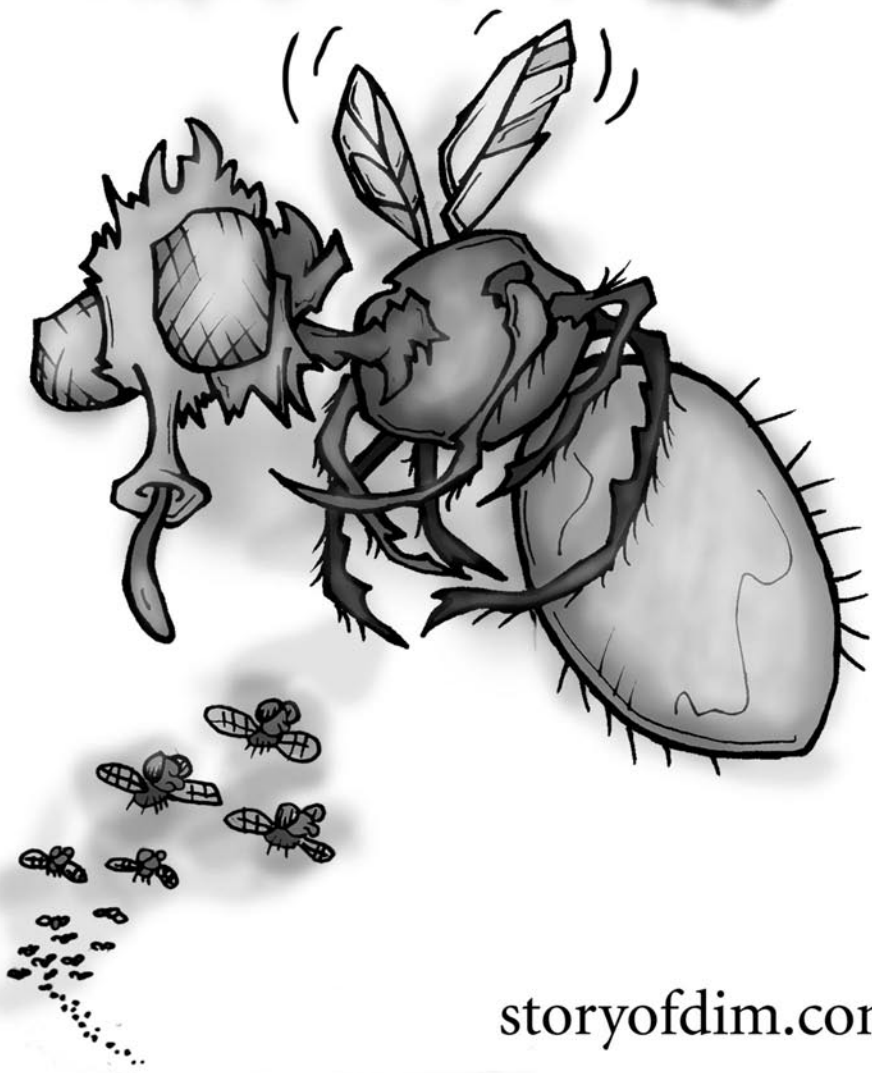




Coffee Crumbs

Issue One:

The Flies



storyofdim.com

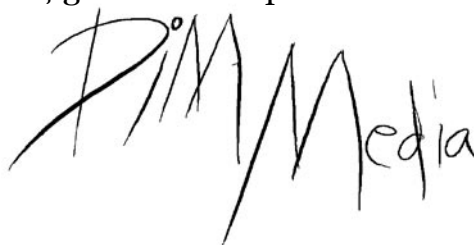
Hello and welcome to the first issue of Coffee Crumbs. If you are reading this you probably like coffee. We do too. A lot. In fact this whole zine was stapled together during a caffeinated frenzy of chaotic output. That said there may be some typos and stray lines. I apologize for this behavior. Our editor, in a fit of anti-capitalist mania, moved to Alaska. Inspired by Grizzly Man she's taken a liking towards seal meat in hopes of being accepted by their local polar bear population. She's dead now, so we print this zine in her unspecified honor.

