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twohundredby200

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dedicated to the memory of my Grandfather. Norman Berry April 1st 2003, who inspired everyone.

## Contents.....

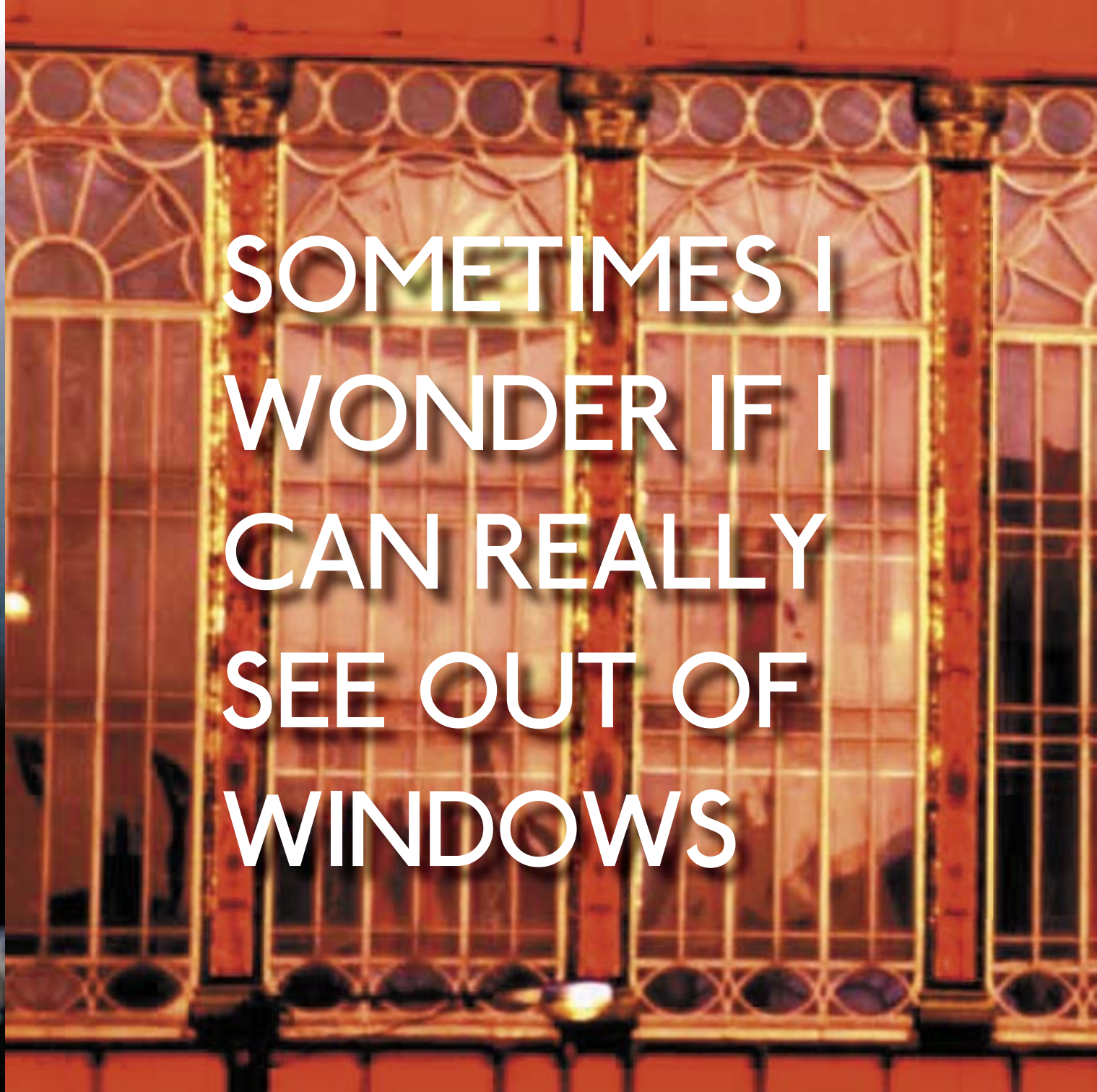
Jungle Music	page 4-5
The Boatman Dream	page 6-7
Time	page 9
Publish My Stuff	page 10
Leaving Home	page 14-15
Sadness	page 16
Individual	page 17
Contributors	page 19

## Info.....

"200 by200" is published every two months.

The idea is to allow people to showcase their talents or anything else they want to show the world.

If you would like to submit work to the magazine visit [www.twohundredby200.co.uk](http://www.twohundredby200.co.uk).



SOMETIMES I  
WONDER IF I  
CAN REALLY  
SEE OUT OF  
WINDOWS

# Jungle Music

by Donald.J.Makin



They spray painted my shed with hideous silver paint stolen from Halfords. They shot my dog with salt pellets so he died with a stinging wound. They smashed my windows with massive bricks. They tried, through all this, to hound me out of my home. They, the vigilante resident's association, who enforces their rules. It is not only them, the people I consider scum, but the council. The council decided to take action. Men with noise meters standing near my house taking measurements. Letters through the door from the environmental whatever its called department. I even had phone calls from people asking me to tone it down. There is even a bloody court case about to take place.

