

QUEEN BEAT

SUMMER
2021



Origin 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!

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On Sex Work And Myself

by The Prophet

Growing up, sex and porn were very weird topics for me. I was a curious kid, and I had a lot of questions about the body and babies and all sorts of things that my parents "would answer when I'm older." Unfortunately for them (and me), I knew how to use Google and delete my internet history at the age of eight. I discovered porn and sex a lot sooner than I really should've. I didn't know how to handle what I'd found, I just knew that what I saw on that black-and-orange themed site made me feel funny and I kinda liked it. So on the many nights I was left home alone after school, while both my parents worked full time, I would sneak onto the computer and find myself back at those sites I knew I wasn't supposed to be on.

As an adult, I realize now how that discovery led to where I am in life now. While I have found that I'm much more open about sexuality and able to explore a lot of things without shame, I also deal with deep self-worth issues and nymphomania. Sex, from a far too young age, became an all-encompassing part of my life that to this day I still feel innately attached to. I think a lot of that, accompanied by years of bullying and sexual assault, can be attributed to being infatuated with sex too early on.

Funny enough, I'm finding a lot of solace in sex work. Being able to control the aspects of my sexuality I present to others, and finding

beauty in myself through sex feels like a step in the right direction for me. I know that sex will never be something I can give up entirely, but being able to separate my sexual self from the rest of my persona is an incredibly freeing feeling. Being able to find worth in myself both through sex and outside of it is something I've not really been able to experience before. When you've been seen as a sex object since the age of seven, it becomes difficult to separate your inherent sexual appeal from your actual worth as an intelligent human being. It's almost as if I'd forgotten that I'm a fairly skillful writer, or that the art I produce is actually decent, or that I've written poetry that made my English teacher cry. I forgot that I actually liked writing poetry. I forgot, because I was so wrapped up in my sexual appeal to others. I was worried that I wasn't tilting my head at quite the right angle, that my arms were too flabby, that this skirt didn't show quite the right amount of skin.

Now that I've started to create a "mask" for sex work, I've been able to funnel all of those worries and insecurities into that side of myself, and leave it all behind when I'm not in front of the camera. When I set that mask aside, I find I can focus on myself as a person far more. I've gotten back into things that interest me. I feel like I can express myself a lot more freely. I'm far less worried about how I'm perceived and far more worried about doing what makes me

genuinely happy. My sexual persona is not Me. I am not defined by sex. I am not defined by my appeal to others' gaze. In a way, sex work has been incredibly liberating (even though I do still struggle with all of the societal ideas about sex work and the internal judgement I place on myself for choosing to get into this line of work). Separating my outward sexual appeal from myself has reminded me that first and foremost I am a human being with thoughts that matter, and I've been able to find a lot more fire in my belly than I thought was still there. Even as I write this, someone very close to me has just enlightened me to the fact that I apparently "walk with the confidence of a nerd who can't be shamed," and that I have "definite power in my movements." Needless to say, I'm on the verge of joyful tears.

All my life I've been taught to treat the world as if it's a cold, cruel thing and every person on this Earth is innately looking to bring about my ruin. My father hid me from the world, taught me to scream and fight, and reminded me countless times that "all boys want is to get your clothes off." Living with that sort of mindset for fifteen of my most formative years changed so much of my personality. I used to be a happy, bubbly kid and as I got older I got so quiet, so skeptical, so afraid of everything and everyone. It didn't help that at the age of seven, I was a victim of sexual assault, and by age nine a victim of constant bullying. I grew up fearful of the world and how it saw me. That fear was reinforced year after year, as my body grew far faster than I did and

the bullying became far more cruel. I became obsessed with my body and how it looked at all times. As my chest grew and I went from training bras to a D-cup within the span of about two years, I became acutely aware of the sexuality of my body- all by the 5th grade. Let me tell you, not being able to see your toes in the 5th grade is a nightmare.

I didn't need to be pinned under equipment in the band room closet, out of view and earshot of the rest of the class, by one of my bullies as he leaned in to kiss me at the ripe age of ten. I didn't need to be asked by a bully at recess why I was "fucking my friend" at the age of eleven. I didn't need to be pinned up against a wall by my best friend's boyfriend between classes because I told him I wasn't interested at the age of sixteen. I didn't need the one person I trusted more than anyone to be the reason I have PTSD at the age of seventeen and still have panic attacks when I smell marijuana.

Yet, because I got all of those experiences I didn't need, now at the age of 20 I force myself to walk bigger than I am, to keep a "resting bitch face" when I walk alone, to never walk alone if I can, even in the daytime; and to always keep a weapon on my person. Because at the age of 20, I refuse to let the shape of my body be an excuse for people to see me as less human.

Becoming a sex worker has helped me cope with a lot of the issues that stemmed from that kind of childhood. That divide between sex

●●● **Trigger Warning: Sexual Assault**

and myself has helped me realize that I'm so much more than what those people wanted from me. When you're constantly exposed to those sorts of desires so young, it feels impossible to peel your self worth away from your value as a sex object. I'm only now starting to do so, years and years later. Seeing sex as "a product I sell" has helped me look at things in a much more objective light, and remove myself from sex emotionally. That isn't to say that I can't be romantically sexual with a partner, but it makes it easier to not value myself entirely on whether or not I'm fuckable. Which sounds strange, doesn't it? I'm in a business where "fuckability" determines the monetary value of my content, and yet I find myself feeling liberated and free of that sort of self-imposed judgement. I can't say I know exactly why, but that's been my experience thus far.