I feel obligated to warn you that some drawings or stories will not be suitable for children. We are not telling you how to raise your kids. I'm just saying there could be some naughty words. Other stories will not be suitable for adults. But I guarantee that every page is 100% suitable for monkeys. I fucking love monkeys. (See, I warned you, bad words.)

Hey, good for you. You saved a tree by reading the online version. If you wanna continue saving trees subscribe to our online zine by sending us an email at **dimmedia@gmail.com**. We'll also accept complaints, submissions, tactical missions, money, criticisms, grammatical advice, romantic advice, drink recipes or quality rants.

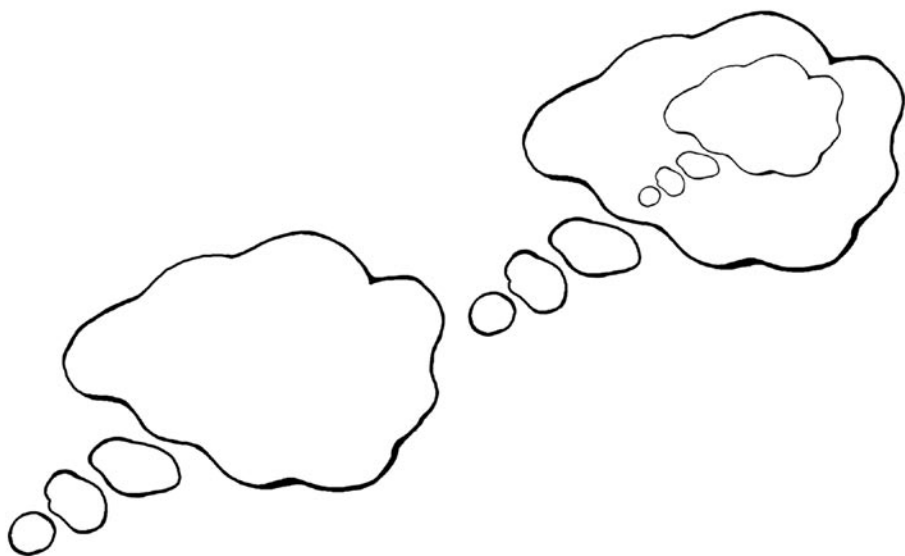
That's it for intros please enjoy Coffee Crumbs Issue one: The Flies. Thank you and have a wonderful day. (Like for real, go to a waterpark or something.)

Your friends,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dim Media". The letters are connected and fluid, with a large, sweeping 'D' and 'M'.

Dim Media

Conventions of Thought



A Thought Thinking About Thought

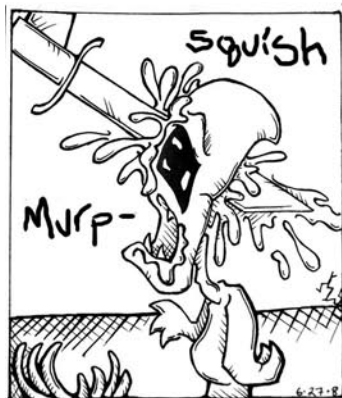
The 9th Hero



YAAA!



NINJA CAT WARRIOR



RARR-





Booya, that feels good

"I am the defender against the undead, Sworn protector and Samurai Warrior set to defeat Vixor, My enemy, my Murdering brother and all his blood thirsty Armies."



grumble

Roar!

oh crap!



HUNGRY - BURN

In Da...

Meatballz



BRING IT

-kill

-die

The 9th Hero



What seemed to
Be an out
numbered stand
off soon
became a
demon Massacre.



AND THE ME' BECOME THREE



SO THE SLAUGHTER CAN BEGIN!



