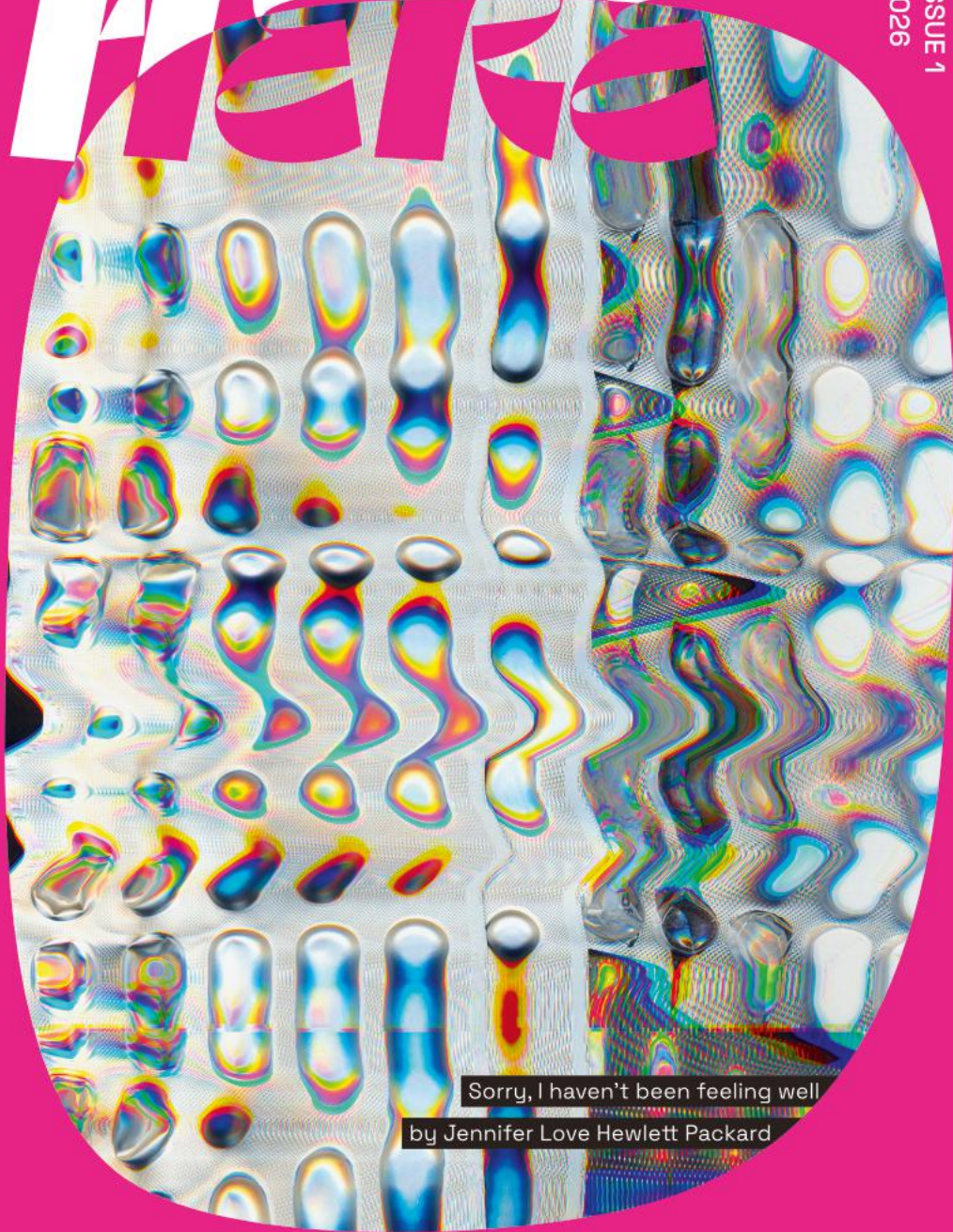


HERE ISSUE 1  
June 2026

# HERE



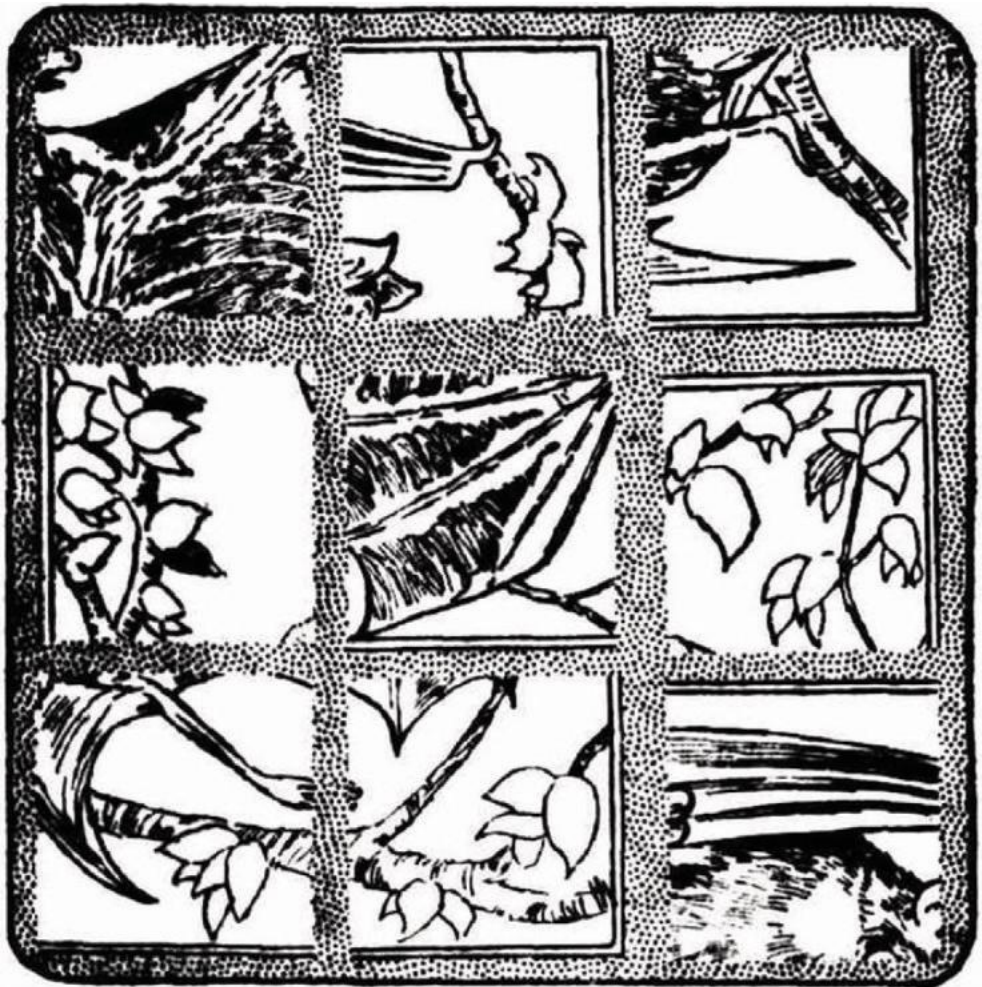
Sorry, I haven't been feeling well

by Jennifer Love Hewlett Packard

hard to believe it's a free magazine



Patricia, and the dog is Anthony  
by Nightmarish Meatballs



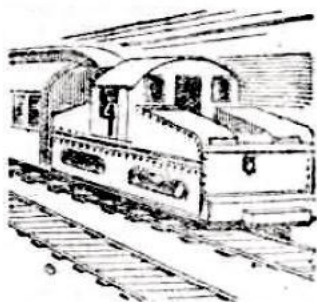
## **THIS PUZZLE IS 100 YEARS OLD**

Cut out the squares, make the picture, colour it in. When you're done, you could stick it together, give it to someone, wonder which way up it goes. Glue the squares onto cardboard and do the puzzle with a friend. Recycle it. Get a few people and colour in a square each. Stick the squares onto those free magnets you sometimes get with tradie contact details on them, then cut those to size and slap them on your fridge. Colour in a single square and post it to PO Box 13303, Law Courts VIC 8010. The options are endless. You could do this puzzle for another 100 years.

LETTERS TO  
THE EDITOR

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FROM  
HISTORY



The Herald - Feb 27, 1922

Sir,- As a first class railway ticket holder, I am beginning to think that we do not get what we pay for. One morning last week I entered a carriage at Flinders street, and it contained two empty beer bottles and the remains of a crayfish. I don't think a cloth is ever used on the windows. The seats and back cushions in these carriages are far from clean, and it is getting quite a practice with passengers to use their handkerchiefs to wipe the dust off the seat before sitting down.

- F. M'ARTHUR.