I realize as I start to close this off that I went in a lot of different directions all at once. I feel like there's more to say but I can't manage to bring the thoughts forward enough to process them. So instead I'm going to leave you with this; your past isn't you. What people have done to you, isn't you. You are not defined by the marks others have left on you. Scars can heal. And sometimes, exactly the medicine you need is in the most unlikely of places.

Author's Note: When I originally wrote this article for my friend Jack LaCroix, I had just begun my foray into sex work. It's been about two years since then and I've since moved on from that line of work, having found more stable pay in a day job. I still find that the experience was incredibly uplifting as a whole and taught me a lot about self-worth. I am better able to accept my physical appearance without basing all my worth on the sexuality of my body, and I'm working through my sexual trauma and nymphomania as well. Since then I've also realized that a lot of the displeasure I had with my own body was undiagnosed dysphoria and that I was, in fact, Not Cis™. It's been a long journey since then, but I hope I can serve as an example to others that there is a brighter future ahead. And with that, I'm going to go snuggle my fiance. Blessed be, Queens.

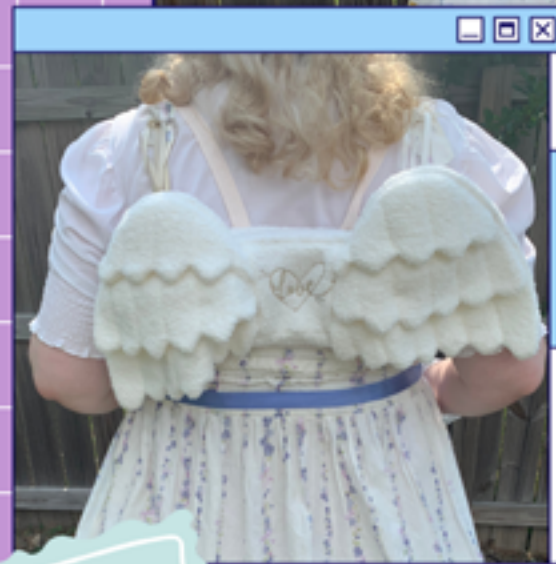
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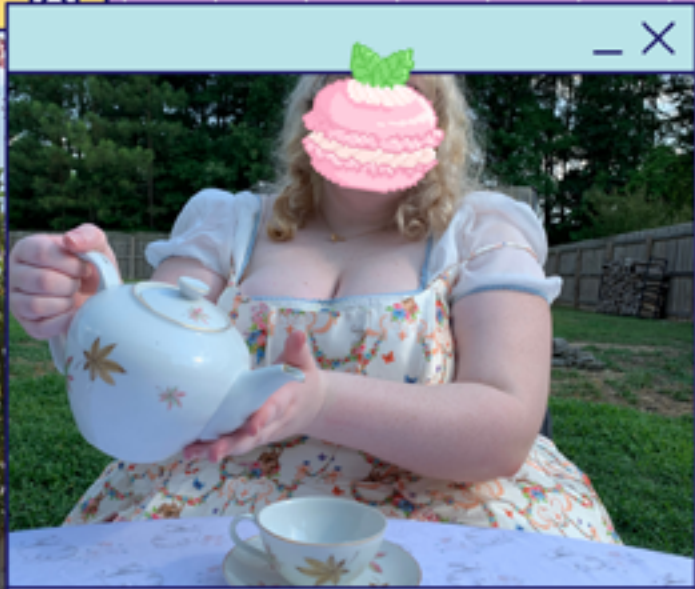
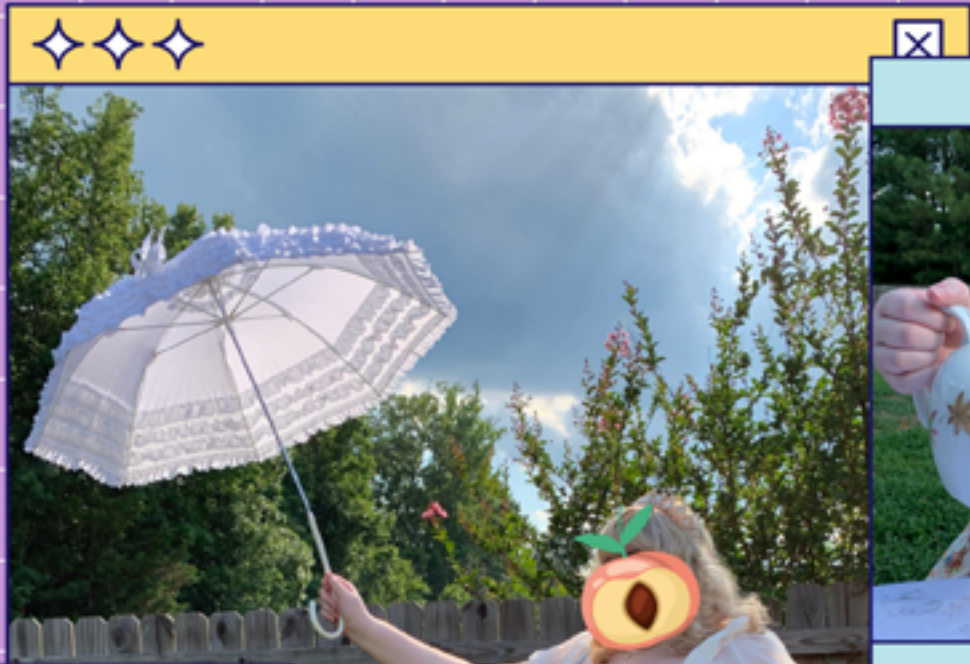
Original article written for and posted on splathousefiction.com (18+)

The Prophet is a 22 year old capricorn whose hobbies include cosplay, art, writing and gaming. They are an aspiring musician and have a folk-punk band with their husband!

