




SECOND GROWTH

Australian Bush Fire Charity Zine

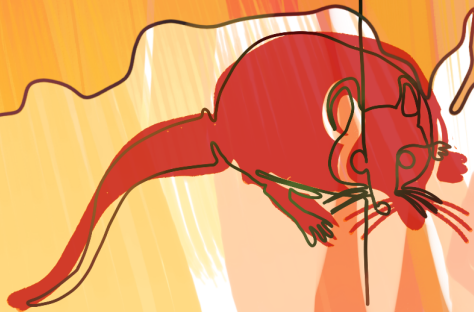
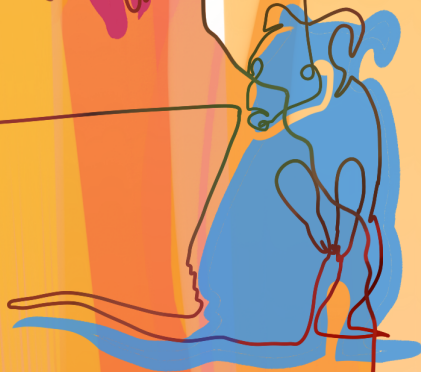
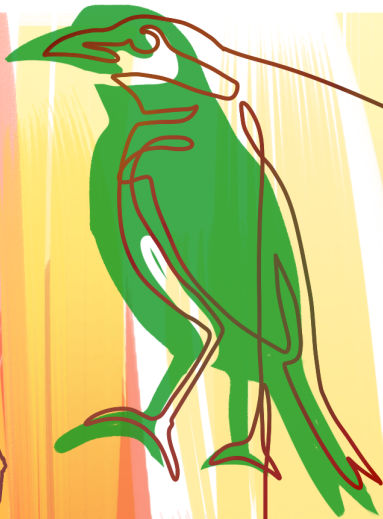


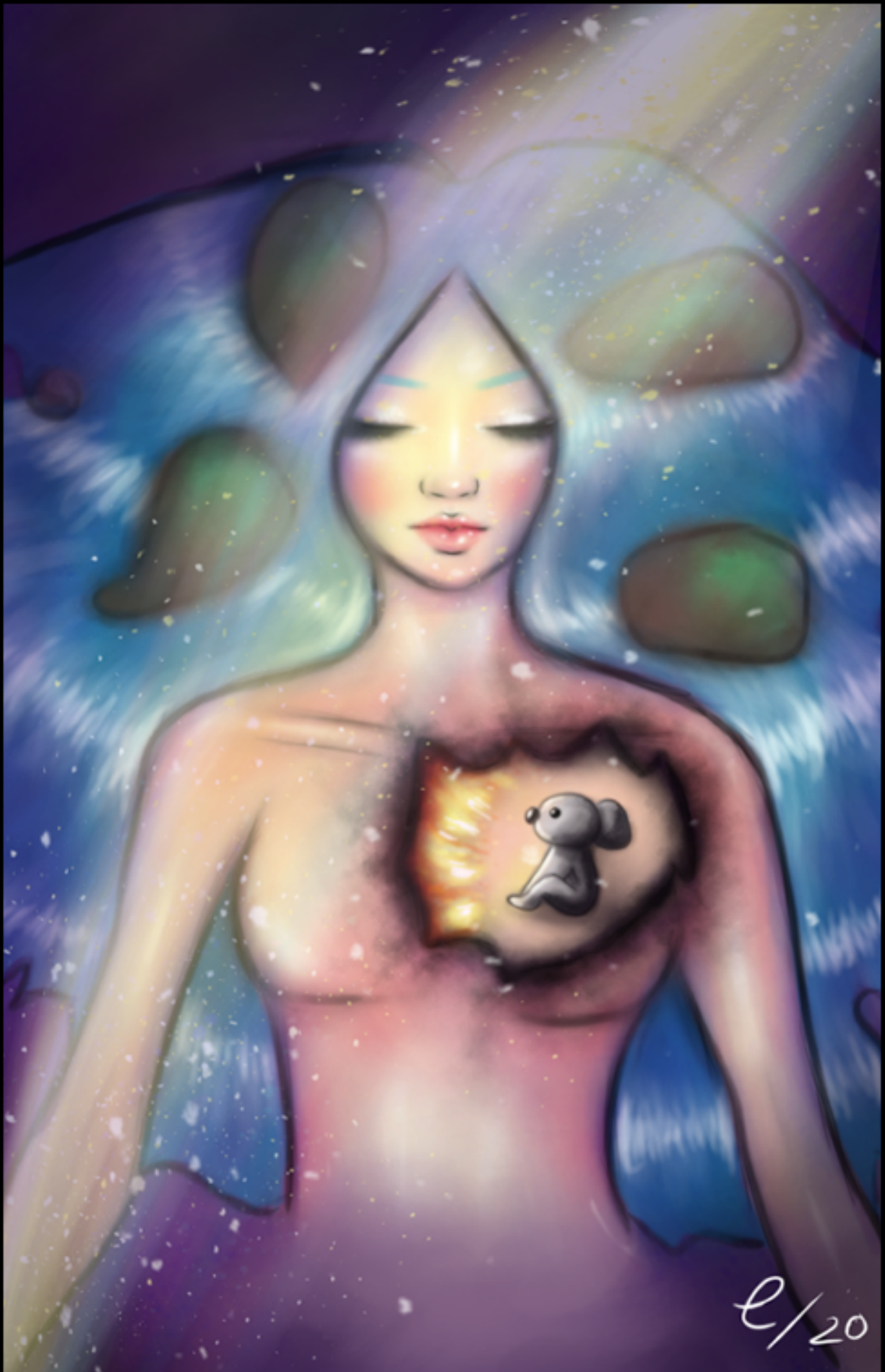
A collection of artwork, comics, and stories about the animals and people of Australia that have been affected by climate change and the brush fires. 100% of proceeds will go directly to the charities selected.

Thank you to everyone who donated!

