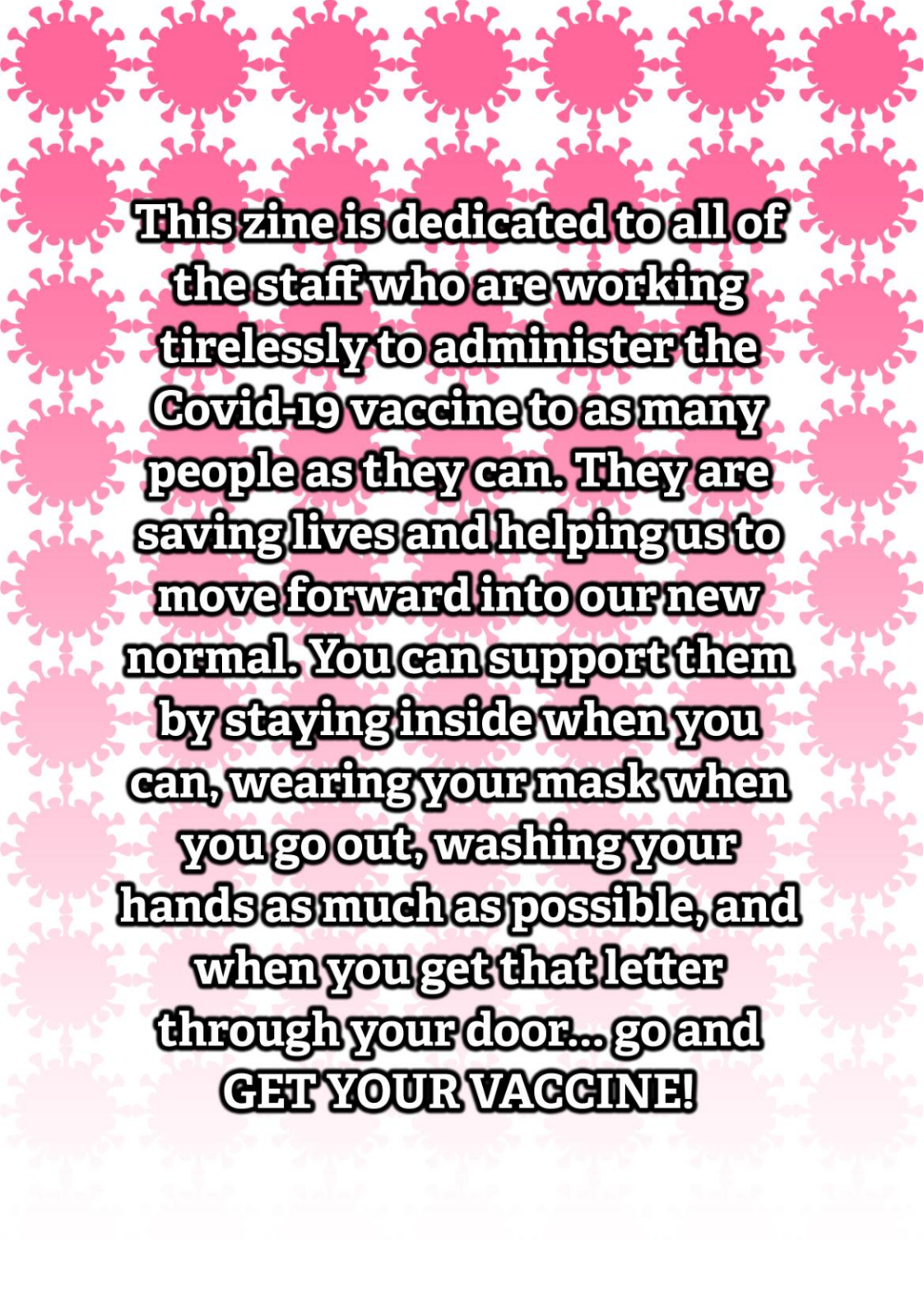


**COIN
OPERATED
PRESS**

Vacczine

A decorative border of pink virus-like icons with spiky edges surrounds the text on the left side of the page.

