

Queen Beal



spring & summer '23!

Welcome to our seventh issue of Queen Beat! It's another bumper double issue, and a format we've decided to stick with; giving us more time to produce the best damn zine content ever. So grab an iced latte, choose a comfy spot in the sun, and be prepared to enjoy our Spring/Summer Zine.

If you're new to Queen Beat, we present to you our back-story:

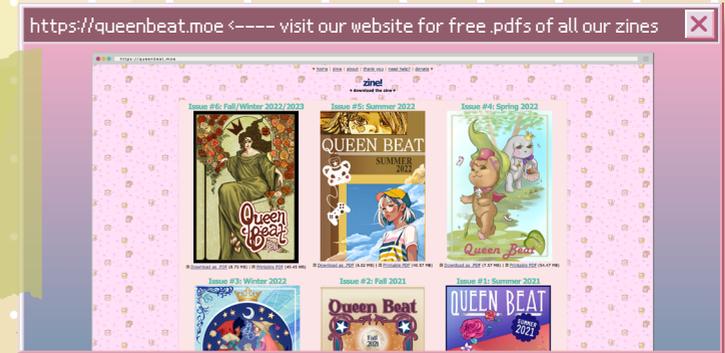
Not so long ago, and in a world quite like our own, there stood a kingdom more vast than all the oceans put together. This kingdom was a magical place; a sanctuary for all those within its borders, and it was run by a court of powerful Queens...

They had come from all walks of life; some running from certain ruin, and others simply looking for a place they could call home. Together, the Queens decided to pool their wide array of abilities to create this magical kingdom for themselves. It wasn't long before they opened their gates to Queens from far-off kingdoms, offering a place of safety and happiness to all those who promised to uphold the same for their fellow Queen. These Queens ruled together, laughed together, grew together- and now they open their gates once more, to you.

Welcome, fair traveller, to our kingdom of Queen Beat!



DOODLES BY OZU



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Resonance Chapter 2

Author: ProPhie-wophie.

Julie threw on a fluffy bathrobe, dug her slippers out from under the bed, and trudged downstairs to brew a cup of coffee. She didn't usually indulge in caffeine, but she felt that she'd earned it today. Maybe she'll make some eggs today, try and have a decent breakfast even if she didn't get the best night's sleep. Maybe throw some avocado in the mix. *"Yeah, that sounds good"*, she thinks. She finds herself almost on auto-pilot, moving automatically while her mind wanders elsewhere. It feels as if no time has passed at all when she sits down on her couch and turns on the TV. Of course, there's nothing good on - never anything good anymore, but it makes great background noise. She flips to the news and lets it play while she eats, hardly paying attention as she scrolls through her phone. Nothing interesting there, either. She doesn't keep up with social media to be quite honest, but she likes Kreddit. The communities feel more personal to her and she likes *k/HealthyLife*. She savors the last couple bites of her breakfast, then gets up to do the dishes.

As soon as she sets her plate down, she hears a knock at the door. Julie pulls her bathrobe a little tighter, for modesty's sake, before going to check the peephole. She wasn't expecting anyone today, was she...?

It's... Anael.

Julie's heart thuds in her chest. It wasn't a dream. She's right there. There's no denying it. Her hand is on the door handle. She's... hesitating. What does she say? Anael looks... dejected. Oh god, is she okay?

Julie whips open the door before she can think about what she's doing. Anael looks up at her, startled for a moment, then nervously smiles. Why is she nervous...? Julie wonders.

"Uhm... hey." Julie's voice cracks on the last syllable.

"Hello, Julie. I... I apologize for returning when you had wished me away, yet-"

"No, no nono no, no. It's okay. Uh. Come... in?" Julie opens the door wider and steps aside, letting Anael slip through the doorway as gracefully as ever. The angel smiles up at Julie as she closes the door behind her, only making both girls' hearts race again. Anael's glow strengthens for a fraction of a moment, then dims again as she lowers her gaze to her feet.