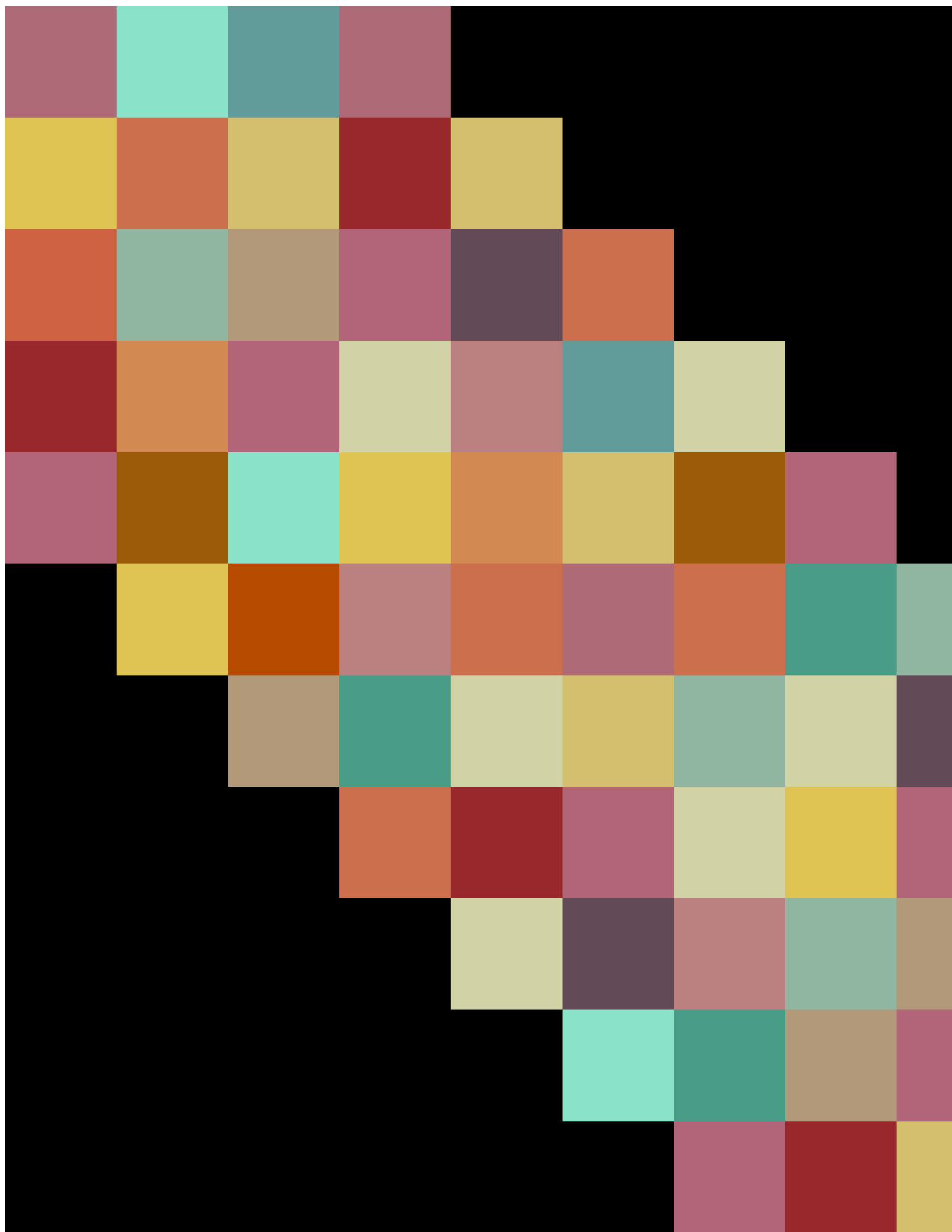


Clarisimart









Life is Good on the Island

Dharug thinks he has it pretty easy, living on Kangaroo Island. He has more food than he could ever dream of, he has a lot of opportunities to create with his favorite materials--dirt and branches--and plenty of wildlife to observe.

The mammals who keep on visiting him are usually gentle--he can even recognize some of them as being "regulars"--and like to be around him for small amounts of time.

Dharug never gets tired or bored of observing them. They are so colorful, so animated!

Not one looks like the other, if you bother to pay attention, and though it's difficult to predict their reactions, Dharug has grown accustomed to their weird behaviors.

Between two sightings, though, Dharug has important things to tend to. It's a full-time job, cleaning himself, taking care of his skin and hair, making sure he doesn't get bitten by insects while he is wandering outside ...

Though if he's being honest, Dharug has to admit that he spends most of his free time enjoying the sun, lying down on the ground in the shade of the big trees surrounding his home, and watching at the clouds.

It's so soothing, and it feels good on his long limbs to just soak in the sun.

Later during the day, though, Dharug feels energized and just go for long walks. He meets with his friends, who all tell him it's about time he finds himself someone to spend his life with, but what can he say? For the time being, Dharug quite likes his bachelor life.

He wouldn't mind finding a partner, sure, but he likes spending time on his own, observing the Island and its visitors.

Ah, a new group of mammals are approaching.

They're a colorful bunch--which, to Dharug, means that they don't fear much--and very noisy, too.

Some of Dharug's friends immediately tense, but he wants to tell them that there is no need to worry.

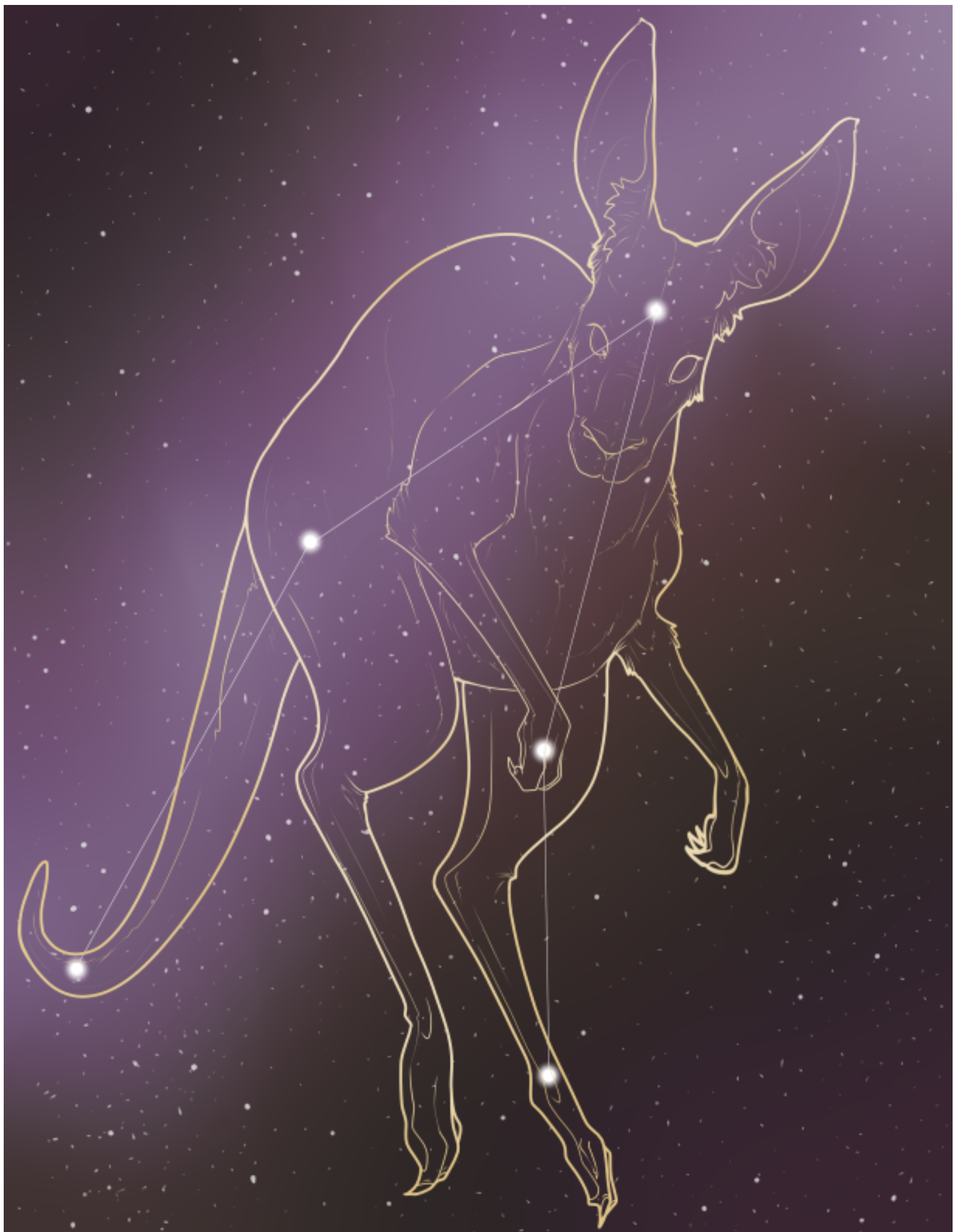
He knows those animals, now.

They are loud and they can be quite the curious lot, poking and using weird lights, but that's all.

It's like they have a symbiotic relationship: Dharug and his mob give them their protection, and the weirdly hairless yet colorful mammals give them food.

They may be a bit odd, but those ... "humans", they're not so bad, all things considered.





