



THE QUEER ZINE
FANTASY EDITION



CURATED BY THE OVER THE RAINBOW COMMITTEE
FUNDED & SUPPORTED BY MOUNT ALEXANDER SHIRE COUNCIL

EDITION #2 2023

We are Over the Rainbow, a small committee of LGBTQIA+ young people residing in Mount Alexander Shire.

This is our second edition of the Over the Rainbow zine, a collection of local artworks made by queer youth. ☆



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ADVENTURE	FAIRIES	NYMPH
AMULET	GODS	PIXIE
BATTLE	IMMORTALITY	QUEST
BETRAYAL	INCANTATIONS	RAINBOW
BONES	KINGDOM	SCALES
CASTLE	LAGOON	SORCERER
CROWN	LIFE	STORIES
CRYSTAL	MAGICK	SWORD
DAYDREAM	MERMAID	VAMPIRE
DRAGON	MOON	WITCHCRAFT
FAE	MYSTICAL	WIZARD

Funded by the Mount Alexander Shire Council



Tanisha Murray she/her



Emrys Hall



Bathe now in choice and rip flesh down to fur.

We are all crow bound bone,
Screeching seeds, we plant the roads.

Toss me spinning coins,
So to rattle these tattered sleeves.
The claws of ink scratch at my feet.

No one weeps for my broken pen.
The drip of lust begins to rust.
I fear the dust may soon be conducting me.
So wade the waters of silences distorted scream.

So they said were the words,
Of the beggar from Broëne.

The Beggar from Broëne

By Mazzy Murray (she/her)

Row so idly, the sea of the streets.
Do not waver, the way of the waves.
They say I was born of porcelain.
They speak not of my kiln fired womb.
See but all the clay of unlearned hands.
So I make my days as the conductor of the dust,
And the nights I beg for the tools.
The tools to shape and the tools to make.
But in the end what where a scalpel to a painting?

What were a fork to an oar?

Maybe these coral ridden streets will drown me yet.

There's not a breath I can't forget.
I only hold it when it is dear.
The drip of time begets the air.
The clenched lung forever stares.
So take the breathless wander.
Past the weavers and the schemers.
To the pond of present past,
That melts all fettered masks.
In the pond now paint a reflection,
And toss your only coin.



By Mazzy Murray (she/her)

By Mazzy Murray (she/her)



Queer of the quarter

Interview with Carrie Webster

Carrie Webster is a musician who lives in Castlemaine. She teaches young people how to play instruments and is herself in the band “Sugar Fed Leopards”. We asked her a few questions about what inspires her, how it is being queer in the music industry and more.

1) What/Who inspired you to become a musician?

I was always obsessed with the violin when I was small, I hassled my mum constantly to be allowed to play it, she eventually let me when I turned 7.

2) How did you first find music?

My family is very musical, and I used to really love to sit under the piano while my grandparents or mother played and I would put my head up underneath the piano.

3) What is it like being queer in the music industry

Like in all industries where people are looking at you they tend to judge you. So for me it's important to be queer and outrageous. I guess being queer in the music industry I quite enjoy it and I don't find it a negative thing. Plus it's a great way to bring people together.

4) What is your current favourite song?

At the moment I'm really enjoying Selda Bagcan. She's a turkish psychedelic folk singer from the 70s.

5) How/When did you first realise you were queer and what was that like?

I think it's really cool how this idea of being queer has developed, because it wasn't really like that when I was young. I've been with my current partner since i was 25, and we met while we were in a girl punk band. We fell in love and we didn't really know what was happening because we'd both only been with men up to that time. But people would ask if we were lesbian or bisexual, but that's not really the thing. The thing is that I'm in love with this amazing person, and gender isn't really an issue when you're in love.

6) What is your favourite colour?

Oh my god PINK!!!

7) What would you be in potato form (eg. mashed, baked, chips)

I would be a hasselback

8) Do you have any queer movie recommendations?

