JONES LIBRARY
ZINE CLUB PRESENTS:

BEYOND THE BEATEN PATH

SUMMER 2022
Hello! Thanks for picking up a copy of this zine!

This is a collaborative zine comprised of submissions by Jones Library patrons and staff based on this year’s summer reading theme, Read Beyond the Beaten Path.

We hope you enjoy it!

For more information on Jones Library Zine Club, please visit: joneslibrary.org/zineclub
BEYOND THE BEATEN PATH

A COLLABORATIVE ZINE ABOUT OUR JOURNEYS INTO THE NATURAL WORLD

AMHERST, MA
SUMMER 2022
UNTITLED DRAWING
Lily Sheldon, Amherst

MAKING ART with NATURAL MATERIALS
Coco Campbell, 9 Amherst
My grandma comes to America from Korea every year. Whenever she comes, she helps around the house by cleaning, babysitting us, and cooking traditional Koreans dishes for us.

When I was 5, my mother was pregnant with my little brother. My grandmother came to help take care of me especially while my father was at work.

One day to pass time, my grandmother suggested to make Dotori-muk from scratch. Dotori-muk is a traditional Korean jelly that is made of acorns. To start, we had to collect a ton of acorns.

So we went to the forest and collected... and collected... until we had a full bucket.

We soaked the insides in water, strained them, and dried them.

Then we removed the shells of the acorns. We repeated these steps until we were left with a powder.

We followed my grandma’s instructions and our outcome was a thick, light-brown jello.

We made a soy based sauce to garnish with, and dug in.

It was amazing! I needed more. My tastebuds were buzzing.

This was the moment I realized hard work pays off.
Adventures in Nature

The summer between 8th and 9th grade, I convinced my dad to let me sign up for an Outward Bound-style camping intensive in Colorado with a friend. It was a 3 week long outdoor program that involved hiking, rock climbing, and white water rafting. I was lured in by the promise of life-long friendships with kids from all around the world, and my own romantic, TV-informed vision of adventuring out West. When it came to the phone interview portion of applying where they wanted to confirm that I was “in good shape” to handle the physical demands of the program, I naively believed that walking home a mile from school each day was sufficient.

The next 3 weeks were a lesson in hubris. We started off with a "short" 3 day hike in the Rockies. I began the day bright and excited, but as the morning wore on, it was replaced by a sense of exhaustion and dread. On top of being physically unprepared for this amount of hiking, my body was having trouble adjusting to the higher altitude of Colorado. Our counselor nudged me on and was a compassionate cheerleader, but all I could focus on was the intense screaming of every muscle and the extra work my lungs were doing.

Finally, my friend and I arrived at the campsite - two hours later than everyone else. The other kids had already set up their tents and cooked dinner over the campfire. While they played hacky sack and getting-to-know-you games, I scarfed down deeply bland but extremely satisfyingly mac and cheese. I was far too exhausted to appreciate the surrounding wildlife and beautiful mountain view.

I wish I could say things got better from there, but they didn’t - at least, not by much! My friend and I had made a pretty clear first impression of ourselves as weak hikers those initial few days, and it was hard to shake off that judgement. Our program was made up predominantly of 13 & 14 year old boys, a group I was still shy around at that age, and I had little in common with the other 2 girls there. Instead of trying harder to get to know them, I clung to the friend from home I’d come with (who was even more miserable than I was). I never quite adjusted to campfire cooking, bed-roll sleeping, or using the bathroom with no walls.
In spite of my reservations about outdoor life, I did enjoy some of the other activities more. It was awesome (and terrifying!) to rock climb outside a gym for the first time, and white water rafting was a welcome cool-off from all the walking I’d been doing. At one point we stepped off our rafts to do a little swimming, and the counselors encouraged us to jump off a large rock that stuck 7 feet out of the water. I climbed to the top with everyone else, then got stage fright when it was time to jump. I was ready to climb back down and sink shamefully into the water - but a sudden flash of courage overcame my fear, and I turned around and made the jump! It was small compared to the physical feats my campmates had accomplished, but I was pretty proud of myself!

