

y2(are you o)k

a 1990s and 2000s

zine:

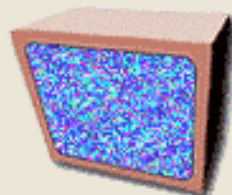
the y2k zeitgeist

SUMMER 2001

y2(are you o)k zine



zines r cool!



y2(are you o)k

Issue #1

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Thank you to everyone who submitted to our
first edition!

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pixelmoondust.neocities.org/](https://pixelmoondust.neocities.org/)

Misc:

I ♥ GLITTER-GRAPHICS.COM

blinkies
.cafe



COOL TEXT



we're the kids in y2kamerica

we're the kids in y2kamerica (whoa)
we made mix CDs with permanent marker,
sang into hairbrushes like it meant something.
waited for our crush to come online
and set our statuses to ambiguous.

the internet was a hallway of secrets.
we said brb and meant it.
we didn't have to be watched to be real.

we grew up in the glow
of lava lamps and late-night cartoons,
when the worst thing
was a scratched disc
or a text that never came.

now we live in scroll and echo,
in burnout and bounced checks,
in jobs that don't love us back.

they told us we could be anything.
but not that the world would melt,
that rest would become rebellion,
that every inbox could break your spirit.

no, we are not ok.
but we joke,
we journal,
we send each other memes at 2 a.m.
saying "this is too real"
instead of "help."

we carry grief like hello moto flip phones—
hot pink, clunky but familiar,
pressed to our ears
hoping someone answers.



Tinder Profiles of My Fictional Childhood Crushes **A Haiku Sequence**

Hannah Montana

two-party pop star
blondes have more fun, but brunettes
have the bail money

Aladdin

nippleless wonder
rub my lamp and I'll show you
a whole new world, girl

Tuxedo Mask (from Sailor Moon)
masked for your pleasure
I hope you like roses 'cause
I'm thorny for you

Danny Phantom

I may be a ghost,
but I won't ghost you, baby
in search of goth girls

Prince Zuko (from Avatar: The Last Airbender)

tall, dark, and emo
no daddy issues? swipe left
looking for my fire

Beast Boy (from Teen Titans)

mean green sex machine
could you be the one to tame
the beasts inside me?

Prince Eric (from The Little Mermaid)

fluent in English,
body language, and drowning
will kiss on first date

Meg (from Hercules)

no need to save me
I'll be my own wonder girl
yours too, if you're good

Jack Dawson (from Titanic)

I'll draw you like one
of my French girls, share my wood-
en door with you too

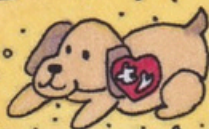
Beanie Mania ♥ 7/17/25

My little sister and I got our first Beanie Babies for Christmas 1996.



If you lived through the 90s, you remember Beanie Babies, those adorable stuffed animals full of tiny plastic pellets.

They started as Kids' toys, but quickly became serious Adult Collectibles.



We blew all our Christmas money on more Beanie Babies at Nature's Habitat, a store in the mall that sold cheesy gifts in the front of the store and incense and beaded curtains and Grateful Dead posters in the back.



It turned out Zip was retired shortly after, making him officially "rare."



I was sooooo jealous.

Luckily, Ty, the makers of Beanie Babies, had a veritable rainbow of cute cats to choose from:



Zip, Nip, Flip, Snip, Chip, etc.

But did my local store stock any of these cats?



of course not!

The rise of Beanie Babies coincided with the advent of ebay, of which my dad was an early adopter.



Of course, we knew their value thanks to the guidebooks.

← I checked "Beanie Mania" out of the library a bunch of times,



and Mom gifted me the Beanie Baby Handbook

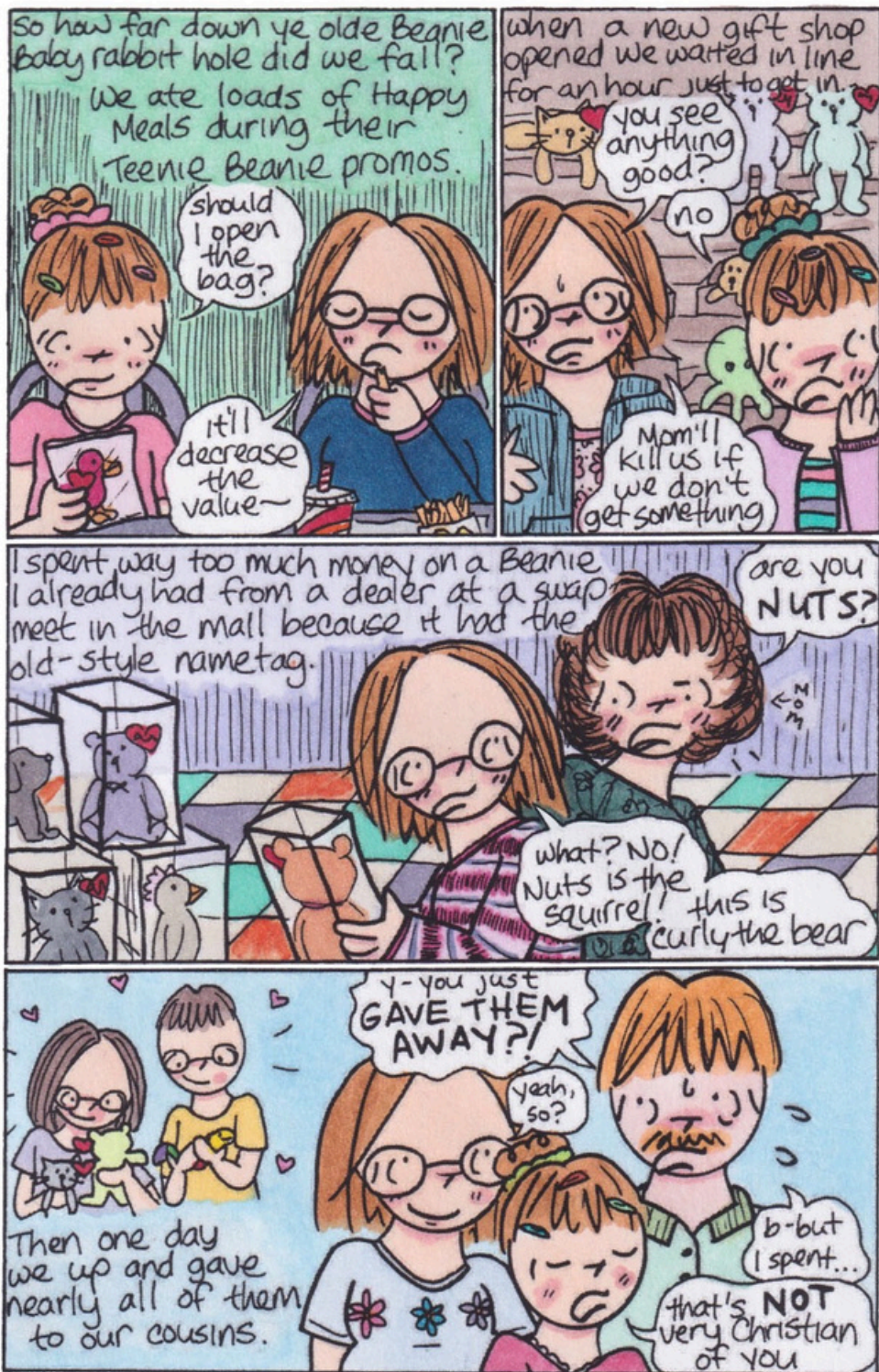
I found copies of both at a used book sale recently.



