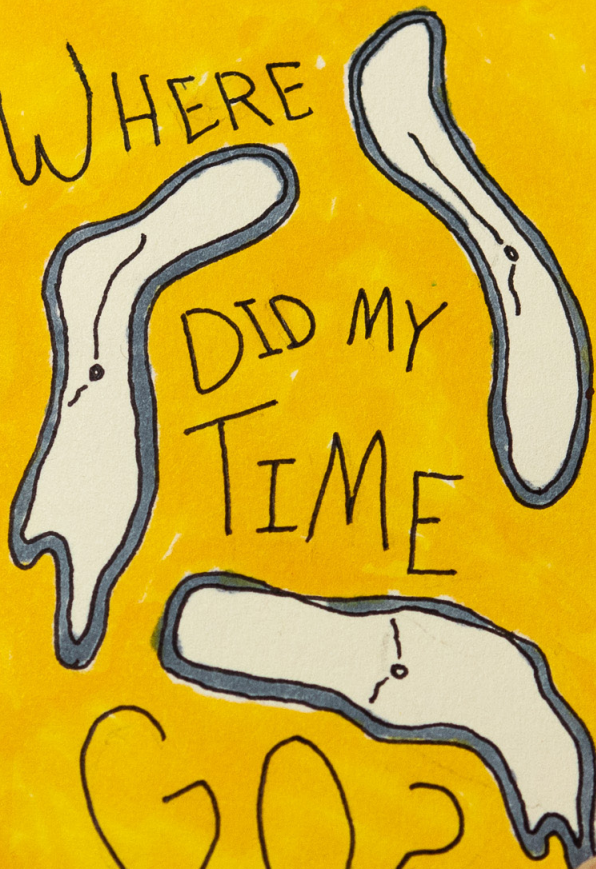



WHERE



DID MY
TIME

GO?

A ZINE BY KIR

A hand is holding a small, square notebook. The notebook's pages are decorated with a vibrant yellow watercolor wash that flows across the top and bottom edges, leaving a central white space. In this white space, the words "My days are blurring." are written in a simple, cursive black ink. The hand holding the notebook is visible at the bottom, with the thumb and fingers gripping the edges.

My days
are blurring.

Mornings, afternoon & night — it's the same.



Work...



Jog...



zzzz

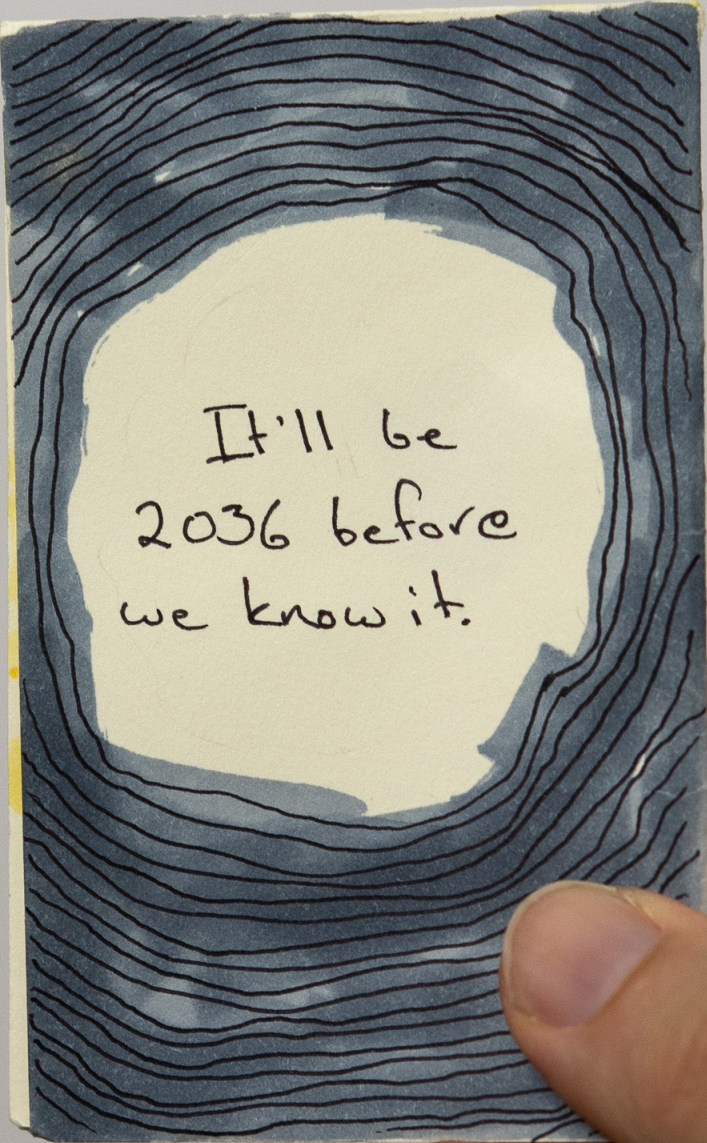
Repeat.



It's October, but June
feels like yesterday
and—even weirder—July
feels like a lifetime ago.



What's
with the
pumpkins?
Wasn't it
just Labor
Day?



It'll be
2036 before
we know it.