

Issue No. 18

**This zine has
been
resuscitated
and has
completely
changed,
again.**

(consists the editor's is
newfound disillusionment
with life, and multiple comic
Eminem references, also
featuring *Princess Diana*)

THE

WEAKLY

**LIKED THE
WEAKLY?**

This zine needs YOU to keep it running by sending in your musings, from your notes app to the backs of your books.

It is printed every first working day of the week- and distributed amongst whoever the editor runs into first. It's special in a way where you know that someone probably carries your poem in their wallet.

You can also find the Weakly and more zines at [DelhiZine](#), a zine collective devoted to sponsoring art. Catch us at [@delhizine](#) and [delhizine.github.io](#).

E-mail your thoughts, notes, pictures, sketches, sighing and crying to hilstickk@gmail.com. Or maybe bump into me in the corridor. God knows, I love that.

Didn't get a physical copy? Print your own!!!



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Fig 1.1: Last entry of last diary version I tell my friends, imagine if Your I We Were A Sitcom. Clearly not my calling.

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amusing yet witty account of my life when I was fourteen, depressed, ugly, friendless, sad, insecure, hopeless, thoughtful, *extremely* thoughtful, so a regular fourteen year old, and mind you fourteen during THE COVID 19 PANDEMIC and nothing really was too funny. I didn't feel very fun and humorous for sure, so I threw my diary behind another large piece of furniture and forgot that creative writing is an ability of expression that I actually enjoy for about five years. In the meantime, My Philosophy was working- I turned fifteen, then sixteen, then the aptly romanticised seventeen, and so on. I laughed, and I laughed a lot. I have one of the 'throws back head and brays' kind of laugh, a sound which simply must be illegal for humans to make. I was fun, and hopeful, and tried to be joyous and have wonder and faith in the face of our beautiful world crashing. But then the crashing stopped, because the crashing ended. The world actually crashed, and took me down and buried me in the rubble. And when you're crushed under rubble, you can't really do anything, you have a lot of off time, to say. And then you begin to think. And kids, I've been thinking, thinking a lot, and I must say I don't feel so amused, or hopeful, and My Philosophy has malfunctioned due to overwork. Ladies, gentlemen, and gentlepeople, I, Lili Stick, twenty years old next month find myself severely, disgustingly and hopelessly fourteen.

RECOVERY (2010)

I made a pie chart to really get to the depth of the reason for my current state of desolation, because the fact that I'm depressed is making me even more depressed, because I don't understand the reason to be depressed so I have to solve the, lets say, Depression X

Most of the times, it works. It didn't work when the idea struck upon me because I started writing this amusing yet witty account of my life when I

caused by Depression Y to defeat the ultimate boss, still Y. It is important to note in the pie chart (Fig 2.1), that the lowest ranking items are Capitalism (1%), *Climate Change* (1%, also capitalism) and *Unfinished Sewing Project* (2% also capitalism?). I had initially made a very nuanced list which had sections like *Blood Pressure*, and *Favorite Author Might Be A Pezophile*, but ultimately simplified, both went into *Health*. Here on, I tallied this data to a *WHY WORRY?* chart my mother sent me during my board exams because I was puking due to sheer stress. The chart (Fig 2.2), brought me to three Worries.

Fig 2.1

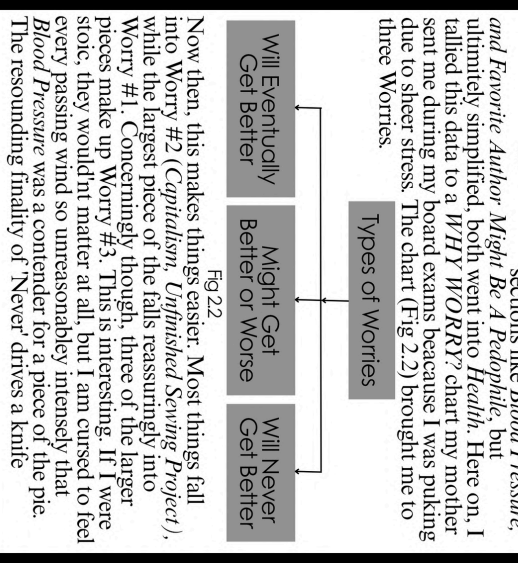
10%
2% 1%
13%
38%
20%

Types of Worries

Will Eventually Get Better
Might Get Better or Worse
Will Never Get Better

Fig 2.2

Now then, this makes things easier. Most things fall into *Worry #2 (Capitalism, Unfinished Sewing Project)*, while the largest piece of the falls reassuringly into *Worry #1*. Concerning though, three of the larger pieces make up *Worry #3*. This is interesting. If I were stoic, they wouldn't matter at all, but I am cursed to feel every passing wind so unreasonably intensely that *Blood Pressure* was a contender for a piece of the pie. The resounding finality of 'Never' drives a knife



