

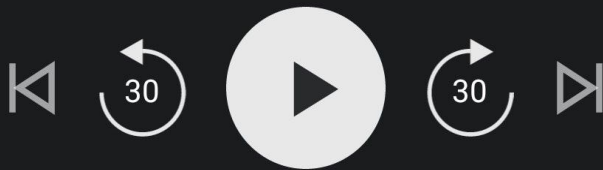
Chapter 2

38m 19s remaining

THE FIRST BAD MAN

On a bus from Monash to Nicole's house for craft. It is winter, it has to be because it is pitch black at 6pm. Waiting for the lights at the High Street Road and Burwood Highway intersection, I worry that I've missed my stop. I always worry this at this intersection, even though I've taken this bus a bunch of times before. I don't know why it looks so familiarly unfamiliar.

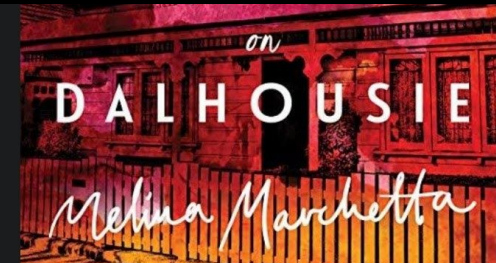
READ BY THE AUTHOR



Chapter 8

11m 51s remaining

Sitting in the top level of a Sydney train, killing time before my overnight train back to Melbourne. I have two other books to listen to but I want to listen to something that is set in the place that I'm visiting.

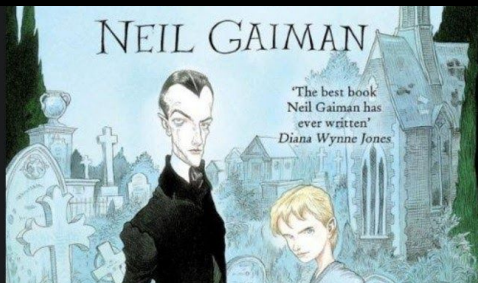


It's a real sunny evening, I get off at Rockdale to go to the library. I stop into an op shop and see a jumper that I like - bright green and black lightning bolt shapes. I don't get it, and I regret it almost immediately.



Chapter 1

On the 58 tram out to inspect a rental for me and Kyle to move into. The house is an old, pretty run down weatherboard, which I love - I haven't learned how shit they are to keep cool in the summer yet. It has a lovely backyard, but is a long walk through a park from the tram stop. The carpet has roses, there is a big tin shed and a fruit tree.



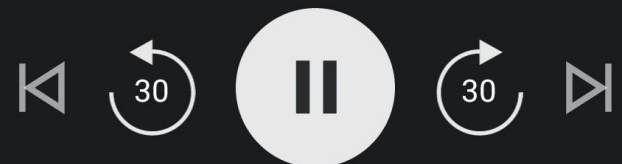
We don't move into this house, we move into a different weatherboard, where we learn pretty quickly how hard they are to keep cool in summer. It also has a great backyard, and is closer to a tram stop, but only if you take the narrow footbridge across Merri Creek.

Chapter 3

1h 58m 19s remaining



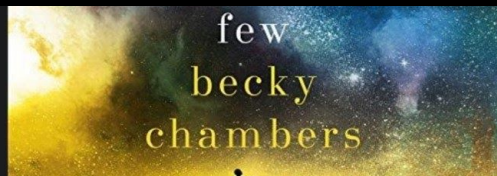
Walking home along Johnston street, the sky is the exact same colour as the sky on the cover of this book. Usually I won't keep both headphones in when it gets dark, but I'm enjoying this one so much I decide it's worth the risk.



Chapter 4

7m 49s remaining

Half asleep on the overnight train from Sydney to Melbourne, heading home from National Young Writers Festival. We are moving through a stretch of landscape that by the light of the train line looks like the surface of another planet.



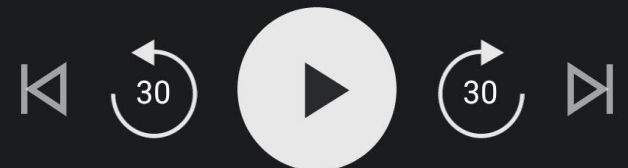
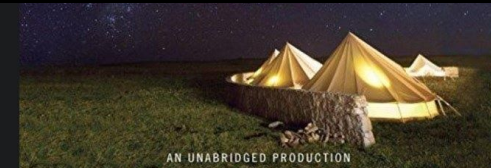
I stretch my back out by lying with my arms crossed across my tray table. I feel stretched out by salt and from seeing too many people I know in one place and the time I've spent on this train but it all seems to fit the story, so I'm taking some comfort in that.

Chapter 1

14m 3s remaining



Sitting on a platform at a London tube station heading out to Wimbledon, where I am sleeping on Brenton's floor for a week. A feeling of absolute contentment that I had experienced quite a few times on that trip. I think it was something as superficial as the narrator putting on a British accent for one of the characters. Maybe it was because they were talking about Shakespeare.

