



# Coffee Crumbs

Issue Two:

## Mug Bottom Sludge



[www.storyofdim.com](http://www.storyofdim.com)

Well hey!/? Welcome to Coffee Crumbs Issue 2: Mug Bottom Sludge. Ever take that last gulp of coffee and get a mouthful of dirty grounds? That's us in your mouth. I have no idea what I mean by that.

Anyway, as always some words and images may be questionable. What's the point of independent media if it don't challenge the status quo? Dethrone the oppressive FCC. Censor yourself not each other. Freedom of speech and all that jazz.

Which reminds me, the views and opinions expressed in this zine do no represent Coffee Crumbs, Dim Media, its authors or any suable entity. (Ha ha ha, never will you get us in court, less you wanna marry us. Ohhh.)

Once again here's a reminder, Coffee Crumbs is free online just send us an email and we'll send you a PDF. **[dimmedia@gmail.com](mailto:dimmedia@gmail.com)**. Also and/or visit our website **[www.storyofdim.com](http://www.storyofdim.com)** so you can see us at some hot art shows.

We're still looking for some interaction from you. Complaints, submissions, criticism, grammatical advise, drink recipes and rants. So email us or call this number **206-339-6732**. I dare ya, no wait I double dare ya.

All right rock n roll and have fun with this thing.  
Your friends,

Dim Media

# Yeah! HoneyPants



MEN

# The 9<sup>th</sup> Hero



## Episode II: 'FATHER'

By Charles Denton

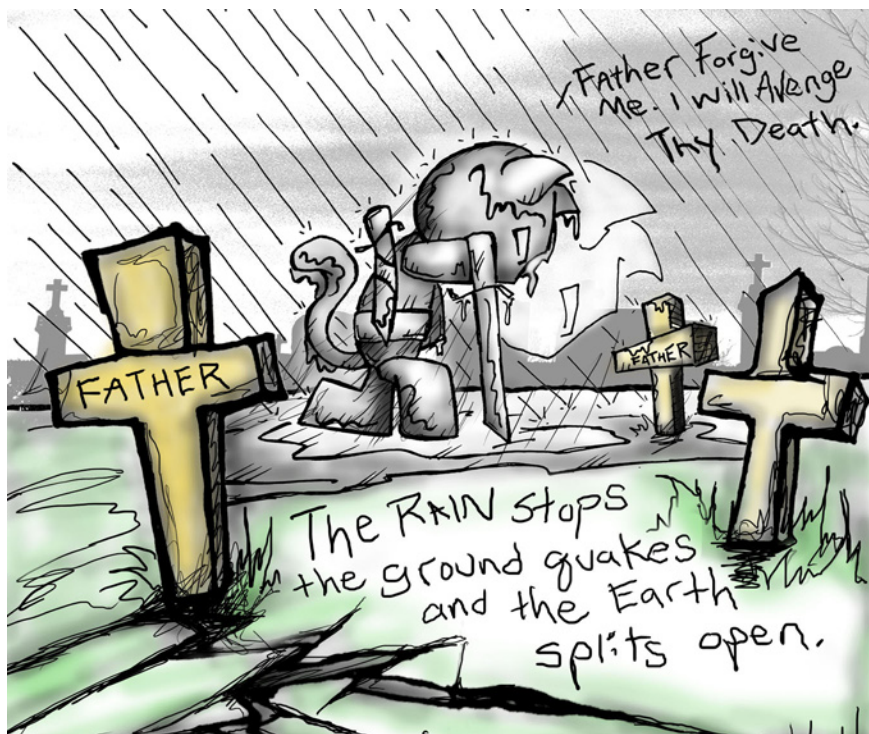


OUR DRIFTING HERO WALKS ALONE, DARK STORMING NIGHT WITH HIS GHOSTS, UNAWARE OF THE EYES OF HIS ENEMY WATCHING.

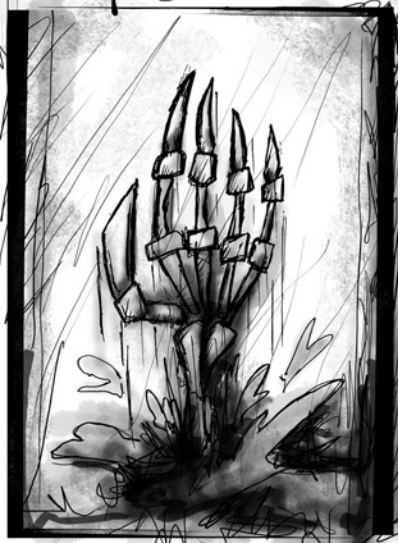


THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD LASS TRAVELS FEARLESS TO HIS FATHER'S BURIAL GROUND.