← I'm old now

The Handbook is great because it lists estimated values for each Beanie in the far-off year of 2007.





just a kid

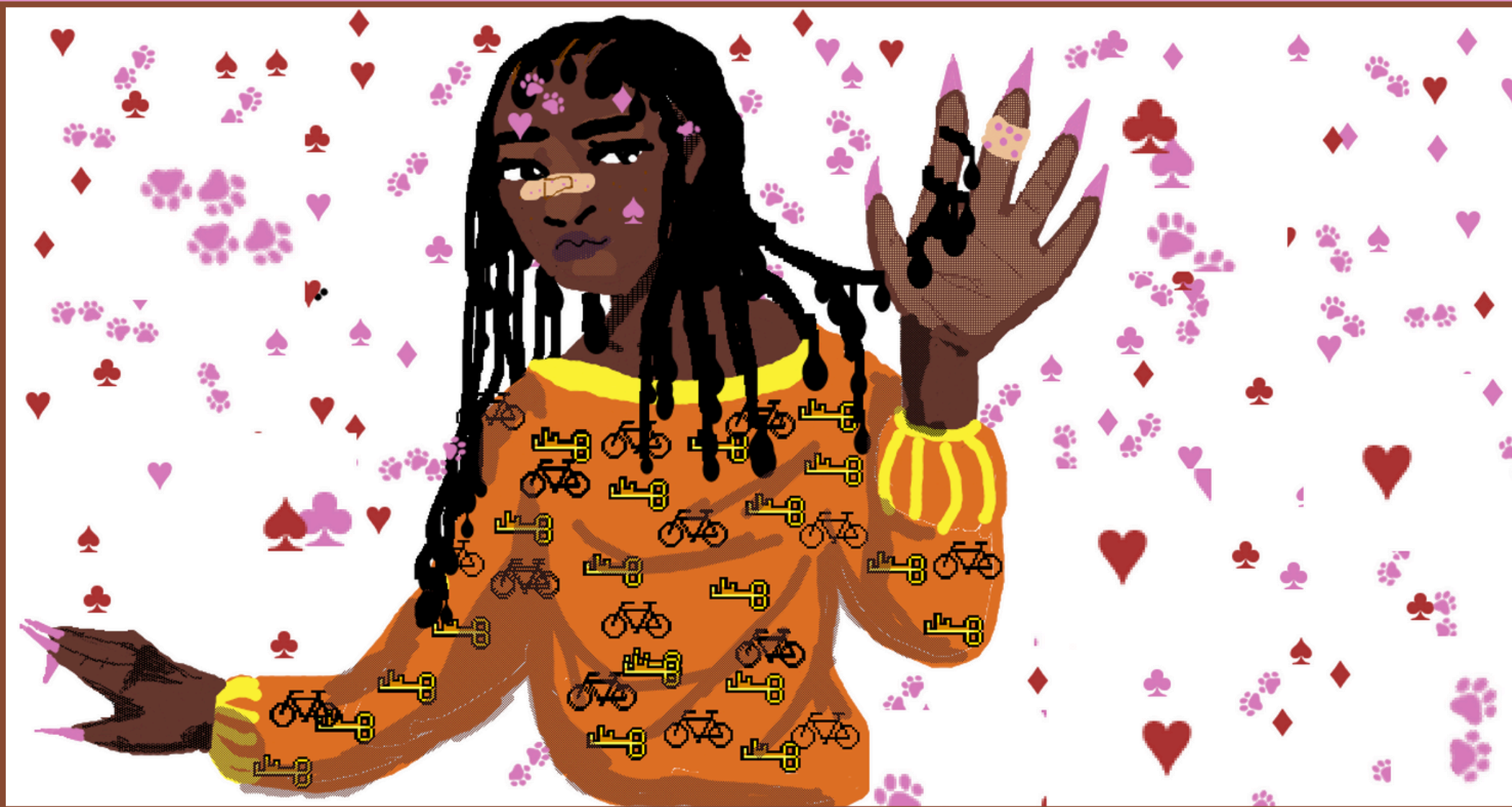
lately i've been braiding my hair
like i did when i was eight
two little braids on each side of my head
tied together with teensy purple rubber bands

i remember having that hair style on vacation
clearwater beach, florida
a family vacation
i can't remember much else from back then
and i have to wonder
is that what the y2k glitch was all about?
a zap in my memories
erasing the good
leaving me feeling so misunderstood

logging into neopets and gaia online
that's around the time i started wanting to die
it's easy to sink into the nostalgia
playing the sims on the bulky family living room computer
britney spears poster on the wall

back then i was just a kid
and also closeted
pretending to like the famous guys my friends did
johnny depp and orlando bloom
gaucho pants and jelly shoes
nights spent alone in my room
glow in the dark stars across the ceiling
reading books under the covers
i started keeping secrets from my mother

so much anxiety in the air
the world was changing,
the adults were scared
i was just a kid but
i felt it too
i was just a kid
who grew up too soon.



Hearts of Darkness, Hearts of Glass

Adelaide, South Australia 1995

I was barely 17 and in my final year of high school.

An after school job at McDonalds supports my growing collection of black band tees, VERTIGO comics and Nine Inch Nails CDs.

BATMAN FOREVER is poised to become THE box office hit of the season.

France plans to drop Nuclear Bombs on an uninhabited colonial outpost in French Polynesia in the name of "Weapons Research".

We don't know it yet but we are at peak Happy Meal. Every month a new gimmick, a new novelty to crave and collect. I may have been a disillusioned 90s teen but even I had a carefully curated selection of Animaniacs Mc Figurines on my bedroom shelves.

This is the story of how all those things intersect in unexpected ways.

Sometimes big events warrant the deluxe treatment, the legendary collectors' cup. In the middle of 1995 there was no event bigger than BATMAN FOREVER.

The Gothic Weirdness of Burton BATMAN is gone, replaced by a kaleidoscope of camp colour.

Michael Keaton is out, Val Kilmer is in. He's backed up by a powerhouse A List cast; Tommy Lee Jones, Jim Carrey, Nicole Kidman and Chris O'Donnell.

All of them have their faces etched in a series of 4 glass collectors' cups. These aren't your little sister's Happy Meal toys.

These are high end items that will surely one day be passed down to your children and your children's children and your children's children's children.

Made of high quality glass, designed by artisans. Made in France.

And for many concerned Australian consumers this is a problem.

All across the country there are calls for boycotts and bans of all things French. Greenpeace and other activist groups blacklist French products, brands and retailers to protest the Nuclear Testing.

McDonald's is on that list. The BATMAN FOREVER collectors' cups are on that list.

And it's somehow my responsibility to push Ronald's Rhetoric in response to the boycott.

Hastily photocopied flyers are pinned to the noticeboard in the crew room. McDonalds employees all around the country are educated with disclaimers, talking points, scripts that we are required to memorise like a Pledge of Allegiance.

We don't know it but we are front line forces of the Golden Arch Army and its culture war counter offensive.

Just a bunch of kids, earning minimum wage, making some play money.

Just a bunch of kids being ordered to educate the Australian people on Global Supply Chains, Brand Synergy and Consumer Capitalism.

I think we all know who the real super villains are here.

Interview with a 2000's E-Waste Enthusiast in 2025

SM: Hi everyone! So while we're talking about 1990's and 2000's ephemera, which many of us grew up with— folks who are now in their late 20's, early 30's— I figured who better to interview than my partner?

SM: This is my partner of 5 years, RP, and the entire time I've known him he's been OBSESSED with old tech. Not like, gameboys and whatnot like a lot of people seem to like— that was more 80's— but old 2000's Apple technology especially. I sat down to chat with him about his passions and we touched on everything from shifting American culture to repairing old iPods. Hope you enjoy!

[Interview starts]

SM: So you collect old tech, this is something all our shared friends know about you. What first drew you do this?

RP: I tell a lot of people that it's nostalgia for the era, but that's actually a lie.

I was born in 1998, and the first iPod Classic came out in 2001. While I missed the era of the device that I actually would come to collect, I was very much there for the era of the iPod Nano. The ones with those fun colors that were in the little aluminum shell.

And I thought those were just the coolest thing ever. And I absolutely could not afford one. When I learned that those are unfixable...I pivoted to the iPod Classic.

Growing up, everything I owned came from a thrift store...and I'd have to fix it in some way. I put another maybe \$20-\$30 of work into an iPod, and I built what is essentially a modern version of the iPod Classic.

SM: How did you do that?

RP: You can upgrade the battery's physical capacity. A modern battery will give you about 6x the battery life, which can be up to a month of continuous off and on usage. You can also have modern SSD-style storage in an iPod. It gives you up to a terabyte of storage which, that's maybe a hundred thousand songs.

SM: You talked a bit about iPods, but what specific kinds of tech do you collect overall?

RP: Ironically, a lot of it is Apple stuff, because before the 2010s, Apple was designed to be repairable and somewhat future-proof. I know that sounds crazy, but it really was.