"Julie, I... I needed to speak with you." Anael sits on the couch and motions for Julie to join her. Julie sits awkwardly beside her, doing her best not to flash anything under her robe. She nervously fidgets with the hem, not sure what else to do with her hands. Anael sighs and straightens her spine before continuing.

"I've been walking since I left this home last night. I had been searching for another beacon of love, the type of energy that brought me to you in the first place. And while other sources do exist... they pale in comparison to you. I have not been able to stop thinking of you since I left." Anael looks straight into Julie's eyes, her cheeks flushed with pink. The woman sitting beside her is shocked - eyes wide, her whole face gone scarlet. Anael can't help but let out a chuckle. "I think I was sent here to find you."

Julie isn't sure she heard Anael properly. She's reeling, hearing the words repeated over and over in her head. Sent here to find her..? Why her? She's nothing special. She... hasn't even been to church in years. Even longer since she last prayed. She'd lost faith, and... now an angel is here specifically for her? There's just no way.

"I... I don't... What? No way... me?" She's stammering and tripping over her own

thoughts, confused and barely able to process anything on so little sleep. Anael scoots closer and gingerly places her hands on Julie's shoulder. Julie feels a sudden flood of calm wash over her and starts to breathe again.

"Please, Julie. Be not afraid." Anael whispers, just loud enough for Julie to hear. Her tone is warm, soothing, almost motherly in a way. It's almost as if Julie's heard this voice before; somewhere in the back of her mind a light is blinking but she can't quite place it. But suddenly, somehow... She feels better. She takes one long breath and slouches a bit, letting her shoulders loosen and slump under the angel's palms. Julie looks back up and smiles at Anael. It's a nervous smile, but one of acceptance.

"I don't understand, but... I trust you. I guess I'll do what I can to help." *Oh god, what has she gotten herself into*, she thinks. She's too much of a sucker for pretty women.

"Your trust is the only thing I need. Thank you." Anael moves closer. Her cheek rests on Julie's chest, making the girl's heart skip a beat. Instinctually Julie wraps her arms around Anael and pulls her into her lap. They stay like that for a few minutes, Anael's aura projecting a calmness over the two of them. Julie leans her head on top of Anael's and sighs softly before speaking;

"You know, I haven't been able to stop thinking about you too. I didn't sleep all night. I... I was worried about you being on your own. I'm glad you're okay." Julie gives Anael a light, reassuring squeeze to punctuate her sentence and smiles. Anael smiles back, as warm and bright as ever. There's a certain something behind her eyes that Julie can't make out, but whatever it is makes her feel warm and fuzzy. Julie stays there for a moment, just holding Anael and absorbing her warmth, before gently placing her on the couch beside her.

It's not until much later, after Julie's made up the couch for Anael and gone to bed herself, that she realizes how out of character her actions have been lately. To be so worried about and comfortable with someone so quickly. And that strange, warm feeling that washed over her at Anael's touch? That couldn't have been her imagination. Julie had felt that same warmth covering her for most of the day they'd spent together, like a warm blanket hanging over her shoulders. They'd spent hours on the

couch, mostly answering Anael's many, many questions about Earth and Humanity as a whole. Julie managed here and there to get a few answers about her mission as well, but it really did seem like Anael wasn't given much direction other than to teach humankind to love again. It felt, to Julie, like a futile quest. It's too easy for humans to hate. Too hard to truly love. Julie knew that well enough herself, considering her own experiences. She laid in bed staring at the ceiling for a while, doing her best to process the events of the past two days before exhaustion finally overcame her.

It's not often Julie dreams, and even rarer that she is lucid during them. Julie found herself standing in a field, bright green grasses stretching out as far as the eye could see in every direction, only broken by smatterings of delicate wildflowers. The sky was so bright she could barely look up at it, let alone discern where the sun might be, but somehow it didn't hurt her eyes. In fact, she couldn't really feel anything aside from her own heartbeat, which in the dead silence was the only thing she could hear as well. The grass swishing against her waist, the wind blowing her hair from her face, none of it really registered as a sensory experience to her. It was calm, yet... lonely. Julie wandered for a long time through this field, reaching for some kind of connection to her surroundings before a faint whisper slipped between the beating of her heart. Julie's head whipped towards the sound, only to find a forest to her right that hadn't been there moments before, and in a blink, the treeline was inches from her face. The voices were louder now, two distinct speakers who seemed to be in a grave discussion.