Out of the crack  
Erupts A claw



Followed by an  
arm.



And Another



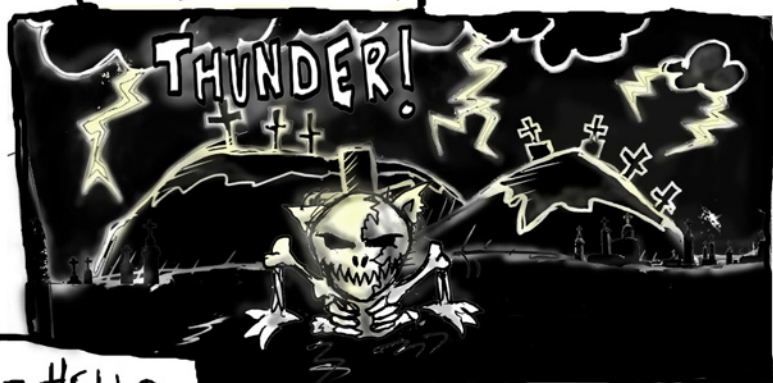
Until ...



A HEAD EMERGES



AND A BODY



-HELLO  
SON

HAVE YOU COME  
TO PLANT FLOWERS  
FOR ME?



DAD?!?  
WHAT?  
IS THAT YOU?



LAWS WAS VERY  
SURPRISED TO SEE  
HIS FATHER AFTER BEING  
DEAD FOR FIVE YEARS.

WHAT? DON'T YOU  
RECOGNIZE YOUR  
OLD MAN?





# Portraits

by Ivy S.

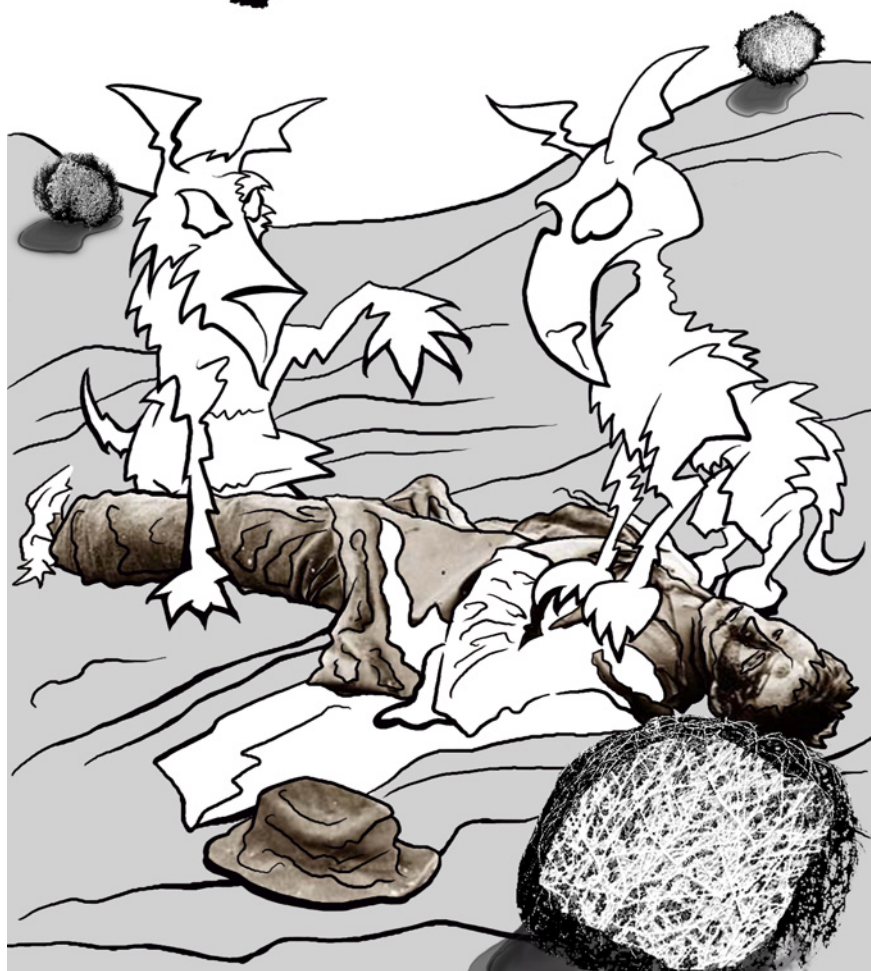
Contact: [ivyala@gmail.com](mailto:ivyala@gmail.com)