Illustrations by VanillaDad <3

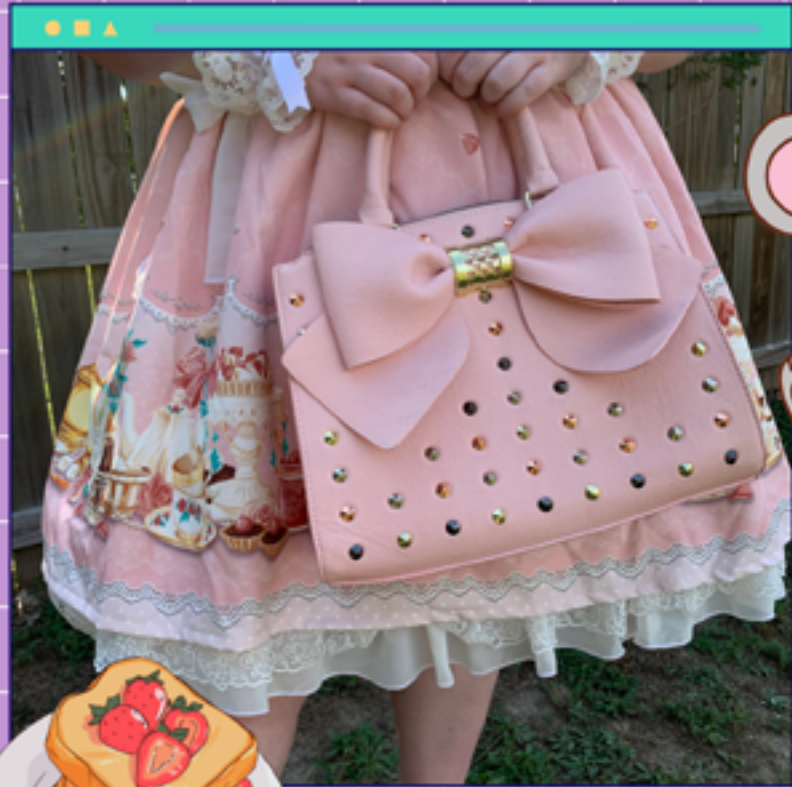
●●● **Kway's Lolita Lookbook**





Queens

DREAMY





matchi's makeup column



Hello, my name is Matchi and I love anything to do with makeup. Since this is my first magazine article, I thought I would go through my top 5 favourite makeup products and why I love them.

face powder

A true classic, face powder as we know it has existed since ancient times, when it was the only makeup item other than rouge that really existed. Today however, powder is still extremely relevant; it is used to set the face and prevent base makeup from moving about, it is especially useful for setting concealer under the eyes. The reason this is number one on my list is because of my skin type, I get very oily and shiny. Sometimes I'll even wear powder on its own without any other makeup just to get rid of the shine. I mostly use pressed powders because they're more convenient and far less messy although I do sometimes use loose powder. (The only one I have is Coty Airspun, I bought it online so I didn't realise it would have such a heavy perfume smell, I can only use it when I'm going out in fresh air because it gives me a headache otherwise)



pink makeup

Here's one that has been a favourite of mine for a very long time, since I started wearing makeup as a teenager. It's anything pink - eyeshadows, lipsticks, even nail polish if that counts. I don't know if you can tell but pink is my favourite colour, and wearing it on my face gives me a real boost of confidence from expressing myself. While I do love experimenting with all kinds of colours, I always come back to pink in the end. There's just something so comforting about it to me. Also, my two oldest and most sentimental makeup items (god, that sounds so silly) are two pink Revlon lipsticks - I would never put them on my lips anymore, but my late grandmother bought them for me when I was a teenager so I just can't get rid of them. When I'm looking to buy new makeup I really have to stop myself from buying everything that's a really pretty pink, first world problems.



brown mascara

This might be something a bit odd to rate so highly, but hear me out. I love mascaras that are brown in colour as opposed to black. Because of my fair skin tone, it looks far more natural and flattering, it eliminates the "panda eyes" look a lot too. I bought one after my mum mentioned this to me (no doubt after getting mascara everywhere except my eyelashes) and I haven't looked back since. I also really like them because it's not something you see all too often in the makeup world - 90% of mascaras out there are black and that's your only choice, or the "brown" colour is really just such a dark brown that it may as well be black. I also love to pair it with complimentary colours, pairing it with pink eyeshadow for example is just lovely. My go-to brown mascara that is actually brown is the L'oreal Lash Paradise - you see influencers talk about the black one all the time but never the brown one. Give it a chance, you may find yourself hardly ever reaching for a black mascara again like me.