This zine is dedicated to all of the staff who are working tirelessly to administer the Covid-19 vaccine to as many people as they can. They are saving lives and helping us to move forward into our new normal. You can support them by staying inside when you can, wearing your mask when you go out, washing your hands as much as possible, and when you get that letter through your door... go and GET YOUR VACCINE!

A collection of overlapping pink geometric shapes, including triangles and polygons, arranged in a complex, abstract pattern on the right side of the page.

hopefully when the wind blows the covid from population, there is a new cycle of growth and the old normal will be the new normal.



“These antique syringe belonged to my great grandfather George Thompson who worked as a medical missionary in the Calabar then in South Africa. As you can see the needles are incredibly intricate and would have been resterilised many times.”



“My patient Helen Smith at the first vaccination clinic for the over 80’s. She was delighted to get her vaccine and it was a joyful day. You can even see her smile behind the mask.”



“Modern syringes and needles that we use today.”



“My great grandfather was involved in mass vaccination for smallpox. They used small wooden sticks or punches at that time to vaccinate. I find it inspiring that my forefathers helped eradicate smallpox using vaccination. We are now faced with a global pandemic and vaccination seems the solution for escaping it.”



2021

I didn't die
But I was lonely
There's a stranger in the mirror
Who won't converse
The radio
My only company
Filling the silence
That otherwise deafens
In its intensity

I fall with no words
Into deeper depths
So alone, the phone
A lifeline

But the blue envelope arrived
And with that needle of freedom
I can now look ahead
To a vaccinated future

Where my only bubbles
Are in the drinks
We will enjoy
Together

Where my only tiers
Are those of joy
On my postponed
Wedding day

Eileen M Taylor

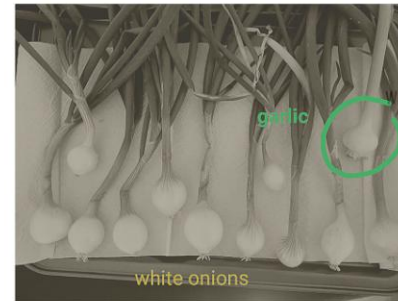
Sophie Fordyce



COVID-19 REFLECTIONS - MELBOURNE (AU)

by Boring1rl

At the time I'm writing this, it has been one year since the first announcement of a state-wide "Lockdown" in Victoria, Australia. In February 2020, I was already wary of going out in public places and attending the gym; I had actually requested my gym membership be frozen for two weeks prior to the first Lockdown coming into effect. Once in place, it seemed like Melbourne itself had turned into a ghost town and it was eerily quiet on major highways.

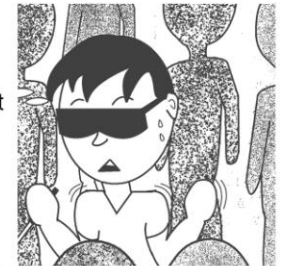


My parents lived in another state were frightened for me and asked me if this was some big hoax, as the media fanned flames of both denial and mismanagement early on. I reassured them that I wasn't going outside unnecessarily, that I wore a mask outside my home, and I wasn't running low on necessities. I actually asked them to go to their local stores and send me some onion seeds for winter sowing; Melbourne had gone into a panic-buying frenzy and bought up most of the vegetable seeds and gardening supplies. I ended up planting onions and eventually harvesting tiny bulbs in October to November last year. So much for 'end of days' planning!

With every cloud, there was a silver lining; they were just hard to find sometimes or you created your own to see.

I foresaw that I wouldn't have workshops and extra-curricular classes going on that I had looked forward to attending, and instead I bought a graphics display tablet and tried to focus my energies on drawing. I can say now that I have progressed, maybe not to the level I thought I could've been by now, but some progress is better than none.

I had downloaded a comic drawing software and with almost no knowledge how to make a comic digitally, I contributed to *Coin Operated Press's* "Quarantine" within three days of the deadline. I hastily drew up a comparative scenario comic of my blind partner's experiences traversing busy streets and alleyways before and after COVID-19 had begun to effect Melbourne.

