

An eclectic Zine
exploring mental health &
wellbeing in Moray




THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SPACES...

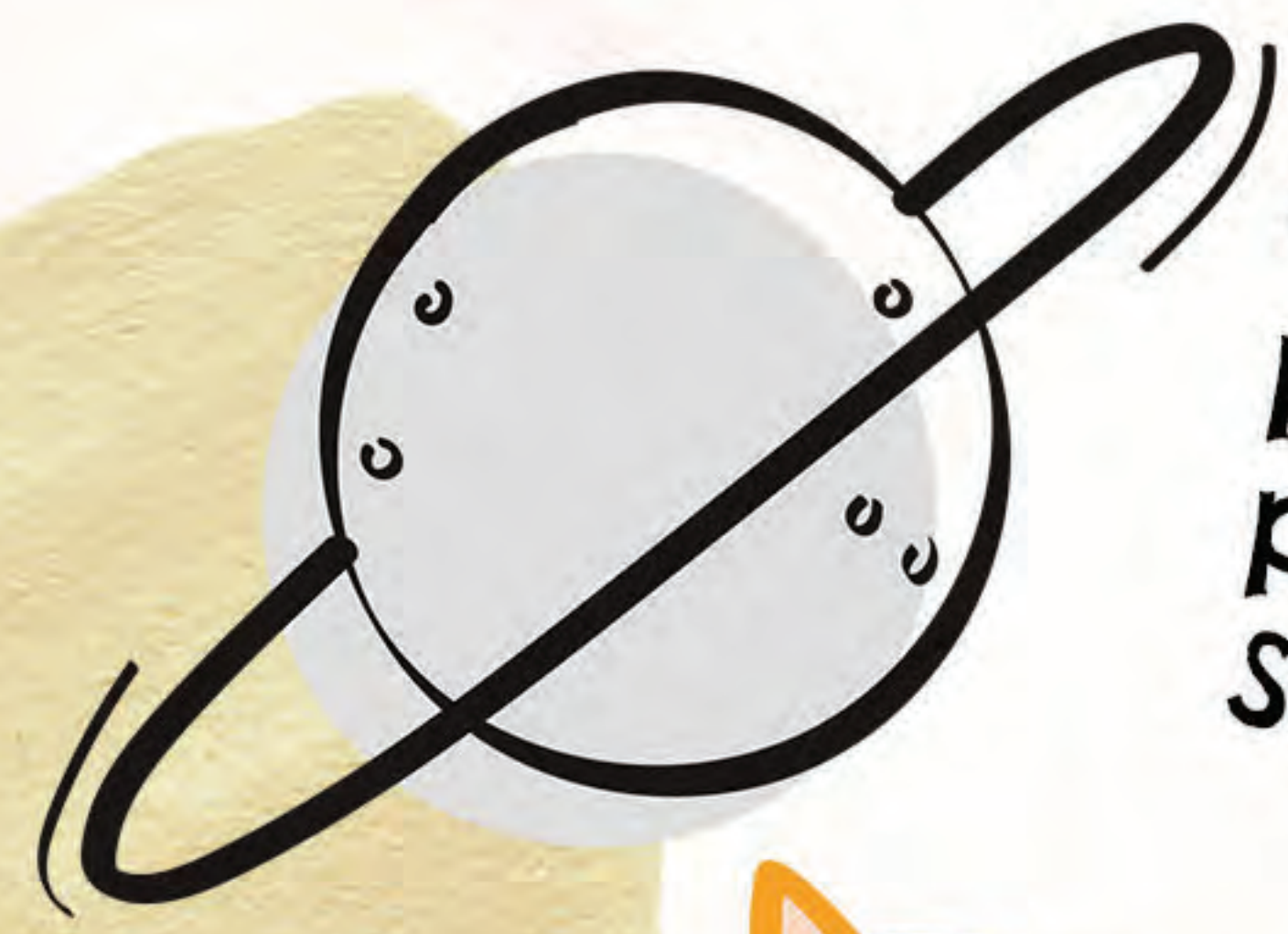
Issue 2
Living With
Hope




MORAY
wellbeing
HUB



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is a Zine produced by
Moray Wellbeing Hub.



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Social Care Moray.



The Zine is created
collaboratively by Champions
of Moray Wellbeing Hub. It is a
judgment free space to explore
issues surrounding mental health
in a creative, brave, sometimes
challenging way through
scribbles, photos, writing, poems,
drawings, doodles & abstract stuff.

A place to somehow connect
the dots & explore the
edgelands...