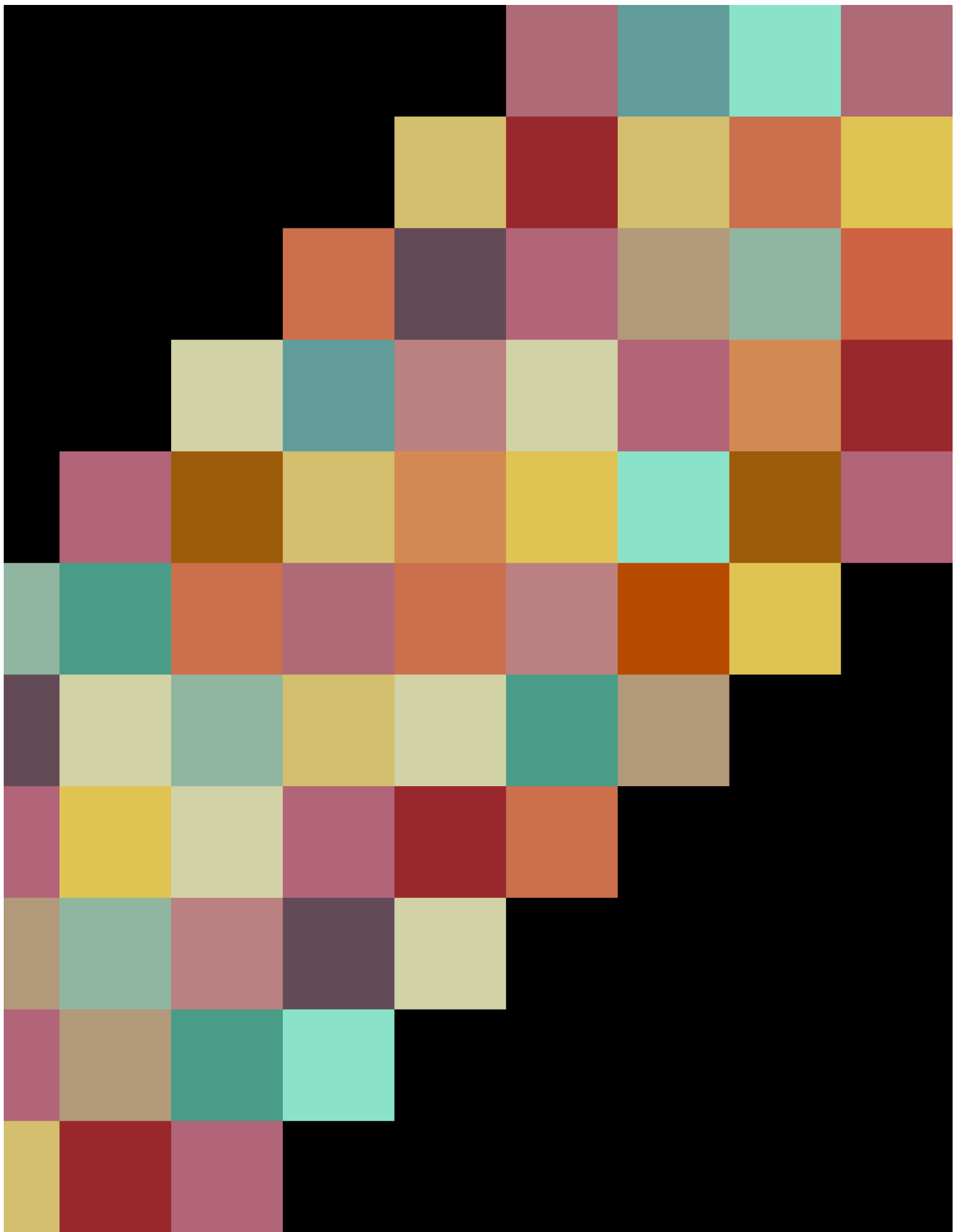




Ariana Haight 2020



BATWYNN





2020
MSW

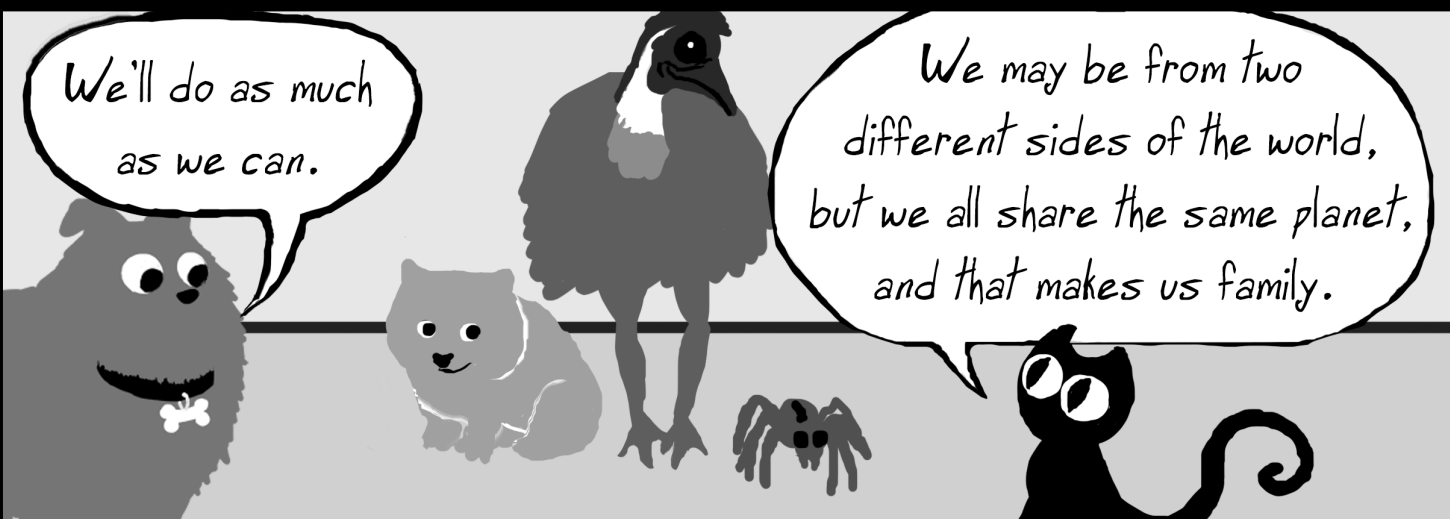
WWW.DEVIANTART.COM/SCRIBBLEWOOD



SSMIRK



House Frightdorable by Rowyn Golde









To Be An Australian

By Kaylee Schuyler

In the scorching summer sun,
In the freezing winter winds.
In the vast dune deserts,
In the deep southern seas.
It is here that you will find,
What it takes to be an Australian.