11"x17" Color \$45

8"x11" color \$35

# BODY OF THE SLEEPER

BY JOE LIPSCOMB





The sleeper's leather hat chases the tumbleweeds across the sand. His body is still warm, resisting its dead truth. Two canine silhouettes shade the fresh corpse.

Coyote licks his chops, "Now that's good desert eating."

"Eh, I prefer mine a bit more fresh," says Wolf. He slicks back his thick mane with a blood soaked paw.

"More fresh? What are you talking about? He's steaming."

"Yeah. I prefer a fresh kill to this found object. There's something about a succulent beating heart still racing with anxiety that brings out the full flavor." Wolf tosses aside a deflated organic balloon. "Eck. The pineal gland's busted. We should keep looking."

Coyote snaps in recoil from barring his head deep inside the open rib cage. "You can look all you want. I'm hungry and I'm eating."

Wolf grimaces and takes a good whiff, "You know..." he says, "I could bring him back."

Coyote stops seasoning the sleeper's arm for a moment, "Why?"

"Clearly for culinary purposes," says Wolf. "Remember that sweet northern fox I was bunking with? She won a bet with Death and gave me some of the killings. Looks like garlic salt, but it resurrects the dead."

"You can't go around curing death," says Coyote. "That ruins the sport. Plus we'll overpopulate."

Wolf takes out a pouch of sand, and pinches a few grains. "Sounds like a great harvest! Food you keep on eating!"

The wolf's words resonate into the sleeper's soul, but exit from a different mouth. From a friend named Hooch. "Food you keep on eating, buddy. Now pass me some of that boar."

The sleeper now answers to Mow. His avatar is as different as his surroundings. By reflex he slices the boars back with a hatchet. The boar squeals and clenches its tusks on a robust pineapple. Both fruit and swine rejuvenate.

Mow scans vaguely familiar faces easing out of vertigo. He sits before a smorgasbord of living flesh: parrots, giant cockroaches, boar and iguana. Three belligerent men sit with him at the marble table. They're athletic alcoholics with massive toned muscles beneath beer fat. The tribesmen smirk and flex while slamming skull sized tiki drinks. Mow's eyes blur and refocus "Am I on a tug-a-war team?"

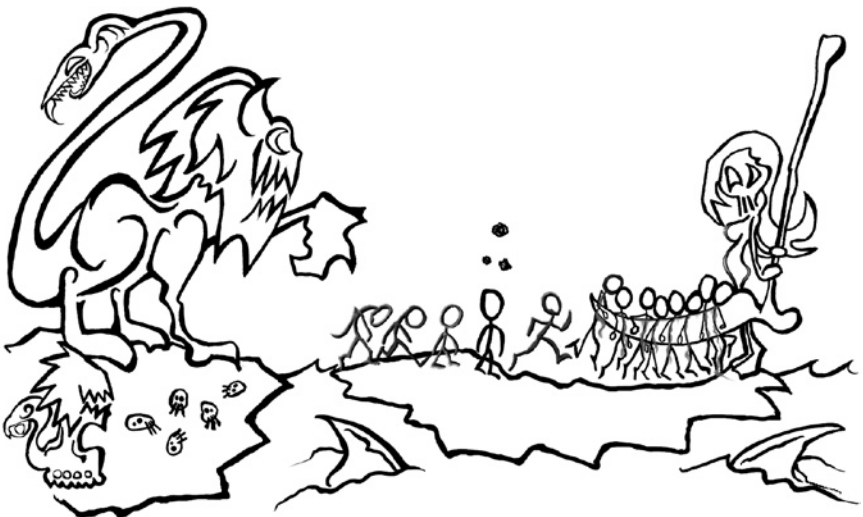
A melody of caws and hissing diverts Mow's attention. Rainforest orchestra. The ocean crackles against rocks and Mow notices the rhythm section. Near the water beneath obsidian shrines fellow tribesman drum, hammering makeshift snares and toms. The shrines are sculpted lions with viper tails. Mow feels a tickle turn to piss shivers. Hooch slaps him across the back cracking ribs. Mow chokes and vomits rum, but feels his ribs fuse back. Hooch erupts in laughter. "Sober up buddy, you're missing the festivities."