I have an iMac— the iMac G4 in "Strawberry" flavor. It's one of the ones with the translucent colored plastic and the big CRT monitor. And that thing still works and it works well. The operating system that it runs on is still security updated. So you can go on the internet and not, you know, get swarmed by viruses.

You can't do that on Windows XP.

SM: So you're talking a bit about the "right now" of repairing them, the way you're interacting with these old things in the present. But what about the 2000s speaks the most to you as you experienced it?

RP: I'm not sure if it was being a kid or the era that it was, but computers seem to be synonymous with hope.

This was a device that let you learn anything, talk to anyone, look at everything in the world.

It was fun to just open a program and see what you could do with it. You could just draw, or you could just look something up, or you could just listen to music. And you could do that whenever you wanted, as long as you were at a computer.

And that's what they felt like they were for. And I think we've lost a lot of that as computers have become everyday objects that are carried around with us all the time. It stopped being a miracle.

SM: You talked a bit about, you know, what you remember from that time period, and what it meant to you as a child of that era. What do you think other people remember this period for most? Did they have a similar or a different experience?

RP: I think that the people who are older than me remember the 2000s almost exclusively as a time of fear.

I remember everyone older than us just being terrified, absolutely terrified all the time for years, for almost the entire decade after 9/11.

There's this concept called the "end of history." The "end of history" happened in the 90s when the Soviet Union fell. And that was supposed to be, the concept goes, where every country in the world, having seen dictatorship fail, would just simply choose to be a democracy. They would progressively increase the quality of life for their citizens, and humanity would be content with itself for the rest of time.

This is what people actually thought was going to happen. And that stopped because planes hit towers. People realized that it just isn't that simple.

SM: So in the early 2000's we had this very colorful aesthetic counterposed with the attack on 9/11. How do you think these two things come together? How do they interact?

RP: I think the 2000s killed sincerity. That's what I think. In the 1990s everything was very extreme and radical and cool and crazy. In the 2000s they tried to keep that up. And by the end of the 2000s that all went away.

Instead of something being genuinely cool, you had to make fun of it. It's the same thing with Frutiger Aero aesthetic. It's bright, it's colorful, it's alive, it's vibrant. And then all of that had to go away. When you look at 2010's design aesthetic, it is gray aluminum and black glass.

SM: Sort of like the McDonald's redesign? I think that happened in the early 2010s.

RP: That's it. Yes, like the Soviet McDonald's aesthetic that they have now.

Because we came from an era where things were fun. It was fun to use computers. An iMac that cost \$1,000 could be pink. And that was fun. That was part of the appeal.

SM: So the most obvious way to talk about the end of the 2000s is to say, well, it was 2010. But what do you think actually marks the end of the Y2K sort of era that we're talking about here?

RP: 2009. The invention of the smartphone.

Phones before then were crazy and then the smartphone came out, and that was over. The cell phone was a rectangle. It was aluminum and black glass. And that's it.

SM: Any last thoughts on anything we covered?

Yeah, actually, I think it's a worthwhile pursuit for anyone out there to pick up something old and repairable.

The gaming laptop that you always wanted when you were a little kid and it's bright red and it's called something ridiculous like the Cosmo Destroyer 30XD. It's probably a hundred bucks on eBay and you should go buy it and you should fix it up and you should use it. If you're somebody who always wanted an iPod, you should go buy one. Right now. Go on eBay. And pick it up and use it. And you will use it. Most of them work just fine after 20 years. You don't ever have to subscribe to it. It's right there. It's all yours.

SM: Alrighty, well thank you honey. I really appreciate getting to talk to you about all this and hearing your insights. I grew up in a very isolated sort of childhood so it's interesting to see how other people experienced, you know, that era.

RP: Sure. Thanks for having me!



SNIP && SNAP // issue no. 4

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issue no. 4

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HeY Hi HeLlo

[[editor :TARAdactyl]

[[layout :dactylife

welcome to another issue of SNIP && SNAP! i had a lot of fun putting together this layout and issue. i hope you enjoy! please use the links above if you need to change your email, unsubscribe, have some feedback, or want to sponsor an issue. ♥ TARAdactyl

POLL

[[last week's results: favescented marker scent

toasted marshmallow [: 87% :] [: 13% :]

cherry

Delete

Reply

Too Long; Didn't Read

[in 119 words]

everyone on the fan-made Club Penguin reboot is old
enough to vote, and I still can't say "ass"

we drown our beliefs
put down our debts like aging childhood pets
login to a wackable waddleable neighborhood
full of free, guaranteed housing

the mall I grew up going to was torn down
but somehow these icebergs are still frozen
these virtual childhood spaces
have outlasted the offline ones

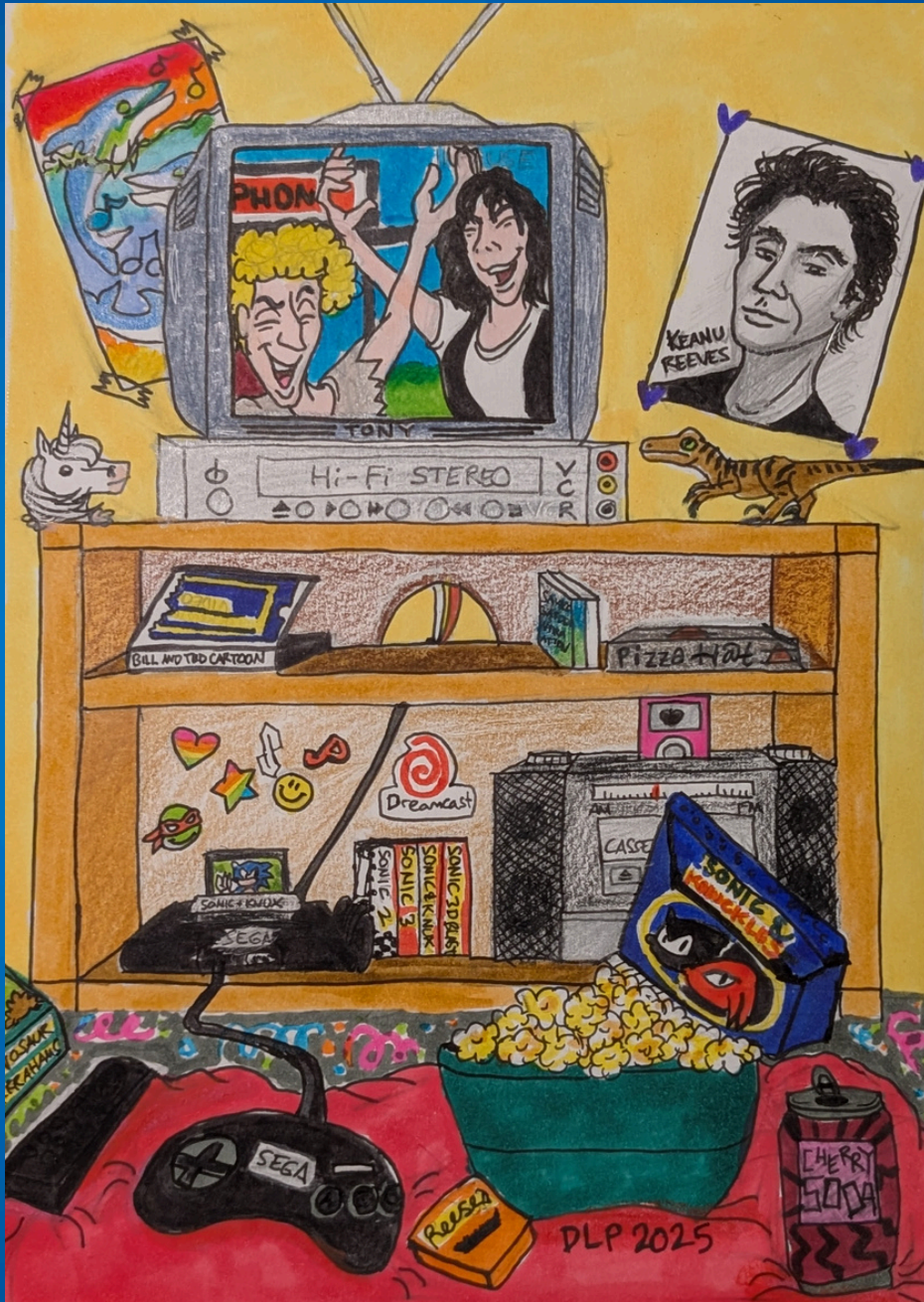
I can't visit my grandparents' house except in dreams
but I can waddle around a town square,
unchanged since 2005
watch me regress decades in an hour
cast aside anxiety with a fishing rod

and when reality calls again,
we tuck our feathered friends into bed,
and return to a melting world

TL;DR

[in 12 words from the original 119]

we reboot, return, regress
tuck our childhoods into feathered beds
and dream



set ur discmans 2 pause

I am nine years old, sitting in the back of my dad's secondhand... something, I can't even remember the make of the car now. All I know is that the glove box held the previous owner's forgotten stash of CDs. I'd flip through the bulky case, curious and a little confused. I didn't even know you could listen to music on these, my only experience with them was watching bootleg Pokémon episodes my dad got from some random guy. He had a clear favorite, though: a CD titled Straight Outta Compton by N.W.A. He liked to play it loud. Really loud.