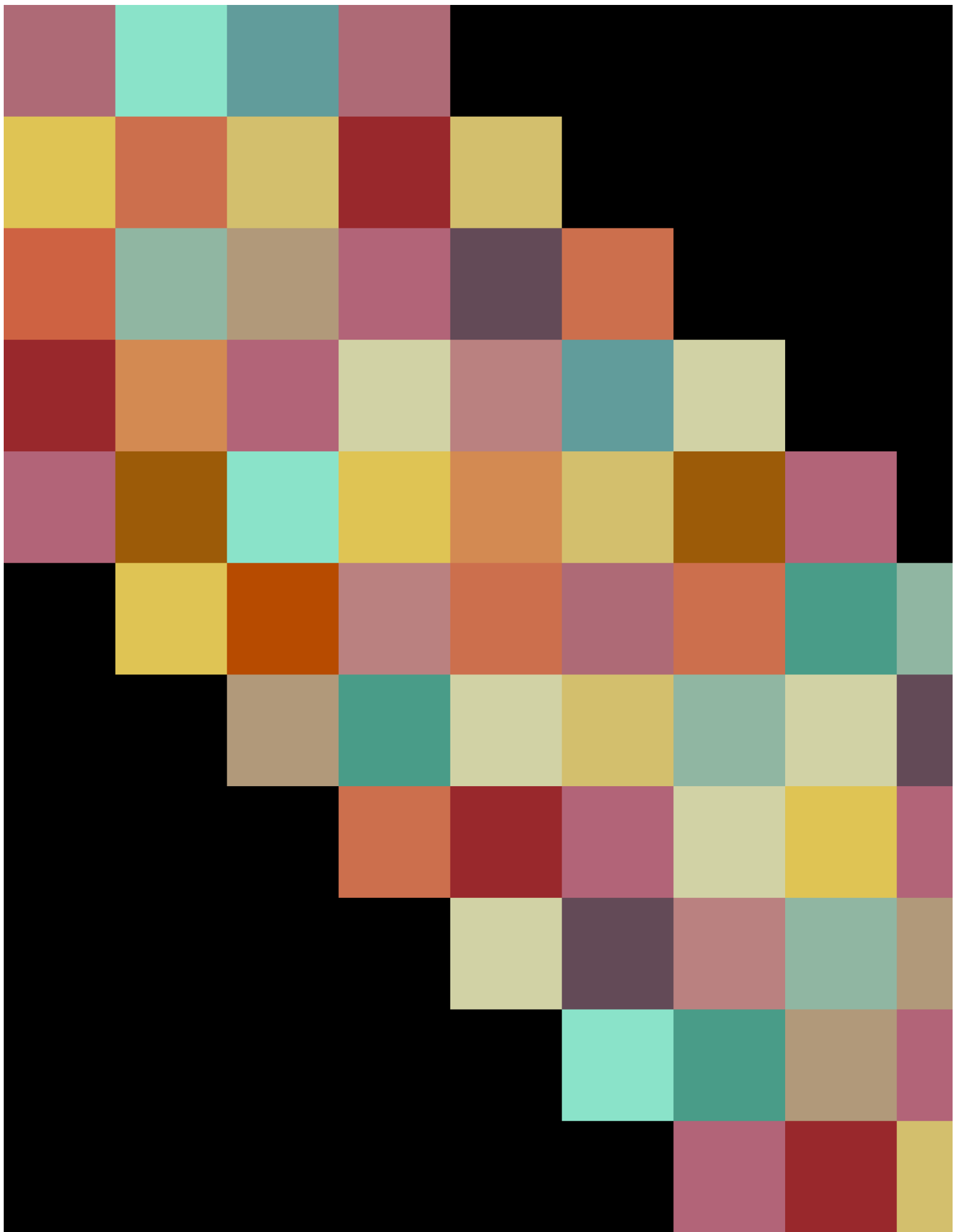
In the sweat upon our brows,
In the beating of our hearts.
In the endurance of our legs,
In the breaking of our backs.
It is here that you will find,
What it takes to be an Australian.

In the cry of our burning nation,
In the hope of the awaited rains.
In the cheerfulness of the coast,
In the hardships of the bush.
It is here that you will find,
What it takes to be an Australian.










Hope Survives

HARRISON WEBB
ARTIST

DIANE BARKER
WRITER

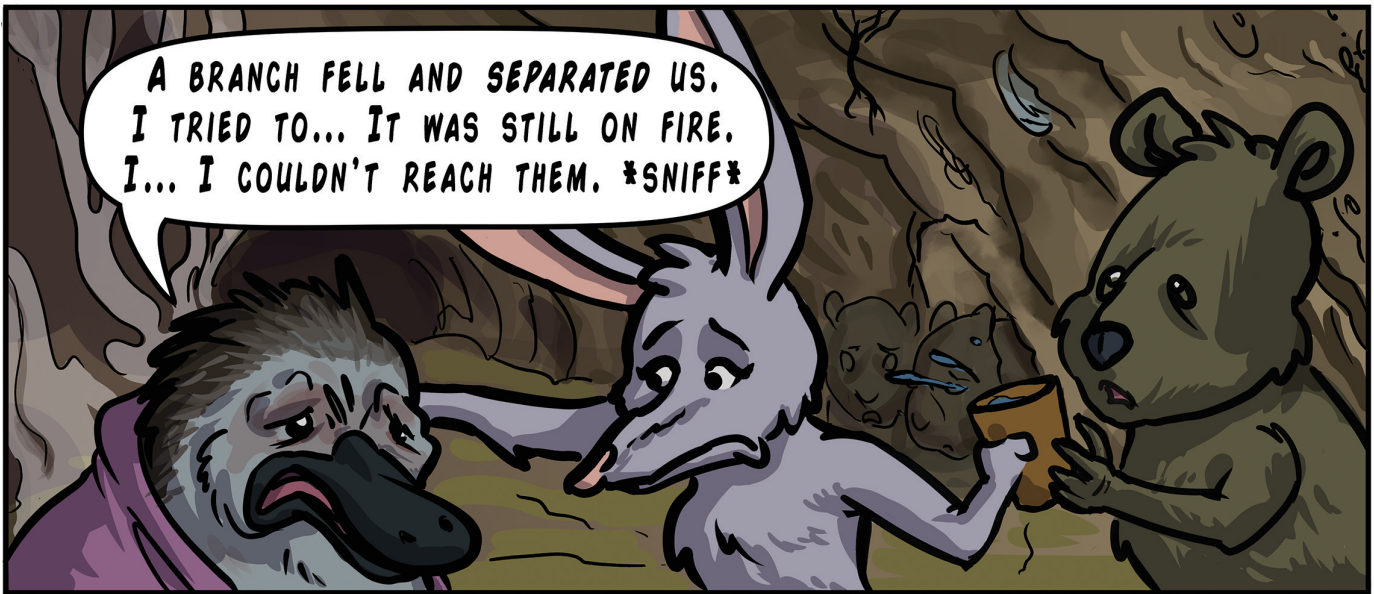
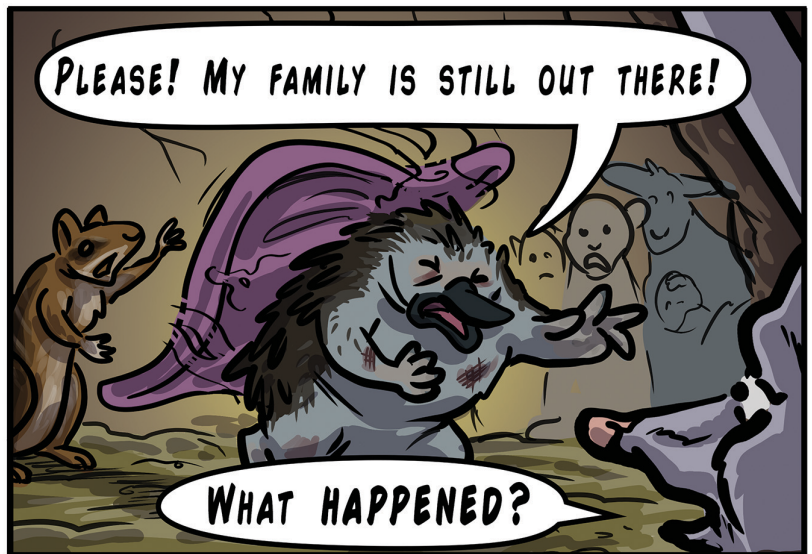


WE NEED MORE ROOM.
IT'S TOO CROWDED.