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LIVING WITH HOPE

When the world had to stop,
And we couldn't go out.
Many heads went into overdrive,
When others would just hang on.
The fear of not knowing became increasingly overbearing,
Some withered and some persevered.
But never we failed in caring.


Many found hobbies that they never before had time for,
Many started appreciating their homes as they were
always too busy to stay in.
We watched tv, we were together, but many were alone.
And in the power of community, we suddenly felt we belonged.

So together we came out of it,
Lives were lost but never forgotten.
Slowly starting to go out more,
But then it was only Autumn.
Now fast forward and it's Spring.
The time for renewal, time for buds everywhere.
Time for us to slowly start things up.
We start to breath again and feel more of this hope
we so desperately needed.
Now if we all stay sensible, and keep doing what we are told.
We can maintain this hope for the future,
Hope that was always there.
Keep building, keep making, keep going.

By Forres Quine




(Photos by Jean)



In this time, it's all about our struggles
The only face we see is our reflection in the puddles
The only voice we hear is our own all muddled
Our feelings stuck in one place all huddled
Pretending we're fine
On our last lifeline
Looking for a sign
Something to stop time
A safe place to hide
Spread these feelings far and wide
Wash them out with the tide
Banish from the inside

Today it's spoken about more & more
But still it's not enough for us to open up that door
To make it known how we actually feel
The thoughts on the inside of that orange peel
But these thoughts we can't quite understand
The intensity of it all is getting out of hand
Pursuing them like we're following commands
Powering through the day while we're sinking in the sand
We believe we should do it on our own
Carry these thoughts that feel heavier than stone
Carry this pain that feels like broken bones
Smiling on the outside when we're sad & alone

Looking for an answer
Feelings spreading like a cancer
Thoughts, words, ways out, kerbed
Self-hate & despair
Open the gate to self-care
The help's out there
Speak to anyone I swear
Even something that happened so long ago
Can cause a life of pain & keep the self-worth low
A place we haven't even thought to go
Life's a struggle, & it's all that we know



The only person we tend to blame
Is ourselves thinking that we're going insane
It's not fair that we carry this weight around
Never feeling too far from the ground
Body feels tense
Can't make sense
Like we're behind a lens
Stuck behind a high fence
When does it end
Too hard to pretend
Just need to talk
Just need a friend

So the next time you see someone passing you
Take a minute & think what they might be going through
It could be anyone, it could be me, it could be you
Bottling up these feelings, nowhere to go to
Don't judge each other
Don't add the storm
Help another brother
Help the coldness feel warm
I'm here for anyone who wants to talk
Even one word shared
Can put a key to the lock
There is an answer to it all
All problems big or small
It feels a long haul
When you're giving it your all
But we are all here to walk
No one deserves to crawl
We are all here to walk
No one deserves to crawl

(Words by Ben)



(Thanks to Safi and Verity)

MAGICAL MEMORIES SHOP

Imagination is the key to making your memories special and a visit to Magical Memories is an experience to treasure forever. Here at the shop our team of memory magicians will open your imagination to help create an experience our customers will never forget.

An experience is personalised and open to adults and children so please come for a visit to create your magical memories. The shop is a special place with two floors and an outdoor studio space, come with me to explore:

GROUND FLOOR: A cosy snug with comfy sofas surrounded by floor to ceiling book shelves and a drop down smart-board for visiting authors.

FIRST FLOOR: Themed photo studio with costumes, props and green-screen.

OUTDOOR STUDIO: Two purposes for during the working week it's a crafting hub with a coffee shop and at the weekend is the pop up gift shop and talent stage.

During the school holidays the studio is transformed into a themed escape room.

Are you ready to create some magical memories?

(Words by Leah)



Dear Little One,
Now I understand your pain, the fear you held within you that you **wanted** to go away. I wish I could have been there to wrap my arms **around** you. But you saved yourself that night my dear and then you grew and grew. Now you share your story with yourself each and every day. You share your story with others and walk beside them along the way. That night you lived for others **because** deep down you knew they cared. They could not see the pain you felt or you terrified and scared. But in the darkness they gave you hope ever so small. So in the darkness that surrounded you a light began to grow.

(Words by Becky)

Dear little One,
Now I understand your pain for you once were I and now when the darkness comes, you are my reason to survive. Your courage and your hope to keep holding on. Those horrible thoughts and feelings will eventually move on. So you are the light I hold in my darkest times. For even though you are scared, it's your bravery that shines.



(Image by Ella)



(Images by Becky)



During lockdown my mental well-being was massively kept intact by going out with my camera and looking at details in nature, architecture and textures around me. It helped keep life in perspective. I hope it can maybe inspire others to get out there with their phone, camera or just take notice with their eyes how much detail there is in things when you slow down and take time to look properly and mindfully enjoy.