Why? Why are these people trying to evict me from the place I lived for so long? Because I play my music all day as loud as I can, all day as in from when I wake up to when I sleep. It is damn good music that deserves to played loud but that isn't why I play it so loud. That's what annoys me, that the people haven't actually talked to me and asked me why I play it. None of them, the council or the kangaroo court, have knocked on my door to speak to me, either to turn it down or to find out why it played so loud for so long.

If they did, maybe they would realise the real problem. The real problem is not me, but next door, and has nothing to do with music. If they bothered to talk to me, they would find out the real problem they ought to be taking to court. Because the real problem, the reason why I play my music so loud, is so I cannot hear his screams as she beats him from drinking too much, not having enough to drink or simply because she has or hasn't done something for her. If they asked me why I play my music so loud, if they bothered to knock on my door instead of attacking my home or sending endless letters, then they would find out that it should not be me in court but her. Then maybe they would see the real problem, that the man next door is not just accident prone and those marks on his arm aren't from falling down the stairs. Maybe if they asked they would find out that my music is not to disturb others but to hide another's pain, a pain I am too frail and too frightened to stop on my own.



*The Boatman Dream*

I had this **dream.**

I **dreamt** of a storm out at sea.

There was a boat, a rowing **boat.**

Onboard this boat there was a man **frantically** trying to row ashore.

No matter how **hard** he tried he just could not get closer to the shore.

Waves **crashed** and **thunder** filled the air.

Still he could not **defeat** the strong rolling waves.

**Then I woke up.**

**I wonder if it meant anything.**

Safety Helmets  
Must Be Worn

always obey the rules



safety



milliseconds  
seconds  
second  
minute  
hour  
day  
week  
month  
year  
decade  
centuries

**TIME**

Wouldn't it be cool to have a time machine?

I think I would go back to when I was at high school and give myself a good talking to.

Tell myself to pursue my dreams rather than listen to others whose advice turned out to be wrong.

I think I would tell myself to stand up for myself rather than going with the flow.

Tell myself to go steady on the booze and avoid certain pubs on certain dates.

I think I would tell myself the truth and what I think I did wrong and what I think I did right.

I would, most importantly, give myself the lottery rollover numbers.

## Publishmystuff.com

Publishmystuff.com was set up as the result of a bet its creator Angus Orr had with an cousin in Australia. The cousin's challenge was to build a house that would run solely on the electricity generated by kangaroos jumping on spring loaded platform connected to a generator.

Angus Orr's task was, on the face of it, a little more easily realised. He had to produce a successful site where any artist, amateur or professional, could 'publish their stuff'. By posting their work online, photographers, painters, writers, video-makers and poets would have the opportunity to expose their talents (or lack of) to potentially millions worldwide, and all for free. Because it was not going to be a money-making venture, the site's success would be measured by the response from artists wanting to publish their work, and the number of visitors checking it out.

Angus Orr's main problem with such a selfless scheme, it turns out, is that people always ask, what's the catch? "You mean, I can publish my short story/painting/animation on this nicely designed, properly maintained site FOR FREE? I get unlimited space, a free email address and the chance to sell my work via the site without any commission charged, and there are no hidden strings?"

In this cynical world it seems hard to believe that Angus Orr's motives are purely philanthropic (well, there is that bet to be won, granted), but for now it's true. There is no

charge and, while the site remains on a modest scale, Angus Orr will even help you design your pages and scan your work for you, if you ask nicely.

Angus Orr, an ex-carpenter and network engineer whose own poems and graphic art can be viewed on the site, started Publishmystuff.com a year ago this April, and has seen his hit count rise from a modest 25 visitors in the first month, to an impressive 9,800 in February of this year, without yet advertising or promoting its existence.

There are no criteria as to who can display their work. Within the limits of good taste and decency all creatively-minded people are welcome. At the moment there are 19 different artists on the site, ranging from anonymous short story writers to talented photographers. Some of the work is for sale, but most of it is just to enjoy for its own sake. The majority of the artists are from the UK but there are also a Jordanian, a Malaysian, a Canadian and a girl from Florida on the books too. The site has unlimited server space and can cope with audio and animation, and you have free rein over how your pages are designed.

And it's true, there is no catch - this is simply an online forum for talent and self-expression where everyone is invited. The site itself is a work in progress - Angus Orr has plans for a redesign over the next few months and all comments and suggestions are welcome. (Oh, and if you're interested, the cousin hasn't yet honoured his side of the bet!)





# leaving home

by Donald W. Makin

Life is hard in this place where no-one cares and where natural causes is never responsible for death. My dreams are dominated by another place, one without walls and where the sky is not limited by thick unforgiving windows. Mountains can be strolled there with no eyes watching every movement and where there is no fear. This is a mysterious land that I have been to but only can return to in dreams. It has been rampaged by Vikings, where its freedom has been fought for in two World Wars and is a place where freedom fighters are given the pleasant title of nationalist. It is soon to be on its own, this land, this place as home rule and independence is just around the corner.

