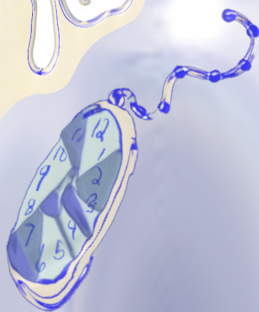
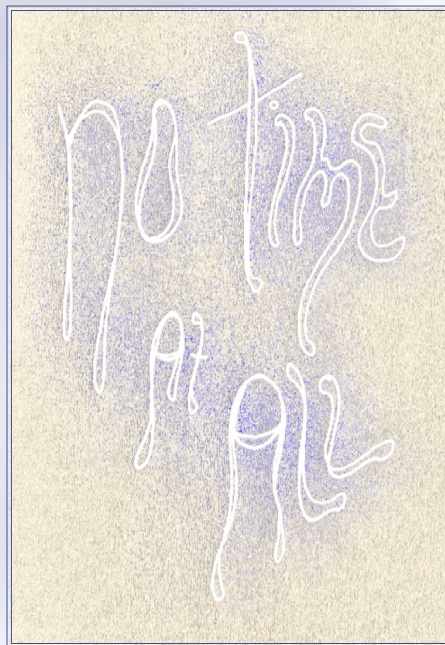


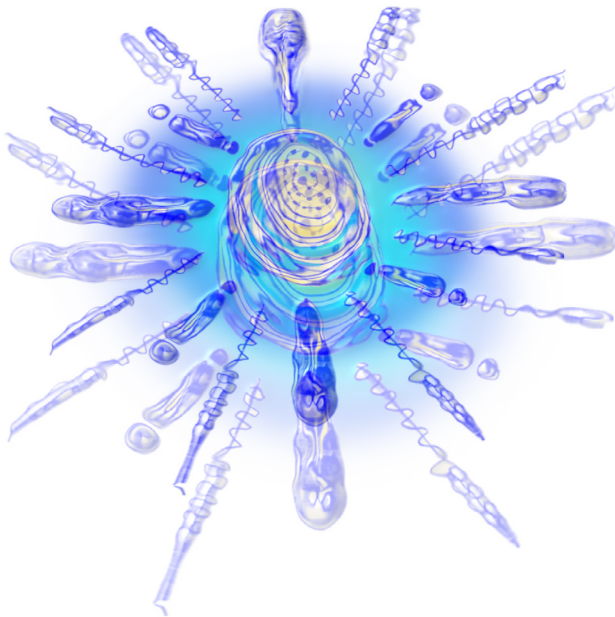
# no time at all

Catherine Ashley



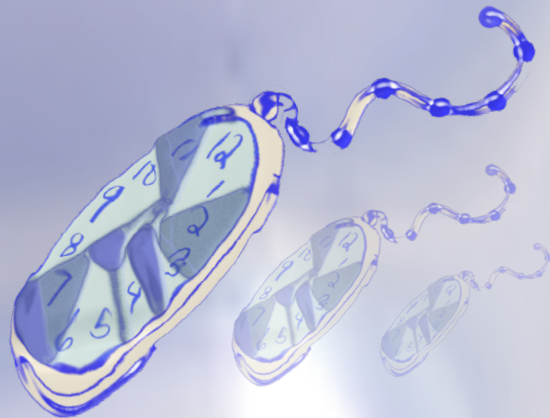
THIS ZINE WAS WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED  
BY CATHERINE ASHLEY