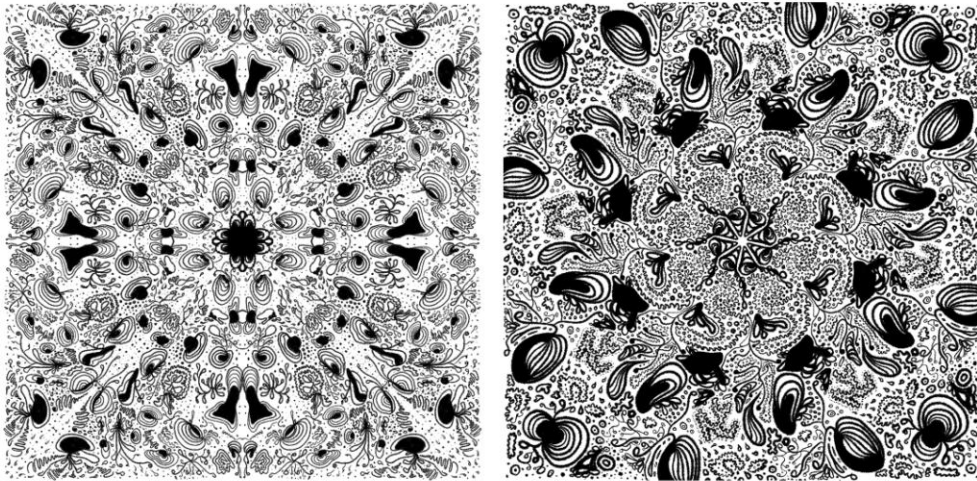


A strange hangover effect is when I've been on public transport or in a shopping center my face feels "naked" without a facemask.

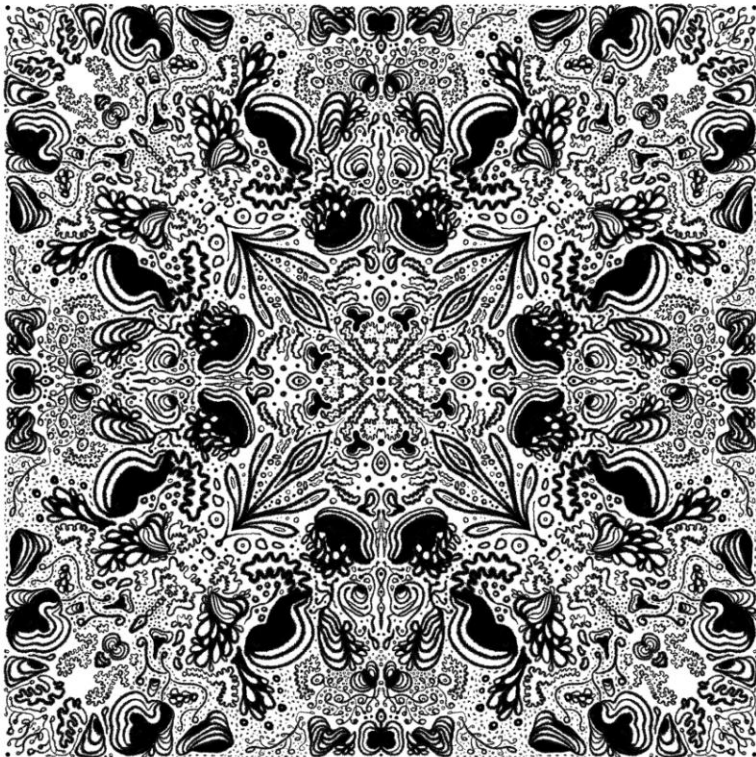
Up to now, Victoria has undergone three "Lockdowns" to stifle the spread of this deadly virus. After a second time, I viewed any speculation of another lockdown as an inconvenience rather than a time of uncertainty. I hold less fear of the unknown, more rationalism and a healthy scepticism of the news presented on most major networks.

I will try to view any future lockdown situations as a time to reflect and meditate, practise a hobby, take time to care for myself, and try be kinder with my thoughts.

Boring1rl



Beep Wellington



"My illustrations started because of the idea that with the roll out of the vaccines the world will go back to normal, also, how much since the beginning of the pandemic we've been inundated with illustrations of the virus, from news articles and tv, that always have a "ugly and scary" look to it. So, my intention is to create a microscopic world protected from Covid-19, in which every cell has a beauty to it and lives harmoniously, free flowing with the other cells, as an analogy for a world free of covid in which people can flow in their lives without restrictions."