I'm eleven years old and I learned how to burn a CD. I decided to give it a shot on the family computer, clicking through some shady websites to download MP3 files. It felt like a secret mission, like I was doing something forbidden and undercover. Looking back, it's funny how serious it seemed. I burned all sorts of love songs I was obsessed with back then — the standout was NSYNC's "God Must Have Spent a Little More Time on You." Pretty much everything I thought I knew about love came from the DVDs my dad made us watch, 'movies from his day,' mostly '90s and early 2000s rom-coms. In my head, burning that CD felt just like one of those movies: the shy kid working up the nerve to confess his feelings, handing over a carefully made mix CD, all the courage he could gather squeezed into a stack of songs ripped off LimeWire and a spindle of blank discs.

The year is 2013 and by this point no one owns a damn CD player, except maybe the one in their car.

Still, for some reason, I made it my mission to curate CDs for all my friends: birthdays, holidays, or just because. I doubt any of them ever actually listened to them, but the sentiment was there. Decorating the jewel cases and folding kraft paper covers made it feel even more personal, intimate, almost like a secret held between the gifter and the recipient. I'd handwrite every song title and its run time, then cover everything in glitter glue and tiny rhinestone hearts. There was something about the whole ritual that slowed me down — careful, deliberate, like a rebellion against how fast everything else felt at the time.

The year is 2025. I'm 22 years old, and I won a portable CD player on eBay. It's a Koss CDP1740A, why it's called that, I have no idea. The name makes it sound like a spaceship or an ancient printer. I pair it with my trusty wired Koss Porta Pros, a timeless classic. Now, I bring this clunky little setup with me on my morning walks and when I go sit in coffee shops when I'm pretending to be productive.

I found a used copy of NSYNC's self-titled album at a vintage shop — scratched, but playable — and it took me right back to when I was eleven, burning songs from that very album onto my own blank discs. There's something about hearing it now, spinning inside this clear blue plastic player balanced in my coat pocket, being careful not to walk or breathe too briskly as to avoid the disc skipping, that feels like I'm suspended somewhere in time. The skip button clicks under my thumb, the disc whirs inside, and for a moment I am listening, the same way I did when I thought love songs could teach me everything I needed to know about the world.

Link's (and my) Awakening: In Appreciation of the Original Game Boy's Barf Green Dot Matrix Grid and the Memories it Holds

Video games are too long these days. And there are too many of them. Like most people with a BlueSky account, I still play plenty of video games, and like a lot of them. But also, when I talk to other gamers about what they really love about playing games, they almost always reference a singular title from their pasts. Perhaps it's Sonic that got them hooked, or maybe they feel a deep connection with their pokemon. Or maybe they cut their teeth on Final Fantasy VII, where they renamed Tifa or Aeris after their first grade school crush. For me, there was only one game I ever needed as an 8 year old with a daily 30 minute bus ride to and from school, and that game was Link's Awakening, played on the original Game Boy with the see-through plastic casing.

I still remember my Dad taking me to Best Buy - or was it Circuit City? - to buy the thing; feeling myself in awe of his sudden and unexpected generosity. I knew that you could play Mario on the Game Boy, as well as his evil uncle, Wario. And I knew of the less-good games like Baseball and Joust. I knew this because another generous person - my childhood best friend, Brendan, sat next to me on the bus and let me play his Game Boy even before I had my own. But nothing came close to the infinite possibilities evoked from playing even a single session of Link's Awakening. Through the barf green dot matrix grid, I saw a world of endless inspiration and color. The secrets the game held within its puny cartridge regarding its lore, its characters, and even life itself, felt unlimited to my developing child brain.

I suppose that, at its core, retro gaming is about tapping into that forgotten childhood memory of excitement. Surely, there have been other ways to play Link's Awakening since the OG Game Boy release, like that HD Switch remake, and a few fan-brewed "updates" to the game, but recently I decided to play the original cartridge again, this time on a fancy Analogue Pocket (a modern, and relatively expensive re-engineering of the original Game Boy). After completing the game for a second time, I found it to be just as alluring as ever - a fully featured experience with surprisingly intuitive controls, set in a thoughtfully crafted, and sometimes even provocative, world.

Of course, Link's Awakening is a game set inside of a dream, and all dreams must end. That's one thing that remains so compelling about it and, by extension, almost all retro games. In our era of live service games and AI generated slop experiences that go on forever, we can look back to retro games like Link's Awakening as quaint experiences that sought to enhance life without replacing it. Moreover, playing these games as an adult has given me a new lease on my past, in some ways. The chance to tap into my own childhood memories, and rewind my own experiences, if only for a few minutes, has given me a new found freedom to reflect on my own past, and approach it with a more gracious perspective.

Heck, maybe one of these days, I'll even start playing more retro games that I missed from back in the day. Maybe I'll finally decide to check out what all the fuss is about, and play Pokemon Red or Blue.

In the original barf green DMG.

Wandering the Video Store

Fluorescent hum hangs heavy overhead
a forest of plastic spines,
Arnold flexes in Commando's glare,
Bruce Willis stares down neon-flickered foes,
ghosts of battles past frozen in time.
He slips through aisles, fingertips brushing
Jean-Claude's high-kick suspended midair,
Van Damme caught in a stillborn leap,
WWF titans locked on grainy tapes
heroes trapped between rewind and play.

A wrestling tape, a game cartridge,
each a portal pulsing with promise
weekend battles fought in pixels and grit,
stories stitched with static and roar.
The scent of melting plastic and popcorn dreams
clings like a second skin,
the thrill of boundless choice
a kingdom where time folds,
hours stretch wide, untamed.
No ticking clock, no plans to break
just the pulse of possibility,
the quiet magic of here:
a boy adrift in flickering worlds,
each spine a door
to lives yet lived.



Cha Cha Real Smooth

UNTIL IT HURTS





Bob and I had been on and off friends since 3RD Grade. We both turned 21 in early 1999.

I can't remember how why we decided to have a Mexican Beach Party Indoors at Bob's Mom's House

I still don't know how we ended up with a tonne of sand on Bob's floor. That's probably a good thing



LAN Party Lament

The screen blinks blue
Quake's loading, buds online,
a pixel warzone breathing
in the basement's stale air.
Dial-up screeches through the walls
mom yells, "I'm using the phone!"
But the modem's wail is my battle cry,
a static anthem of digital youth.
Pizza boxes pile like trophies,
grease-stained manuals,
controllers tangled in ethernet,
laughs and trash-talk spilling
over patch cables and lag.
I clutch the headset tight
voice crackling in 56k,
"Cover me!" I shout,
while the world outside
fades into dial tones and wait.
The clock ticks past midnight,
but here we're gods and ghosts,
fragging through the fog
until the power blinks out,
and reality calls me back
with a mother's sharp "Hang up now."

MANIC MONDAYS (SERG)



"It's really Monday "

My whole personality is monday

Last active: 16 hours ago

Mood: Hate Mondays

View my: Blog | Forum Topics

Contacting Manic Mondays (serg)

- Add to Friends
- Add to Favorites
- Send Message
- Forward to Friend
- Block User
- Instant Message

Manic Mondays (serg)'s Latest Blog Entries [View Blog]

There are no Blog Entries yet.