After 3 long weeks, I was more than ready to be home. We spent our last night at a campground near the Denver Airport, since many of us had to be shuttled to our flights when it was still dark out. The plan had been to spend our evening sleeping under the stars, but as we were cooking dinner, the sky began to darken forebodingly. A tornado watch soon became a tornado warning! Being from the mid-Atlantic, I was not accustomed to tornados at all; even today, the idea is still terrifying to me! We all had to crowd into the tiny campground shelter. Instead of sleeping outside, we slept next to the toilets!

Now that I’m an adult, I’ve learned that I can appreciate the outdoors on my own terms. I’ve been lucky to visit all kinds of awesome forests, waterfalls, mountains, and bodies of water, both nearby and far away. I’ve even come to enjoy the occasional hike (as long as the ground is flat)! I don’t know if I’ll ever be ready to go backpacking again, but that’s totally alright. There’s nothing wrong with enjoying nature at your own pace!

—Sarah D.
Kids Room
MY HOT Body

(no, not that sexy hot,
the temperature hot)

The more I grow up,
the hotter my body gets

I get dizzy,
I get sweaty,
I get tired

But I can't do anything about it, look at the world...

Everyone's not giving up
on plastic (including me).

Written by: Unknown
BEAR PATH by Adria

UNTITLED by HL
LOCAL WANDERINGS
by Jim Brissette, Amherst

BARN in WINTER

SHOREBIRDS
Robins
by Jim Brissette, Amherst

I saw robins in a field,
evenly spaced,
each hopping with joy
in their assigned a quadrant,
in search or and foraging for,
perhaps,
or just hopping
for the joy of being alive in spring.
And as they fluttered in the field,
they chattered, and fluttered,
thoroughly in tune,
each alone and everyone together.
So many robins,
I could not count them all,
all together, in one field.

Why have I not seen this sight before?
Did I fail to notice?
Or perhaps
the robins simply presented themselves,
as if to me,
a gift from the heavens,
a delight to behold,
to see spring come alive,
as the robins hop,
each alone and everyone together,
in a field lain fallow
and ignored for so long,
uncovering itself now
from winter’s snow,
baring its soul,
revealing its true character,
delighted in its gift,
to the robins,
to them to hop,
to me,
being alive,
spring alive,
life renewed.
TREES by Leah Rose

Trees, trees you're beautiful,
You're beautiful to me;
In the rain and in the sun,
You're a joyful sight to see.

In the forest where I dwell,
Is a grassy carpet floor;
In my tent I write and sing
And grow lovelier than before.

I learned to live and I learned to see,
Because you shared your Souls with me.

Trees, trees you're beautiful,
You help restore my Soul.
In your sweet air and fine greenery,
All of my parts became whole.

I learned to feel, yet be powerful;
Because your path is gentle.
MARCIAN'S EUROPEAN ADVENTURES

FRANCE

AUSTRIA

ITALY

-MARCIN, CATALOGUING
Caminante, no hay camino

In 2012 I found myself walking across Spain. I had heard about the Camino de Santiago pilgrimage from my Seattle housemates who wanted to do it again. While they weren't able to take time off from work, I was fortunately between jobs. I had never traveled by myself or gone on especially long hikes before, but it was an adventure I was ready for.

It took a month to walk the 500 miles. I started alone but met so many great folks along the way. Every day I would get up, put on my backpack, and start walking. Yellow arrows guide you towards Santiago. It's so simple really.

I think that simplicity is where the magic happens. When you're tired, you find a place to rest. When you're hungry, you stop and eat. When you have a blister, you pull out your first aid kit. I developed a profound appreciation for shady trees and drinkable water. For a nice place to sit and rest a spell.

In the end, I moved to Spain and walked a dozen more caminos over the next six years. My work schedule as a teacher generously allowed me summers off and random weeks off here and there. I became an expert at throwing a few things into my mochila, buying myself a one-way bus ticket, and finding las flechas amarillas en todos los sitios.

If you find yourself with a gap year, between jobs, or retired with a sudden abundance of free time ... think about the camino. As poet Antonio Machado wrote, SE HACE CAMINO AL ANDAR.

- Cecilia, Young Adult Services