The noisy times, have gone

from the borrowed words of new friends meeting via zoom in the time of the pandemic

There's a stress with constant sound
it's harsh
it smacks
of busyness, of bitterness

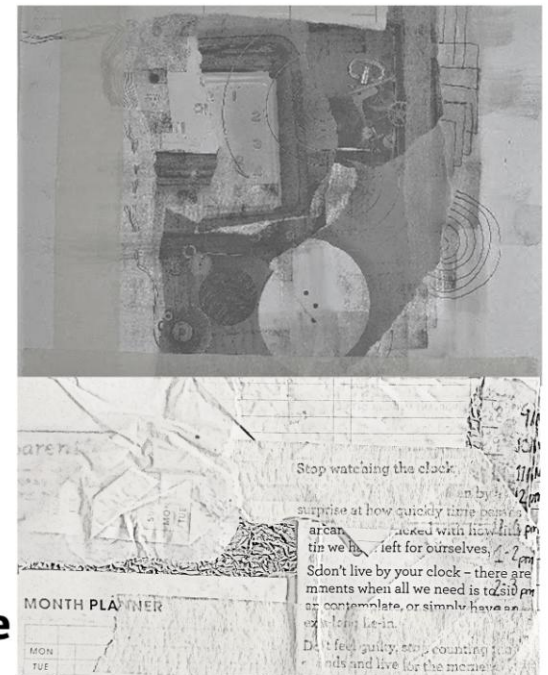
You want to return to normal
there are lots of things normal
that are not
normal

What was normal wasn't good
our system of values was
deafening, even now
this silence
isn't real —
perfect silence is full
of clarity and bird song.

Can we capture what we've gained;
cage the precious things?
We have time to hear,
we have time
to think...

Sophie Fordyce

Annie Sturgeon



The Wine List

Can anyone who is not a scientist tell me what is in a flu jag? Can the same people tell me what is in paracetamol or antibiotics? Probably not, however, I am sure that the very same people can tell me what is in each variety of the Covid vaccines. Tell me what side effects the Pfizer has but not the Moderna. The risk factors that are in the Oxford yet also the possible benefits. What stages the other, yet to be approved, vaccines are even at.

In the past year, since we started the vaccine trials, the general public has suddenly become extremely knowledgeable on the subject of vaccination creation. Everyone following the news closely for every update and debate. Listening keenly for updates for when we can expect our special blue envelope through the door.

Yet, like with any subject. The general public already has their personal preference for their choice of vaccine. Some I've heard speaking coyly "*Well, my husband's cousin works in the hospital and says to wait for the Oxford.*" Others, are more plain saying "*Pfizer works, the rest are shite.*" Then there are the few who are a little vague when they say "*You only have to read the reports to know which is the correct vaccine.*"

Listening to people speak like this about a lifesaving vaccine felt like they were instead choosing wine in a restaurant (remember restaurants?).

I could just picture it. You're sitting at a table with a group of others in your vaccine bracket, there are syringes elegantly laid on china plates. Nurses clad in PPE come to the table with leather-bound menus. They hand you the menus and inside have all the vaccines listed, where they were developed and possible side effects. Like with any wine, we have elements of the liquid itself to consider. Which side effects do I feel I can handle the best? Will the region of origin tell me much about the vaccine? Will it be a single or a double dose?

It is odd to think it isn't it? To think of how we all suddenly know so much in medical terms is staggering when over a year ago we didn't even think about Coronavirus, much less care. Yet now each of us has enough knowledge on the matter to speak about the vaccination process in such a casual manner. But as the saying goes, beggars can't be choosers. It will not be a choice of menu on the day. No, it will be nothing of the sort. We will take what we are given and be thankful.

Kirsty McEachran

A songbird at my window
Drenched in the sorrow of the morn
I listen for the beauty
But all I hear is scorn

Small feathers sing in desperation
Its carol of the dead
Its mother failed to pass upon
The power music brings

M.R. Smith

Now it shrieks, it cries, it doubts
Knows not what is for
The world collapses all around us
I don't think we'll see the morn.

