



Coffee Crumbs

Issue Three

Heavy Shot of Cream



Oopsie daisy, now you've done it. You opened **Coffee Crumbs Issue 3: Heavy Shot of Cream**. A Pandora's box of drawings, writings, and over-caffeinated debauchery.

We've dabbled with "unprofessional" language in previous issues, but in issue 3 we've graduated to a foul-mouthed plateau of explicit narrative, following a crass character's crude perspective. I'm a strong believer that a filthy character uses filthy language to describe his surroundings. Our new editor is a strong believer in filthy language for no fucking reason.

Continuing this discussion of naughty words, I agree that children should shy away from using foul language until they are mature enough to curse correctly. Can't have little Billy and Susie saying shit-fuck all willy-nilly. That just ruins it for us veteran cursers. Swears are special words reserved for adults, because kids make swears sound cute and stupid. So kids, wait your turn and stop swearing...

Anyway we now have a Twitter, woo wee right?!!!
Follow us at <http://twitter.com/dimmedia>. Also read back issues of Coffee Crumbs at our website www.storyofdim.com and if you just want to chat, here's our email dimmedia@gmail.com.

Don't be shy now, read and enjoy!!!

Your friends,

Dim Media

Joe
"Joseph"
Smitty

a.k.a.
\$UPERIOR
NINJA



LETTER TO/FROM THE EDITOR

by Josh "Heckadarthmissile" Bestgen

juss fuckin sometime

slater

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nope

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lovingly

go fuck yourself again

fini

<3 the editor

keeper

(there, that's all you get)

weeper

(use it wisely_)

wouldnt wanna bleeper

(i know that you know

suddenly

that i know what it means)

with vomituous extract

bung rah

the judge

narrowed

The 9th Hero

Episode II: CONTINUED 'FATHER'

By Charles Denton



ZOMBIE FATHER
MET SON AND
THE BATTLE
BEGAN.
THEIR FORCES
COLLIDED AND
WHEN THE DUST
SETTLED...



ONLY ONE REMAINED STANDING



GET OVER
HERE - I'LL
CHEW YOUR
LEGS OFF -



WITH THE LAST OF
HIS ENERGY LASS FLEW
THROUGH THE AIR AND
PLUMMETED HIS SWORD
IN HIS DEAD ZOMBIE
FATHER'S HEAD.



OUT OF THE DEAD LIFTED A SPIRIT



Following the events of “Body of the Sleeper” Wolf and Coyote unintentionally spill a few grains of resurrecting sand into the palm of Jack Gemini before eating his pineal gland. As they depart into madness, a soulless Jack regains consciousness in the desert outside Gucken. He carries two grains of sand with the power to heal fatal wounds or resurrect the dead.

His memory is distorted as he embarks
on a spiritual quest for vengeance.

The LONG HARD PULL



Written by Joe Lipscomb

Story by Charles Denton and Joe Lipscomb

Illustrated by Charles Denton and Joe Lipscomb

From the fog of a dream the sleeper wakes
He opens his eyes and buzzards plead

I feel like the “fuck you” of shit. Some ugly bastard left me for dead, dumped in the wasteland. I promise to return the favor. Spent last night chased by wild mutts. They chewed my jacket into jerky...but left me in one piece. Probably didn't like my taste. A buzzard woke me by pecking at my corpse. I tore that fucker apart ripping wings and snapping vertebrae. I scavenged that scavenger. Ate what I could of its spoiled salty poultry. Then I fashioned a dagger from its skull and sharpened beak.

Now I trudge over hot sand. The sun is rising and glaring at me like I'd eaten one of her kin. 'Course I will, once I'm able spit. Blisters pop and puss in my boots, squishing like maggots. My ribcage trembles with cough but nothing comes out. I gag on my tongue and dry heave.

High noon as I enter the mirage. My memories become hologram reenactments projecting on the desert. I see kid versions of my brother Luke and I eating rattlesnake. I wave but they don't see me. A stub-legged Mexicali cowboy veers left towards the foothills. Is that Porkchop? We used to swig bourbon back in my freelancing days. That dumb bastard got lost out here and started following his own footsteps. Porkchop lapped himself four times before the coyotes got him.