This is my land, the place I dream and hope I will visit when my days are ended. I have not been there for a long time, so long that the name Scotland now seems like a foreign word. It is full of greenery, soft water and fresh air, not like my place full of vandalised concrete, water that is as brown as the dung they throw on the gardens and a stench, from humans crowding together in corners of packed places like my own. Will I ever see my land, the place I grew in and dream of every night? Probably not, unless the Governor gives me a last minute call at midnight tonight when I'm in the Chair.

sadness

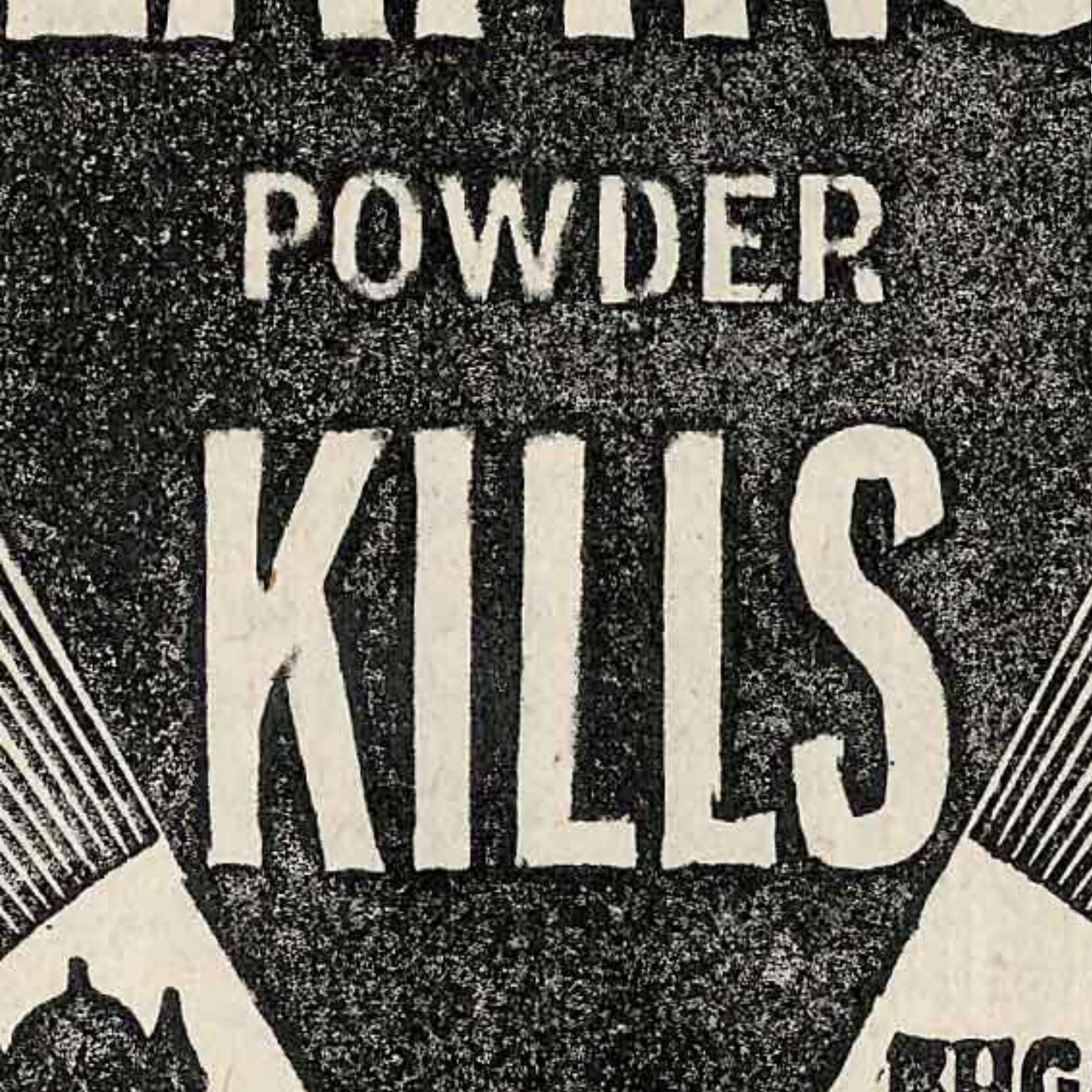


what makes you feel sad?  
i feel sad when flowers die  
the colours turn into a decaying reflection of the once full blown declaration of life  
the scent that was once so sweet turns to a lingering unpleasant odour  
drooping heads barely supported by once proud rigid stems  
it makes me feel sad



A Galaxy Full Of Stars.....  
Of Those Countless Thousands,  
Only One supports Life.

Of those Millions Of People,  
Living On That small world.  
You. A Unique individual.  
Just like everone else...:)



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