"The gravity of this situation is far beyond what you're able to comprehend. I apologize for that-" This voice almost didn't even register as language; it almost felt like Julie's brain was filling in the blanks. However, if she listened too hard, it sounded like nothing she'd ever heard before.

"No, I understand enough. It is important to you, thus it is important to me." That was Anael, Julie was sure of it.

"You are far too loyal for your own good, my dear. I appreciate it. Please, heed this warning: humankind must learn to love once again. Everything I have created hangs in the balance and will not be saved if this cannot be completed. You are the only one I can send on this mission, but you will not be alone. My light will guide you as long as you have faith, remember that." Was this strange voice... God's?

"Always, my Lord. I will not fail this mission."

Julie couldn't see the source of these voices through the thick brush, though she thinks maybe it was better that way - seeing Anael in her full glory the first time was intense. She doesn't know what seeing the face of God would do to her psyche, even in a dream. She turns away from the trees, looking back out over the endless fields and blinding sky. Julie manages to take a few steps back into the tall grasses - and suddenly, she's falling.

Julie wakes with a start, panting and sweating, as she bolts upright in her bed. It's pitch black in her room, the clock beside her showing 3:24 AM. It's still the middle of the night. The house is silent around her, much like her dream, however she can definitely feel the blankets around her waist and hear the crickets just outside her window. Just in case, Julie slips down the hallway to the top of the stairs, where she can just make out the sleeping form of Anael on the couch. Funny enough, even in her sleep, she emits the faintest golden glow. She almost can't tell it's there, as if one has to notice it only out of the corner of their eye. Assuring herself that everything is fine and Anael hasn't been disturbed, Julie creeps back down the hall to wash her face in the bathroom sink. Bringing her head back up from the cool water; she pushes her hair back from her face and leans against the lip of the sink.

Did she really have a dream about why Anael came here, or was her brain just putting together pieces until something made sense? Was that really what heaven looked like? Julie, staring at her reflection hard enough that she nearly expects it to flinch, tries her best to ground herself and calm her racing mind. As she takes a deep breath, she nearly misses a golden sheen that flashes across her own eyes.

Anael knew that Julie had crept down the stairs to check on her. She wasn't truly asleep - she doesn't exactly need to rest, but it still feels good to do so - and she heard the woman's careful footsteps approach. The meditative state angels like herself use to "sleep" allowed them to keep perfect awareness of their surroundings even with their eyes closed. However, she'd never admit that the weight and warmth of the blanket wrapped around her was just as comforting as her own aura and made it quite hard to maintain her consciousness. She'd never felt things like this, had never known cold or loneliness, had never felt stones beneath her feet or a warm breeze across her face. All these senses

were so new - almost overwhelming. She could understand now why human babies spent so much time crying. Being a human must be exhausting! In comparison, Heaven was like a void. One would never need anything and thus would never want for anything. Anael quickly realized that needing was... well, a bit intoxicating. She gently nuzzled farther into the fluffy pillow Julie had provided for her, savoring the softness against her skin before letting her concentration slip just enough to lull herself into sleep.

For the first time in her eternity, Anael dreams. She dreams of swirling colors and music, of flying and of heaven; but also of Earth and the few things she's seen of it so far. The bright lights of the nearby city, the rustle of grass as the wind sweeps over newly thawed earth. There was an enchanting quality about Earth, the way things changed all the time; Anael wasn't sure she'd ever be able to return to Heaven after knowing something so beautiful. Every moment she spent here, she understood why her Lord loved his creations so much. They really were perfect, in all their imperfections.