Several dunes and blurry memories later, I find a cactus. Buzzard beak slits her open. Guzzle, vomit, and repeat. I soak my scabbed shirt in cactus juice and wrap it around my head. Then I find some shade mid-dune. Clenching the skull, I imagine gouging some fat outta ugly bastard's face.

Silly Porkchop thought he found a road to salvation. But salvation doesn't have roads, just blood trails. I hope my feet know where they're going, cause my brain don't. I walk away from the dipping sun, and back towards it in the morning. Rather have it on my back than in my eyes. After a day or so passes, I arrive at the outskirts of a village.

Sign outside reads Gucken, Population: 'Not You.'
Sounds about right.

I stumble past the first saloon and enter the second one. Don't want to appear desperate. It's a lonely dive with "The Stubborn Mule" painted over its entry. At the bar three monkeys pass out on stools while a red sasquatch counts out his bullets. One hot señorita finger-bangs the pinball machine. Towards the rear some Dirts play Texas hold'em over-easy. As I pass, a metal fucker pins and needles the piano.



"Barkeep! I got some thirst that needs quenching!!!"

I ask for a whiskey sour, easy on the ice, easy on the sour. He gives me a whisky Popsicle floating in lemonade. I grab that tweaky bastard by the hair, and stick the buzzard beak behind his ear.

"Either you're gonna make me a real drink or I'm going scalp ya."

"Jack Gemini, you filthy fucker. Where the hell have you been?" says a familiar femme fatale. She coils her arms around my chest, bosoms on my back, in a tender game of "Guess Who". I twist to suck face forgetting the barkeep. After two days of baking beneath the sun, Mage doesn't mind my foul stench. I might be filthy but she's a dirty, dirty girl.

(Instrumental Break)

I wake naked in Mage's bed. My brain's pulsating. I blur my glance at the popcorn ceiling. Drooling sharks and canini appear drawn in textured grain. I keep seeing this gorgeous vixen holding a sickle and handing me grains of sand...followed by a sensation of loss.

"Morning Jack," says Mage and throws me a beer. Mmm breakfast. A bleach-stained nightie clings to Mage like saran wrap. She's a lioness stalking back to her den/bed. She asks me, "So where you been hiding the last couple days?"

"Oh you know me, baby. Had a lousy talk with the boss. Got moody, blew some steam in the desert. Gimme a smoke, will ya?"

Mage tosses me a nicotine stick then handles the beak-dagger. "And what's with this nasty bird head, found a new sex toy?"

Usually a beer and smoke take the headache away, but I'm feeling worse. "Oh that ole thing, I brought that to stick in the boss's jugular."

Mage ogles me with 'what the fuck?' "You fucking bastards rape this town, and now you're after each other? What's wrong with you? You're a goddamn cancer. Like you can't exist without dealing death..."

"WHAT? FUCKER LEFT ME FOR DEAD. Kinda whittles down the options... ya think?"

Delicious silence. Mage squints a bit as if looking at a dipshit. Then she relaxes and makes a peace offering. "I had to burn what you were wearing, but you left a change of clothes last time."

I swagger into the bathhouse and wash off a weeks worth of scabs and grit. Two grains of sand stay embedded in my palm, won't budge. That tumbleweed of hair on my head is a snarled lost cause. I take a blade and start shaving. Feels good, looking like a young Yul Brynner.

"MAGEY, I'm losing my buzz!" I say, still wearing a towel.

"I have half a bottle of Mescal." Mage offers me a glass, but I snag the bottle and tip it back, choking down the worm. "Mmm, con Gusano."

The worm tries to crawl back up my throat, but I wash it down with the glass in Mage's other hand. She gives me that look I love, like she's gonna stab me in the face.

I pounce, pinning her to the bed and try to out do last night. She digs her nails into my back with a moan. And just as things get juicy someone knocks at the door. "Mage, heard you took home a dead man. How about you let us take a peek at him?"

It's Johnny 'fucking' Two Toes. He must've moved up the ladder at my expense. Some other mumbles and porch creaks indicate a posse. I slap on my spare ditto suit in front of her closet mirror. Looks like I lost some weight. The mescal's kicking in, and lord Fuck I'm feeling feisty.

Mage's face turns plum Irish. She apologizes in whispers and kisses while I fashion my tie. Then she yells back at the door. "How bout you get off my property, Johnny Two Toes. There ain't nobody in here you know. Girl's gotta make a living and you're still a month over due."