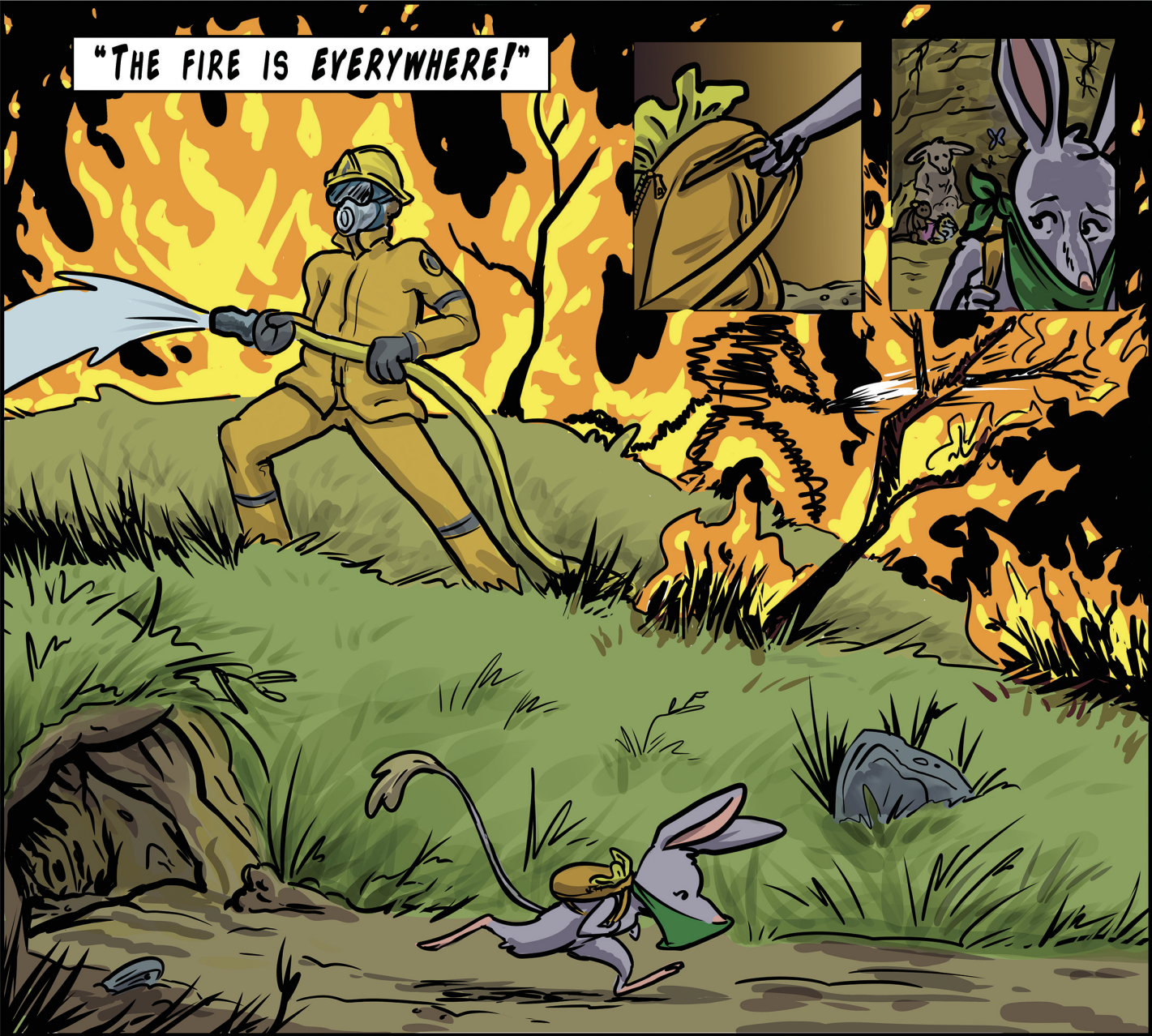


WE PUSH THROUGH
HERE. IT'LL CONNECT
TO AN OLDER WARREN
SYSTEM AND GIVE US
SOME TIME.

DO IT.

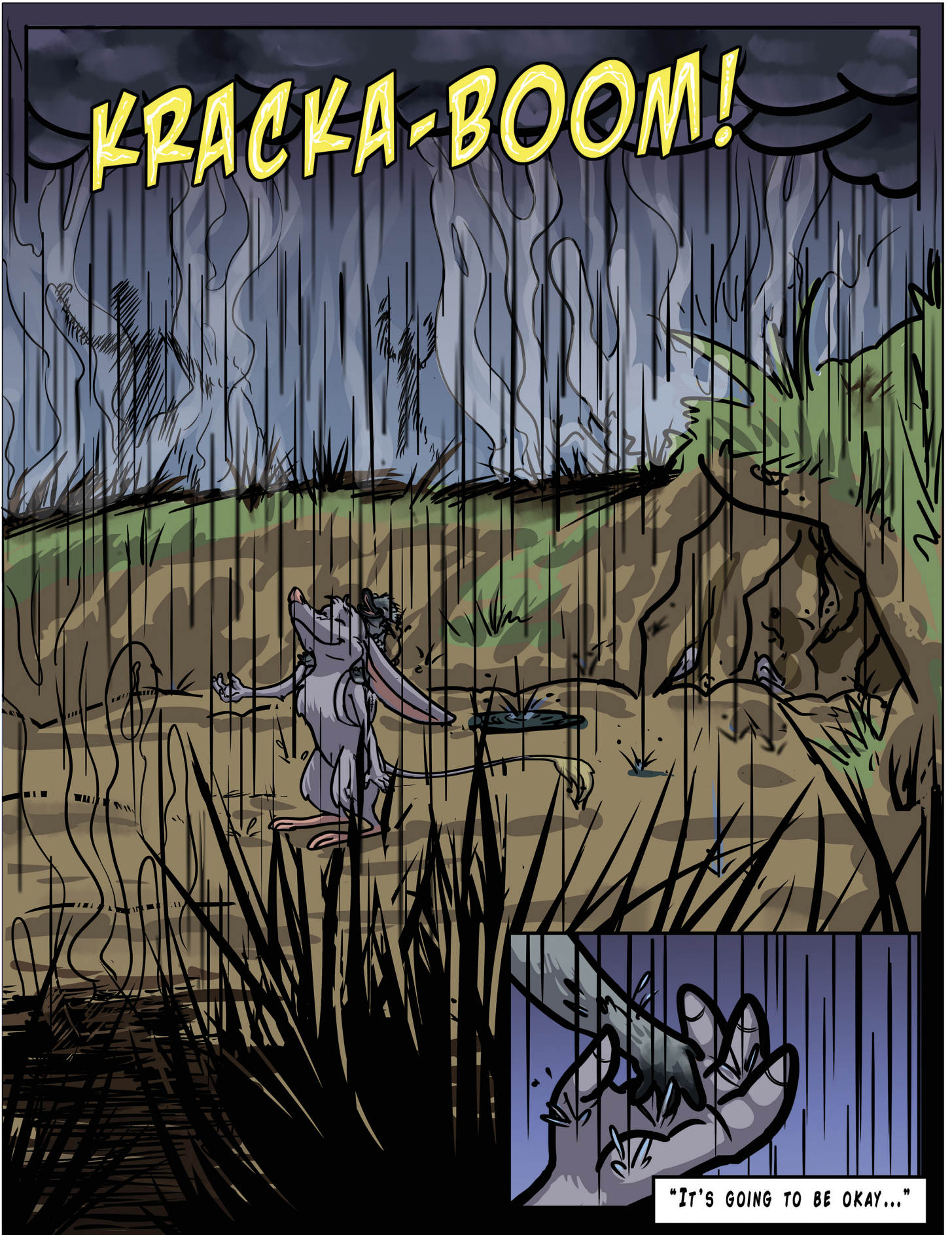


"THE FIRE IS EVERYWHERE!"





KRACKA-BOOM!



"IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY..."



Adelaide

She pulls the Commodore to the side of the road, and I say, "Y'know, I only ever been to Adelaide twice before in my life."

She flips the engine off, because she don't know how hot it gets in just a minute out here. Allie says, "John, d'you even hear what I said?" Which, of course, I did, but I hardly know what a fella's supposed to say to that.

"Allie," I tell her, "turn the air on. It's over forty." She looks at me like I've three-point-six heads. She's never stepped off Welsh soil long enough to feel anything hotter than thirty-five, I bet. Like I told her before, I ought to be driving. Out here, you get 'roos darting across the road every which way. Locals, they've big trucks with 'roo bars up front, hit 'em like it's nothing and strap them to the roof. Dinner, mmm. But we've only the Commodore, and hitting a 'roo might be the death of us.

She turns the air on and leans back. "So you're just gonna pretend I never said it, then?"

"Like I said, I only ever been to Adelaide twice before." I say. "Last time, a'course was when I lit out for the UK."

"Jesus, it wouldn't kill you to at least acknowledge it," she huffs. I can feel the air con blowing, but sitting still like this, the car is a bloody sun-powered oven. There's no cover to be seen, just some dried-up brush and such. Maybe ten metres away, I can make out a single Mulga tree, a short little bush of gray-green sticks jutting out of cracked, orange earth that never did nothing for the tree but try its strength. The hot air makes the road ahead look like dipping and curving, but I know it's a straight drive for kilometers upon kilometers.