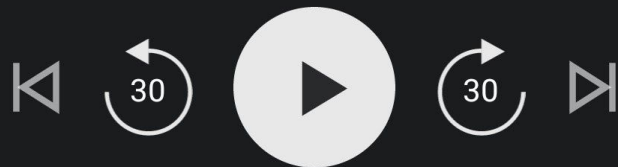
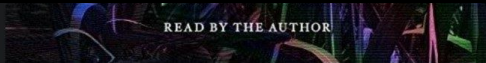


Chapter 4

7m 19s remaining



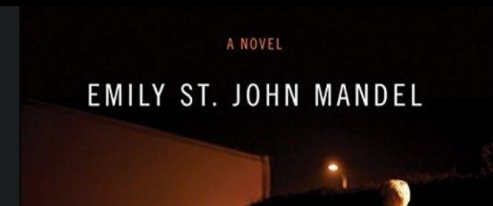
Walking the streets of Nunawading on a sunny, summer evening to Eleanor's parents house. I pass my favourite house, the orange brick one that sits so far back on its block and the front lawn stretches out for ages without a fence. This is the first time I've seen Ele since she got back from living in Italy, and the night that she tells us that she's pregnant.



Chapter 7

54s remaining

Pushing a Coles shopping trolley full of stuff up Barkly St to the Brotherhood on a 31 degree day. This is the third trolley I've filled up and I am fully over it.



I am sweaty and probably sunburnt and it's about 3pm, so there's a steady stream of cars out, and their drivers keep giving me weird looks. Or at least it feels like they are. I hate moving so much.



Chapter 10

20m 26s remaining



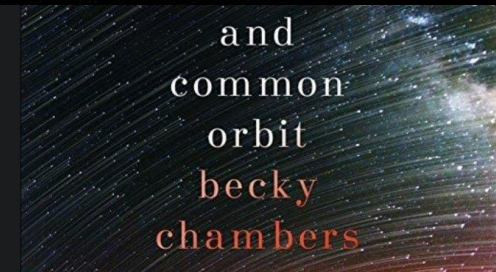
Heading into the Hobby Shop on Bourke street to buy Kyle a Gundam figure for Christmas. It has already reached thirty degrees at nine thirty in the morning. I am thinking that there is no book more perfect than this one to be listening to at this moment, like I'm not even mad that I have to spend my morning off Christmas shopping.



This is the second time I have listened to this book. I am sure I had memories from the first time, but I feel like maybe they're being overwritten.

Chapter 5

Catching a train back to Brunswick from Eltham, it's a long trip back and I start getting really terrible period cramps about halfway through. I don't think I've had enough to eat that day because I am super shaky, and pretty much the only thing that is getting me through is listening to this book.



I try to find something to eat as soon as I get home. Kyle gives me this bag of salt and pepper chips, and so I am just sitting on the toilet smashing these chips and crying cos it hurts so much. And then when I try to get undressed to get in the shower I pull out my nose stud with my jumper sleeve and it rolls under the washing machine.

The books featured in this zine! (in order of appearance)

- The First Bad Man - Miranda July
- The Place on Dalhousie by Melina Marchetta
- The Graveyard Book by Neil Gaiman
- Salt Water by Jessica Andrews
- Record of a Spaceborn Few by Becky Chambers
- Station Eleven by Emily St. John Mandell
- Universal Harvester by John Darnielle
- Last Night in Montreal by Emily St. John Mandell
- Wolf in White Van by John Darnielle
- A Closed and Common Orbit by Becky Chambers

Since 2014 I've been doing most of my reading via audiobooks. I signed up to Audible through one of those generic podcast ads where they give you a code to get a discount or a one month free trial or whatever. I had just started commuting nearly two hours each way for uni, and reading on trains gives me motion sickness, so audiobooks seemed like a good solution for an Arts major with a bunch of dead time. That's not what this zine is about though.

The thing I wanted to explore in this zine is what listening to audiobooks has taught me about my brain. There's this thing my brain does where it will link a book that I've listened to with memories I have of what I was doing while I was listening to it. Someone might mention a book to me - let's say Normal People by Sally Rooney - and I'll get hit with this instant flash of partial memory - getting caught in a rain storm while walking the uphill part of Smith street. It's almost like a B movie flashback or something, like when the main character has amnesia and they're just starting to get their memories back.

A lot of these flashes are as mundane as that Sally Rooney one, but there are others that hold a little bit more weight. And this means that I have quite a number of books that I reach for, for reasons that have absolutely nothing to do with what they are actually about. Like with Universal Harvester, which is a pretty unsettling story about religious cults, creepy VHS tapes, and middle america in the 90s, but I always think of with this warm summer fondness because I was listening to it on the day I saw one of my close friends after she'd been away for a year, and she told us she was pregnant. These couldn't be two more different moods (I mean I'm terrified of being pregnant myself, but I'm very happy for her). But they will always be linked for me that way. This zine is my attempt at laying some of these links out - some of them match and some of them really don't, and I kind of love that.