“Mage,” yells Johnny Two Toes, “You want to fuck up your credit over a walking corpse? Jones might like ya, but I don’t tolerate insubordination. Either I break down this door or you send that fella out here and we avoid a mess.”

I tuck in my shirt and straighten my tie. Mage nods wanting me to climb out the window. I shake my head. Got a buzzard skull in one hand, and a Mescal bottle in the other... Johnny Two Toes kicks open the door and I kick it right back at him, busting a satisfying crunch from his nose. I chuck the bottle against the next stooge’s skull, and just for thrills take a hostage. Two more hipster cowboys come at me, figuring to be heroes. Vulture beak is snug round their pal’s throat.

“Well look at you tame sons of bitches. Jones must be subsidizing locals.”

“You shut it. This time we gonna bury you in shit.” Says Poncho, a one-eyed gorilla, aiming a Benelli shotgun. All this excitement stirs up hazy feelin’s and happy thoughts. “Hey, Poncho, don’t blink.”

I squeeze my hostage’s trigger finger, shooting Poncho the gorilla through his remaining eye. Then I rip the beak across my hostage’s windpipe. Blood is spraying across the porch like an erupting can of cherry soda, and I like cherry soda. The other guy is a lousy shot, bloody intern. He misses twice before I give him a facelift.

Mage’s screaming voice finally registers in my head, as I play cowboy hopscotch over to Johnny Two Toes. I hold Poncho’s shotgun and smile at Johnny’s broken face. “Sorry bout this mess, Magey. I promise, Johnny here’ll repaint your porch,” I gave her a quick wink, “just as soon as he escorts me back to Tom

Jones's place. Ain't cha Johnny?"

"Are You fucking crazy?!" Mage pleads, "Jones is gonna mutilate you! How you gonna get my money when you're dead?" She's a little emotional and a lot on my nerves. Luckily Johnny breaks the tension by reaching for his gun. I blast my Benelli busting his arm piñata-style. He squeals like a horny alley cat, I'm mighty tempted to shut him up. "See what ya did now Johnny? You're bleeding all over sweet Magey's carpet. Now you gonna have to replace that too, right as soon as you fix her door."

Johnny's ego deflates like a rubber doll and he stops talking. Suppose he misses his arm. Mage stitches Two Toes up using a sewing machine. I collect some guns. Don't ordinarily like hand-me downs, but since I caught Tom Jones's attention, I don't have time to shop. I steal some dragon-engraved Ruger P-89 9mm and a bunch of ammo belts. Also some shot shells and a few flasks.

Turns out Tom Jones made the Sheriff's office into his own. Remodeled it with golden pillars and a fancy engraved door. I let Johnny lead me this far then gave him the blunt end of my shotgun. He was planning something. I take a long hard pull from my my flask, pour the rest over Johnny, and drop the flask in his lap.

The front office is dark, with an empty birdcage swinging from the ceiling. I watch its shadow slice the light leaking in from one window. No employees, no security. Must be a holiday.

The Sheriff's door is locked, but I hear some chatter. A mousy-pitched accountant tells Jones some blah blah blah about packages. Jones is being a dick,

business as usual. I swing the shotgun around my shoulder and double fist my revolvers. I duck in after the mousy accountant scurries out from the office. Jones has two bodyguards... one bodyguard...then no more bodyguards.

“Tommy Jones. Long time no see.” I sit across from him. His guards are slumped, spilling mess on the marble floor.

“What the fuck are you doin’ here?” says the fat ugly bastard, white condiment dripping from his lips. Reminds me of pale catfish: pointy whiskers, round chin, big lips.

“What? Can’t a former employee pay a friendly visit? Thanks for watching over my car. I’ll take them keys back...now.”

“Jack Gemini, you Elvis impersonating double-agent motherfucker. Had I known you can come back from the dead I would’a given ya a couple more jobs.” Jones takes another casual bite from his sandwich and a swig from a dark oily mug. Now his chubby cheeks are full of liquid and I backhand him. He sprays chewed brown goo at the wall, and all over one of the dead guards.

The fishy bastard grins, “You want your keys that bad, do ya Jack?” He pulls the trigger on a sawed-off he hid under the table. Some of the pellets ignite bullets on my ammunition belt. I become a pile of charred flesh and gristle, caved-in on the other side of the room.