"Only spent an hour there 'fore I got on the plane," I say. I watch her reach down and slip her shoes off. Allie tosses them in the back, on top of the luggage. I've a slim stream of sweat sliding down my spine. It gathers at the waistband of my trousers, and I squirm a bit.

“Look, are you saying you’d like to go back?” she asks, doing that exasperated martyr bit where she sighs real heavy and slumps toward me. “I told you we didn’t have to go. We can turn around. Let the authorities deal with this rubbish.” Sweat’s bleeding through her shirt under her breasts, ‘round her bra band.

“First time, though,” I say, “was when I was six or so. Went with me mum.”

Now I’ve finally got her attention, ‘cause this whole trip—hell, this whole relationship—I ain’t talked about this sort of thing. I’m an expert at dodging the topic. She’s been meaning to ask, I know, but don’t know how. Her lips are all twisted up in this little frown and she pulls her hair away from the sweat on the back of her neck, lets it drape over her shoulder. She’s got wide, dark eyes.

I need her to know this.

“Well, the thing I remember most ‘bout Mum was her hair. It was long, and she kept it in thin braids, bleached straw coloured by the sun. She was a sorta cedar colour in the summer. When her shirt straps fell outta place, the skin beneath was about four shades lighter. It’s all in flashbulbs like that: bright, brief images in the back of my head. God, she was gorgeous—tall, too. She seems like a giant in my memories.

“The day we went to Adelaide, she had a big pair of black sunglasses covering her eyes. Her hair was up in a tie, the braids swinging back and forth behind her head. She got me up real early, ‘fore Dad woke up. She loaded me in the truck, said we was going to the store in Leigh Creek. But then a half hour later, I was watching out the window as that sagging, grey grocery slipped past the window and into the rear view. ‘Mum,’ I said. ‘Where we going?’

“She tipped the sunglasses down, and underneath, well, there were her honey brown eyes and also this, uh, this bluish-purple bruise. She grinned at me. There was gaps where her

top front molars were supposed to be. 'We're going on a little adventure today, Johnny,' she said.

"I nodded off on the drive down, but when we got to Adelaide, she woke me up and shooed me out the car. Now, growing up where I did, I'd never seen so many people in my life. There was stores all down the street, shops for everything you could think of. The roads was all blacktop—I'd never seen that before. And, hell, there was a lot of cars. Mum practically had to drag me to cross the street.

"I remember my mum was wearing a long red skirt with little gold moons and suns on it, and I kept grabbing at it. Her legs was so long and gangly, I had to run to keep up. I was so scared I'd fall behind and get lost in the crowd. She couldn't hold my hand because her one arm was in a sling. The other, she was guarding her purse with.

"She took me to a wildlife park, a petting zoo where you could feed the kangaroos. Just joeys and females – the adult males are too aggressive. They have this alertness in their faces, an awareness that's a little too human for comfort, you know? At one point, a car backfired nearby. The whole lot of them startled at once, started hopping off away from the noise, and I had to hug my mum's legs to keep from getting trampled.

"After that, we bought dinner at the market and ate it in the gardens. The ground in Copley isn't good for anything but digging under, so I'd never seen a real garden before either. I thought the grass was fake, like a carpet or something. Mum tried to get me to climb a tree. A fig tree, I think. It had these huge, sprawling roots rising out of the ground in every direction. I wouldn't have it, though. She thought it was funny, how startled I was by everything, like a baby trying a lemon for the first time.

"After dinner, we bought some ice cream and sat by the river. The sun was melting the ice cream faster than I could eat it. I ended up a big, sticky mess, with it all down my arms and

chin, even some on my shirt. Mum didn't get mad, though. She laughed and pulled me into her lap, cradled me against her bum arm while she wiped up my face and hands. She hugged me so hard my chest hurt a bit and kissed my head and murmured, 'I love you, I love you, I love you,' into my hair. I couldn't figure out what I'd done to get so much attention.

"The streetlights came on at sundown, and Mum loaded me back up in the car. On the way home, she steered with her knee. She pet my hair with her good arm, the other a dead weight against her stomach. Lord, I adored her. I put my head in her lap and slept the whole way home.

"I guess Dad had fallen asleep by the time we were back, 'cause I never heard shouting. I woke up the next morning in my bed. My shoes were off, but I was still in my clothes.

"Mum was gone."

She grabs for my arm, sighs, "John..." but I pull away. I'm not goading for pity.

"Point of the story, Allie," I tell her, "is that's the last time anyone ever said that to me, alright? So you go and say that, and I've no fucking clue what I'm supposed to do."

She swallows so I can hear it, see her throat contract. She pulls her hands into her lap and stares at them. "You don't have to say it back."

I glare out the window at the Mulga tree. And what business does it have growing out in this mess of a wasteland anyway? What business does anything have growing out here? And isn't that just the way of it in this sun-scorched place? Too dry, too strange, too hot for any sensible thing to thrive, so we get the insensible ones. Impossible creatures for an impossible land. No matter the plagues set upon them, they adapt. They become something new. They survive.

“You don’t have to go,” she says, real quiet. “You don’t owe him nothing. You owe him less than nothing. You know that, don’t you?”

“Start the engine, Allie,” I say.

She nods, turns the key over again. We pull back onto the road. The tires kick up dust in their wake.