Mow follows Hooch to the turquoise knoll within the drum circle. Torches bathe the turquoise rock in purple aura dripping on the shadow dancers. Their bodies writhe in serpentine worship, curvaceous amazons marinated in sweat. Mow is pulled in, dominated by Jaya, a milk chocolate vixen. She leads Mow's limbs in synchronized foreplay. Snare drums

get punched hard into a roll. Jaya's eclipsing retinas clear Mow of thought. His hand trickles down her abdomen before a sonic blast plasters him against the rocks.

Another boisterous roar departs the lion god's mouth. The entire tribe grovels before the angry deity. He stands six elephants tall, with a thick braided mane and an uncoiled cobra for a tail. Hooch is one of the tribesmen unlucky enough to be pinned beneath the lion's feet. The cobra strikes inhaling the pineapple stuffed boar.

"THIS." Says the lion god in low octaves, "THIS IS WHAT YOU DO WITH IMMORTALITY?" His crescent-moon eyes are spotlights scanning the guilty tribe. "BAH. YOUR SACRIFICES ARE WORTHLESS. YOU'VE TURNED UTOPIA INTO ROUTINE." The obsidian shrines collapse and the lion god grits his teeth. "YOU ARE EMPTY, UNINSPIRED, ENTIRELY GRATIFIED. YOUR SONGS ARE DEAF TO THE BEAT OF THE EARTH. NO LONGER WILL YOU INTERRUPT MY SLUMBER WITH REPETITIVE TESH. LEAVE MY ISLAND AND LEARN SUFFERING."



The lion extends his talons severing Hooch's arms and head. He scoops what's left of him into his mouth and swallows. Three others share Hooch's fate as the furious god drags his paw through the crowd. They do not heal. The lion god slaps a paw into the turquoise knoll cracking a fault line. The knoll icebergs into the ocean while the remaining islanders scurry to get aboard. The cobra tail snags a retreating shadow dancer. Mow and twelve survivors aimlessly drift on the floating rock-berg.

The tribe is silent saturated with mourning, a forgotten emotion. Jaya clings to Mow more for warmth than affection. Swollen bodies from another tribe wash ashore but are quickly dragged below the surface. Dorsal fins sever the poisoned water.

Jaya's touch becomes unbearably cold. Mow shimmies out of their embrace to face her. She is bleeding. Metal protrudes from her chest. Mow's eyes follow the blade to the wooden staff and then to the pale demoness who wields the scythe. She is an ice blue pixie scaled out. Her body is lush and compact, petite but corpulent where it counts. Her face changes shape from elfish in the moonlight to famine in the darkness. "Are you death?" Mow asks.

She gently smiles, "As if there were only one." The demoness extends a thin arm towards Mow. "These belong to you." She drops three grains of sand into his palm, pulls the blade out of Jaya and into the remaining islanders. Thirteen soulless bodies crash into the sea. Mow treads water trying to keep his arm dry, clenching the grains above the surface. Rows of razors scratch his stomach and warm drool splashes his face.

The sleeper blinks. He is no longer Mow, but still drowns in a puddle of drool. He glances at a canine mouth foaming with spit. The sleeper's body tingles. His wounds are healed and blood spurts through his veins. Wolf is still. The sleeper kicks up and sprints, summoning a miniature dust storm from his silver-toed boots.

Cutting through the dunes Coyote outruns the disorientated cowboy. Wolf nips at the sleeper's heels and forces him up hill. Coyote pounces from the other side of the dune catching the sleeper by the throat and wrangling him downward. Then Wolf leaps from the top dune and lands on the sleeper's chest, breaking his ribs.

The canines circle their meal as the sleeper pleads in an obsolete vernacular. Coyote chuckles licking the pink from his snout, "You can have the fatal bite."

Wolf shakes his head and pulls out a small chisel. "Its important to steal the pineal gland while he's still breathing." Wolf cracks the sleeper's skull and tears out a pinkish looking prune.

"Split it?" asks Wolf.