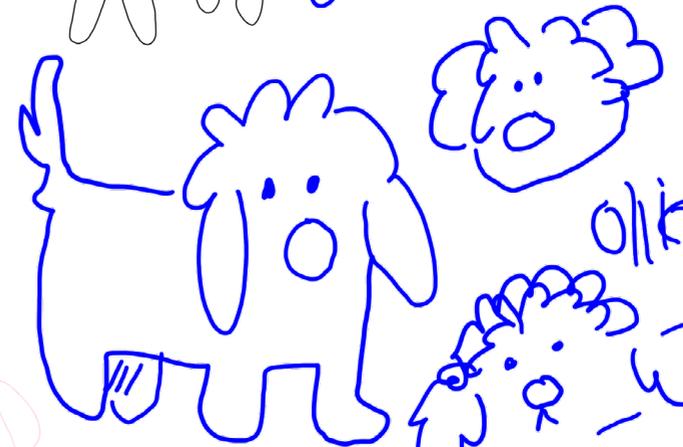
artist alley 2023:

ollie sketches
BY OZU



Boku no
ollie

OH OLLI



WEEN

Look Back





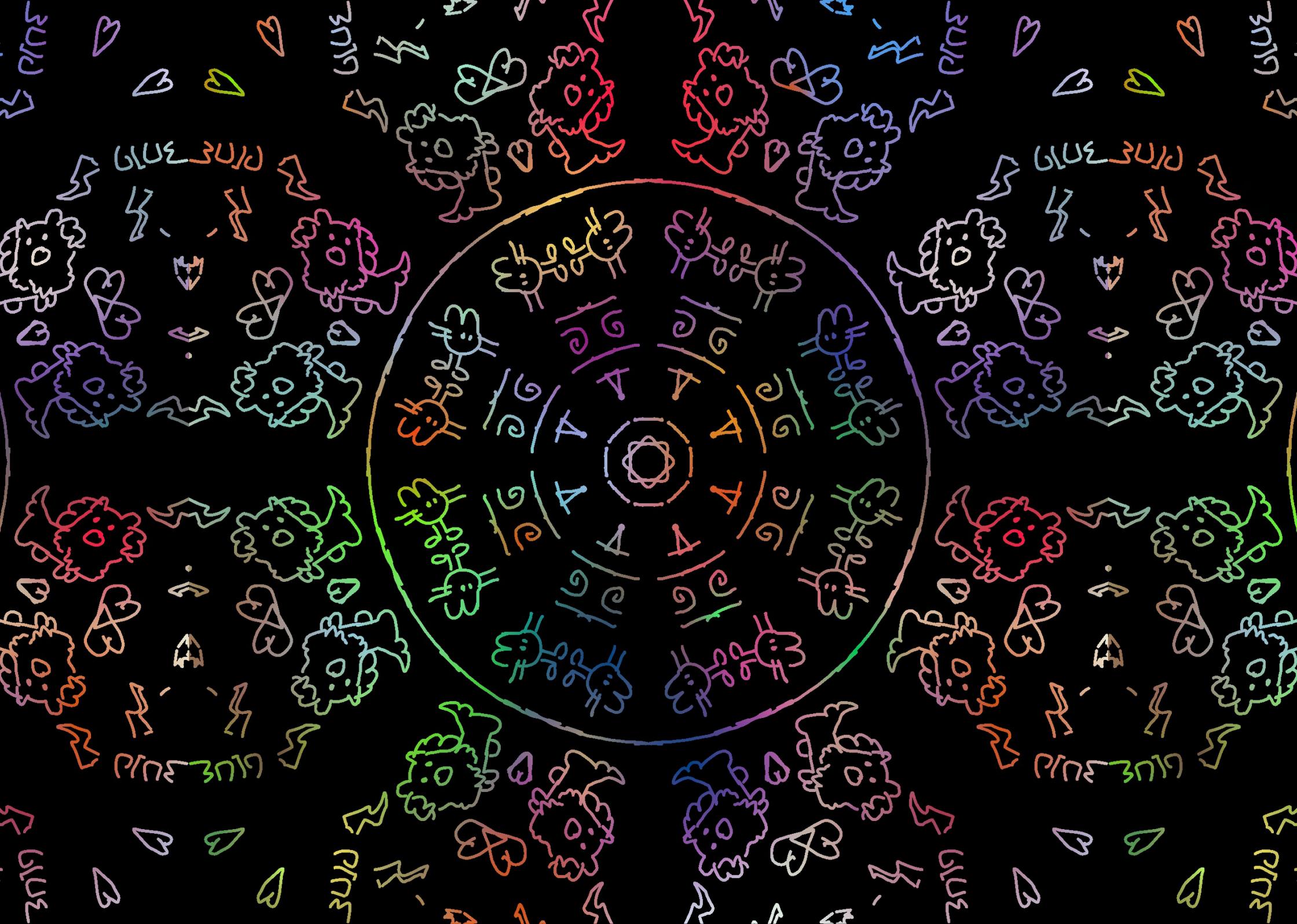
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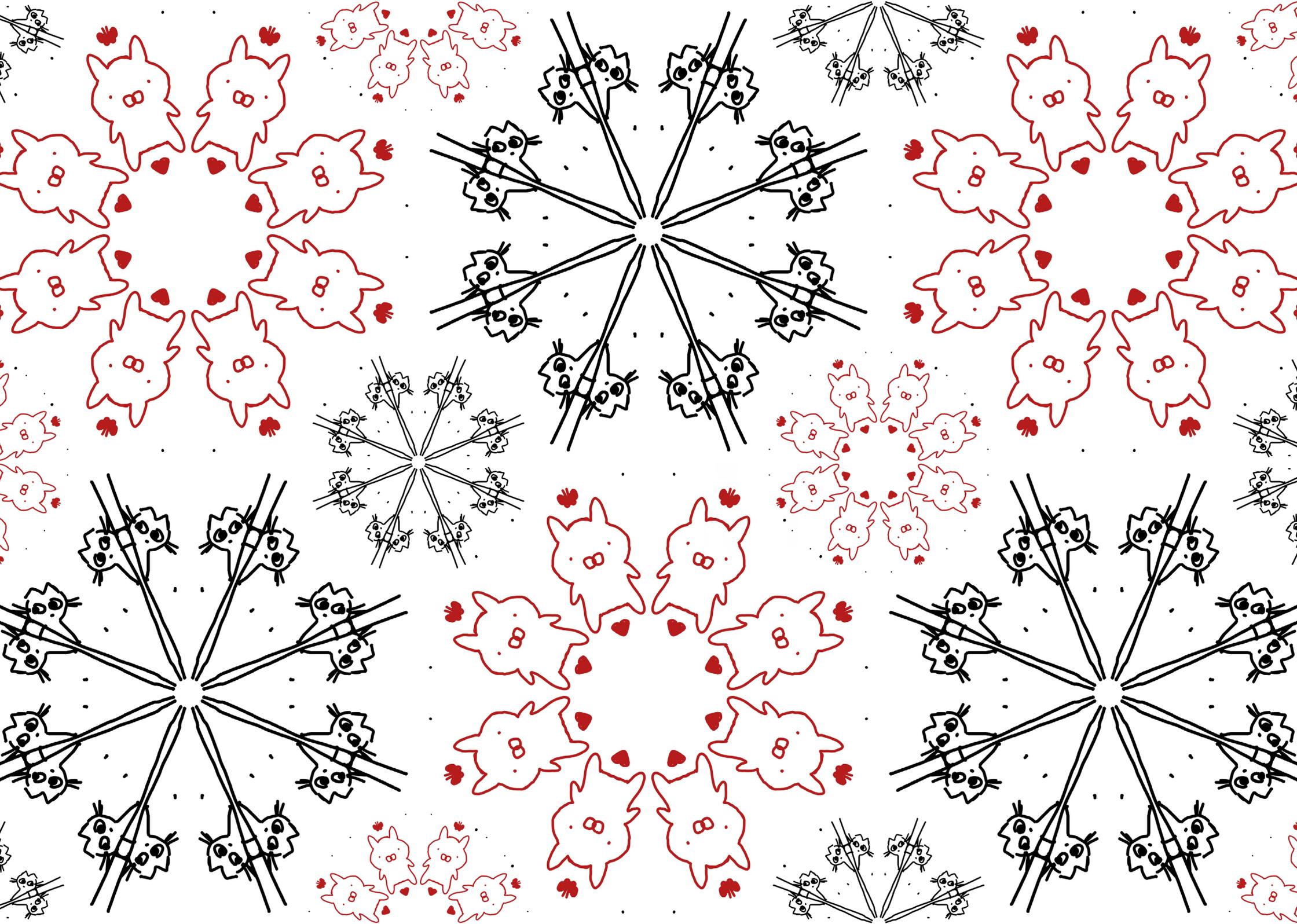