- Rosanne






My store would be a department store.

As you arrive just after opening time and go through the revolving portals, where you could go round as many times as you wanted to or had the stomach for, on the right there would be a really large assortment of fishing tackle and rods of every size shape and colour. The left side would be stocked with shelves and shelves of modelling paraphernalia, things for boats, wheels for cars and new wings for your plane should you need one. When you manage to proceed further into the store, just before the bank of elevators, you would find some of the biggest model railway layouts in the town, complete with real live railway personnel to give you some background info on the layouts. Entwined within those layouts would be some of the most exciting slot car tracks you have ever seen, bits of Brands Hatch with a smidge of Imola in the middle and some of Monte Carlo all in the same track layout.

At the rear of the store beside the elevators there would be a crèche for the non-believers. In this crèche would be some of the latest models of sewing and knitting machines on the market. Racks of magazines would festoon the area around the cocktail bar so visitors could relax with their feet up while waiting patiently for their partner. Fresh cucumber or smoked salmon sandwiches would be freely available to accompany whatever cocktail you desired, because this visit to the crèche could last quite some time. After several hours you might proceed to the second floor, where, after alighting from the elevator you would be met by the biggest selection of hand bags and purses around, quickly followed by the endless selection of shoes you could ever imagine. Every colour, size and shape you could ever dream about.

After you got your sense of smell back from the sharp intake of breath you have just taken as you exited the elevator, you would smell the mixed aromas from counter after counter after counter of make-up and perfume as far as the eye could see.





Again there would be a crèche this time just outside the elevators and again for the non-believers. This crèche would have all the latest model train and slot car accoutrements to view in the up to date magazines. There would be slot car tracks to try out your new car against the staff, of course there is no doubt who would win the race as the staff you are racing against would all be blindfolded. Fishing lures and trout flies would be available to try out in the fishing pool; each fly would have a magnet at its tip to “catch” one of the plastic fish in the pool.

Along one wall would be the bar stocked with the biggest collection of the finest real ale you could ever want. A good selection of pies would be available to accompany the drink which would be too wet without. A big cheerful bouncer would sit aside this bar just to make sure all orders were met.

On the top floor is the children’s section, were nobody above the age of teenager was allowed. There would be toys of all sizes and colours, teddies that had passed the cuddlesome test and toys that had passed the squishability test. What would not be here is any sort of computer game.

Each visitor to this floor would be given a number on entry, and if and when their guardians wanted to go home the visitor’s number would be called “come in number two your time’s up”. Of course they would not be permitted to leave this floor alone without being called first. The banks of elevators would each be manned by the friendliest people you could ever meet, who would keep an eye on the children so they could not get down to the ground floor and onto the street alone.

Throughout the whole store every department would be “manned” by assistants who were undisputed experts on the products in their department. No question would go unanswered, no having to wait for a manager to come and give you the longest winded answer without actually answering your question.

At the end of the day when you decide to leave which sadly will come, there would be a sign, proudly thanking you for your visit and come visit my store again the day after I win the lottery.