tinted lip balms

What would I do without lip balms? Well, my lips would be like the Sahara desert otherwise. However, it's lip balms that are tinted which are probably my most used lip product in a makeup sense. They're usually a sheer wash of colour, you aren't going to make a statement with them, but they will look after your lips and keep them hydrated. Also since they're sheer you don't need to worry about being precise when re-applying, a true handbag wonder, and let me tell you there are quite a few sitting in mine. They're similar to lip glosses, however I prefer them over that because of the hydrating benefits, and they sink into the skin more than glosses which usually just sit on top of the lips. I highly recommend the Burts Bees ones, they're lovely, as is the Vaseline pot.



concealer

Camouflage in a bottle - concealer covers a multitude of sins, from under eye bags to blemishes. It's only become a recent favourite of mine, as the concealers I've had in the past just haven't been very good and didn't cover anything. However in recent years the industry has really pulled its finger out, concealer formulas are the best they've ever been. My go-to is the Revolution Conceal and Define - somehow I bought the shade that is perfect for my skintone (something you'll know is no short of a miracle when buying complexion makeup), and if I'm having a good skin day I can put it under my eyes without anything else other than powder, and I'll look like I haven't stayed awake until 2am watching YouTube.



Resonance

Author: *The Prophet - Chapter 1*

"See you tomorrow, Julie!" Her co-worker calls after her as Julie slips out the back door. Her only response is a polite wave, before the door slams shut behind her. Julie takes a deep breath of the afternoon air, holding it in her chest a moment and letting her body realign itself. She steps forward as she exhales and begins her walk home. It's spring here in upstate New York, and the crispness of winter is almost gone. The cool wind still feels wonderful on her skin though; that spin class she was roped into teaching was intense. She likes her job at the local gym, don't get it twisted- she really just needs to learn to say no. She can't help it; the owners are so nice, and they've helped her so much. They reached out to their church for her (and thankfully was very discreet about her situation) when she needed a place to live, have brought her homemade food on more than one occasion, and had their son help her move in when she finally found someplace to stay. They're good people, and they pay her a great wage for what she does. She can't help but want to pick up a little extra slack here and there as thanks, you know?

The wind tosses her pale bangs from her face, pulling her out of her thoughts. She's almost home. It's almost sunset too; perfect time for a run through the trails. She smiles a bit and picks up her pace, barely stopping her momentum in time to keep from barreling through the front door. She sets her bag down at the base of the stairs as she bounces to the second floor and peels off her uniform. Dressing completely in black may help hide all sorts of stains, but it really does retain too much heat. Boss never keeps the air conditioner cold enough for her liking. She swaps out to her favorite pair of joggers and a purple tank top, a comfortable outfit for a comfortable run. It's not long before she's out the door again, and off to her favorite route through the nearby woods.

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She's never seen anything like it before. Like... Her, before. Is a feminine term even applicable here, she wonders? Julie looks up again, up at the shifting mass of light and curves and feathers standing three times her size. She can't help but stare,

slack-jawed, completely in awe of who- or what- just burst forth from the folds of reality itself.

"Be not afraid, Mortal."

Julie thinks it is entirely too late for that.

"I know my form is hard for your mind to comprehend, but I come bearing great news for Humankind!" Somehow, the smile creeping across Her lips is even more brilliant than Her body. The towering woman kneels down to speak more closely to Julie. The trees and undergrowth of the forest around them bend and shift to accommodate Her, as if bowing in honor.

"I am Anael, an angel sent by the Creator to bless your world." She whispers, speaking directly to Julie. "I've come to bring the Heavens and Earth together, in love."

"...I-in love? I... I don't-" Julie starts to ask, fear and curiosity in her voice. Anael suddenly folds into herself, the flowing light curling inside her chest until she takes a less incomprehensible form. She stands before Julie once more, now a good deal shorter. Anael reaches up and runs her palms against her scalp, the most luminescent golden-brown hair flowing out from between her fingers as she reaches the base of her neck. Her hair continues to grow at breakneck pace until it reaches the small of her back. Silken waves cascade around her petite yet curvaceous body, triggering something in Julie's subconscious. Anael's skin is the color of dark earth, tanned and full of life. Julie finally focuses on Anael's face, which is small and round and just bursting with so much joy and color. Somehow, Anael looks almost familiar. Julie isn't sure, but it's almost as if Anael is also still glowing, however imperceptibly. Maybe it's just her blinding smile and ice-blue eyes. She doesn't have too much time to inspect, as suddenly Anael wraps her arms around Julie's waist and lifts her off the ground in a tight hug.

Julie's never had the wind knocked out of her before, considering she's always been compared to a marble pillar, but then again; she's never been hugged by an angel before either. Anael exhibits an inordinate amount of strength for the form she's taken, the softness not showing any hint of muscle around her arms or core. In moments the angel drops this helpless mortal back to her feet but holds her at

arm's length to get a good appraisal of Julie's appearance. Julie is tall, pale and stocky; nothing like the beauty in front of her. Her platinum hair is cut short around her neck and ironed straight to the point of no return. Her eyes are her prettiest feature, being a deep, warm brown that's far more inviting than the rest of her. Under her baggy joggers and loose-fitting tank top though, she's built like steel. Years and years of CrossFit will do that to you. Anael seems to find something about her suitable, however, as she smiles and nods her head with the decisiveness of someone who's just made the best decision of her life and knows it.