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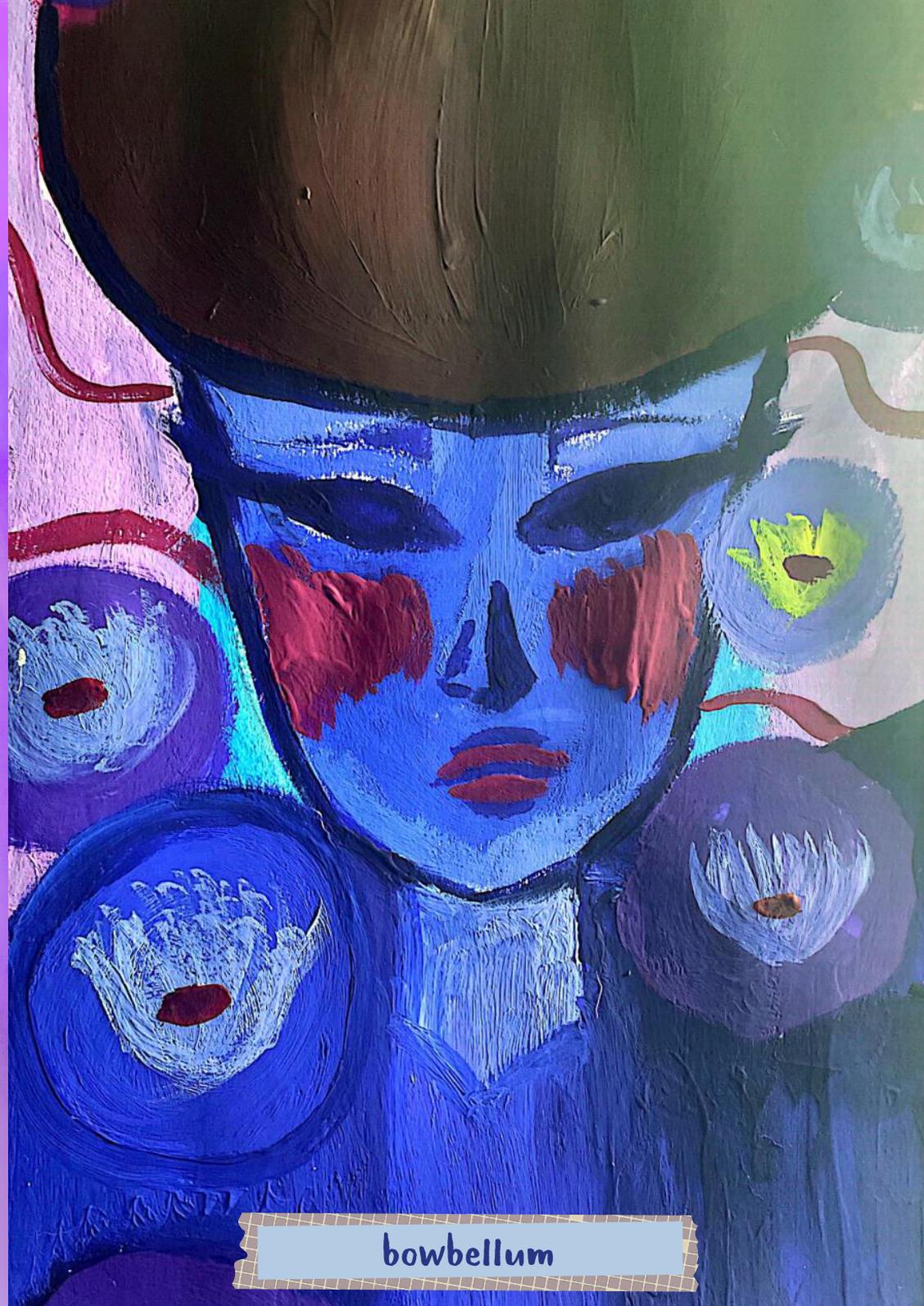
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020