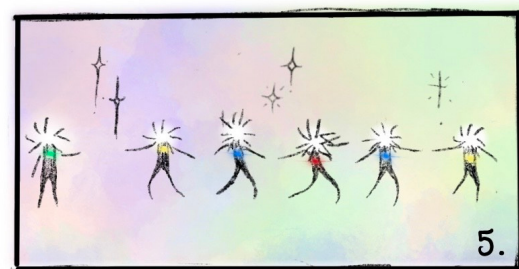
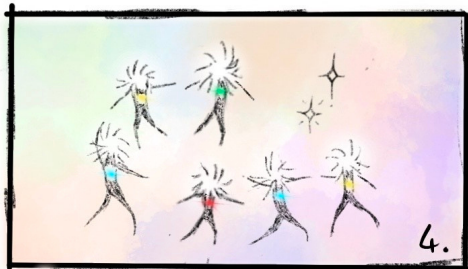
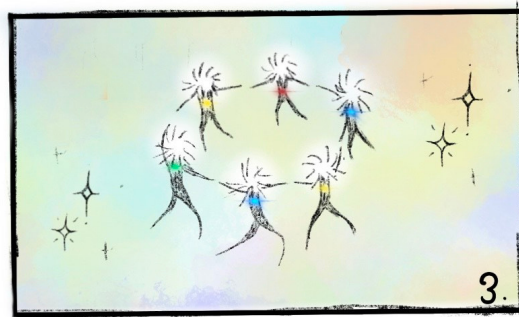
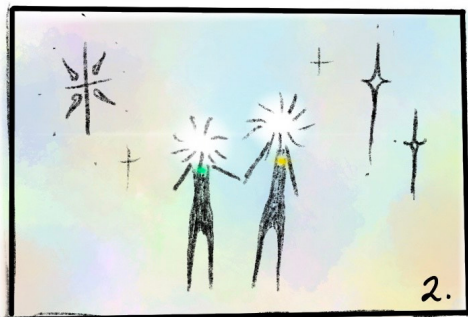
I mean my guilty pleasure is watching RuPaul, but also Hedwig and the Angry Inch.

8) Do you have any advice for young queer musicians?

Just be yourself. Be your best, nicest, kindest, most authentic self. Don't try to be someone to please other people. Also make sure you connect with that big queer community out there, because there's lots of networks and lots of gigs, lots of really safe supportive events. Use those networks as much as possible because those people are really going to help you, because they love you.



Kaylah Fischer-Nelson



Tanisha Murray she/her

PRIDE EVENTS



MINUS18'S VIRTUAL CHILL OUT: FALLING FOR AUTUMN
Apri 14, 2023 2:00 PM



YOUTH EXTRAVAGANZA WITH MINUS18 April
22, 2023 2:00 PM 114 Grattan Street, Parkville, VIC 3052



Geelong Pride Film Festival: 20 – 30 April 2023



Castlemaine Pride: 21 April – 5 May 2023



Bendigo Queer Film Festival: 15 – 17 July 2022



MINECRAFT MAYHEM WITH MINUS18 April 28, 2023
5:00 PM



**ENTER THE CHAT: QUEERS IN CONVERSATION WITH
 MINUS18**



May 11, 2023 5:00 PM



IDAHOBIT YOUTH HANG OUT WITH MINUS18
May 13, 2023 2:00 PM 79–81 Fitzroy Street, St Kilda, VIC
3182





The Ethereal Epilogue

By Mazzy Murray (she/her)

Each footstep echoed the dungeons hall like the drip of some
darkened mass.

I ground my teeth in time to its melodic manifestation.
All tides abide by the night and the slowly setting moon.
All dreams of the schemes of my past, slowly fade with the
light.

The organic jigsaw of stonework numbed my feet as I
trudged the hall to my cell. The tormenter's dire torch flame
illuminates a sticky black sludge trailing the walls. I sat cross
legged between, the dissipating dregs of light, as the
tormentor furthered himself from the locked cell door.

So there I served my sentence of seven life times.
There I peeled my flesh like rind as I patiently bided my
time.
In my second life he came, with a hand brandishing bloody
meat.
In the third life he whispered, before the silence of the
fourth.
In the fifth life he left a note, but on it misspelled my name.
On the sixth life I never saw him, but he left me a violin.
I woke upon the seventh life on the shore of my darkest
dreams.
There he rose from the sea and waded through my sleep.

I watched him emerge from the sea and cross the blood red
sand.
The open eye of the purple sky had come to bring the night.
He took his hand and laid it softly, on my filthy cheek.
He hisses to me fragrant words, through his severed lips:
"Here lies the empty creator, vacant of what fulfils".
He embraces me as a sister, before stabbing me in the eye.
I release a laugh that's like a sigh, as if there's more to life
than time.
Lucifer licked his already moist lips before laying me in
hell's afterlife.