The Herald - Feb 11, 1922

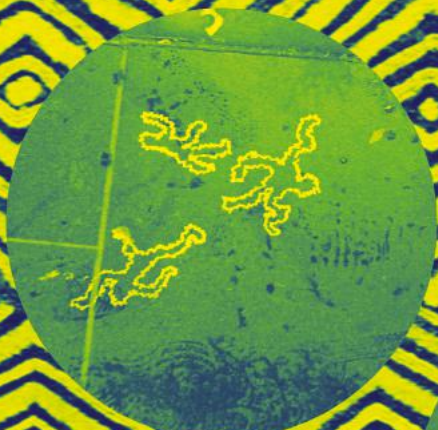
Sir,- Cannot ingenuity devise some means to minimise the discomforting jolt which comes like a hiccough as the electric train is brought to a standstill? It is not so bad on some trains, and at certain stations, but upon occasions it is so severe that passengers rising to leave the carriages are almost thrown down.

- PASSENGER.

The Argus - May 11, 1911

Sir,- There is a train leaving Prince's Bridge for Heidelberg at 5:52 p.m. I have timed its running from Melbourne to Jolimont for some twenty trips in the last few weeks. The fastest time in which it has done the journey, one mile, in that period is 8½ minutes, and the slowest is 11 minutes. I have taken the time from the due time of starting, generally fairly observed, until the time of leaving Jolimont. It has one advantage. If I miss it I can, by taking tram, catch it at Jolimont. It might even be done by a smart walker. I will not take up your space to describe its career after passing Jolimont.

- VERY TIRED.



My  
BRO JUST had  
to go home  
EMMA IS BACK  
THEIR AN  
HAS HURT herself  
will be BACK  
soon

▶ RONZO  
M X X  
I WAS DISGUSTING & LAST  
NIGHT + I AM SO SORRY →  
I REALLY LOVE YOU + I  
MISS YOU TERRIBLY  
PLEASE COME BACK TO ME

Botschaft  
by Anon

Ngarrak  
(Mountain Range)  
by Aimee McCartney



# No Blanket

by Takahiro Honda

The urban legend is true.

If you keep feeding a cat, they get as big as a lion.

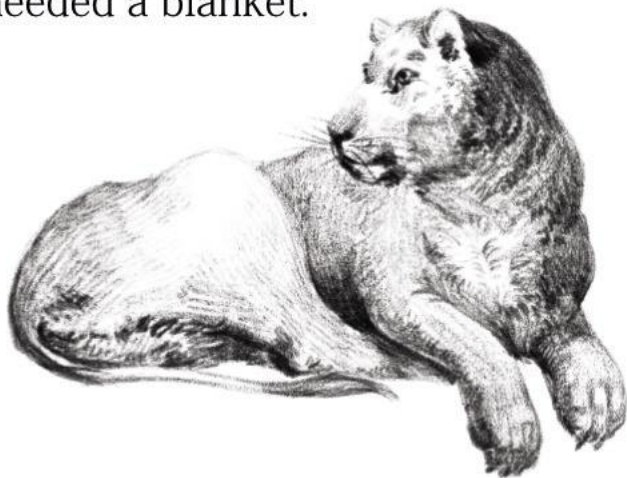
I've fed Lola grass-fed wagyu steak for six months straight.


She got as big as a female lion that I saw at Werribee Open Range Zoo.

She still chased mice and killed native birds every once in a while.

She still loved to get her chin stroked and slept on my bed.

I no longer needed a blanket.





How often do you listen  
To the little voice inside?

How often do you tune in  
To that which you cannot hide?

How often do you pat your arm  
For the wonderful being you are.

How often do you affirm yourself  
For travelling so far.

All of this is crucial, for that we tell ourselves.  
Constant words of comfort like shapely little shells.

this poem and the art  
on the next page  
by Emma Lewis





In the Gully (1907), by Robert J. Haddon  
Sourced from State Library Vic

# Feedin by the Oak

by Graham Espie

Crunch boot spur jangles on the cracked earth brings  
yellow grit to the tongue.

Spits

Neckerchief - checked - the gate and the long shadow  
stretches

Dust

Hanged. Hangin. Three. Down from the black oak bough.  
Creaks. Crows. Crunches under boot.

Boy, woman, man, fixing like steer there, emptied.  
Taut, frayed, dry and dark, then light and dark then light  
in its orbit,

Swingin

Stopped its swing in the glove grip, lookin up  
Six feet point to earth, two tongues west.

"Shame.."

Then there was hunger under the oak and bean and pork and  
blood black coffee.