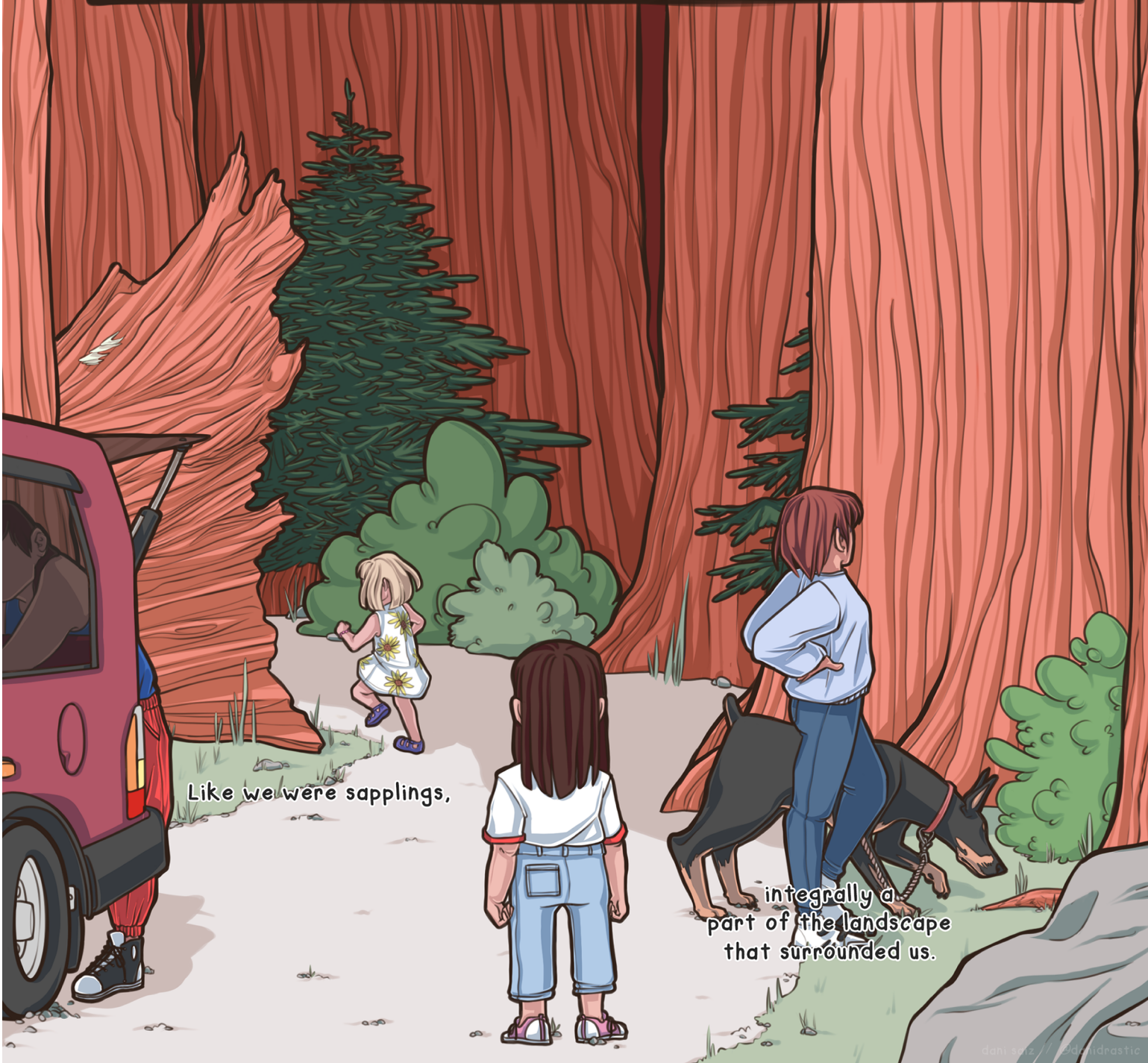
Sm

Growing up, I always was
amazed by nature.

It was all encompassing.
It became home.

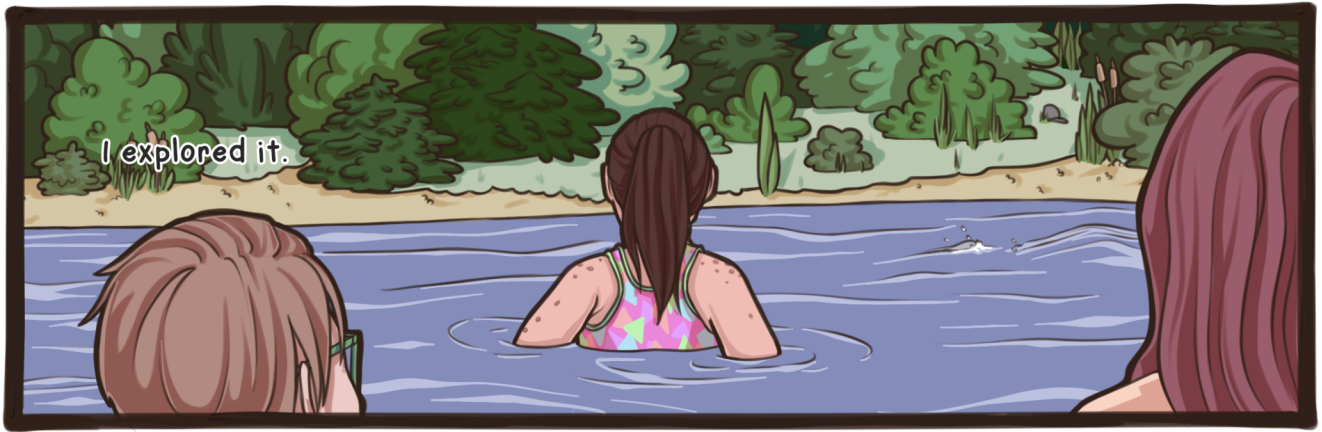


My family even moved
someplace where they called
newcomers "transplants".



Like we were sapplings,

integrally a
part of the landscape
that surrounded us.



I explored it.



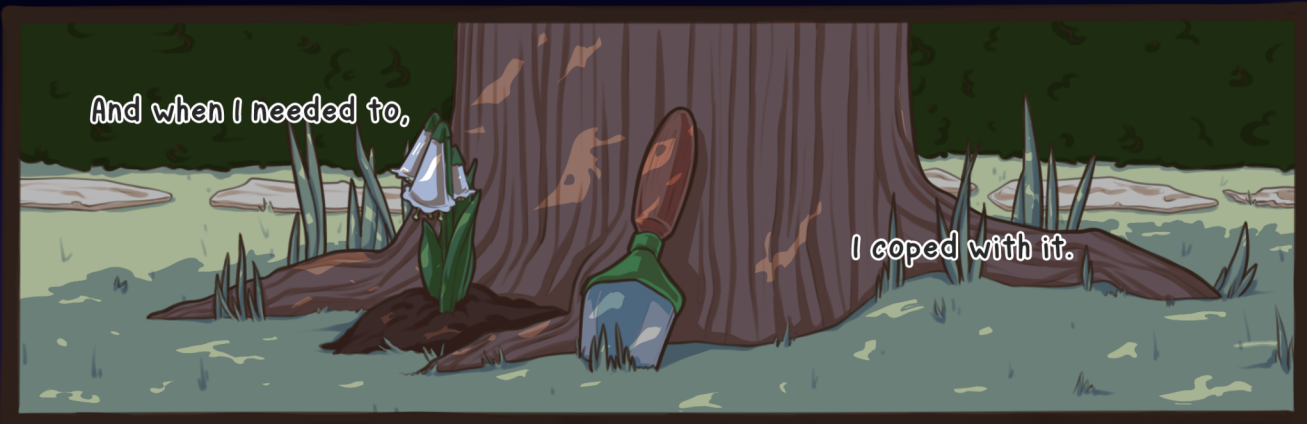
I watched it.



I saw my family reflected in it.



I suffered with it.



And when I needed to,

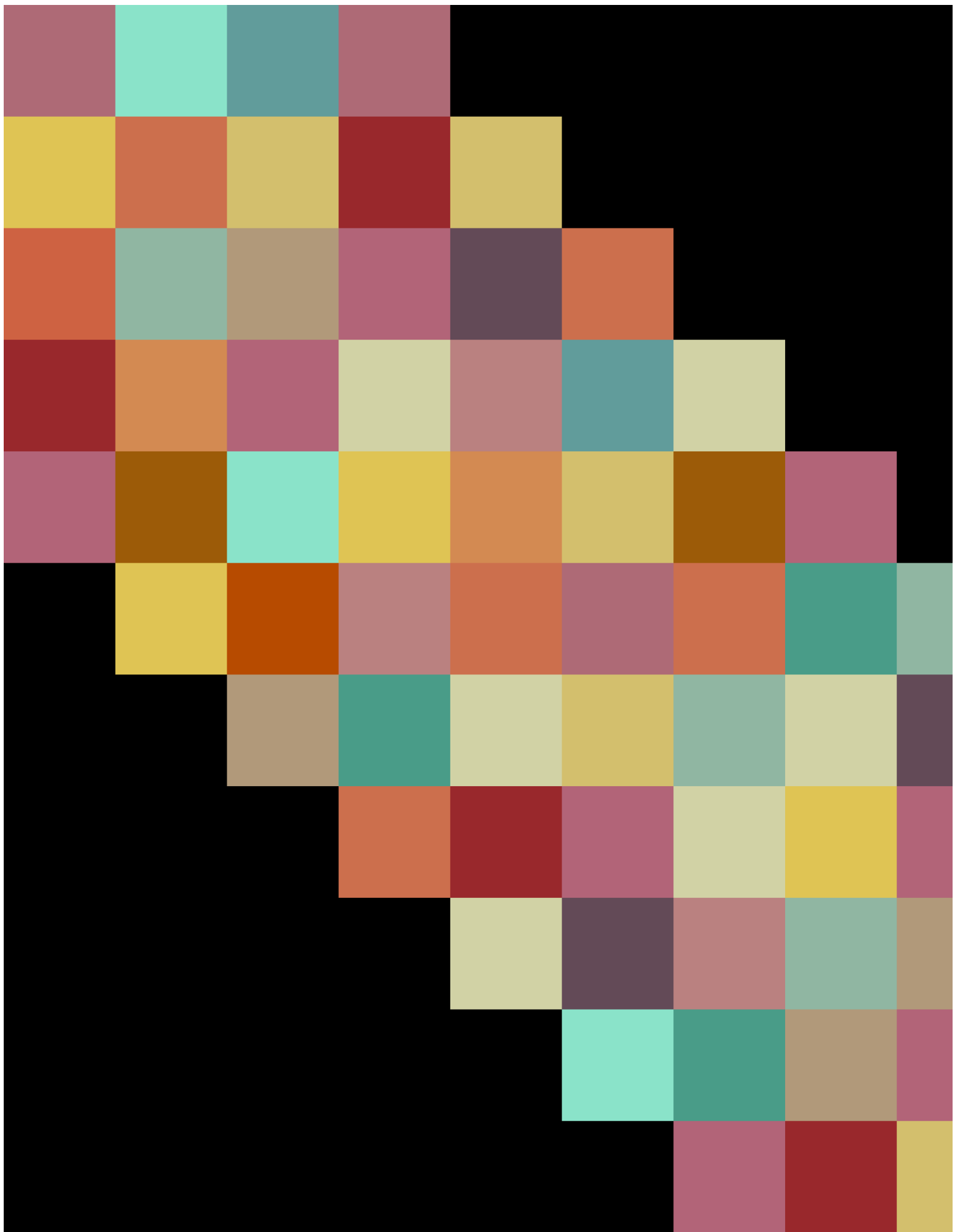
I coped with it.