"Yes! Yes, you will be perfect! This is all coming together so wonderfully! He will be so proud!" Anael twirls with the last word, hair flowing out like rivers of chocolate, catching the sunlight and turning gold. It is not a moment later that Julie realizes Anael's form did not come with clothing, or any covering at all. She blushes deeply and somehow wills herself to look away.

"H-hey, uhm, if you're going to be in that body, you uhm... need to cover up. I'm not going to pretend I know what's going on right now, but the last thing I need is to get an angel arrested for indecent exposure." Julie takes a mental inventory of herself, but of course she didn't think to bring her pack on this run. She sighs and takes off her shirt; at least the sports bra underneath covers plenty.

"Here, take this." Julie tosses the tank top in Anael's direction. "It'll be big on you, but at least you won't be completely nude." Anael dons the shirt, having remembered how it was worn before and mimicking that.

"This is very warm, mortal. What do you call this?" Julie turns to see her (mostly) dressed, but still can't help but blush.

"It's a shirt...?" Julie stops for a moment, curious. "Do you... do you not know about shirts? Don't angels know literally everything?" Anael smiles softly in response, tilting her head in a motherly manner.

"No, not everything. Omnipotence is only given to the Creator. We know what we need to know; no more, no less."

"So, you were sent here without knowledge of shirts? That seems like a pretty basic thing in human culture as a whole that I think you probably should have

known." She doesn't mean it, but her tone suggests a lack of faith in this "Creator." She's not sure what to believe anymore, but this angel was supposedly sent by an omnipotent being with a task, and she would think that such a being would let the angels know how humanity has changed.

"He trusts that we will discover what we need to on our own." Anael's smile never falters, but there's the smallest shift in her tone. "He trusts us to be resourceful." She turns her gaze towards the sky at this point, with a look full of determination. "I do not plan to sour his faith in me."

Julie has no idea how to respond. The angel's energy is so powerful, so all-encompassing, even in this form. She doesn't know how to feel, all she knows is that this angel's will is resolute.

"...O-okay. So, what do you need to do?"

"I need you, mortal. I need your body, and your love."

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"Alright first things first, my name is Julie. Please call me Julie, not 'mortal.' Secondly, what the fu--"

"Ahem."

"...What the *frick*, do you mean by 'I need your body and love'?"

Anael laughs, a sound like windchimes in summer. She steps closer to Julie again, suddenly smelling of flowers and morning dew.

"Sweet Julie, you are no innocent child. I am sure you know of what I imply. Together we shall fill the world with light, and when all have witnessed our love the angels will burst forth from the Heavens and join humanity in its splendor!"

Julie blinks, slowly; like in a cartoon. She's not sure she fully processed what this angel has asked of her. Did an angel really just ask her to...? No, no that can't be, right? She couldn't possibly... With an angel? How does that even work? She seems to have the right... uhm... anatomy, in this form but... Isn't that sacrilegious or

something? There has to be a rule in the bible about bedding angels. Julie suddenly wishes she actually went to bible school instead of sneaking out to get tacos with her friends that summer.

Her mind is still reeling when Anael lifts herself onto her tiptoes, and pecks Julie's cheek. The angel laughs again as blush creeps up. She suddenly realizes that this whole internal struggle of hers has likely been playing out across her face. Julie never was very good at hiding her thoughts. Julie jumps a bit at Anael's touch; her nerves that had been, up to this moment, almost completely numb suddenly bursting to life. Out of instinct, she picks up the smaller woman and hoists her over her shoulder. And out of instinct, she turns on her heel and sprints back towards home.

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Julie doesn't even consider how this might look like a kidnapping as she races down the cobblestone streets, only reacting on her instinct to get this woman somewhere private before they draw too much attention. As soon as the two reach Julie's brick town home, she plops Anael down on the bed, throws some clean clothing at her, and leaves the room.

"Just- just put those on and come downstairs when you're dressed." Julie doesn't wait for a response but is sure she heard something resembling a confused protest. She jogs down the stairs, and straight into her personal gym. Well, at least her best attempt at one. Julie's home, while not the most spacious, grants her enough room to do what she needs. What is supposed to be a second bedroom or office space has been converted into Julie's little haven; mats lining the floor from one end to the other, exercise equipment placed wherever it fits, a yoga mat leaned against a corner by the window. Immediately she walks up to her weight rack and picks up a small dumbbell in one hand. She doesn't stop moving though; she's pacing circles around the room, curling the weight as she runs her free hand through her hair. She can still feel the blush warming her cheeks, and she tries to chalk it up to the run home. What was she thinking? Scooping up an angel like that- oh god she's really an angel. She has to be, there's no other explanation... The way she... unfolded, right out of the air...as if reality were a blanket she'd been wrapped up in until that moment. Julie had just been jogging her daily route through the woods, minding her own business, being anything but remarkable. Why her? Why did this thing decide to appear right in front of her? She spins on

her heel and walks counter clockwise now, right hand letting go of the hair she didn't realize she'd been pulling to fall on her hip. There's nothing special about her, she thinks. Nothing special at all. She's just some girl. A fairly average woman, with a fairly average job as a trainer at a fairly average gym, making fairly average pay. Nothing remarkable has happened to her in her life, so why now? What the hell is going on-

It's at this moment that Anael comes down the stairs, and quietly pads into the room. Julie's train of thought is broken as the room literally brightens at her presence. She stops cold in her tracks, looking up mid-rep and mid-step.