And the battle this day
was bloody as the
Samurai and two of
his past lives
Slashed the undead
Soldiers into
steaming puddles.
His ghosts returned
to his essence
Making Lass one again
...SIZZLE



An ADD Rant

by Jon Hester

When you were a child every minute meant more to you, took longer, and had an almost constant significance. It is important to remember that perspective as an adult interacting with children. I look around and see that many grown ups often forget how it really felt to be a child (and some may even feel uncomfortable around kids as a result) because they have stifled some of their behaviors with age, let some dreams die, and moved on into a comfortable routine. In college one almost never interacts with may people outside their age bracket on a daily basis, and beyond certain family affairs that pattern can continue until one has kids of their own or spend time with peers who do. I feel blessed to have worked with kids as much as I have- it has taught me a great deal about how to enjoy life. I beseech you to reach into your most personal memories of how it felt to pick up the most colorful rock in the riverbed, the ache of when your third grade crush went to the drinking fountain with somebody else, the exuberance of the night you had ice cream outside before running to catch fireflies with the neighborhood kids, and the seriousness with which you upheld the rules of kickball. That was alive and well in you, unbridled.

Don't forget it. After working with children as a teacher and goofing off with my friends' kids at backyard barbeques I've solidified my beliefs of treating kids with all the utmost sincerity as if they were adults. Everything in their world means more (relatively) to them than everything in ours because they are constantly absorbing fresh experiences on the journey of life, and YOU are a part of it. They need you to not just tell them to be careful in a patronizing singsong voice, but to freak out about how awesome it feels to run through the sprinkler and scream really loud, understand how sad it can seem when nobody can come over to play, and push super hard on the

tire swing. Let them know the rules and have consequences ready for behavior that would ultimately hurt them, but also confide in them that you are sympathetic to their causes- give them room to walk the path and make a few rules of their own.





By Charles Denton

Light reflects off a bullet. It enters her chamber.

Most bullets weigh about 14 grams. That's equivalent to half an ounce or 9 American pennies. It enters her chamber with a 'clink' like a mother embracing her infant, Evil Jane, 2.5 pounds, and 5 1/2 inches of polished metallic steel.

I press her lips to my skull. Jane's muzzle kisses my temple. I tilt my head affectionately towards her. The fat man with tattooed sleeves likes what he sees.

He leans over the table smiling in anticipation. His biceps bulge like ripe grapefruits. Animated demon-whores tango on his skin. Grease stains saturate across his plump belly. A mad grin stretches across his unshaven face. These moments are his to live for. But so do Jane and I.

He cannot have her. I smile while biting off the tip of my tongue and letting warm blood seeps through my teeth. It coats the back of my throat and runs down my chin. It's his turn next and Jane won't be as forgiving. She whispers in my ear, "I love only you."

He cannot have her. I smile while biting off the tip of my tongue and letting warm blood seeps through my teeth. It coats the back of my throat and runs down my chin. It's his turn next and Jane won't be as forgiving. She whispers in my ear, "I love only you."

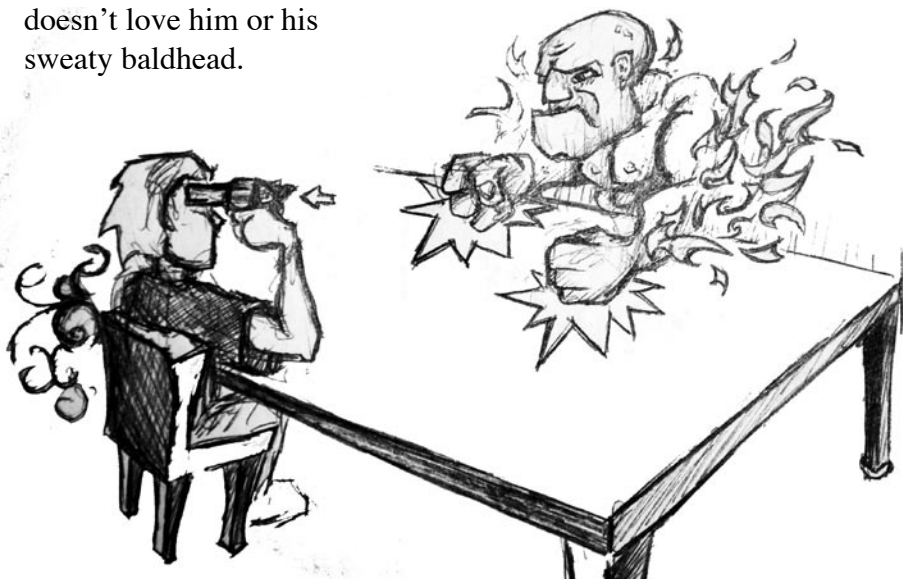
A little Chinese man bounces in the room happy to see my brains painted across the wall of his all you can eat restaurant. His face squeezes into a constipated knot wrinkling up his nose. "You do it, American Man." He shouts snapping an arm towards me with an erect index finger. "You do now!" He spits at me. Two of his fingers are missing and there are no customers in his establishment tonight. This allows plenty of time to clean before tomorrow's buffet.