No matter where I am,



and no matter where I go,


I will continue to grow with it,
like a transplanted sappling,
no matter what.







IGUANA MOUTH



*I*t wasn't easy, coming back.

There was already a word coined, a decade back, for this type of loss, this kind of homesickness. But it didn't matter. There were no words, now. Only an absence, that hollowed out heart where only a phantom of grief fluttered, a language of Nothing. From macro to micro, aware of the vast holocaust of a landscape, every eye searching for the smallest sign of life. An insect. An egg. A single blade of grass. Any omen of rebirth, no matter how small, to fill the void with a breath of hope.

And we came back.

We know survival. It's habit. A list of things to check off from one moment to the next, to keep surviving, to be alive, if not living.

This was different. This is ground zero, all check lists made obsolete. There is no room to start over in a free fall, in the void.

And yet.

One by one, piece by piece, big to small, seed by seed, despair to patience, we work and plant and heal and nurture our small plots. Sun up to down, we give what we have. We give beyond what we have. We are weary of the day to day, and there is always the next Big Thing.

There is always a larger grief.

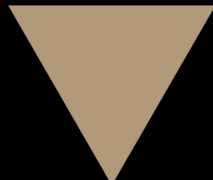
There is always a greater good.

In helping, in giving, from micro to macro, we found out more of who we are. We found the difference between the tangible things we had that held only memories of what we were, and the intangible things that grow into what we will be.

In returning, we saw where we will begin.

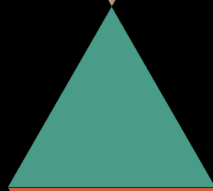
And we came back.





Rachi3_draws

Instagram: Rachi3_draws
Artstation: Rachel Weber
(racheljayne)



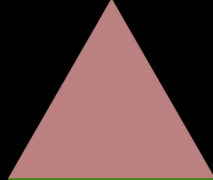
Gaby Clar

Tumblr: clarisimart



CandiceWright

Instagram: _candicewright_
Tumblr: CandiceWright



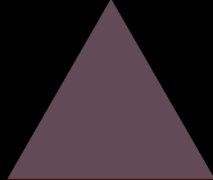
Trish Cataldo

Instagram: crybabytrish



Naomi Tajedler

Instagram: naomitajedler



Christina B

Tumblr: Drawingplastered
Twitter: DrawPlastered



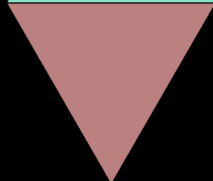
Ariana Haight

Instagram: redwritingwolf



Batwynn

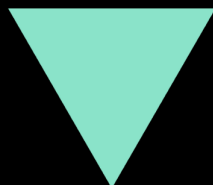
Instagram: Batwynn
Twitter: Batwynn
Instagram: Batwynn



ScribbleWoof

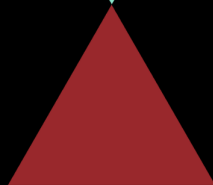
DeviantArt: ScribbleWoof
Patreon: ScribbleWoof
Instagram: ScribbleWoof
Youtube: WolfArtist1





ssmirk

Tumblr: ssmirk



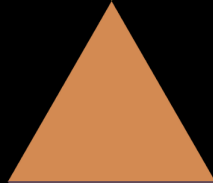
Rowyn Golde

Tumblr: rowyngoldeart
Twitter: ArtofRowynGolde
Facebook: Art of Rowyn Golde
Instagram: Rowyn Golde



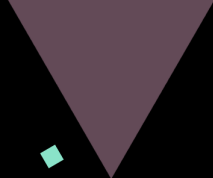
aredblush

Twitter: aredblush
Instagram: aredblush
Tumblr: aredblush



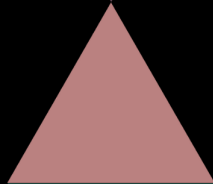
Kaylee Schuyler

Instagram: Kaylee_Schuyler
Tumblr: Kaylee-Schuyler



Rainier

Tumblr: Rainiercore



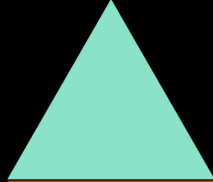
Emma

Tumblr: Ekdraws
Tumblr: Petcheetah
Instagram: Traspais



Suisou

Tumblr: Suisou
Twitter: Suis0u



Harrison Webb
Diane Barker

Instagram: @fiendishthingyart
Facebook: @Fiendishthingyart
Twitter: @Fiendish_Thingy



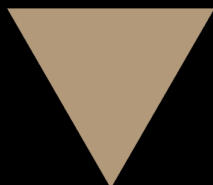
Julia Cronin

Twitter: TheOtherJC2



Atlaskat

Tumblr:atlaskat



Dani Saiz

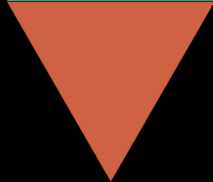
Instagram: Dandidrastic



StaciNadia

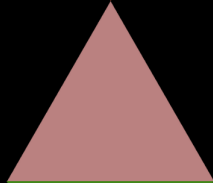
Tumblr: StaciNadia

Deviant Art: StaciNadia



Iguanamouth

Tumblr: Iguanamouth

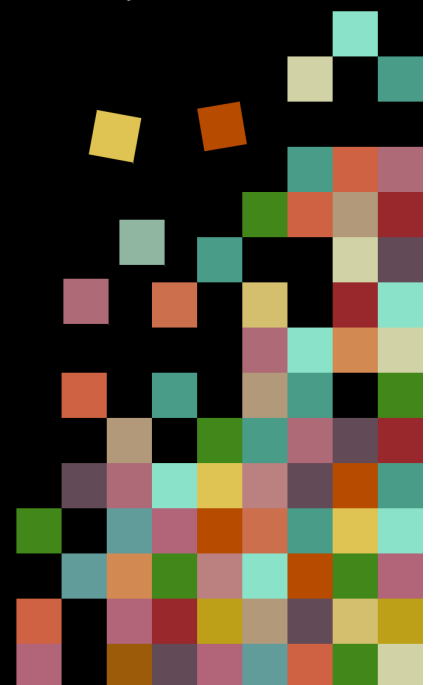
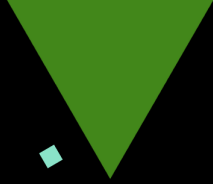


J. Pratt

Smoke Signals

Carrier pigeon

Semaphore



■ ■

**Many thanks to the
creators who donated their time
and work to this zine!**

■ ■

