

**Issue #32**



**Save The  
Crumbs**



**"Churning Between The Lines"**  
**by Terrie Iverson**

# What You're Reading...

*Save The Crumbs* is an independent 'zine written, designed, assembled and distributed by a handful of people in Mankato. We started this publication because we felt the spirit of "do it yourself" was lacking in Mankato and the surrounding areas.

*Save The Crumbs* is a collection of writings, musings, opinions, reviews, observations, artwork, and basically anything we want to print.

*Save The Crumbs* is the true spirit of D.I.Y.

No corporate advertisements. No corporate pressure. No creativity-stifling forces. No *The Man*.

So, grab a copy of this thing and show it to your friends. Lend it to people. Make copies of it at your place of employment. Get the word out. Be inspired. Make your own 'zine!

If you have any questions, comments, advice, or want to submit something... send e-mail to **savethecrumbs@gmail.com**.

If you can't secure your own copy of this issue, go to **www.savethecrumbs.com** for online versions of every issue.

Also, don't forget to join us on Facebook and Twitter.

## CONTRIBUTERS:

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Michelle Premack, Fondle Sarah, Mutt Silver, Allen Tesch**



# Bike Trail Bandits of Mankato

## by Allen Tesch

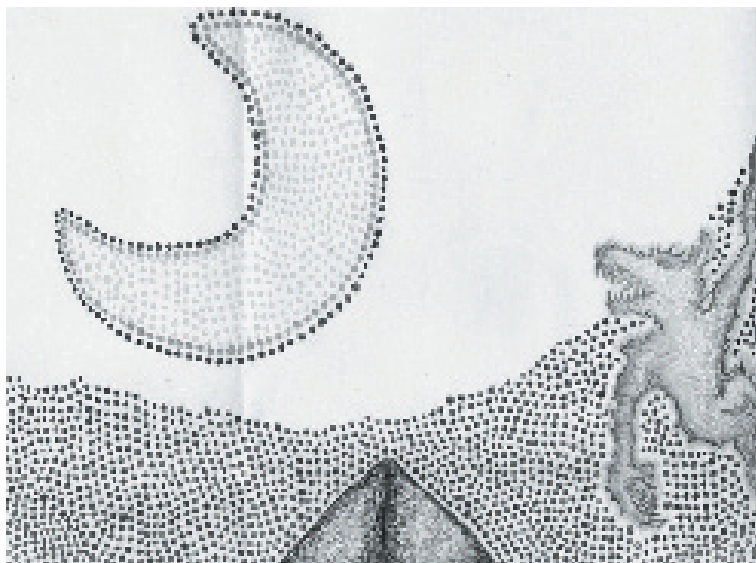
Strolling the tree lined trails Mankato has to offer is a peaceful, mind clearing activity during the hours of light, but once the Sol sets it's a completely different story.

Trail Bandits prowl the hedges, eager to pounce any fanny pack or wallet bulge they see. It's not money or sex they are after. No, a few bills of paper and an orgasm will only get you so far. What they are after is identity.

They'll snatch your ID and after a few quick twists of the thumb on ink will have your social security number, blood type, and mother's maiden name. Then before you can stumble to the nearest residence, aching thumb in hand, they'll have jumped back to the bushes with their G6 internet and started ten new accounts in your name.

It's a mixed bag of beauty and danger, walking the paths. But like bullfighting and dating, that's why so many thrillseekers are drawn to it.

Even if you aren't an aggressive thrillseeker, there is no need to completely avoid the paths. If you play the game right and follow the basic rules of common sense, there is no reason you shouldn't come out at the other end refreshed by nature's beauty and completely safe.



“Moonshine” by Fondle Sarah



# Who Would Win In A Fight?



## Swamp Thing vs. Bo Jackson

Strength - 9

Intelligence - 8

Energy Projection - 7

Stamina - 5

Agility - 3

Durability - 7

Speed - 3

Strength - 6

Intelligence - 9

Energy Projection - 3

Stamina - 6

Agility - 5

Durability - 5

Speed - 9

### Swamp Thing Attributes:

Half man and half plant, has the ability to inhabit and animate vegetable matter, works as a bio engineer, can control all plant life, has own cartoon, TV show, comic books, and films, once saved Superman's life, has the power to regenerate body parts, former love interest of Adrienne Barbeau, has own line of action figures

### Bo Jackson Attributes:

First athlete to be named an All-Star in two major American sports, has his own Nintendo game, close friends with Bo Diddley, won the Heisman Trophy in 1985, ran the 40-yard dash in 4.12 seconds, starred in his own cartoon series, was named the MLB All-Star Game MVP in 1989, rumored to know everything

# From The Groovy Desk Of Juston Cline...

I recently revisited an outing I first experienced around 15 years ago and hadn't been back since. What a different experience it was. It is a music, peace, love, and happiness-type festival that is held in the summers in Southern Minnesota. Many of the locals from surrounding towns and cities join to celebrate life and love and the eternal quest of wanting to be higher than ever before!