Thea Sydes

LGBTQ+ SHOW RECOMMENDATIONS

-Willow on Disney+ (PG)

A wlw friends to lovers romance

A sequel to the 1988 'Willow', Willow follows the generation after the original movie as they embark on a mission to find the princess's missing brother.

-The Owl House on Disney+ (PG)

A wlw enemies to lovers romance

An animated TV series about a girl who discovers another world beyond the human realm, that turns out to be not at all the fantasy she would have imagined.

-I Am Not Okay With This on Netflix (MA 15+)

A wlw friends to lovers romance

A young girl struggling with intergenerational trauma, the suicide of her father and newly emerging strange abilities.

-Warrior Nun on Netflix (MA 15+)

A wlw slowburn friends to lovers romance

Warrior Nun is about a girl who is returned from the dead and thrown into the middle of a war, where she is faced with impossible responsibilities and decisions.

-She-Ra and the Princesses of Power on Netflix (PG)

A wlw friends to enemies to lovers romance

She-Ra and the Princesses of Power is an animated TV Series about a girl who is unknowingly raised on the side of evil, until one day she finds the truth of her history and is forced to leave her best friend behind to follow the side of good.



Stacy



LGBTQ+ BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

-Cemetery Boys by Aiden Thomas

A trans male main character, with a m/m enemies to lovers romance

An urban fantasy that heavily explores Latinx culture, this book is about a boy who accidentally summons a ghost.

-Iron Widow by Xiran Jay Zhao

A polyamorous love story

A science fiction fantasy that has roots in Chinese culture, this book follows a young woman as she navigates the complex world she lives in.

-The Priory of the Orange Tree by Samantha Shannon

w/w love story

An epic fantasy with wonderful world building, this book follows multiple different people's perspectives, each of them complex and interesting characters.

-Crier's War by Nina Varela

A w/w enemies to lovers romance

A science fiction fantasy set in a complex world with amazing world building. Two girls divided by war and betrayal are faced with many challenges.

-Midnight Girls by Alicia Jasinska

A w/w enemies/rivals to lovers romance

A fantasy that explores the boundaries between right and wrong, this book showcases the grey morality of two girls, raised to compete with each other for eternity, who are tasked with bringing back a heart to the witches who raised them.

The Cost of Saving the World

by Thea Sutherland

A sword, raised to the sky, catching the sun. Stained red, like rust. Red hands, gripping the hilt. Covered in blood, staining, dripping, like a shadow, a mark. Blood on her hands and ghosts in her eyes.

She dances through the battlefield, mud splattering as she jumps and weaves and ducks each blow. She moves like air, like water. Like a ghost.

The sword in her hands, the blood sword, the prophecy sword. The hero's sword, the saviour's sword. The blade that gave her her destiny, that she had won through her sacrifice, her pain. Won through blood of a love and death of a friend.

What does it cost to be a hero?

"What would you sacrifice?"

"Anything."

"Anything?"

"Yes."

She stabs the next shadow, the black not-blood splattering across her clothes like paint, like a memory from a different, better time, but steeped in darkness, in the memories we don't want, and the ones we wanted too badly. The ones I missed like an ache.

A laugh as I kissed her paint-splattered lips, kissed the sunset-spots, the stars, the sea, sky, grass. A pretty smile before she turned back to her painting.

I hadn't seen her smile in so long.

She leads her army, killing her way through another day, the only one who can really do any harm. The other soldiers' swords held them back, just, but they had been losing. Giving ground, retreating back. Until she came.

"Someone has to be the hero."

She took them to new ground, gaining, gaining, gaining. Each day a new battlefield, new ground to cover in blood and shadows, in mud and dust. Ground to leave behind, silent and empty and dead, another sacrifice in our war.

And I follow, drifting along behind, silent and unnoticed. Tied to the sword, unable to live, unable to die. Unable to do anything but watch as she tears herself apart, day by day, battle by battle. Death by death. Unable to hold her. Unable to tell her that heroes were still human.

I want to remind her of our dreams and plans, our hopes and whispered promises. I can't hold her, whisper words in her ear, hold her hand while she has a nightmare.

Can't be an anchor in a world filled with dreams and monsters and heroes. Instead, I am a whisper of a touch, a cold, vague sense of a person, with nothing but memories and tears that can never fall.

"Don't do this. Don't go."

