



MidnightZines

Zines are unofficial publications dedicated to topics you consider important. They can be about music, hobbies, personal matters, social issues, funny topics, things no one wants to talk about, and things that should be spoken about loudly. They can include comics, photos, texts, poetry, satire... Read zines, make zines, support independent, free voices.

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A CO-OP ZINE

BY THE CREW OF THE "WSZYSTKIE ZINY GODAIA" GROUP

#1



The alarm howled like it was possessed. *The Sparrow* was losing its maneuverability as its hull plunged into the thick, murky atmosphere of an unknown planet. Captain Valen clung to his chair, watching as the navigation went haywire and the CRT screens flickered chaotically. Everything was spiraling out of control. "Overload on the braking engines!" the engineer shouted from the other end of the bridge. The power was fading, and the sound of torn metal echoed throughout the ship.

Captain Jan Hvecka knew that something had lured them here. A pulsing signal from the depths of space had appeared suddenly, forcing the ship to make an emergency course change. Now, they found themselves in the center of a catastrophe. Outside, through a small window, he glimpsed that damned ancient space station, drowning in the shadow of a strange cloud.

"This is no accident," he whispered. The answers lay either a few hundred meters above them, or several dozen kilometers below. But would they arrive before everything was over? The lights went out, the electrical systems failed, communication was lost, and the *Sparrow* was becoming covered in an increasingly dense web of plasma threads, slicing through the atmosphere of the black planet.

Pawel Kozeniewski - Prelude to Disaster



Retro vibes
春日禁

Benjamin Koffe – Reksio the Martyr

A paw holding the stamp rises, trembles, hesitates, and falls, leaving a mark with a loud squelch. He doesn't remember how he ended up here and doesn't know why, though he suspects. His body was stretched, shattered into atoms by sound, irradiated with dark energy, and finally seated by this endless conveyor belt, where he stamps the same image over and over. He tried to leave, but his hindquarters grew into the ground, the stamp was sewn to his paw, and he slowly realizes that not all dogs go to heaven. Are his bloodshot eyes deceiving him, or does the belt end just beyond the horizon? Almost there. Just a hundred more stamps. A thousand more, a million more, just a bit further.

He must have been a very, very bad boy.



Piotr Burzyński
Man at arms

It was one of those beautiful, sunny, warm early autumn days. One of those days when I feel like taking the dog for a walk by the river, flying a kite in the field outside the city, or simply going for a stroll in the park with my wife. In short – one of those beautiful, sunny, warm early autumn days. It was on just such a beautiful, sunny, early autumn day that disaster struck. I was calmly riding the suburban bus number 728, contemplating the early autumn fields stretching on the outskirts of the capital through the dirty window. At that very moment, on this beautiful, sunny, warm early autumn day, I realized something dreadful. Something I never would have suspected. Something that would have woken me up with a wild scream if I had dreamed it.

Bartek Biedrzycki – Lenin's dead

checkers.