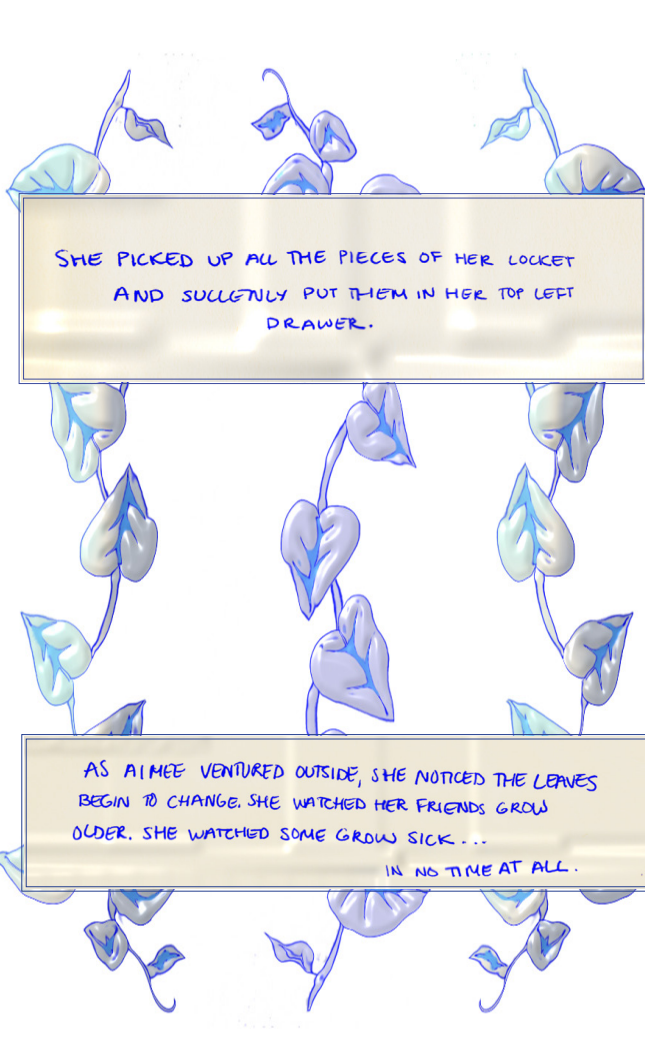


AIMEE TOOK A MOMENT TO WAKE UP THIS MORNING.  
AS HER EYES BLINKED OPEN, SHE STRETCHED SO  
THE ROOM SHOOK. AIMEE HEARD A THUD.

Big



TIME SPLINTERED AS THE LOCKET  
SHATTERED.



SHE PICKED UP ALL THE PIECES OF HER LOCKET  
AND SUDDENLY PUT THEM IN HER TOP LEFT  
DRAWER.

AS AIMEE VENTURED OUTSIDE, SHE NOTICED THE LEAVES  
BEGIN TO CHANGE. SHE WATCHED HER FRIENDS GROW  
OLDER. SHE WATCHED SOME GROW SICK ...  
IN NO TIME AT ALL.

AIMEE RACED AROUND HER NEIGHBORHOOD,  
GOING DOOR TO DOOR TELLING ANYONE SHE  
COULD THAT SHE LOST HER TIME.

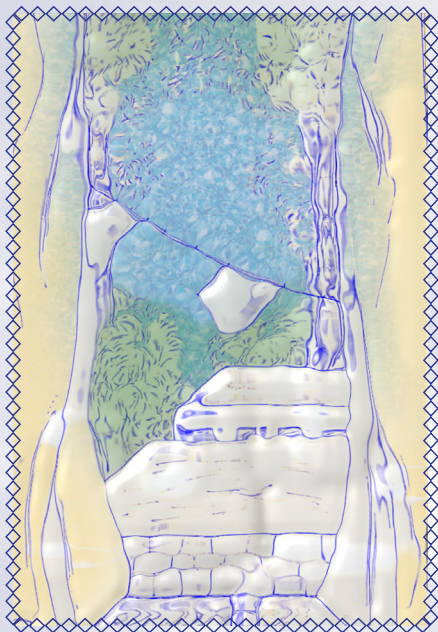
SHE WAS MET WITH CONFUSION.

THAT'S...  
NOT POSSIBLE!  
YOU CAN'T  
LOSE TIME!

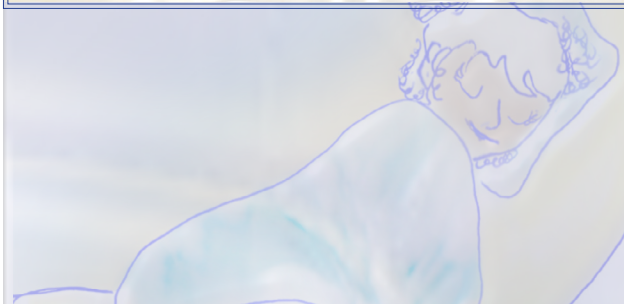
SOME EVEN LAUGHED.



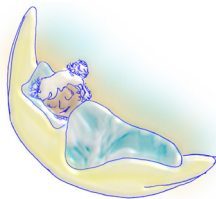
DEFEATED, AIMEE WENT BACK HOME AND WATCHED  
THE SUN COME AND GO, WITHOUT FEELING MUCH AT ALL.



THE SOUND OF A LOUD TRUCK IN THE  
EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING WAKES  
OUR AIMEE. SHE PEERS OUT THE WINDOW