Manic Mondays (serg)'s Blurbs

About me:

This will either be short and painless... or long as hell. This was my first real dose of social media—a true online jungle. I'm a chaotic enigma. I take the shape of what the moment demands. Not good. Not bad. Just necessary. My happy place? Being around the people who actually matter. I consider myself a pretty solid support character in the lives of those I care about, all while chasing my own goals. I'm no longer that emo kid from the past—I'm a life enjoyer now. I want to know your favorite songs, your greatest triumphs, your darkest moments. I talk constantly—about serious things, unserious things, life things. I hope you read this. You're here. Imagine that.

Who I'd like to meet:

Manic Mondays (serg)'s Friend Space

Manic Mondays (serg) has 3 friends. [view all]

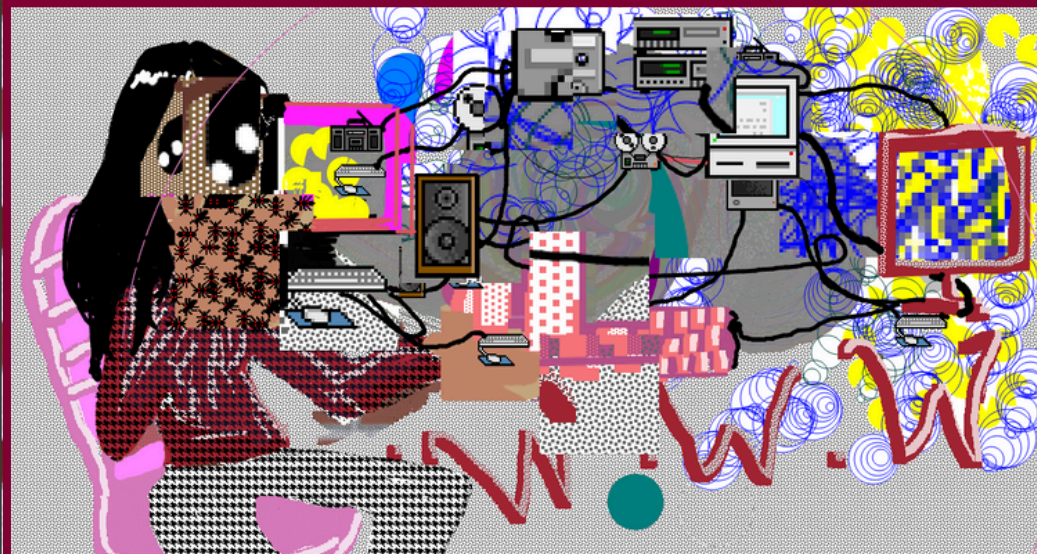
username pending

SpaceHey <



An <

Cool..!



WILD STYLE

Let's Play Mermaids!

SUMMER 2002

Aged 8

Annie told me her tail was aqua, so mine couldn't be blue. But it could be purple, or pink, or orange, or yellow—just not with sparkles, because hers had sparkles.

And Annie said her power was talking to seahorses. I could talk to them as well, but only when she was around—because she could share her power with me.

And Annie said she had a really good singing voice, but I wasn't allowed to sing, even though I'm actually in the girls' choir and Annie isn't.

And Annie told me her crush was Jason and that he liked her as well but I also have a crush on Jason, and I told Annie that.

And Annie told me I shouldn't eat hot chips at the pool. But if I did, she said there was a way to make it seem like I didn't eat at all.

And Annie told me Jessica said she didn't like my hair. But Jessica told me she *did* like my hair.

Today, Annie said I can't be a mermaid.

Annie is my best friend—until she isn't.



Top Five Memories of a 1997 baby:

1. The row of CRT monitors in my school's Computer Room. I think some of them were Macs, the colorful translucent ones. It was a rule: you always picked your favorite color.

In 4th grade we had a weekly typing class, with little cardboard contraptions placed over our keyboards so we couldn't look. I would still peek. My typing was forever "wrong"—I learned to type from making friends online. At home, my fingers fluttered over the keys in a blur: "Hiya! xD"

2. The outdoors as a place appealing to go, do, be. I didn't have my own computer until age 11— and that at my nerdy dad's insistence. None of my friends did. But for many years

I preferred playing outside. I would dig a hole in the ground, fill it with water, squish my feet around in the mud with my sister. It was our "spa."

I looked at all the bugs. I watched anthills, and I terrorized flies with my plastic bug-catcher kit. I lounged in the sun and floated in our blue plastic pool.

"It's DINNER-time!" my mom would yell from the window, and I would run on calloused feet across our garden, through the humid and dark garage, and into our peeling-linoleum kitchen.

Often I'd slink back out, reluctantly wash the dirt off my little hands and feet.

Fun was organic back then. You had to go out and find it, make it.



3. The Phone as a tool/The Internet as a place to go. Rich kids had cell phones; it was a cool, functional fashion accessory. They giggled about calling each other for hours, and it made the rest of us green.

I pointed out to my dad, in one of the Scholastic Book Fair catalogs, a hot-hot-HOT pink girls' flip phone. Only a few hundred dollars.

I remember that he laughed. I would just break it; it was too much money; I was too young for that kind of thing. If I needed to call someone I could ask the front desk at school.

And the internet was like an object. You had to go to the Computer Room of your house, with the giant CRTs in every corner (or maybe just one stacked up on a table in the living room) to consult Internet Explorer-as-oracle for your homework.

Pencils erased words again and again on lined paper. You could still see the ghost of what had been written before. Better start again on a new paper...

4. Scholastic Book Fairs and Open House nights. I would introduce my parents to my teacher, a buzz of energy, seeing my friends with their family and the whole school lit up at night, and then run off for the cafeteria where the Fair was set up.

I think I first realized I was poor on my first Scholastic Book Fair night.

My mom whispered to herself about how expensive everything was- if I was to get anything at all, it was a good portion of our grocery money for our family of 4.

I was never allowed to buy anything. But even just being there seeing the joy of my classmates was enough.

One year, I think my last at that elementary school, I had saved up money to buy just one thing. It was a little comic of Avatar: The Last Airbender. I loved watching it on TV after school.

I read the comic and the book, which had a silly little quiz to tell you what type of bender you would be.

It told me that, because I was born in summer, I would be a firebender. And I cried.

5. Afterschool TV programming. Me and my sister had to finish our homework first, but after that the TV was all ours- for hours.

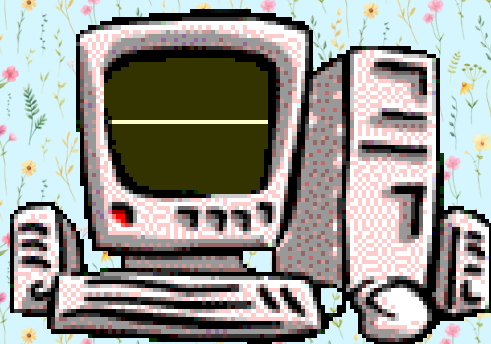
We would sit crosslegged on the floor, jump and climb around on the furniture, and just have a blast- with everything from Nicktoons to Discovery Kids. We were mesmerized by whatever the TV put in front of us.

...

It's strange looking back and seeing how impermanent it all was. What felt like immutable facts of life were just aspects of the time. All the silly commercials we had memorized are now just the slogans of adults trying, trying to remember.

In a way, wishing we could go back.

In a way, wishing it had been different.



ttyl

Kelsey threw her JanSport into the corner of her room and sank into her beanbag chair, arms already folded into a pout. The beanbag was an ugly brown thing covered in mystery stains and smells that had been one of her brother's hand-me-downs. Its styrofoam beads rustled softly as she settled into it, puffing up around her. She couldn't be more pissed off at Emma B. for tripping her during practice and Emma S. for laughing about it. Everyone knew that Emma B. had let Johnny get to third base last year right after breaking up with Conner—and that she was like such a huge bitch anyway—because Kelsey had told Ciara about it first but then Ciara had told the entire team, but everybody had said that it was like a really slutty thing to do, not even just her. And it wasn't Kelsey's fault that Ciara couldn't shut her fat mouth and Emma found out.

Hours later, Kelsey's face still burned with embarrassment (and astringent acne pads, wiped vigorously over her forehead after practice to avoid zit city). No one on the entire team had even said anything when she got up and her entire left buttcheek was smeared in mud, not even Ciara. They'd just watched, turning their backs to laugh and pretending not to see that Emma had pushed her stick underneath Kelsey's foot on purpose.