bowbellum

dark chocolate & orange flapjacks

by hellobelle.indd :)

Ingredients_List.exe

You will need:

- 250g Porridge Oats
- 125g Unsalted Butter
- 1 Medium Orange, zested and juiced
- 125g Dark chocolate, chopped
- 125g Brown Sugar*
- 100ml Golden Syrup*

** You can adjust the amount of sugar and syrup according to your taste and texture preferences. This might take a few tries to find your personal 'sweet spot'!*

- 1 Start by preheating the oven to 200°C / 180°C Fan / Gas Mark 6.
- 2 Line a baking tray with baking paper or aluminium foil.
- 3 On a low heat in a large pot, melt the butter, golden syrup, brown sugar together. Once everything has melted, introduce the orange juice & zest and stir. Now take this orangey-sugary mixture off the heat!

4

This step can be done one of two ways, depending on how you want your flapjacks to turn out.

a) If you want your flapjacks to be chocolatey but with no chunks, introduce the chocolate and oats together once you've taken the melted ingredients off the heat. This will allow the chocolate to melt throughout the flapjack mixture evenly. Mix together until everything has been combined.

b) If you want chocolate chunks, add just the oats once you take the melted ingredients off the heat. Intermittently mix the oatly-sugary-orangey ingredients until they cool down, so that the chocolate won't immediately melt when mixed in. Introduce the chopped dark chocolate pieces and mix until everything is evenly combined.

5

With your thoroughly combined flapjack mix, scoop the mixture into the baking tray and press down the mixture with the back of a spoon or fork so it's roughly even throughout the tray.

Place in the oven and bake for 15 to 20 minutes.

Once baked, wait for the flapjacks to cool and then serve!



banana bread cakepop slices

also by hellobelle.indd

AKA THE STORY OF HOW I SALVAGED

A SMASHED BANANA BREAD

Ingredients_List.exe

You will need:

- 150g Unsalted Butter
- 150g Caster Sugar
- 2 Large Eggs
- 150g Self-Raising Flour
- 1tsp Baking Powder
- 2 Ripe Bananas, mashed
- 150g Dark Chocolate, chopped

I prefer to make this using a blender for a smoother batter, but it's equally delicious when mixed by hand.



- 1 Start by preheating the oven to 180°C / 160°C fan / Gas Mark 4.
- 2 Line a loaf tin with baking paper or aluminium foil.
- 3 Cream the butter and sugar together until completely combined, then mix in the eggs.
- 4 Mix in the flour, baking powder, mashed bananas and dark chocolate.
- 5 Pour the mixture into the loaf tin, and bake for 50 minutes or until it's cooked through. If you place a skewer through the loaf, it should be able to be inserted and removed cleanly - however the melted chocolate may leave some residue on this, so be sure not to overbake!
- 6 Once baked, wait until the loaf has partially cooled before *smashing the loaf on the floor* mixing the loaf to break it up into crumbs. This will stop you from burning your hands. Using a spoon or your fingers, stir the still-warm bread into crumbs.
- 7 Line a baking tray with baking paper or aluminium foil. Pour the now crumbled banana bread into the tray, and press the mixture with a spoon until the mixture is even and flat throughout. Refrigerate overnight, cut into slices and enjoy!