"...H-hey."

"Does this look... correct?" Anael looks down at herself and swings her arms out, presenting her outfit. She looks like she's wearing her older sister's clothes, but somehow, it's incredibly endearing. The turquoise leggings seem to just barely fit, hanging a little bit looser than they're supposed to but not falling off. Anael has far more curve than Julie, and it seems to be filling out her old clothes well enough. The fresh shirt is completely oversized though, hanging more like a dress than anything else. Julie didn't have any undergarments that would have fit her, so the girl looks more ready for bed than anything else. She turns from the woman in the doorway to set down the dumbbell, taking a moment to lean against the rack and catch her breath. She's begun to notice how clammy her palms are. Has she been sweating like this the whole time? She turns back to Anael and sighs.

"We're going to have to buy you your own clothes, but for now that's fine. Are.. are you hungry? Do you... get... Hungry?"

"Angels know not of hunger or pain; we are beings of light at our core. We need no sustenance, nor rest."

"Well, that saves me the trouble of buying extra groceries at least." Julie slides into the bench beside her. She sits with her elbow on her thigh, resting her chin in her palm. She sighs again, looking up at Anael's ever smiling face and managing a smile back. "I have a lot of questions. But first, I think I'll order some pizza."

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Julie scarfed down that pie a whole lot faster than she expected, not realizing just how hungry this madness made her until the smell of garlic butter hit her nose. It's all gone by now, and she's absently munching on a breadstick as she formulates her first question.

"So, you never answered my question back at the park, before you transformed or whatever that was. You said you needed to... What was it?"

"Bring the Heavens and Earth together in love!" Anael smiles, curled comfortably against the arm of the couch as Julie sprawls over the rest of it. Her legs are tucked to her chest, not in a fearful way; but in a pleased, childish manner.

"Okay, yes, what does that even mean?"

"It means exactly as I said- I've been sent here to bond with a Human through love, and to show Humanity what holy love truly is." Anael leans onto her knees as she speaks, placing a hand in the space between Julie's akimbo limbs so that she can crawl closer. There's a look on her face that throws Julie off.

"...Are you asking me to have sex with you?"

"Yes, Julie. I am asking you to make love to me."

"...You realize I'm a woman, right?"

"Yes, I do."

"I'm pretty sure that's a sin."

"A sin? How could love ever be a sin?"

Julie's heart is racing, and she can't seem to look at Anael for more than a moment at a time. Her eyes keep darting back and forth between the woman leaning just a bit too close, and the wall beside the couch. She leans back unconsciously, needing more room to breathe as she bumbles over her words.

"I-I mean I've always been told that... you know... loving someone of the same sex is a sin. That homosexuality is the work of the devil or something." Suddenly Anael

looks confused- truly confused, as her smile actually fades and her light just barely dims. She sits back down, curling her legs up to her chest once more as her gaze becomes steely.

"Who is spreading these lies about the word of our Creator?"

"Uh, almost every clergyman and bible in the world?"

"They are wrong. They know nothing of what they say. The Creator is a benevolent being, a loving being. All love is pure and sacred, no matter who it is shared between. Anyone who speaks otherwise is a farce." Anael's voice has such a sharpness to it that Julie finds herself nodding silently. She gulps.

"I... thank you, Anael." Julie is shaking a little bit, on the verge of tears. Somehow, it's like an incredible weight has been lifted off her shoulders, to know that she's not some anomaly; that she's meant to be the way she is. To hear it from the mouth of what can only be an Angel herself is... She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes, forcing back the tears and calming her heart down. When she lifts her gaze again, she sees Anael smiling softly back at her, a warm, considerate smile. Julie drops her eyes towards her feet again, chuckling nervously.

"Sorry, sorry... Anyway," Julie lifts herself up into a more comfortable position on the couch. "I don't think I can help you, Anael."

"Whatever do you mean? You are certainly fit for the job physically, you're in good health an-"

"There's more than just whether or not I can physically do this. Yes, physically I have the right uh... parts, but... sex isn't something I just, you know... do." Anael looks at her quizzically, not quite understanding. Julie shifts again so that she can better use her hands to illustrate her points.

"Sex is a deeply personal thing to some people. Some people have sex with anyone, whenever they feel like it, but others, like me... just don't feel comfortable doing that. I can't just sleep with you because you asked me to, even if it is for some greater good. I can't do it." Julie sighs and runs a hand through her hair again, nervously rubbing the back of her neck. "I'll help you get some clothes so you're not running around town naked, but you're going to have to find someone else to help you with this if sex is all you're after."

The understanding washes over Anael, and her confusion melts through dejection into sombre acceptance. Julie can see her shoulders slump, just slightly. The small angel casts her eyes down towards the knees that are tucked to her chest, and smiles.

"Ah... I see." she says. "I understand, Julie. It would not be in my nature to force you into anything, nor would it be very becoming of a being such as I. I hope you could forgive me if I overstepped my bounds." Anael stands, a smooth and graceful motion as she straightens her posture and smooths out the wrinkles in her clothes. Like a soldier, she turns on her heel towards Julie and bows deeply. "I hope our paths cross again, dear Julie. I wish you many blessings in the name of our Creator."