On my first trip to this wonderland I was a young, enthusiastic user of many things, joining a quest of exploration and life experience, and that's just what I got. I remember walking into the compound, surrounded by beautiful, big trees with wide-open spaces and rocks and people and blankets and drum circles and dudes with the twirling sticks you can't think of or don't in the moment care what are called because you are suddenly mesmerized by the intense skill you think they must have. I was greeted rather promptly with herbal enrichment and beverages and baked goods, followed by some small, bright green pieces of paper I was told to consume. I obliged. The following couple of days turned into an exploration of the human condition and what it meant to be alive while surrounded in music and festivities. Since then my life has taken many turns.

I am now, and have been, completely sober for some time and am very much OK with that. The opportunity arose once again to attend this gathering and attend I did! Upon arrival, this time it was very different. Instead of the serenity I experienced previously, it was a wafting of port-o-potty stench along with the intense pounding of dubstep. The trees are still there, but now cluttered with campers and merch tents. In the distance to my left I saw a sea of glowing jewelry bouncing with the now drowning dubstep. Straight ahead I saw some of what I came for. A concert with a band not many thought would ever play a venue such as this. In noticing the people on the way to the stage, it was quite different then I remembered. Still many young people, but they all seemed to look different then before somehow. They seemed less aware, less in tune with what and who they are or why they're there and more haphazard stumbling and trying to find someone with more tools to heighten their experience.

I'm not sure what to make of it. I enjoyed myself none the less. A man stroked my face with a puppet of some sort and a freelance, flowy-dress wearing woman danced with me and tried to have a conversation, but unfortunately her speech was slurred enough to make most of it unretainable. Now, I hope none of this is painting a negative picture for you. I would still say my new experience was a positive one. Just different in some way I haven't decided yet. It's interesting how things are perceived when viewed through sober eyes.

Your friend,  
Juston

# Why I Stuff

by Fartun Abukar Musse

Sometimes when I am Alone  
I stuff my face  
At an enormously fast pace  
The Junk that I eat  
Is sweet and smooth  
It goes down easy  
And sticks to my thighs  
I stuff my face  
Because my cooking is terror and  
I find my taste buds lost in delight  
Because I have a huge appetite  
Some days I don't know if I'll make it through  
So I hit up the old drive thru  
I am digging through my sorter  
Because I am short on a quarter  
Who do you know that can lend me a quarter  
in such short order?  
Maybe I should pass this place on by  
Because they don't make good French fries  
It is luscious and so enticing and sometimes I  
stuff my face  
Like the rest of the human race.

# A Cut Above The Rest: The Five Best Zatoichi Films

by A.J. Hakari

1962 saw the debuts of two cinematic heroes with impressive life spans. One is James Bond, whose penchant for gadgetry, infidelity, and goofy antagonists needs no introduction. The other is Zatoichi (or just “Ichi,” if you’d like), a blind masseur who dispensed justice wherever he roamed with a few swipes of his legendary cane sword. That Zatoichi’s adventures lasted an



initial 26 features with one actor playing him (the inimitable Shinato Katsu) is a feat that puts even 007 to shame, resulting in one of Japanese cinema’s most enduring heroes. But, you might ask, with so many flicks to choose from, where’s a schmoe who wants to get into the Zatoichi game to start? Well, at the beginning, silly, but for those itching to get right to the series highlights, here are yours truly’s picks for the five best installments of the Ichi saga.

**#5 - *Zatoichi: The Festival of Fire* - (#21)** - Ichi runs afoul of the “Dark Imperial Lord,” a sightless underworld big shot who sends a boatload of baddies and a fetching maiden to lure the master swordsman to his doom. Despite a few too many plot detours and supporting characters, *The Festival of Fire* is great fun, delivered with verve and artistic flourish by franchise veteran director Kenji Misumi. Tatsuya Nakadai makes a simultaenously stoic and hilarious impression as the requisite ronin who has a score to settle with Ichi, and the action sequences range from a bang-up bathhouse brawl to a brutal climactic smackdown against the Yakuza. A rousing slice of chambara goodness, all the way.