>chi, 7th june

"thanks to a newsletter from a plastic surgeon i went years ago to remove a wart i learned there is a surgery to remove anus folds"

>Kway, 25th may

"Lgbtq+ (the + is susan)"

>VanillaFather, 18th april

"I came home and some mother-fucker was breakdancing in my fucking parking spot!!"

>hellobelle.indd, 24th april

"I'm not putting anything that's bought from shein in my ass"

>cutespiracy, 19th april

"Hi, I'm Bella Swan and you're watching Disney Channel!"

>robo-rabies gettem warrior, 8th may

"Okay but it's really hard to get heroin if you're like, in a tiny village on an island" (via voice chat)

>chi, 29th april

"when i first got access to the internet at like 8 or 9 i downloaded a cat picture that had so many viruses it bricked the pc"

>robo-rabies gettem warrior, 26th march

"[as your mom, picking you up afterwards]: how was the orgy, sweetie? did you make any new friends?"

>chi, 8th march

"do i want human rights or to squeeze a boob whenever i am stressed, question for the times"

>Comfort Cat™, 22nd april

"Took a lil mdma tbh love you alllllllll"

>cutespiracy, 16th april

"ANNOUNCEMENT: SHADOW THE HEDGEHOG IS A BITCHASS MOTHERFUCKER"

>chi, 20th april

"boy if you don't cough up the rest of the thesis"

Spring/Summer Fashion Lookbook



ALL WOMEN ARE QUEENS POLL

Are you going to see Barbie?

A) Yes.....50%

B) Yes but in Pink.....50%



CHI

7: 30PM ICE CREAM CONE SUSAN



KWAY





29 Tickets To Barbenheimer Please

Edition

Queen Beat's Spring/Summer 2023 Picrew Info

This issue's Picrew is 'TOON ME!' by 'Hello! Sunnycore!'

- ♥ Link to both Picrew versions: ♥
- ♥ <https://toon-me-picrew.carrd.co/> ♥
- ♥ Twitter: [@hellosunnycore](https://twitter.com/hellosunnycore) ♥



chi



cutespiracy



hellbelle.indd



Kuay



Matchi



Prophie-wophie



1969-rabies getten warrior



ShellBell



7:30pm ice cream cone susan



tsurbun

“Wait, what’s Queen Beat again?”

Queen Beat is a formerly quarterly, now biannual zine made by the members of the All Women Are Queens Discord server that features seasonal stories, poetry, quizzes, look-books, Picrews, and more.

The AWAQ Collective strives to create fun and relatable content each issue that embodies the experience of being a femme-presenting creative regardless of background or orientation. Our members came together through various Discord servers associated with anonymous websites. Eventually, the All Women Are Queens server was born following the closure of the servers, and we have called it home ever since. Our server is invitation only. We aim to keep profit to a minimum with this zine, with any profits donated to the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts where possible.

You can download PDFs of our zine on our website, queenbeat.moe. If you’re interested in supporting us financially, check out our Patreon & Ko-fi pages.

Patreon: patreon.com/queenbeatzine

Ko-fi: ko-fi.com/queenbeat

If you have any questions, queries or juicy gossip related to the zine, please contact [hellebelle](#) on Discord or email queenbeatzine@gmail.com.

THANK_YOU_<3

Thank you for reading our Spring/Summer zine, our seventh zine and our second double issue. We hoped you enjoyed reading it as much as we enjoyed creating it!

Thanks once again to everyone that contributed, photographed, wrote, designed, discussed, laughed, cried, simped, and funded our seventh zine. This project would be nothing without your constant support and feedback, I love you all from the bottom of my heart and I always will. I say this every zine, but I really mean it! And as always, thanks to those who are reading this - you’re super special! If you bought a physical copy, thanks again! Your purchase helps keeps printing costs down, supports local businesses, and supports the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

With love,
The Queens

Queen Beat