In the blink of an eye, Anael bursts once more into pure light, and just as quickly folds back into the fabric of human understanding, gone. Julie couldn't even rise from her seat, let alone give any sort of protest. She sighs and leans back into the lumps of the cushions to rub her palms over her eyes. Jesus, what just happened? There was a real live angel in her living room, wearing her old clothes. Did she really just ask her for sex? What the hell is happening? She has to be dreaming... She just... Julie sighs. There's no way this could've been a dream, but she's going to go to bed and pretend it was anyway. Maybe if she tells herself it was fake for long enough; she'll actually start to believe it. Julie pulls out her phone and checks her work schedule, setting an alarm for far too early in the morning before trudging up the stairs. She peels off her running clothes, finally, and tosses them into the hamper in the corner. She doesn't even bother rummaging through her dresser for pyjamas, she just flops face-first into the bed and throws the blanket sloppily over herself. It's not long before she's drifted off.

~

Sunlight pours in through the crack in her blackout curtains. Specks of dust drift lazily through the streak, dancing and playing. She ended up calling out this morning. After the first couple of hours, she couldn't get any sleep. Before she knew it, the blue light of her phone was offset by the warm sun filtering in, and she knew she wouldn't be able to last through a whole shift. Julie still hasn't fallen asleep, or even gotten out of bed. She hasn't had a lazy morning like this in a long time, and her body is telling her she needs it. She's been groggy for hours. Her mind won't

stop reeling. She's not even hungry, but she feels like she should be. She groans, and finally whips off the covers. The sudden wash of cold air gives her goosebumps and finally starts to clear the fog in her head. She checks her phone as she sits up and blindly searches for her slippers with the balls of her feet.

It's ten in the morning. How did it get so late? She better go make some breakfast before it turns into lunch.

~

She strides gingerly down the pavement, still getting accustomed to the footwear she was given. Anael would fly, but she knows that isn't something common amongst humanity, and she'd rather not call too much attention to herself while she's wandering alone. She's got no idea where she's headed, following intuition and praying it's her Creator's guiding hand. It's been hours since she left. The sun has risen already, and she's been walking since she left Julie's home. She had transported herself to the place she sensed the most love nearby but had not found the source. Julie is still the strongest beacon, her energy tingling a spot in the back of the angel's mind. She must ignore it. It would be unbecoming to force herself on a human. She's an angel, after all; she is perfect. Julie's not given her consent, and that's that. She can't dwell on this any longer. Why is she still dwelling? Stop that. It's not like her eyes were all that striking, or that her heart beat faster when she was smiling- Oh Lord in heaven, give me strength.

Anael stops abruptly and shakes her head, trying to clear her thoughts by force. No, she mustn't think this way. Why is she so smitten by this human? And why is this human the strongest force of love she can sense? What in the Lord's name is so special about Julie?