So, I put a little seed of hope out
And we are joined by just one more
I am confused because usually
This songbird is singing to the dawn

But now she lands so heavily
Her voice is tired and burnt
She sings of hurt and all things worse
Our blackened hearts and shores.

Sophie Fordyce



Mary Anne Zammit



The artist of Isolation

The artist of isolation has never been spoken of,
till 2020, the malicious year.

So many words, one sole word, Covid 19.

Pandemic, lockdown.

Mask to protect.

All in one year.

The artist of isolation,
came amongst us, emptied the streets, closed shops.
Created isolation.

Isolation loses its art, when people started dying.
Then it became the master of loss.

I am still walking the road.
It is overbearing, exhausting,
and almost blurred.

Never mind the vaccine has come.
And it may look like hope.
That day, I will dream of a new life.

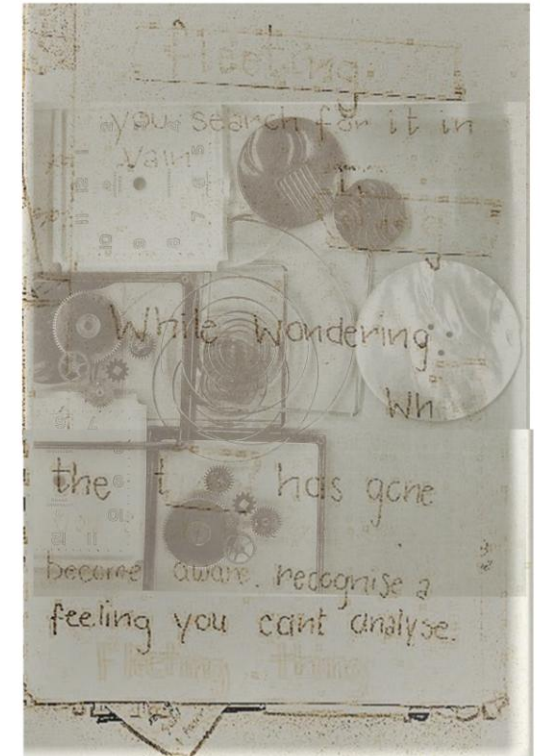
Finally, when the day comes, and the Pandemic becomes a memory.
And the artist who painted isolation will fade.
It means travel again, social life and meeting people.
The life which we wanted to live before the dreaded covid

Afterwards

I will miss those days
where you would turn a corner
and with shocked surprise
gasp well fancy seeing you,
what a coincidence
so would you believe it
I bought two coffees
by mistake, one filter
as it come no sugar,
who would have thought
you would walk this way;
to wander by the water's edge,
carefully separate, and talk of
the day's nothingness
until it rains. Somehow
a coffee not passed
surreptitiously, meeting without
the drama of scripted romance
will lack flavour ... we will have
to relearn conversation,
talks without tension,
unassuming chat
with actual news of places,
journeys, people, not just
the same old same. Well
fancy, meeting you.

Sadie Maskery

Sophie Fordyce



A love letter masks, the vaccine, and my switch.

The start of Lockdown I felt so alone. Ironic when I was home with a husband two kids and a cat who only acknowledges my presence when his food bowl needs re filled.

I would spend hours just doom scrolling through my phone, while my baby would sleep on me throughout the day, until her legs decided to learn how to walk, and our living room became the only jungle gym she would know.

I still felt so alone chatting to online friends each day sharing our woes and pains of this scary new world. I found myself pretending to be someone I am not just to fit in, just to ease this feeling of being alone.

I would stare at the bag of wools and yarns and beginners needles supposed to make the witchcraft of knitting possible, yet my failed and frustrated attempts were just shoved back inside the bag and now they collect dust under our bed.

I would see people loving this new life this sense of freedom to do what they like with their time, learn new skills go make islands to escape to, and teach their children whatever they wanted.

Inside I would be screaming as my kid just cannot learn from home, they need the structure the routine and simply their friends. The highlight of their day was faceless conversations 2 meters apart over the back wall to their best friend.

