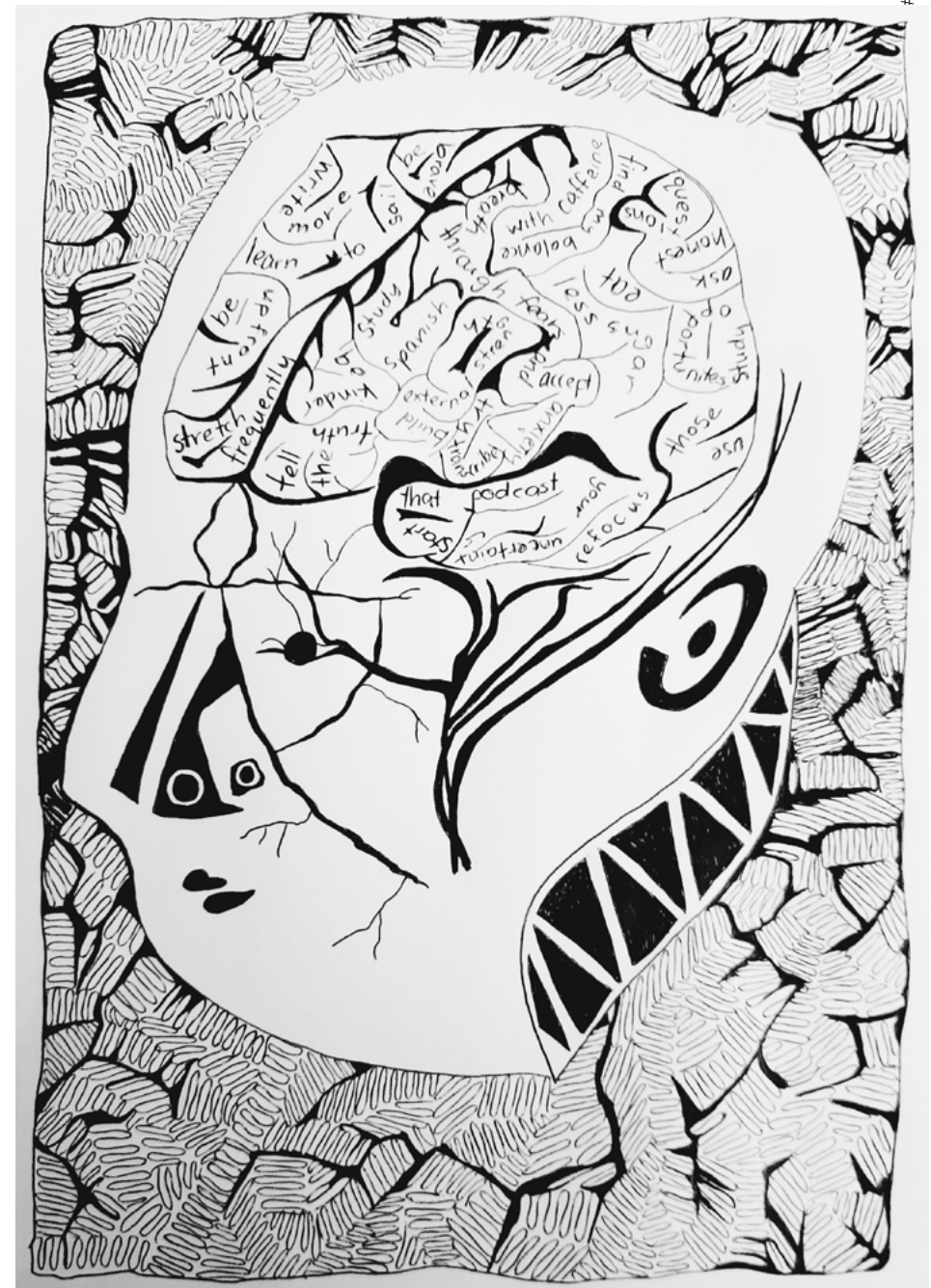
This is not a jar, there is no water in here, so why all this size, it still doesn't make sense to me. I hold the handle and pull, but nothing happens, I turn, and it's open! I open it and smell something very familiar, coffee, this makes coffee! But how? It has a sieve, is this where you put the powder? The powder will not fall out, and then how do I get it out? Does it come out?

It comes out!

The smell soon answers, reassuring me. I instinctively put the water in the bottom and fill the sieve with powder up to the top, it seems the right thing to do, I screw it on, put it on the fire and wait anxiously. Minutes on the fire and it looks like an eternity, nothing happens, what did I do wrong?

That kitchen is no longer so white nor unknown, the essence makes everything familiar. I take it off the fire and fill a white cup with the dark liquid that does me so well. I sit in front of the biggest window I could find and look at those trees that seem to have no end, and in the middle, that green immensity meets a calm lake that begs for a hug, and so I remain until I hear something that brings me back to that house that doesn't belong to me.

-Is anyone home?



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