"Definitely." Coyote responds.

The two canines wander hysterically into the desert. Pupils dilated they forget to feast.



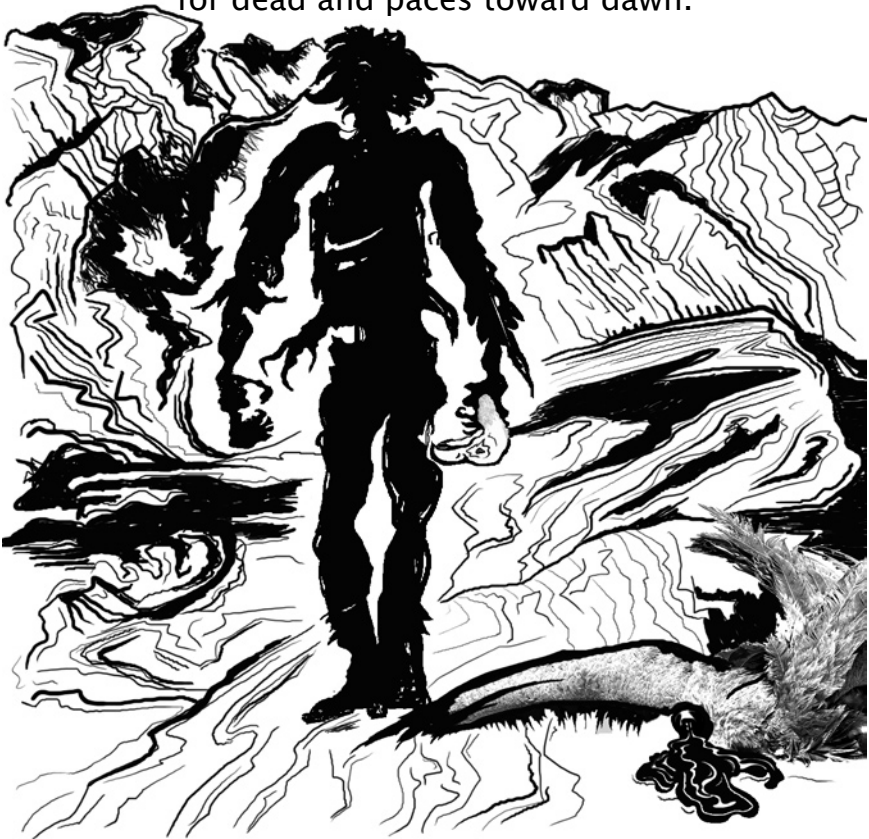


## Epilogue

The sleeper never stopped breathing. His skull fuses shut. The tears at his flesh scab over. A vulture swoops landing on his hardening chest intending to peck out his eyes, but the cowboy catches it by the throat. With a twist the sleeper severs the baldhead from its winged body. The beak will serve as a dagger until he finds something better.

The sleeper stands, completely healed, body and mind, but with no soul. He greets wakefulness awkwardly, brushing off desert sand, feathers, and fur from his mangled clothes. He sees two grains of sand embedded in his palm and closes his hand.

He remembers the one who left him for dead and paces toward dawn.



# Café Pundit:

November 9, 2008



## ‘Overflow Espresso Café’

Located off University Avenue at SE 29th between hwy 280 and Huron nestles a two floor coffee shop.

Its name is not only clever but appropriate.

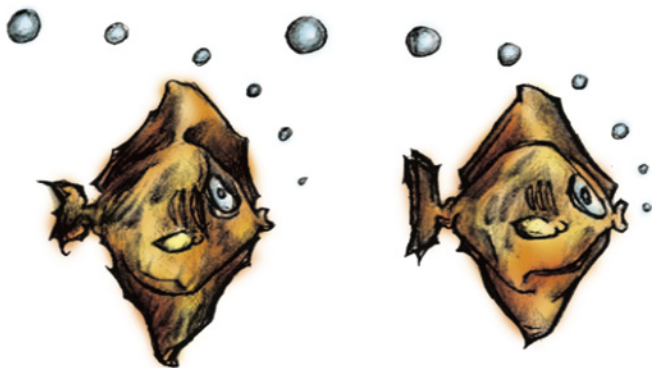
College students study away and chatter throughout the building. Good luck finding a seat on a Sunday night next to the fireplace, or up on the 2nd floor perch. Consider yourself auspicious if you happen to be around the giant inscribed coffee cup. It's not everyday the fountain of good fortune drinks away.