Arrogant Tom takes another bite from his sandwich. He wipes remnants from his face and waddles towards my stinking corpse. “This time, Jack, I’m making sure you STAY dead. First I’m going to

drag your corpse through town. Then I'll feed you to stray dogs. When your bones are picked clean, I'll take your shiny dented skull and make it the ornament on the hood of your El Camino."

A grain of sand ascends into my palm and I begin to heal. My suit coat is such a bloody mess that Tom doesn't notice my flesh scabbing back together. I look up at him, like a misbehaved puppy dog. "Well fuck Tommy, you got me. I came in here all machismo, thinking I'd steal back my car and bury your fat ass in the desert. Now look at me? I'm a burnt gallon of chili. Just promise to bury me with my keys this time, come on Tommy, I love that car."

He chuckles, and digs in his pants pocket. I hear the metal jingling and he waves them over my head taunting, "You talking about these keys, Gemini?" I see the ruby red eyes of my skull key chain.

My chest is healed enough as I slash Tom's wrist with the vulture beak. In a fluid motion, I force a revolver down his surprised throat and snag the keys. "I hope you weren't smoking in my car Tommy, because you and me, we're going for a ride."



(Cue Music...)

Epilogue

Tom Jones curses at the starlight shadows. His fat face flushed with rage and regret. The rest of his bloodied body is buried in a dune. Scorpions and lizards crawl, inches from his defenseless face. Tom struggles, unwilling to let that psychopath Jack Gemini get the last laugh.

Two canines take form from the darkness, foaming at the mouth. A slender coyote locks eye contact. Helplessness surges like bleach through Tom's veins.

"See, that's what I'm all about; fresh meat, still blinking." Says Wolf.

Casually, the coyote removes a silver dollar from his fur. "Heads we trip, tails we eat."

Tom's fate glitters in the moonlight. He watches the spinning coin, muted by hatred. Coyote catches it in his paw. "Tails."

Then the canines devour Tom's face.



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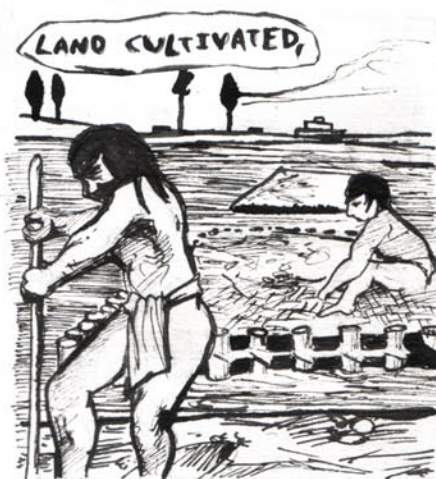
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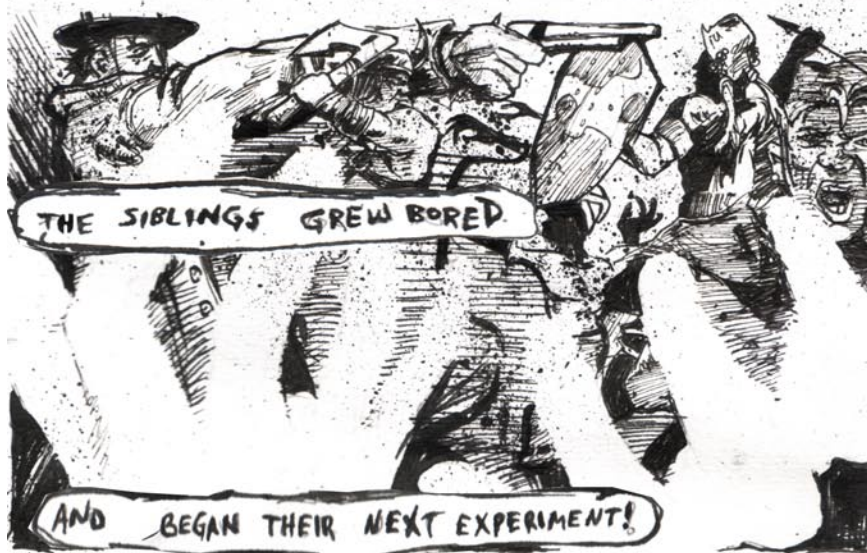
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I'd a Made a HOT CHICK,
I swear!



etk

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