"Kelsey Marie, you better be doing homework up there and not on the computer!" her mother's nasal voice carried upstairs and down the hallway to Kelsey's room..

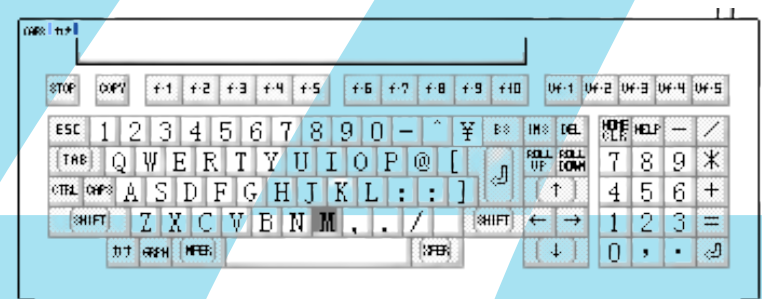
"Jesum crow, mom, yes I'm doing homework," she shouted back. She pulled herself out of the beanbag, her feet unbalanced on its loose, squashy stuffing, and slammed her bedroom door shut. The house shook with shouts of her first, middle, and last name, carried up on the scent of pre-packaged taco seasoning sizzling its way through overcooked ground beef. Kelsey swapped a new CD into her boombox and turned the volume knob until her walls vibrated. The row of trophies and polaroids and ticket stubs and dead Tamogatchi, hanged from thumbtacks on the bulletin board above her desk, danced against the wallpaper.

The noise thumped deep down into her bones, pulsating through her out and through the house, through her mother yelling to come set the table for dinner and her brother yelling at his computer because he snagged a headshot or was someone else's headshot (she couldn't tell) and her father yelling at the cat for scratching the new couch. She shoved a stack of unread Honor's English books to the edge of her desk and wiggled her mouse. The screen lit up, washing her face in blue, and she pulled up a chat window to message Ciara. The Scarlet Letter toppled over to the floor, pages crumpling into the rug.

xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: hey
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: y didnt u say anything earlier
 fi3ldh0ck3ylov3r: ??
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: with emma
 fieldh0ck3yl0v3r: which emma
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: dont b dumb ciara
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: emma b
 fi3ldh0ck3ylov3r: no one likes her
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: yea ik
 fi3ldh0ck3ylov3r: sry <33
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: its kk
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: kinda mad tho
 fi3ldh0ck3ylov3r: ilu dont be mad
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: did u see robby is online
 fieldh0ck3yl0v3r: omg
 fieldh0ck3yl0v3r: should i say sumthn
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: liek wat
 fi3ldh0ck3ylov3r: idk
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: idk either
 fi3ldh0ck3ylov3r: do u think i should tell him i like him?
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: idk
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: no, u should play hard 2 get
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: g2g help my mom set the table for
 dinner, bbl
 fi3ldh0ck3ylov3r: kk, byee <333

Kelsey let the cursor blink in and out, left the chatbox
 filled with a heap of unsaid. She set her away message to
 brb dinner but stayed at her desk, pulling up a new chat
 window and moving it over Ciara's.
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: hey lol
 robby1218: hi
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: sup?
 robby1218: nmu?
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: nm
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: just chillin :P
 robby1218: yea?
 xXx_k3ls3y_xXx: yea :P

Her fingers hovered over the keyboard. She could feel
 the heat rising in her face again, could feel it a little bit
 in her stomach too. Pale and lanky, Robby wasn't her type.
 He was Ciara's. Her ankle was already purple, bruised and
 swollen because of Emma B. It throbbed in and out with
 the cursor, blinking, waiting for Robby to say something.







YOU'D BETTER
NOT POUT
YOU'D BETTER
NOT CRY

@KLmakes thin33

7¢ short

"Regina George?" asked Sean.

"Nope. Not her."

"Kevin McCallister?"

"Absolutely not." Madison stretched out her arms, which made her shoulders graze the oversized hoop earrings that hung below her long, bandana-covered hair.

"Surely Orlando Bloom then?"

"You mean Legolas?" she countered.

"I mean: Orlando Bloom."

"Then no. I highly doubt he's getting into heaven."

Madison shook her head and turned her attention back to the pile of DVD cases behind them. It was Monday morning, and they had to deal with last night's returns. Madison began prepping while in her khakis and blue polo. Sean followed suit, though not as professionally dressed in his jeans and puka shell necklace.

The store smelled of carpet cleaner mixed with hints of artificially buttered popcorn. They split the pile into two stacks on opposite ends of the counter. Before either could get started on their own DVD stack, the door chimed, and in walked a high schooler wearing baggy jeans and a rather large hoodie; greasy gel kept his brown hair spiked with ease. He glanced at the two while rushing past. Madison waved, but the teen hurried along, disappearing between the video game aisles.

"Jesse again, huh?" said Sean.

Madison replied, "Keep going through the returns. I'll be right back."

She approached the video game section and rested her elbow on a shelf of new releases. "How's it going Jesse? Anything I can help you with?"

Jesse focused on the rows of Xbox sports games in front of him. They ranged from football to volleyball and even hunting. "I'm good. Thank you, though."

Madison nodded to herself, then asked, "Aren't you supposed to be in school right now? It's 10am."

Jesse dug his hands into his hoodie pocket. He stepped to his right — away from her and toward the latest Star Wars games. He snuck a peek back at the volleyball game's cover: three women in bikinis posed with no volleyball in sight. "It's a halfday."

"Riiight," replied Madison.

"Uhh, I only go in for the second half."

"Whatever you say, dude," said Madison.

She rejoined Sean behind the counter. He had made some progress with his stack, yet somehow hers seemed to grow. He leaned back against the counter and watched the TV above them cycle through trailer after trailer.

"Come on, Sean. We got work to do."

Sean lazily held up a finger. "Wait, this one is really good."

Spiderman swung across the screen, flinging himself through the streets of New York. He sped up, then launched himself onto a speeding train.

"Sean, you don't even like movies. You just play RuneScape all day."

Entranced by the blue and red hero, he replied, "Yeah, but it beats working."

"Well..." Madison started, before joining him in watching the trailer they'd seen dozens of times. "You're not wrong."

Spiderman's trailer began to fade. In its place, a cheery voiceover narrated a woman taking her fiancé to meet her rather large family. As the hijinks and awkward moments rolled on, Sean and Madison heard cases shuffle from where Jesse was browsing.

"He's getting that sexy volleyball game again, isn't he?" asked Sean.

"Oh, most definitely," answered Madison. "We seriously need to get back to these stacks, though."

"Sure thing. This one's... almost over," said Sean, slack-jawed.

Madison worked away on her stack as Jesse approached the counter. He kept his shoulders hunched forward, and hid his hands in his hoodie pocket. Without making eye contact, he quickly pulled out his chosen game and placed it on the counter. Sean finally got away from the TV and remarked, "Xtreme Beach Volleyball again, huh?"

Jesse's cheeks reddened. "I — I don't have a memory card. So it's tough to complete it in one go."

"I'm sure you're very good at the opening cutscene by now," continued Sean.

Madison lightly tapped Sean's shoulder with the back of her hand. "Lay off him, will ya? He's a good kid."

"I guess learning about physics is educational," he quipped back, turning toward his pile. He then paused — face scrunched — and put out his hand to measure how high his stack had gotten.

Madison scanned the game's barcode. "Don't worry about Sean. It'll be seven dollars and eighty cents."

Jesse reached back into his hoodie and pulled out a ziplock bag of grimy coins. He peeled it open, unleashing a harsh metallic smell that made Madison and Sean sniff and wince. He then poured out the change, sending the coins clattering along the countertop.

"Oh fuck that. I am not counting those," said Madison.

Sean, holding several DVDs, tried to stifle his laughter. He stepped behind Madison toward her end of the counter as he shook his head. With nervous fingers, Jesse began counting the loose change. Madison watched and rolled her eyes while Sean's incessant giggling grew louder.

"Seven seventy-one. Seventy-two... seventy-three. Seven seventy-three," said Jesse, pushing the pile of change towards her.

Madison sighed. "I'm sorry, kid. That's not enough. We can't let you rent it this time."

Jesse's gaze shot up, finally making eye contact, and he gripped the edge of the counter with both hands. "But it's so close! Come on, give me a pass this time?"