For warm and sunny afternoons the Overflow Café offers outdoor seating overlooking a small pond.

For late night caffeine addicts, doors stay open till eleven Monday through Thursday, midnight Friday and Saturdays. Parking doesn't seem to be an issue, free of charge in the lot or along the street. Take the bus, ride your bike, Overflow café lodges a hip and young crowd to the modern day brew house. Come drink your coffee, eat some lunch and linger about. It's one of the only places around town that offers a free refill to your empty cup.

\$1.50 for a small cup of 3 1/2 out of 5 stars brew.

Not recommended for anyone with an ulcer.



# BOOZE MONKEYS



## Bartender

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VOLUME  
ONE  
SHORTS

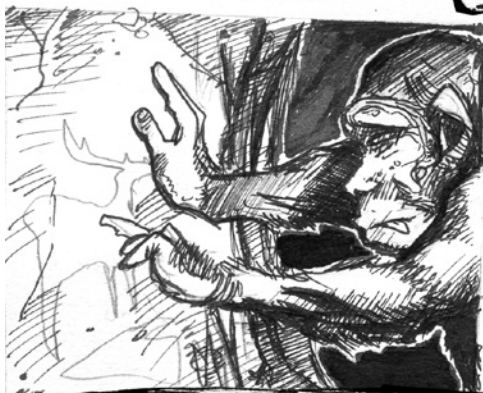




After getting bored with  
their new self-aware apes...



...who spent most of their  
time learning to grunt  
syllables at each other...



... and scratch pictures on the walls...



... the siblings decided to take their  
experiment to the next level!





so they broke a prism and cast every color of the rainbow onto the apes.



Being highly visual creatures,



the mere change in color split their harmonious tribe!



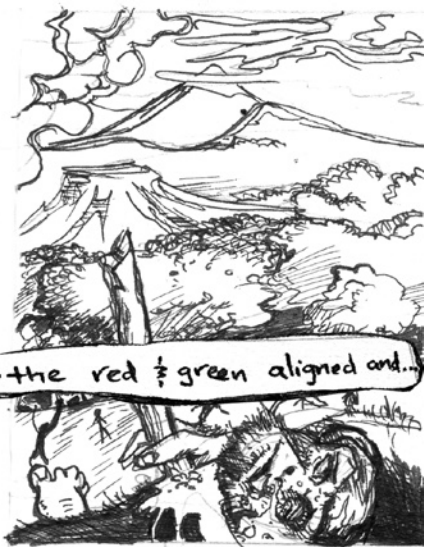
The apes quickly noticed their differences ...

... and grew violent!

After long tumultuous times  
fighting over food and  
territory...



...the red & green aligned and...



...leaving the red & green  
tribes to rule.



Over time they interbreed to  
form the brown race and...



...dominated the world!  
All to the siblings'  
**GREAT** Pleasure!