Many, many walks we went on and soon even the idyllic village became a bore, I just needed something more I suddenly realised I missed the routine I never knew I had. Then the announcement came, places were opening, we were allowed to see faces again, well half a face because we all must remain safe. Masks now suddenly seemed so much fun, I ordered so many for each of us finding the perfect ones to match our personalities, while supporting dear friends.

I could walk outside and not have the pressure to smile, or to engage in painful social norms. I could go and order take away coffee again and walk to get the best lockdown milkshakes.

I re connected with my real-life friends, suddenly life felt full and easier again. My mask was my armour allowing me to be more free.

I would find comfort in my masks, something that allowed me to step outside and just blend in with everyone else, no longer feeling

like I stick out like a bruised thumb as no one could see me.

Many phone calls and form filling later, I had finally been told the words I had been waiting on my whole life, that there is nothing wrong with me, in fact I am autistic, and the world is not ready for me.

Yet all support has now been put on pause.

Everything shut down again and it felt like I was trapped alone and drowning. Christmas came and my festive routines were gone I struggled to smile, especially when a 4am covid test for the baby was needed. But it was time to finally join my friends on an online island of my own and no longer feel so alone.

I got my vaccine letter today; I was scared I would suddenly need to end breastfeeding the toddler with no preparation and I would have to chose between nurturing my daughter or shielding myself and my vulnerable family from this virus. The relief that washed over me that it is still safe for me to continue on as normal and gain this invisible shield of protection.

Yet I still do not ever want to step outside without a mask, it's funny how a bit of fabric and elastic, allows me to remove my painful social masks.

I worry for how we will all interact in the near future, if any relationship outside of my flat will ever be the same. How will my baby who has never known any other life than this find the big world out there?

Myself and two of my closest friends we all have our vaccines booked for the same day, and maybe soon we can play on each other's islands face to face when we are vaccinated and safe.



Tash McPhillips



“The abstract represents my experience. My experiences are pretty repetitive at the moment, and I like communicating this repetition in my work.”

Daisy Iles



There is a tapping. Is there a tree branch against the window? I whisper your name and you stir and mutter about pipes. I drift off and wake up some minutes or hours later. The tapping. It comes at a measured pace. I sit up, and see my reflection.

Except, my reflection is crouching on the floor beside the mirror, while I sit dishevelled and wide-eyed in bed. The whites of my eyes meet the blacks of hers. Softly, softly I clamber out of bed and crawl along to meet her. She glances at you in the bed and smiles my smile – she didn't want to wake you. She beckons, I shake my head. She makes to advance. I hold up my hands. Backing away slowly, my wrists turned backwards, my feet on the cold floor, I find your newspaper by the bed. She needs to know to stay where she is. A deadly pandemic grips us. Hundreds die each day. I press my paper up against the glass, pushing my point.

She scuttles backwards in my crab pose, and brings forth a new paper. Next month. My birthday. The death rate slows. The government-imposed restrictions seem to be working. Pictures of unmasked smiles. I grin at my counterpart, and she beckons again.

I realise she must have a purpose. She can change the course of the present, bring the knowledge from the future to my side of the mirror. Knowing as I do now, I can go to her place and be free of the fear that has pursued me every minute since this stepped from background noise to being a screaming siren on every news broadcast, in all my thoughts. She is offering me this because she has lived this fear already.

Softly, slowly, I dip my hands into the mirror. It feels cold, but more natural than I had imagined. Like digging into fresh earth, or sand at the beach.

I wake up to the sunlight blazing through the curtains and a comfortable sense of warmth and wellbeing. As I come round a little more, I realise I am almost too warm. Much too warm. Next to me, you are hot and dry. Your breathing rattles through you.

As I press my hand to your forehead, and you shake with a hacking cough, I stare at my reflection. She stares back, unsmiling.

Jess Docherty, March 2021

Jess Docherty



Lucie  seadaddle

Teri Anderson

Essex, UK

www.teriandersonsite.wordpress.com

Teri Anderson creates work that looks into the idea of craft in art, textiles, installation and sculpture to create a linear or surreal environment which the audience have to inhabit. The work links to her heritage and how textiles were key in their family history including sample machinists and pattern cutters. Building on this Teri proposes an art practise which incorporates a craft based techniques into the art based discipline of installation.