"Them's the rules," said Madison, remaining firm.

"I practically walked two miles to get here!"

"And you'll make up for missing gym on the way back."

Jesse took a breath and hung his head. His saturated, glossy hair glistened in the fluorescent light. He corralled the change into the crook of his arm, then scraped them along the counter back into his stretched ziplock bag. He trudged away and left through the dingy door without looking back.

Sean and Madison exchanged two half-smiles then returned to their stacks — with Madison's slightly higher. They looked over the work they'd yet to finish. Sean hesitated, then asked, "What about Nemo?"

Madison leaned back against her stack, carelessly sending a few DVDs tumbling down into a wastebin. "Hmm, that's a tough one. I'd give him a hard maybe."

VIDEO



You Broke My Heart Collect

(for anyone who ever dialed love long-distance)

I tried to reach you with *69,

but you never called back.

Left voicemails in the static

just dial tones and panic attacks.

I punched in 1010220,

hoping for connection

but it charged me twenty cents

to hear you love someone else.

I whispered secrets to the keypad:

"Press 1 for yes, 2 for no,"

but you rerouted every syllable

to a place I'll never know.

I called you collect

"Will you accept the charges

for one fractured heart?"

The operator paused.

Then silence.

Click.

I tried 1-800-COME-BACK,

but Bell said it was disconnected.

I redialed for weeks,

before finally accepting rejection.

My house phone still holds your ghost,

your name, your number,

etched in plastic,

carved by some cruel god.

Now I keep it all like voodoo:

a post-it with your digits,

the sound of a busy signal,

that cruel delay

before the voicemail clicks.

Call me anytime

I'm still *67-ing myself

out of your memory.



Things Miss Cleo Told Me

Miss Cleo said my love was written in the stars
but all I got was static and bad reception.

- She said a secret waited just beyond the screen,
where tarot cards turned to error codes.

She warned me:

"Beware the number 3, 7, and *99."

But I only dialed *67,
trying to hide my heartbreak
from the call waiting.

"Your future holds a mystery call,"
she said in that syrupy voice

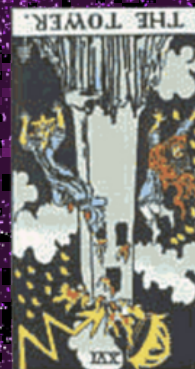
I waited by the landline,
but all I heard was the hiss
of my own disbelief.

She told me my soulmate was near
maybe stuck in a chatroom
or lost behind a lagging webcam.

But the only thing loading
was the weight of silence.

Miss Cleo said "Don't trust the red light."

So I unplugged the phone,
and stared at the blinking cursor
like it was a crystal ball
that refused to speak.



The Champagne Theater

The Night I Partied Like I Was Born in 1939

I spent the morning as usual.

I woke up.

I chopped fresh raw almonds as my oatmeal simmered on the stove in my two-bedroom, two-story condo overlooking a lake in Branson, MO.

I lived alone. It was peaceful.

I made tea while listening to mixtapes and CDs of Miles Davis, Elvis Costello, Tool, Hole, Toots Theilemans, Anita O'Day, White Zombie, Tom Waits, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, Filter, Red Norvo, Modern Jazz Quartet, PJ Harvey, Jon Coltrane, and other artists spanning generations.

I took my time.

I didn't have a choice.

I set the table, rinsed some raspberries – special ordered from the one market in town that had gotten used to my “odd requests” for things like daikon radish, soy milk, enoki mushrooms, out-of-season fruits and veggies, and unscented body wash that this transplanted-to-the-Midwest girl had taken for granted, having grown up in Southern California. I had so much time on my hands. I wasn't used to it.

I had been working since I was fourteen. I had been on my own since seventeen. I'd always worked multiple jobs trying to keep a roof over my head – barely having enough money to keep my utilities paid, and always having to bargain with myself over filling up my 88' Subaru Justy with gas, or getting something to eat.

On this morning, in my quiet condo, I was a few years into a contract as a featured dancer, in a well-respected show that I loved. It was The Andy Williams Show. It was the first time I had a taste of stability since I was seven years old. I also had other luxuries – luxuries I never had, even before I was on my own at seventeen. I had a garbage disposal. I had a washer and drying in my condo. I had a microwave. I had a steady income. I had health insurance. I had gone on a vacation!

My life was good. I wanted the life I made to continue.

Normally, in the mornings, I would guide kayak tours from 7:00am 12:00pm, or do a solo-paddle if there were no excursions booked, before heading to the theater for our 2:30pm call time. On days with no show, I'd go for a hike, read a book, or make the hour-long drive to Springfield, MO to shop at Target, followed by a late sushi and beer lunch at the only decent sushi restaurant for over 200 miles.

Unfortunately, on this day, I couldn't do any of those things.

I had so much time to kill before midnight.

Without any distractions, I was restless, worried, and quite sad.

I did my best to appreciate my oatmeal with chopped almonds and soy milk. I tried to luxuriate in my aromatic cup of Pau d'Arco tea. I observed how my mood began to spoil the sounds of Coltrane and Davis – I've often said that Jazz will take on the mood of the listener. Well, my thoughts of dread were putrefying the music the way rotting vegetables can permeate the flavor of other foods in a refrigerator.

I wanted to change the music but I couldn't.

It had taken so much effort just to make a simple meal of oatmeal and a cup of tea.

Each motion to get the food on the table made me think of all that I had had worked so hard for.

I was worried that it would all be over sooner than I had ever imagined.

With each step to complete a simple task, I was reminded that I was old. I was almost thirty. I had begun to realize that, most likely, I didn't have a future.

At that time, I didn't have much hope beyond that evening.

I was going to do my best to make the most of it.

I had plans to ring in the New Year alone, surrounded by a thousand old folks from around the world.

I used the remainder of the day to figure out how I was going to make it to The Welk Resort's Champagne Theater.

The boyfriend I had at the time took my car. He was spending the Holidays with his family in Hurley, MO about an hour away.

He left his Ford F-150 for me to drive while he was away. I would have preferred my tiny 3-cylinder stick-shift Subaru on the winter-slick winding roads of Branson, but the roads were the least of my concerns.

I had to figure out how to safely get myself down three flights of stairs in under 40-degree weather and then from the parking lot all the way to the theater, alone, while using crutches. Somehow, I did, and it wasn't easy, and it was definitely painful. It had been barely two weeks since I had undergone knee surgery. And I was alone.

I made my way across the Welk Resort parking lot, barely getting by on my crutches, in the slow procession of walkers and wheelchairs, headed for an evening of good cheer. I was no different than all these "old" people. We were all just trying our best to make it to midnight.

And now, here we are, 25 years later. The world didn't end. I'm still dancing. I'm sitting here typing, and hoping, that someday, if I am lucky, I will truly be old.

I am thankful that my life is full of people, decades younger and decades older, that I consider friends, family, mentors, and colleagues. I look forward to many more opportunities to sip champagne with great people, who enjoy sharing stories of their youth, their hopes, their concerns, their dreams, life's lessons, and the future.

On December 31st, 1999, while I had been concerned about my future career as a dancer, everyone else had been worried about Y2K and the end of the world. Y2K wasn't even on my radar.

Contributor Bios

Ashley Anne Katich - just a kid - page 8

ashley anne katich is a self-described “professional never-gotten-over-anything-in-her-entire-life experiencer”. she is a poet and a writer of creative fiction. katich is a lesbian, sober, an outer space enthusiast, a hopelessly romantic optimist! instagram: @resplendentashes tiktok: @ashleyvirus

Claire Gunville - Tamagotchi painting - page 45

Claire Gunville (@clairegunville) is an artist based in Portland, Oregon.