"We have a chance to fix it all. If I do this, maybe it would mean something. Maybe..." a sigh. "I have to. Someone has to be the hero. And I can. So."

"You don't have to."

"My brother is dead, because they killed him. And I want that to mean something. It has to mean something."

"And you want revenge."

"And I want revenge." No denial. Just a fact.

"It doesn't have to be you. Just let them go. Let them fight."

"It should have been me."

"What?"

"He was always better, and—" Words swallowed. "It should have been me."

"No. He made his choice, and it's not your fault."

"But more deaths will be, if I had the chance to stop it and didn't."

"You wouldn't have killed them."

"I might as well have." A pause. A sigh. "I have to do this."

"Don't."

"I'm sorry."

I keep watching as she stands silent on a battlefield. Her dance finally over, the shadows gone as the sun went down.

The battle paused for now. Her, victorious again. The hero, the saviour. They cheer her name, and she smiles back. Punching the air with her sword.

"You can still turn back."

"No. I can't."

They set up camp again, in new ground. Set it up over the blood of the fallen. She places the sword on the floor of her tent. Pours a glass of wine. Downs it in one go. Sits on her bed. Hands over her ears to try and block out the ghosts.

"Please."

"I'm sorry."

"I love you."

"I do too. That's the point."

And then she sleeps. Wakes. Eats, rallies, fights. Over and over. Until we reach the mountains. Until we reach the end.

She places her hand on the hilt of the sword, lifting it from the ground.

I want to go back.

She turns to me, sword in hand, tears in eyes.

Back home, back to before. Back to the childish dreams and hopeful promises.

She steps towards me. Whispers in my ear.

"I'm sorry."

I watch as she fights her last battle, swinging her blood covered sword at the last enemy.

Almost over.

Almost, almost, almost.

Hand on my face. Lips on my lips.

Sword in my heart.

The shadows are darkest now. This is their land. Their final moment. I wonder, for a second, what it would be like for them.

To be winning, and now, on the verge of destruction. All because of one girl, who picked up the sword they thought was safe.

Because no one would pay that price.

I'm choking on blood, on tears, on memories.

I can't breathe. I am spilling blood, pouring out of me. I didn't know I had that much. Didn't know there could be that much red.

I am fading, blood spilling out of my heart, my chest, my mouth.

I look into her eyes.

She lets me fall.

Her eyes now dry.

Except her.

And now, now she is the light that drives away the shadows, the darkness that conquers all. The hero from the small town, the girl who sacrificed the one she loved to save the world.

The selfless, noble saviour.

The broken human girl.

She holds the sword to the sky. Blood runs down it, staining it rusted red. My blood. Running onto her hand, bright in the sun.

She is shining, a hero born from blood. From sacrifice. From death.

And I am lying, still.

Heartbeat faded.

Ghostly echoes of a life.

I want to go back.

The last shadow falls to a blow of her sword, and they cheer. Loud, clashing the amour against their swords. Raising them in the air as they call her name. She had done it. She has won. It's over. They can go home.

But where will she go? Back to a town that no longer fits? Back to empty streets and ghosts? Back to a thousand memories that are shared with someone else?

Will she go home without me?

They leave her on the silent battlefield covered in shadows. They have no time for a hero without a war. No time for the nightmares and the fears. And I can't hold her.

I can't be there.

But I try. I go over to her, placing my faded hand on hers. She shouldn't be able to feel it. But for a second, I swear she looks at me.

She takes off her armour gloves. Looks at the hands, stained in blood. Not real. Just another ghost, this time one only she can see.

A guilt she can never wash away.

Then she picks up her sword.

Turns her head to me for the first time since.

"They don't need a hero anymore." She whispers.

The battlefield is empty. Silent. Nothing but her heart, her breaths.

And then-

Then there is silence.

Then there is the still body of a saviour-hero that was once a girl, pierced by the sword she used to kill the one she loved.

There is only her and the shadows she destroyed, the empty blank eyes that were once haunted by ghosts. There is only blood watering the battleground, staining the earth red.

Only the faded breaths of a girl too young to die. Only the body girl trapped in her claimed destiny. A broken, shattered hero who gave too much to save the world.

And the sword lies still on an abandoned battlefield. Carrying the stories of those who carried it, carrying blood and ghosts.

Carrying a destiny for those who pay the price. Lying cold and still, waiting to be picked up, to be stained in blood, to slay the next monsters, win the next war. Waiting, waiting, for the next would-be hero.