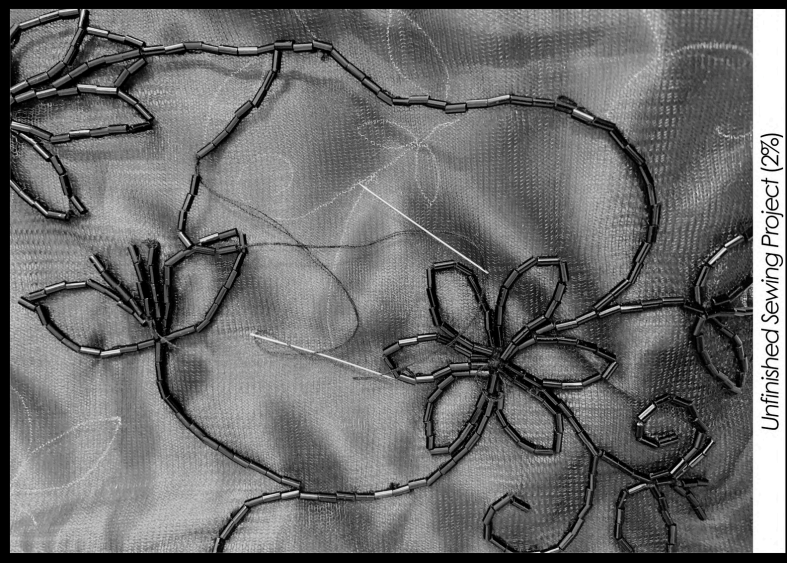
in my young heart. Simply put, it hurts. Anxiety keeps you on your feet; you want to curl up and disappear, or you want to run away, or cry or scream or throw up, there's still hope that maybe if you do any of these activities, it might be okay. Hurt, on the other hand, makes you sit and wait because oh sweet mother of Christ it hurts so much and it *won't go away*. We don't talk enough about feeling hurt—misery too strong a word, upset too slight. Hurt is incredibly unfun, it is the long, sad shock of hope vanishing. Hurt is awful. Hurt is lonely. Hurt is empty, no way to anywhere. Now, I understand I am being emo, and obviously bad times pass and and if you can't change things why dwell on them too much and again, bad times do pass. I turned fifteen. But hey man, it *hurts* and ooh and aah and ouch. I know, I know, it won't matter in six months but the present is the unbearable weight of the rubble from Page No. 2, and its heavy, it gets stuck in your throat, and what do you when 43% of your worries are irreversible damage and the solution is to wait when time is so sluggish? I look at the pie chart, a shudder runs through my spine. This 43% has sucked hope, joy, wonder etc. from me like a straw. 43% actually not too bad if I'm hurt over a honking 43%. And that, my dear Watson, is the solution to Depression X.

KAMIKAZE (2018)

Okay so we got charts, we got some percentages, and we have me endlessly sighing away into the early morning. The only solution I can see through my gloom and doom is hard-headed optimism, maybe, even thick headed optimism. I will, I will, I will devise a course of action. Step 1, was to make a plan, step 2 write this down, step three, devise course of action. I am already a thousand words into this, I believe course of action is reachable from under the rubble. Course

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Action is to slowly, very sensitively inject into the patient small doses of hope, never too much as the patient lies fairly at the risk of regurgitating. We shall begin treatment by changing the wallpaper of the patient's phone to Princess Diana's face, who is oddly inspiring to the patient, perhaps because she was very strong and very beautiful, sort of 'a weird mother figure' to the patient. Also because both have short hair and an iffy relationship with food. More on Princess Di in the next zine, if the patient doesn't jump ship sooner. Okay that's the show. That is all that I have figured out, yet. Sighing, sobbing, looking out of windows are extremely time taking and energy sucking. One step at a time is how we regain 1% of the 43%. I am different now than when I was young. I wrote three lines about being emo, got disgusted by its suggested consequences, threw my notebook behind a large piece of furniture, and went back to reading *The Hitchhiker's Guide* to find solutions. I am twenty now, and I accept, that yes, I get sad sometimes, and it sucks, and deprives me of the beauty of the world. But I know there's joy, wonder and hope and heads thrown back in laughter to come, which I did not know when I was younger, but I am older now and oh thank dear god, no longer fourteen.



Unfinished Sewing Project (2%)