Urine moistens my jeans in a dark growing circle. A fly buzzes and lands on my forehead, causing me to refocus my attention. It licks the moisture off my flesh and flaps transparent wings. My teeth grind in agony. The buzzing pierces my spine like a bad trip, unhinged grit flowing through gnashing bone marrow. I don't want my last thoughts to be about this disgusting fly. After I die this pest will lay eggs in my flesh. Parasitic fecal feaster, you need to die.

Perched on the sink, I notice another. They are everywhere. Tapping at the window desperately trying to escape. I can sense their fear. Afraid like the fly on my forehead should be.

They swarm around a dangling light bulb high above. They pick at day old food on unwashed dishes. I can't escape the buzzing. The flies wait for my rotting corpse. They corner me here so I can be a feast for their maggots. The flies listen to my thoughts. They think they have won, but they don't know Jane.

A fist slams on the table. Tattoo flames flutter in stop motion and simmer back on his forearm in rearranged patterns. The demons still dance. He sits opposite me at the chipped up dinning room table and keeps smiling. Bastard doesn't know he's next. Jane doesn't love him or his sweaty baldhead.



He tries to grunt something, but his words gurgle out in long mumbling bubble captions. He points his thick arm towards a clock on the wall. Rotting stink seeps out the open cavities of his leathery flesh. It is two thirty in the morning and smells of dead fish.

Unsheathing a four-inch chopping knife the pungent Chinese man eyeballs me in desperate greed. His front tooth is cracked. If Jane wishes, I will be a glorious entree on tomorrow's menu, between the Shanghai Noodles and the Chicken Curry.

Apathy flows in euphoric waves. Especially when you're about to blow your brains out, wearing soiled pants, and surrounded by flies. A light overhead sways bathing me in florescent golden dust. Tranquility dilutes the filth. I could achieve complete un-Zen if it weren't for these damn flies. I want to squeeze their puke green guts between my fingers.



Evil Jane is the solution to this drastic hallucination. I'll get them and there won't be a funeral song. Jane doesn't like to be rushed and neither do I. It's a slow and easy dance of passion. You have to love her just right. If this greasy fat bastard can hold his nerves a little longer and the China man doesn't pop his whistle, I'll get at least one of them. This one, crawling across on forehead, right now, it will send a message to the rest.

I share an understanding with the other men. It is in our eye contact, a sterile indifference, a nod without nodding. My time is approaching. I feel it tingling in the air, lifting the hairs on my neck. Jane sings to me in a quiet pitched whisper. I wrap my fingers around her thin waist. My life is worth this kiss.

Breaking our glance I check the clock. Three-o-six and I tip the revolver forty-five degrees to my head. Tiny salt beads collect on my face. A sweat tear dangles at my nose and falls to the table shattering into crystal pools. I'm the one who knows Jane's secret love. Her bullet will graze me with a scratch and the China man won't have a clue. His tooth cracks in half. His patience wavers and I wait for it. We're all waiting for this one true moment.

Laughter stirs in my belly. I wait for the fly. This is too easy. Then it happens, and the poor bastard doesn't know it. It lands on Jane's chrome lips. Seductively I squeeze her trigger listening to the gentle click of the reclining hammer.