- End of Chapter 1 -

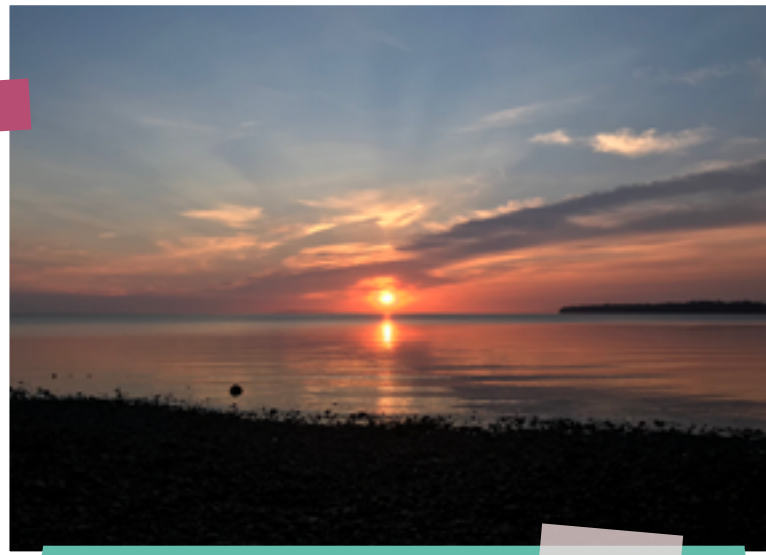
Royal Diary

OUR FAVOURITE SUMMER MEMORIES



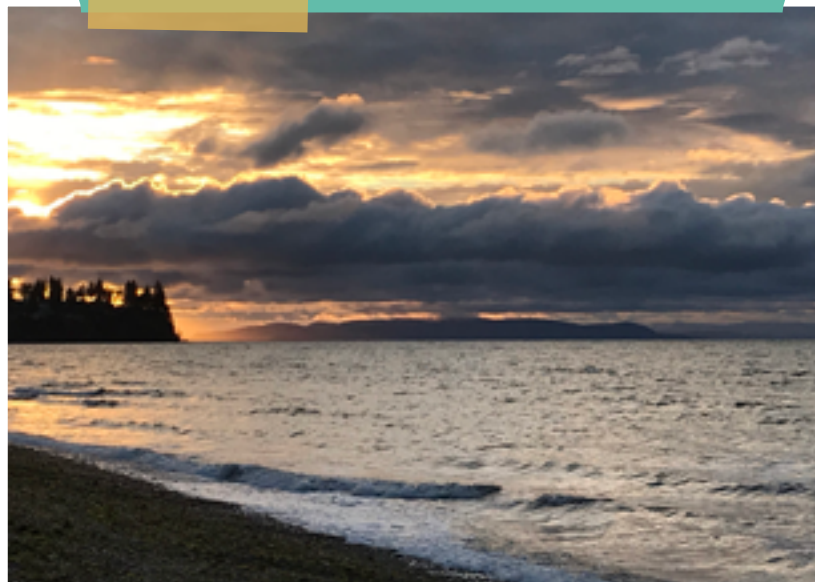
hellobelle

If I'm honest, I can't remember what year this summer memory was. I hope it was summer, as I was only fourteen (or was I thirteen?) and we were camping in a field in what felt like miles away from home, listening to music on a Sony Ericsson with a broken screen and drinking cider from a 3L plastic bottle that was cool from the night breeze. I'm not sure how we got there, I just remember listening to Eminem, swinging on the swings, at 4am. I was wearing a My Chemical Romance hoodie, my hair wet from a swimming lesson hours prior, black skinny jeans that were way too big. I remember falling asleep in the 'entranceway' of the tent, damp from the dewy grass as my friends smoked cigarettes outside. It's one of those memories that I think fondly of; how young, free and invincible we all were. Needless to say, I was grounded for lying to my parents about where I was that night, and I think I caught a cold. But it was one of the only 'young rebellious teen' moments I had in the summer, and I would give anything to relive that night in the damp, musty tent again.



Bulma

Here are a few of my favorite photos I've taken while living in a seaside city. I'm very lucky to live only a few blocks away from the beach, so I can indulge my inner child and visit whenever I want! Even on cloudy days, the sky and sea look gorgeous as they're painted in light and shadow. It's not a specific memory, but just being able to view such a beautiful sight fills me with energy.



rabies

I was probably like four or five years old the summer that this went down & my dad had decided to take our family to the beach. One of the events he had planned was having this guy with a boat take us out to one of the little islands off-shore so that we could collect shells and basically have a private beach to ourselves for the afternoon. It was a super pretty location; the water was so clear that you could see all the shells on the bottom of the ocean and my mom, my older sister, and I were spending our afternoon collecting said shells in a bucket.

All of a sudden, I hear, 'Neva, get the kids out of the water,' in a tone that I had never heard my dad use before. My mom must have known something was wrong because as soon as I started to whine, "But why?", annoyed at having my shell-collecting cut short, she grabbed me, lifted me out of the water, and just started running to shore with me in her arms. I remember getting water up my nose because of all the splashing. My sister, being older, had already run ahead. When we got to shore, the man with the boat explained what he and my dad had seen:

A shark fin headed directly towards my mom, sister and I. Sharks never came this close in to the shore so they had expected to see it turn away at some point, but it hadn't. It had come probably within about 15 feet of our family. The guy with the boat seemed really convinced that we had narrowly escaped a super bad situation.

Also, all my shells that I collected that day ended up being full of live hermit crabs so we had to get rid of them on the boat ride back.

A showcase of Picrew icons we made during the process of building the zine. Thanks to Kway for suggesting this style to use!

This issue's Picrew icons were made using @16min's 'Carat Crew' maker. Link: picrew.me/image_maker/643839



alleged thot



Bulma



chi



hellobelle



Kway



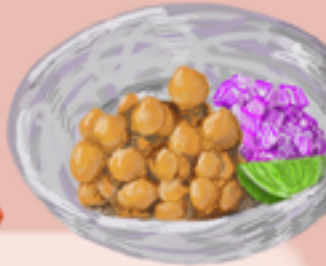
Susan



The Prophet

chickpea "tuna" (garbanzo bean) salad

easy, vegetarian, versatile!



chickpea "tuna" salad recipe

- * 1 15 oz. can of chickpeas | 425g
- * 1/4 cup of cucumbers or pickles, roughly diced
- * 1/4 cup of onion, diced
- * 2 tbsp of mayonnaise or yogurt | 50g
- * 1 tsp of lime juice or 0.5 tsp of apple cider vinegar | 5g
- * 1-2 tsp of hot sauce of choice (sriracha, gochujang, etc. - optional)
- OR 1 tsp of dijon mustard | 5-10g
- * salt and pepper to taste
- * bread, crackers, or greens - for serving

Notes: You can make this with dried chickpeas as well.
Soak beans covered in water overnight, or boil for one hour for quick soak.
Then cook by boiling for 1.5 to 2 hours until desired texture.

Substitution or addition ideas: hummus as a sauce base; avocado, celery, bell pepper, or relish; eating as a dip with pita chips or cut vegetables.

1. Drain canned chickpeas or cooled cooked chickpeas into mixing bowl. Mash roughly with a fork or fingers.
2. Stir in chopped vegetables and mix thoroughly.
3. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Adjust other seasonings as needed.
4. Serve spooned on top of toast, on crackers, with greens, or in a sandwich with tomato and lettuce. Garnish with parsley or sesame seeds.

Keep leftovers refrigerated in an airtight container for up to one week.



adapted by
Freedom 2021

Thank You

Thank you to everyone who contributed, doodled, coded, photographed, wrote, cooked, designed, discussed, interviewed and simped (!) for our very first zine. This project could not have happened without your wonderful support and creativity throughout.

Thank you to those who are reading this, you're the best! Please spread the word and consider visiting our website: queenbeat.moe

With love,
The Queens



[HTTP://QUEENBEAT.MOE](http://queenbeat.moe)