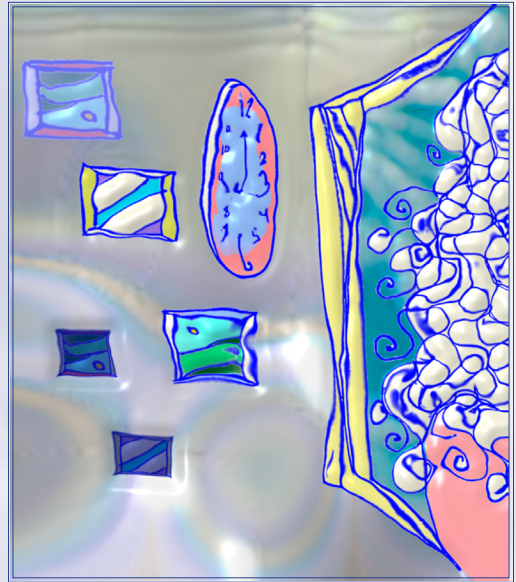
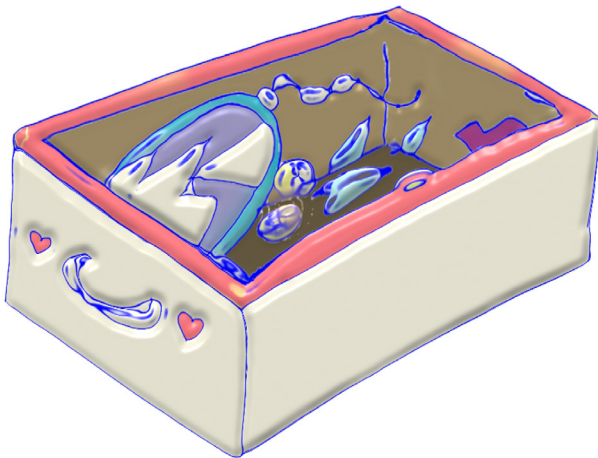
"EVERYONE'S MOVING, EVERYTHING'S CLOSING"  
AIMEE MUTTERS. SHE TOSSES OVER AND TRIES  
TO GO BACK TO SLEEP.





LESS AND LESS PEOPLE IN AIMEE'S NEIGHBORHOOD  
LOOKED LIKE HER. AFTER A MOMENT, AIMEE  
LIGHTS UP!

SHE BOLTS UP TO HER BEDROOM. FROM THE TOP  
LEFT DRAWER, AIMEE PULLS OUT HER BROKEN  
LOCKET. WITH SUCH CARE, SHE PUTS IT BACK  
TOGETHER, PIECE BY PIECE.

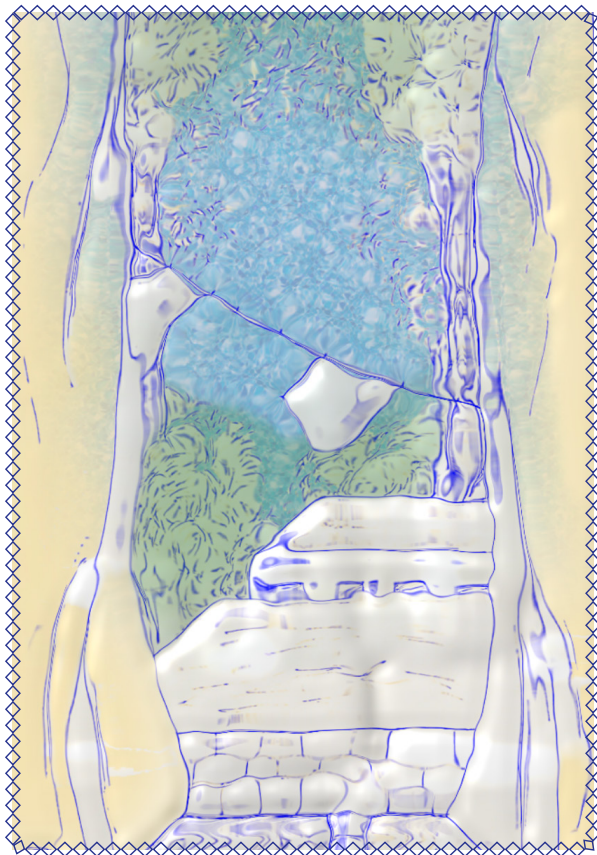


ONCE FIXED, AIMEE HOLDS HER LOCKET CLOSE TO  
HER CHEST AND BLOOMS 18 YEARS MORE. SHE  
INSPECTS HERSELF AND TAKES IN THE WAYS  
SHE LOOKS THE SAME, AND WHAT HAS COME  
AND GONE. WITH A GASP, AIMEE DARTS OVER TO  
HER WINDOW. SHE LOOKS OUT AND NOTHING  
LOOKS ANY DIFFERENT. PERPLEXED, AIMEE CRIES

" BUT I GOT OLDER! I FIXED  
MY TIME! "



THERE IS A SHOCKINGLY FIRM KNOCK ON THE DOOR. AIMEE TAKES A MOMENT IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR TO FIX HER HAIR AND PUT ON SOME LIP COLOR. AFTER DESCENDING THE STAIRS, AIMEE OPENS THE DOOR TO BE GREETED BY A DANGLING FORECLORE SIGN AND A COLD GUST OF WIND.





no time  
at all