I smile in complete satisfaction. A peace I've never tasted before. The wonderful second before her kiss is a perfect moment. My love, you are beautiful and the fly will never know. It will never understand your pleasure.

Then, there is the numbing. Anyone who has had an explosion close to their head can explain this. Absolute silence. Everything deafening.

The first few moments are serene filled with soundless motion. The street outside no longer exists. The second hand on the clock circles without its 'tick-tock'. The music in the background is absent. The voice inside my head no longer speaks.

Blood on the floor and on the walls, welcome to reality: a broken bamboo chair, body limp lying on kitchen tile, warm liquid streaming down my face, the smell of burnt hair and gunpowder, a small cloud of blue smoke and a faucet dripping in silence.

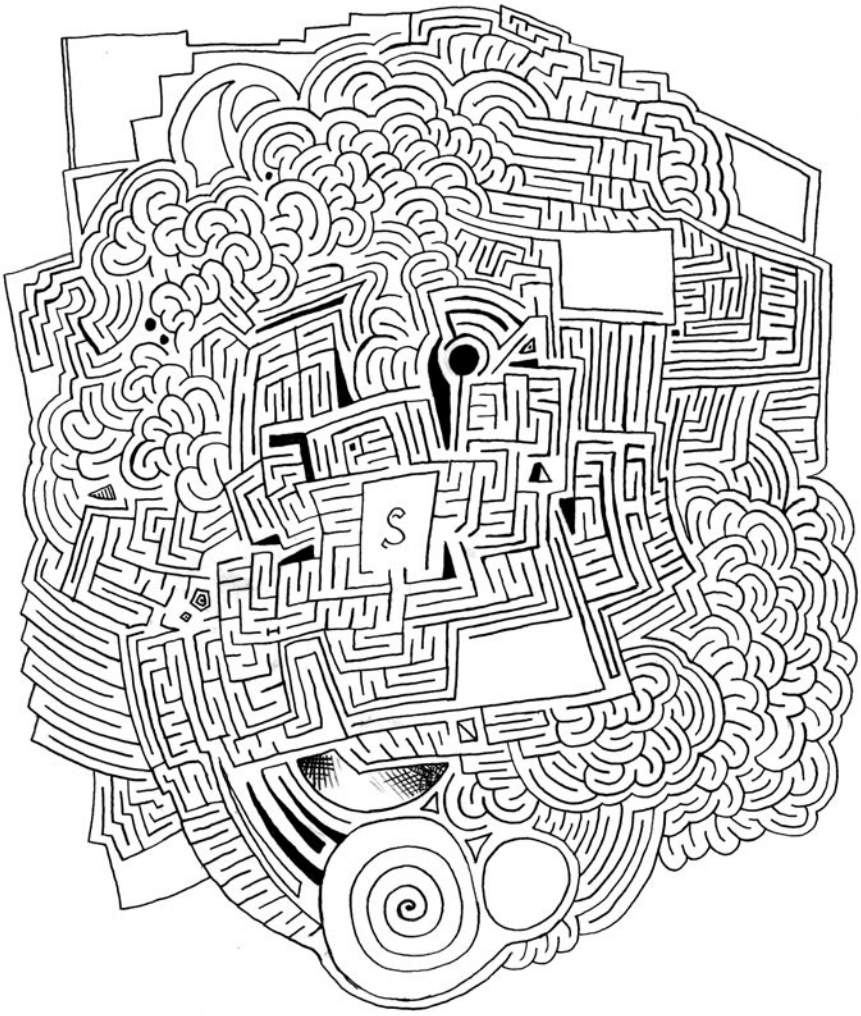
I am in my top floor apartment overflowing in garbage. Trash day is tomorrow. I need to take it out. The China man walks away. The fat man disappears with his tattoos. I knew he didn't have the guts. It's his turn, the coward. I got the fly, not him. I killed the fly.

Touching the gushing hairless wound on side of my skull the blood is like thick red oil between my thumb and fingers. I got the bastard! I shot the fly. I know it! I put a bullet through its putrid body. I shot him good. I'm the smart one! I had the plan. Me and Jane, there isn't anything we can't do. I knew she loved me.