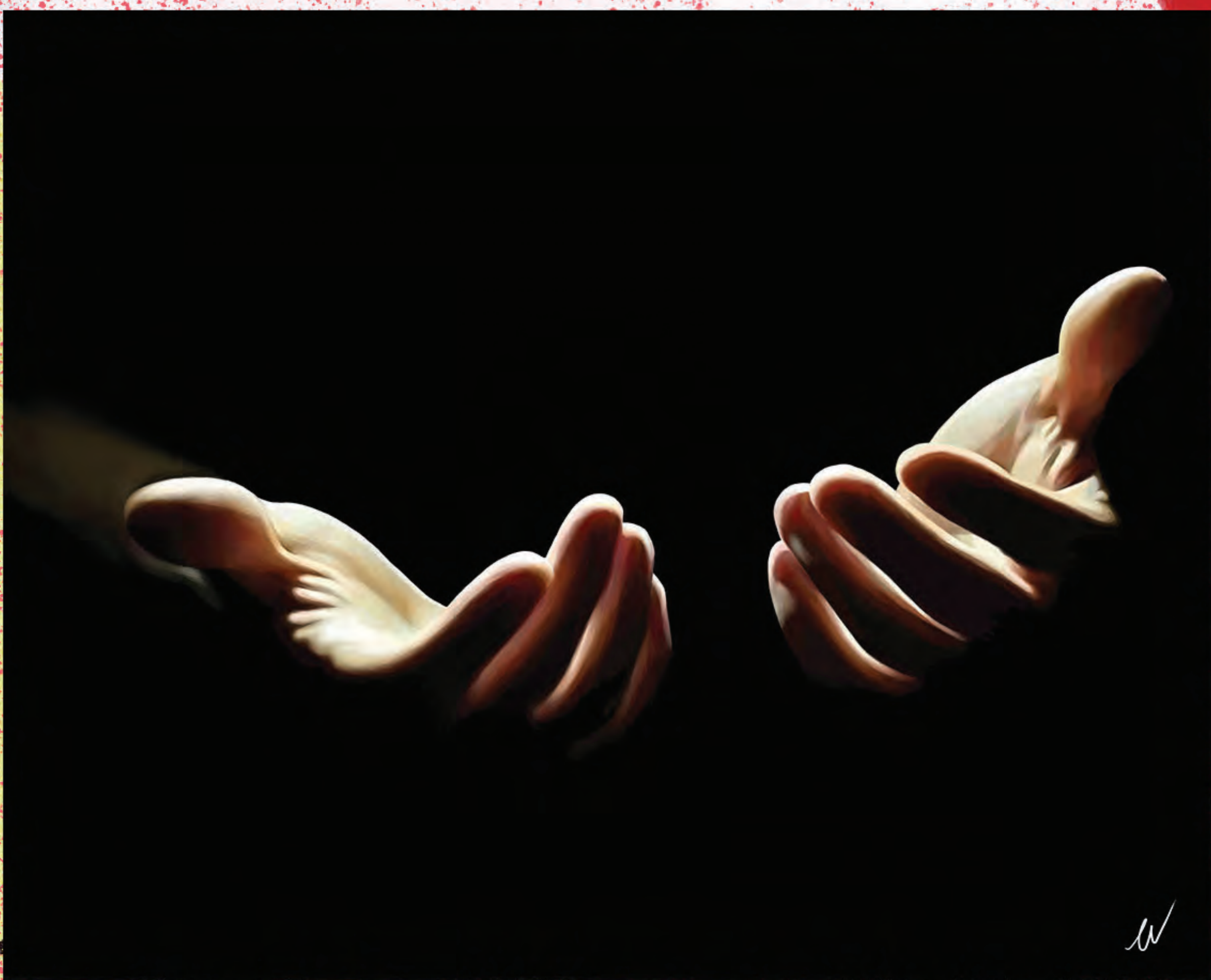
(Words by Tony)





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(Digital Paintings by Lorna)



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Hold This Poem In Your Hand: You Are Not Alone.

To all the lonely people battling through.
Here are words of comfort just for you.
Hold this poem in your hand.
And feel my love wherever you stand.

I've known moments of despair.
I've felt lonely. I thought I had no one care.
But even if you are feeling all on your own.
There will always be someone at the end of a phone.

To all the lonely people battling through.
Here are words of encouragement just for you.
Hold this poem in your hand.
Take comfort, that others are in your band.


Lonely people do not cry.
Hold out your hand. Let out a sigh.
Reach out to someone that you know.
The support will come. Your loneliness will go.

If you have no family or friends to assist.
Don't be lonely. Just persist.
There will be someone. I promise you.
Willing to help. If only they knew.

A neighbour, a Samaritan, a passer-by too.
All there in the background. Waiting for you.
Take the first step. Admit you feel blue.
I've done it, and I know you can too.

We all have times when we feel no one's there.
We're all alone. We think no one will care.
Hold this poem in your hand.
I am here. Feel my love. Wherever you stand.

Written by Fay Westwater



Sir Tom Moore

The blue flashing lights fill me with fear.
Carrying loved ones, so very dear.
Someone ill, someone dying.
The sirens blaring, the ambulance flying.

To the hospital it goes in a hurry.
Evading the traffic see it scurry.
Precious cargo they carry on board.
Life or death, families await the score.

The doctors and nurses will try their best.
They take care of our loved ones and that's no jest.
We can't be selfish and must comply.
Overwhelming the NHS, there's no reason why.

To aid the NHS with a small donation.
The world saw him, not only our nation.
Tom walked in his garden, both up and down.
With positive outlook, and never a frown.

The challenge accepted, £1,000 his goal.
An inspiration to everyone, both young and old.
£33 million pounds around the world was donated.
Respect for our NHS, everyone was elated.

Sir Tom his legacy, will never end.
100 years old, our condolences we send.
He met the queen; he was knighted too.
A humble man, but a hero to me and you.

Sir Tom Moore an officer and a gent.
You'll nea be forgotten when money is spent.
With tributes incoming from far and near.
In our memories you'll live never fear/ never fear.

From Rita Graham.