Glinting. Sawed through thrice and dropped this three  
crunched into dust.

Neckerchief - checked - for the smell and took some from  
the canteen for sweat.

The belt, the hat, the rings, golden tooth, ticking watch,  
and blood baked shirt all gathered.

No shoes this time.

Spits (baccy with it here)

Dust meets blue on the level yonder

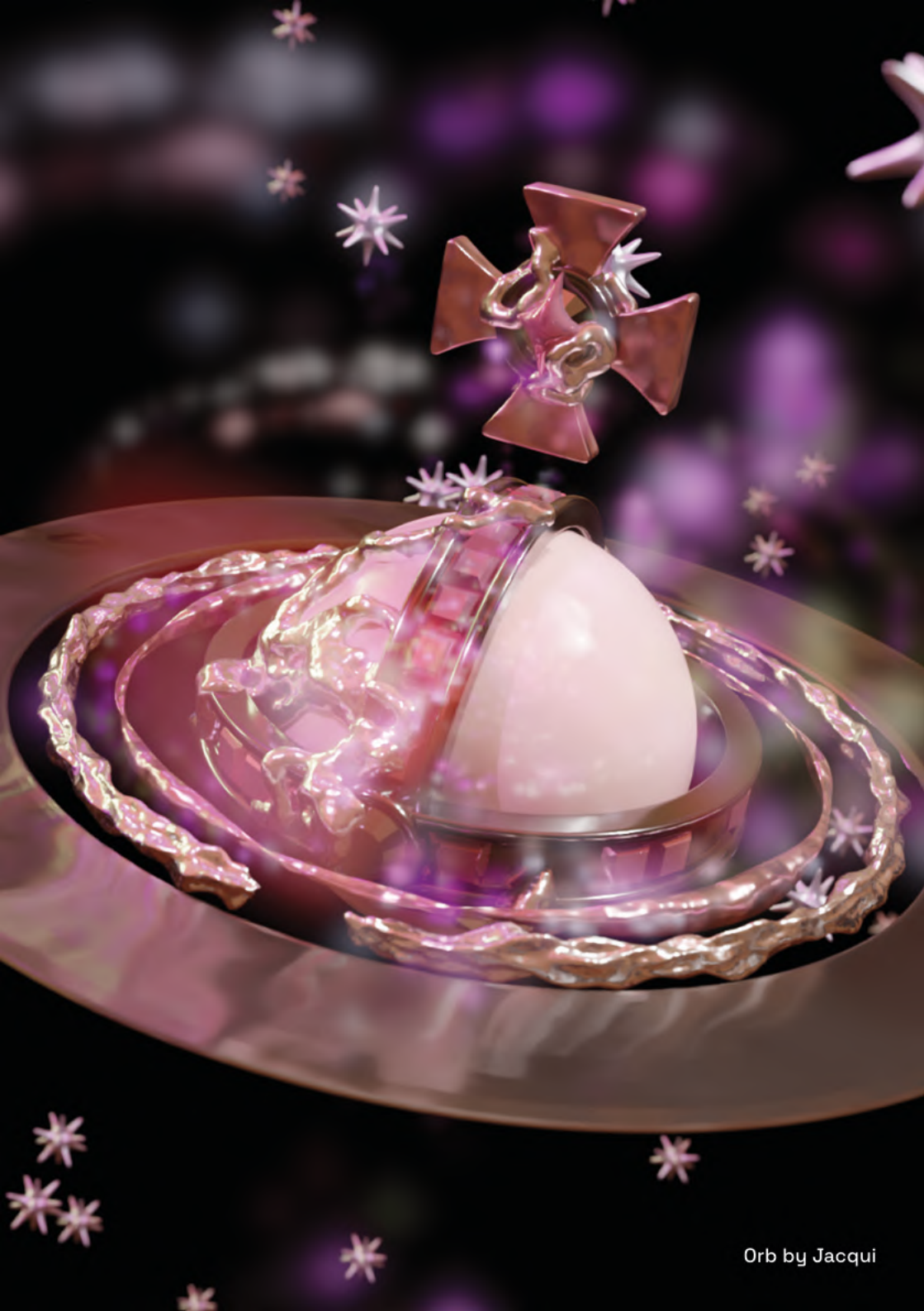
Stirrup up, saddled, it nickers and onto the long shadow  
moves for the next place...



Nokia Meow  
by Zimtkind

Stop that

by Uri Michelle Geller



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