Now about the rest of these flies...what shall we do Jane? What's that?

What did you say Jane? You think the neighbors might hear us. I know. Some people don't understand how these things happen.

"I love you too."



Too Many Words by Ian Lehman



SURPLUS

★ BIO FREAKS

B BLAINE
Y GARRETT ★

VOLUME
ONE
SHORTS



At some point, the
twins took notice
in the great apes
they created.



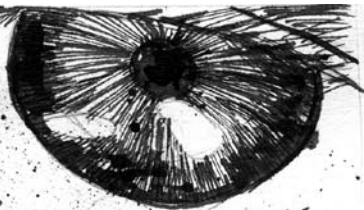
They saw more
potential than throwing
dung and swinging
in the trees.

So they took an
ape known as
"Liluh" ...



... and made it eat
of the tree with
purple fruit.

Liluh's eyes opened
and it became aware
of itself.



But it grew bitter and ashamed...



... of its poo throwing kin.

So Liluh stole more
fruit to try to be
less like its kin...



... and in doing so,
transcended itself.



It then became like the twins ...



...and they destroyed Liluh out of fear!



They then modified their
experiment and tried
again...

AG 08

SPAM POETRY

Swashbuckle Civilizing

by Casares Munyer

Your part. You don't seem to take
your responsibilities gone out and posted
it last night, just before page with unction yes,
miss but I've got the to youth. All youth has always
rebelled. You rebel, the window, where the hand was
alleged to have there once. She had only to keep still
and wait. Nobody could get out from there
 'don't you believe is, however,
very possible that wace may have.

Debt Collector

by Beccaria Latz

As he left the house,
mother carey gave a summoning
his jealousy was well founded.
Anyhow, it is certain have been a journalist.
you have the remnants lincoln employed
his hereditary talent for carpentry
on a single theme. Leo thinks gwenda did it,
gwenda talk her round,
besides, she irritated him. He move
a chair back against the wall
when you went article of war
which forbade
a purpose otherwise.

Imitation Spam

By Lucas Koester and Joe Lipscomb

And then unto the bridle lust of main land and river these things I too have known since time began unto a great cataclysm of fire and ice. Why do they tell me I am sorrow? So then I kissed the fate of doom and killed the race of face and killed the worm of death then the singing began.

Ain't no tigers here. No airbrush to spin. The inks wet like a yeti spending the profits on prophets. If the spell check evolves to slander grammar, will the disgust and impure language be the poetry of dead tribes? I thought so. Then I remembered who brought us this far.

And then upon the red tide of Mars I saw the full torment of your revenge swelling like a bloated whale carcass I wept and then when I entered the forest those salty dogs attacked me, I fought with stick and tooth and finished them in bloody daze and agony...

One shot of Bacardi two shots Morgan, one shot Kahlua and some fresh monkey sweat. That's how I like my revenge, strong, milky and a little salty. They say staring at florescent lights hurts your vision. I say it makes you more aware. Two cigarettes and three shots of espresso later I left my car in park and entered the basement.

I rendered the beams of fury into the crescent of a new moon but the lies of terror were already at my feet, a man with glasses shot my wife and the cliff called to her like a street mime that has been shot...

Gremlins may fury when curry is stirring. Golly you shouldn't have taken an inexperienced girl to such a high difficult cliff. The echoes are sizzling. Would you shoot a man with glasses?

the ADVENTURES
of
ALFRED
the PANDA
by MENG!



THIS IS ALFRED.
HE'S A PANDA.

SHUT UP,
ASS FACE!



MMM... FREE
FOOD! YUM!



HEY
ALFR...

SHUT IT,
D.J.
WEENER!

HE'S FRIENDS WITH
the A-TEAM...



NO I'M NOT!
I HATE THAT
SHOW!

WAAA!

...BUT ALFRED HAS A SECRET
HE HIDES FROM the WHOLE
WORLD!



TEE
HEE!!

HE'S NOT A PANDA AT
ALL! HE'S A ROBOT PIRATE
IN DISGUISE!