Lily (Basil) MacLachlan - Kidpix 1 and 3 - pgs 9-10,32

Lily (Basil) MacLachlan is a mixed media artist based in Chicago, IL. They like to play and draw as well as create creatures and guys. They most frequently work with fibers, collage, illustration, comics, sculpture and assemblage, and try to combine these media as often as they can. Their work tends to focus on the esoteric and strange, ritual events, queerness and queer embodiment, end-stage capitalism, death, and the taboo. Instagram @willtostitos

Michael Francis - 21st Birthday Collage; Hearts of Darkness, Hearts of Glass - pgs 11-12, 29

Michael Francis is a keen zinester writing for Unknowing, Atomic Elbow and Ghost Watch among others. Find him on Blu Sky and Instagram @tpkzine

Diana L. Pomeroy - Untitled - page 19

DLP is an artist, author and educator. They are genderqueer and neurodivergent-though which flavors exactly elude them as of this writing. Their genres include sci-fi, fantasy, adventure and romance. They enjoy writing and reading tales where disabled characters are thriving protagonists. DLP has published a collection of flash fiction pieces, a series of fan fiction stories and published their first dinosaur fantasy novel, Iara's Crossing, in 2022. They are currently developing a comic adaptation of the sequel to Iara's Crossing, entitled Iara's Ascendance, due out in 2027. DLP lives with their Russian Blue cat Mochi in Orange County, California. They also prefer tea like Captain Jean-Luc Picard: Earl Grey and hot (and would rather not spill it, thank you!). Find all of their stories at dlpauthorartist.com.

Lain Bundalian - set ur discmans 2 pause - pgs 21-22

LB is a queer AAPI designer, illustrator, and the founder of Loveless Press — an independent nonprofit zine project based in Spokane, WA. With a background in media studies, they create new work for old-school sensibilities.

Serg - MySpace - page 31

Not an artist but, I wish to be. Looking back should put a smile on our face if it's able to. Insta: @sergs_the_word

Joshua Walker - LAN Party Lament, Things Miss Cleo Told Me, Broke My Heart Collect, Wandering the Video Store - pgs 25, 30, 53-54, 55

Joshua Walker grew up dodging dial-up tones and camping out for the latest Quake match. He dreams in pixel glitches and mixtape rhythms, fueled by breakfast of eggs and bacon, with a side of Saturday morning cartoons. When not chasing nostalgia, he writes poems that mash myth, madness, and memory—because sometimes, the past is the coolest place to be.

Nasta Martyn - Untitled - page 38

Nasta Martyn is an artist, graphic artist, illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design. The first personal exhibition "My soul is like a wild hawk" (2002) was held in the museum of Maxim Bagdanovich. In her works, she raises themes of ecology, in 2005 she devoted a series of works to the Chernobyl disaster, draws on anti-war topics. The first big series she drew was The Red Book, dedicated to rare and endangered species of animals and birds. Writes fairy tales and poems, illustrates short stories.

Jem - 7¢ short - pgs 47-52

Jem is a queer writer from California. They are eternally fascinated with the silly, absurd, and unusual, which augments their job of striving to alleviating kids' writing fears and spurring them toward inspiration.

Tara - AOL Email Zine - page 18

TARAdactyl is a lady in her late thirties who sends mail and makes messes. She has been reminiscing about the old internet since the last time she heard the dial up connection. She can be reached at dactyllife on IG.

Amanda Zhu - safe and sound ^ _ ^ - pgs 43-44

Amanda (they/them/theirs) is a Chinese-American queer environmentalist and multimedia artist based in California. Their art explores topics such as identity, memory, and land. In their free time, you can find them making art, reading, visiting museums, listening to music, watching films, reconnecting with nature, or playing a video game. For more of Amanda's art, visit their Instagram: @schmoond

Erin Elizabeth Willians - ttyl - pgs 39-42

Erin Elizabeth Williams is a millennial who hasn't quite let go of the side part and skinny jeans and still logs into RuneScape every few years. She has two degrees in religion that she doesn't use, a dead cat who went by Kurt Vonnekat, and a house from 1890 that leaks every time it rains. Her fiction has appeared in JAKE, God's Cruel Joke, and elsewhere. Her only social media is Instagram, she never posts, and she can be found at @erinelizabethyo or at erinelizabethwilliams.com.

Gina Fusco - Beanie Baby comic - pgs 5-7

I have been writing and making bad comics since I was a kid. I live in Pennsylvtucky with my boyfriend, our son, and our cats. I am surprisingly_enough on Instagram, hellogina on Etsy, and I have a website at hearts-n-stars.net.

Tess Ezzy - we're the kids of y2kamerica - page 2

Tess Ezzy is a writer, poet, and fibre artist living on Gadigal land. Her work explores neurodivergence, memory, weather, and the quiet mythologies of domestic life. She makes art under the name The Moody Project, crafting feltscapes and poetic installations that blur story and sensation. Tess is currently completing a Master of Arts in English and working on her first full-length poetic nonfiction book, The Museum of Almost. Her writing has appeared in Island, Cordite, Rabbit, Arna, and elsewhere. When not writing, Tess can be found building forts with her kid, staring at drainpipes, or stitching silence into something softer. Instagram: @themoodypoint_

Shannon McEntee - Win XP Goes to Heaven, The Trifecta, In Love with 2000s Stuff, Top 5 Memories of a 1997 Baby, Interview with a 2000s E-Waste Enthusiast in 2025, Screenshot - pgs 1,3, 13-17, 26 34-37, 51

Shannon McEntee (@MissHalcyon on Bluesky) enjoys dabbling in the past. She writes creative nonfiction, pulling from both our collective and her personal experience of an era long gone.

Kristin Gustafson - Too Long, Didn't Read (Club Penguin), Tinder Profiles of My Fictional Childhood Crushes - pgs 3-4, 20

Kristin Gustafson is a poet and editor from Cleveland Heights, Ohio. She was one of Literary Cleveland's 2023-2024 Breakthrough Writing Residents, and her current work focuses on the intersection of mental illness and pop culture. Her work has appeared in The Offing, HAD, The Quarter(ly), fifth wheel press, Gone Lawn, and elsewhere. You can follow her on Instagram @KristinGustafsonE

Eden Ashley - Let's Play Mermaids! - page 33

Eden Ashley hasn't written much in a long time—aside from the odd poem or prose snippet—but this is her first full piece in a while and her first zine contribution. A full-time dog enthusiast and longtime lover of art and words, she's finding her way back to her art-loving roots. She grew up watching The Simpsons and Sailor Moon, took health advice from Dolly Doctor, had a relatively healthy crush on Pacey Witter, and will always love Ocarina of Time. Instagram: @edenclair

KL - Surveillance Furby - page 46

@stephenflorida.bsky.social / @klmakesthings she/her
|| seattle || aspiring dippin' dots brand influencer or your average mid-30s chatty millennial online || 'in' tech but not 'of' tech

Melissa Adylia Calasanz - The Champagne Theatre . The Night I Partied Like I was Born in 1939 - pgs 56-60

Melissa Adylia Calasanz is a multi-hyphenate compassionate and creative human. She is a SAG-AFTRA Dancer/Actor/VO Artist; Pushcart Prize, and Best of the Net nominated poet; as well as a Clinical Health Educator and IAYT-Certified Yoga Therapist. She is a lover of cats, plants, dance, poetry and people - all of which, she believes, have the ability to add value to the world beyond anyone's personal or professional identity. You can find her podcast You Buy the Shoes I Kick You with Them, and more of her writing on Substack. Connect with her on Instagram at @MelissaAdyliaPauseBreatheSmile and @AllTheChaptersNoOneSees where you can find the links to her work.

Joseph Tingle - Link's (and my) Awakening - pgs 23-24

I'm a freelance writer interested in classical canons - video game related and otherwise - who grew up getting acquainted with Mario, Zelda, and other video games mainstays through their portable entries on the original GameBoy (because my parents were afraid that they would lose me if I had a real home console). I've got a deep nostalgia for things released in the mid-late 90s, when I first started playing games. You can find my blog at tinglereview.com, where I write about games and other topics. I also sometimes post on BlueSky at @jtingle.bsky.social.

Amy Colquist - Untitled - pgs 27-28

Tiny Riot (@tinyriot.art on IG) is an environmentalist who creates with found, foraged, and repurposed materials.

20+ writers and artists on all things y2k

Ashley Anne Katich

Claire Gunville

Lily (Basil) MacLachlan

Diana L. Pomeroy

Amanda Zhu

Lain Bundalian

Melissa Adylia Calasanz

Erin Elizabeth Williams

Joseph Tingle

Gina Fusco

Michael Francis

Tess Ezzy

Shannon McEntee

Jem

Kristin Gustafson

Eden Ashley

Joshua Walker

KL

Nasta Martyn

Serg

Amy Colquist

Tara