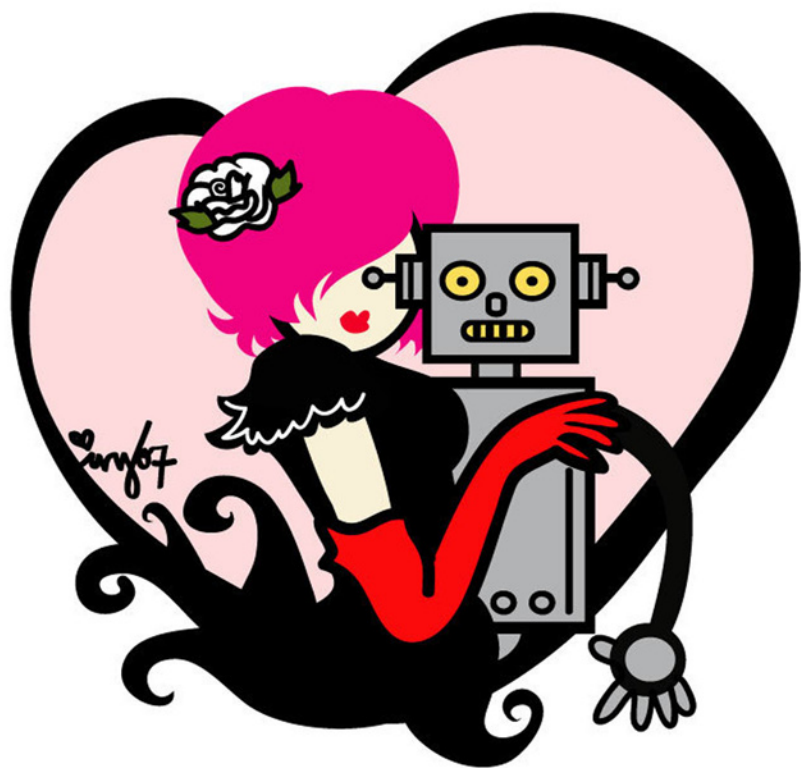
# **An ADD Rant**

**by Jon Hester**

SO in true rant fashion this is written at about three AM after many long hours of work, party, and repeat, under polite duress from my editors to crank something out. Fair play to them for being so considerate, because it's really about damn time this thing was written. Let's get right to the heart of this thing. When I mentioned how I was looking forward to Barack Obama's inauguration on the 20th, a person I was talking to looked at me with this pessimistic grin... the kind that I used to give my high school English teacher when I felt we were given too much busywork and not enough substance. He said, "Well, then we'll have another politician in office". I know other people that think this way. I'd like to take this opportunity to tell them to reconsider. I welcome their opinion (after all DISSENT and DEBATE are patriotic, remember?), and I certainly understand that Obama is a mere mortal like the rest of us. I have no delusions. I'm just thrilled to feel represented by my President again. Someone who can make it through a speech without sputtering. Someone who has worked organizing communities. Someone who knows how to open a door, both figuratively AND literally. My conversational counterpart did concede that Obama would at least make us LOOK better. I think it's a great deal more than that. His grace and principles allow him to lead by example rather than fire and unyieldingly ignorant brimstone. Hearing Dumbya limp through his final press conference today marked the first time I actually listened to him speak in about six years, simply because the newscaster said he was going to talk about his mistakes in office.

He said he was “disappointed” with some of the events that came to pass during his time in that crooked stolen throne, and he took no responsibility for his actions (as I would have predicted). Instead he blamed his friends and circumstance while waxing on about what an exciting job it was to be President. Good riddance. If there was ever a man who presented himself to us ready to serve his country and the world for greater good in tough times, his name may be Barack Hussein Obama. If he delivers on ANY of his promises, we’ll be that much better off. I say that even the naysayers deserve to give this man a chance. If they think they could do better, well, they should have run for office. I’d love to do away with the two party system for that matter. While politics is politics, I feel that Barack is ushering in a fresh-faced new era of politics- the politics of uniting people through effective communication and common sense. It’s not going to be an easy road to gain respect abroad and prosperity at home, but I feel wonderful to know that a man with such scruples will have a shot at leading us in the correct direction.







# Fortune Afloat



Winged lions! Flying Fears! Fortune cookie river rafts? Alex's dreams have gotten a little strange since he met Aza the dream wanderer. Can these two capture the flying Fear before it becomes a nightmare?

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our store at [www.storyofdim.com](http://www.storyofdim.com)

# Krapp's Last Cast



<http://Krappslastcast.com>

Tune in each week  
for new episodes

Be a Caller on  
the show:  
206-339-6732

[http://www.myspace.com/  
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Krapp's Last Cast is not  
responsible for its  
material or level of offense.  
Warning: may not be  
suitable for the  
serious or underage.

BOOOOOO  
MONEYPANTS...



MENG

## **Credits**

Cover Art illustrated by Joe Lipscomb

“The 9th Hero”

written & illustrated by Charles Denton

“Overflow Espresso Café”

written & illustrated by Charles Denton

“Krapp’s Last Cast Ad” by Charles Denton

“Robot Love” by Ivy Sendrijas

“Portrait Ad” by Ivy Sendrijas

“Body of the Sleeper”

written & illustrated by Joe Lipscomb

“Surplus Bio Freaks”

written & illustrated by Blaine Garrett

“Honey Pants” by Mathew Eng

“An ADD Rant” written Jon Hester

“Jon Hester” illustrated by Colleen Kins

### **Dim Media is:**

Charles Denton- Dream Chief Ectoplasm

Joe Lipscomb- Belligerent Doodle Enabler

Blaine Garrett- Technical Velociraptor Quantizer

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# Coffee Crumbs



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