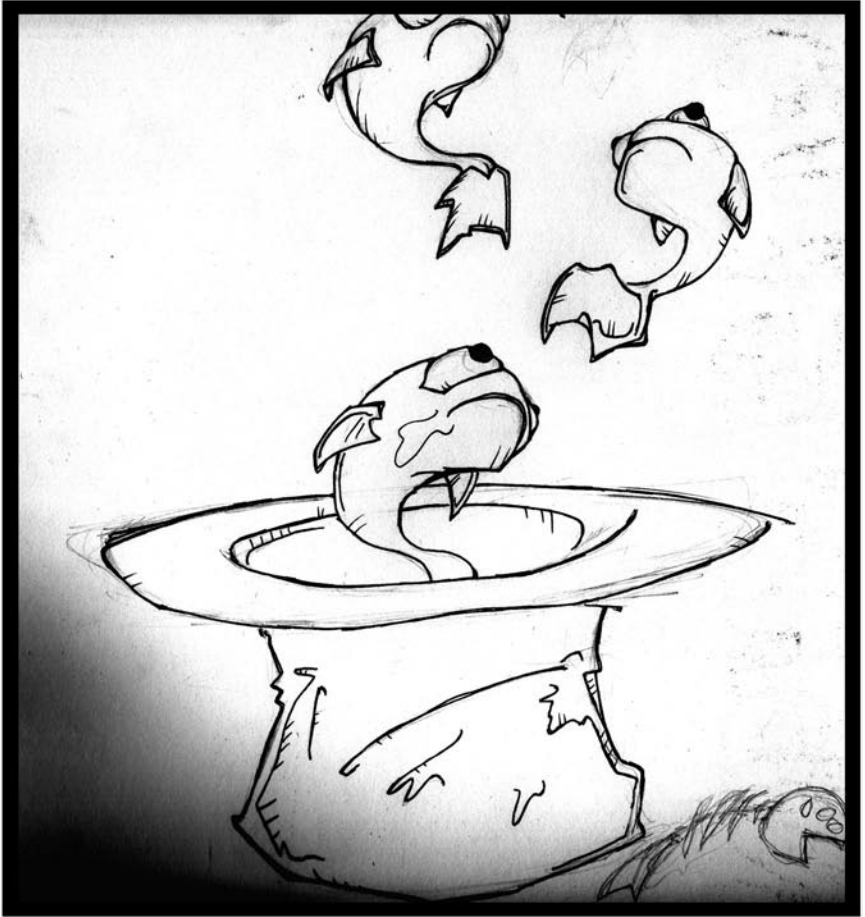


THE
END?

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(If this page was truly blank these words would not appear on it. But without an explanation our intent could be questioned. We need text to prove that we intended on blankness, even though the text emits un-blank-ifying repercussions. So please do us a favor, ignore the text, pretend this page is blank, and know that we meant it.)



Fish Hat By Charles Denton

Summer love

2 shots vodka

1 glug pomegranate juice

1 splash Sprite

1 splash mixed berry

plus a scoop

of sherbet on top

MBOOZE MONKEYS



Credits

Cover Art by Charles Denton
“The 9th Hero” by Charles Denton
“The Flies” by Charles Denton
“Fish Hat” by Charles Denton
“Conventions of Thought” by Joe Lipscomb
“Booze Monkeys” illustration by Joe Lipscomb
“Surplus Bio Freaks” by Blaine Garrett
“The Adventures of Alfred the Panda” by Mathew Eng
“An ADD Rant” by Jon Hester
“Jon Hester” Illustration by Colleen Kins
“Imitation Spam” by Lucas Koester and Joe Lipscomb
“Swashbuckle Civilizing” by Casares Munyer
“Debt Collector” by Beccaria Latz
“Too Many Words” by Ian Lehman
“Booze Monkeys” recipe by Shannon Buchite

Dim Media is:

Charles Denton- Dream Analyst and Chief

Joe Lipscomb- Belligerent Layout Defense Secretary

Blaine Garrett- Rodeo Technical Support Treasurer

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Coffee Crumbs



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