Sharon McHale

Edinburgh, Scotland

Sharon is a GP in Edinburgh who is interested in the vast diversity of people she encounters in her work.

Eileen M Taylor

Edinburgh Scotland

Eileen M Taylor is a student and gallery attendant in Edinburgh and her collection of poetry '*limbo*' is available on Amazon.co.uk

Sophie Fordyce

Aberdeen, Scotland

Instagram: [@sophemera](https://www.instagram.com/sophemera)

My Initial aim of this Project was to produce a mixed media assemblage piece to reflect "time" during lockdown. During the past year I very much realised my habit of getting lost in the chaos of the present. I have now understood that this project became my way of regaining that control, something to focus on and keep the mind at bay. Reflecting on the precious qualities of life - the memories that lie in the journey of life each moment leading to the next moment, travelling along the path with the ability to wander away from the rigid track of time. I did not want to diminish the impact of the lockdown, virus or the vaccine - but I also wanted to prioritise the importance of the bigger picture - and the bigger journey of life.

Boringirl

Melbourne, Australia

Instagram: [@that_boringgirl](https://www.instagram.com/that_boringgirl)

Aspiring creator that's still learning all there is to being an artist.

Beep Wellington

Glasgow, Scotland

Instagram: [@beepwellington](https://www.instagram.com/beepwellington)

A creator and a destroyer.

Annie Sturgeon

Alford, Aberdeenshire, Scotland

imagesofbirds@gmail.com

Annie Sturgeon is a writer and artist living in NE Scotland, who's had her first dose of the vaccine and is waiting...

Kirsty McEachran

Scotland

Instagram: [@kirsty_creative19](https://www.instagram.com/kirsty_creative19)

Kirsty is a keen writer and singer who enjoys rollerskating, reading and a pink gin and lemonade.

M.R. Smith

Ebbw Vale, South Wales, UK

melanie.rhiannon.smith@hotmail.com

Melanie Smith is a creative writer and FE Lecturer from South Wales in the UK, she adores ramen, K-dramas and anything to do with folklore and magic.

Mary Anne Zammit

Malta

I am an artist and writer and have participated in various exhibitions both locally and abroad, author of four novels and my poetry has been featured in International Anthologies.

Sadie Maskery

East Lothian, Scotland

Twitter: [@saccharinequeen](https://twitter.com/saccharinequeen)

Sadie Maskery lives and writes in East Lothian with her family.

Holly Miles

Bournemouth, UK

Instagram: [@caw_and_paw](https://www.instagram.com/caw_and_paw) or [@hollymileswriting](https://www.instagram.com/hollymileswriting)

Hi there, my name is Holly and I'm a big fan of animals, poetry and the colour pink!

Joseph Dunkerley

Bournemouth, UK

Instagram: [@joewritesgood](https://www.instagram.com/joewritesgood) and [@caw_and_paw](https://www.instagram.com/caw_and_paw)

Weary veins polluted by caffeine, Joe the depression ladled poet is frequently spotted amassing longboard injuries in empty carparks.

Tash McPhillips

Midlothian, Scotland

Spooky Podcaster, wannabe writer and artist, mother of two kids and a cat.

Daisy Iles

Glasgow, Scotland

Instagram: [@daisiyiles](https://www.instagram.com/daisiyiles)

I am a Fourth Year Painting and Printmaking student at the Glasgow School of Art and I make work to communicate my experiences. I have various working methods. Drawing is at the core of my practice. I use it as a tool to capture moments through colour, form and texture.

Jess Docherty

Glasgow, Scotland

Instagram: [@jezdoc](https://www.instagram.com/jezdoc)

I am a writer, short film maker and support worker. 'The Swap' is a short story that came from sleepless nights and the desire to wake up somewhere else and be free from pandemic anxiety.

Lucie/seadaddle

Olympia, USA

www.seadaddle.carrd.co

Aspiring creator that's still learning all there is to being an artist. I'm Lucie and I'm a young illustrator and merch designer from Washington State!

Cover Art & Zine Design by Chloe Henderson

Edinburgh Scotland

www.chloehenderson.com

www.coinoperatedpress.com

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