My dearest gremlin,
This is a mini reflection on my younger self that came about after several conversations with my sister over our shared childhood. Hearing these stories was like reconnecting with an old friend – a feral friend that thrived on snacks and imagination – but a friend nonetheless.

so, this is dedicated to the little gremlin that wanted to live in mom’s garden.
I’ve missed you.
tips for great mud pies:
- good dirt, no rocks
- right amount of water, not too much
- use your hands!
- leave out to bake under sun
Ninja
Spy
Detective

Undertaker:
would pretend to bury my sister

Mailman

Travelling
salesperson:
think of ideas
and try to sell
them to my sister

Jobs

Librarian

Retail Service & Angry Customer

Chef

Priest

Bartender
Take a nap.
Sleep well.
I collected rocks and called them my "treasures". I would place them on my windowsill and did NOT like it when people (read: my mom & sister) would touch or move them.

I would take my time when I cleaned them and would talk or sing them little songs.

my treasures (2020)

The one on the right is named Penny and I only just realized that the elder on the left has no name... but that's cuz they were given to me. My sister saw them and thought of me while I found Penny while I was weeding.
But... why?
thanks for witnessing my first zine!

- Jay Tama
(insta: @aquamatik_)