**#4 - *Zatoichi and the Chest of Gold* - (#6)** - Accused of stealing a village’s tax payment, Zatoichi takes it upon himself to weed out the real culprits and clear his name. *Chest of Gold* works as a great starting point for those hoping to become acquainted with the wily masseur’s exploits. All of the familiar series tropes are presented in a highly entertaining package, suiting



those who want to see Ichi slice up some thugs without straying too far from character or story. It's a riveting "wrong man" adventure with a groovy opening credits battle and a memorable, whip-wielding baddie, great fun for both seasoned series fans and first-timers.

**#3 - *Zatoichi's Flashing Sword* - (#7)** - After tracking down a woman who saved him from an assassin's attack, Ichi helps her family fend off gangsters who want to move in on their ferry business. Simmering inside the glorious crock pot that is *Zatoichi's Flashing Sword* is a stew teeming with an ideal blend of the tastiest ingredients. Be it the drama that unfolds as Zatoichi attempts to defend the family without worsening their situation or the humor experienced when he learns that a group of little kids aren't the troublesome demons he thinks they are, the film deftly executes everything it sets out to accomplish. It might suffer a bit from Abrupt Denouement Syndrome, but *Zatoichi's Flashing Sword* packs plenty of emotional complexity and top-notch swordplay into 82 of the most fun minutes you're likely to see.

**#2 - *Samaritan Zatoichi* - (#19)** - Tricked into slaying a man with gambling debts, Ichi tries to right this wrong by protecting the fella's sister from would-be kidnappers. You'd think that this far in, the trademark elements of any series would be worn into an indiscernable sludge, but not *Samaritan Zatoichi*. At play here are light comedy, effective drama, a tiny smidgen of a love story, and, of course, crisp action. There's so much going on in *Samaritan Zatoichi*, but it's all wrangled into a fast-paced, easy-to-swallow package that never feels too burdened or busy.

**#1 - *Zatoichi Meets the One-Armed Swordsman* - (#22)** - On the run from assailants, Zatoichi runs into a one-armed Chinese swordsman who's been framed for the brutal massacre a group of samurai had committed. The plot may seem like a bad buddy cop premise, but this is anything but a fromage fiesta. At the film's heart is the uneasy relationship between Ichi and his newfound pal, wherein they have not only their physical disabilities to overcome but also the language barrier, which results in both laughs and tragedy from simple misunderstandings. Such conflicts constantly drive the story forward and keeps the suspense crackling, culminating in an inevitable duel between the two master killers that's every bit as nerve-wracking as it should be. *Zatoichi Meets the One-Armed Swordsman* is the crown jewel of this cinema legacy, with more tension and twists than you can shake a katana at.

**Feel free to holler at A.J. via his  
Twitter feed: @madmoviemani**

# Minnesota's New Stadium Deal Is “Keeping Up With The Joneses” by Jack Kolars

The so-called “artful negotiation” to build a \$975 million football palace and sports center for the Vikings at the State Legislature this year is nothing more than the state trying to “keep up with the Joneses.” The **Jerry Joneses** that is. And Tea Party conservatives don't like it.

**Jerry Jones** is the billionaire owner of the Dallas Cowboys who built a multi billion dollar pro football castle, deep in the heart of Texas. **Jones** used his vast fortune...and 44 cents of every dollar on the investment from public subsidy, for the project. As we have reported here...other NFL franchises in cities including New York, Boston, Charlotte, Miami and Washington, D.C. built stadiums with **zero public money**.

Conversely...NFL franchises in places like Green Bay, Tampa Bay, San Francisco, St. Louis and New Orleans are 100% publicly-financed.

By the way...the rate of inflation in the US between 1982 and 2012 grew by 98%, or about 3.26% per year. Those are real numbers, and using those numbers....a new stadium should cost about \$109 million. Those are not NFL inflation numbers!

With the new Minnesota deal, minted by the State Legislature this week....the \$975 million edifice to professional sports franchising, will have the public financing at the 48% mark....just about right down the middle. It steamed up the Tea Party folks.

When the state built the old Metrodome for \$55 million more than 30 years ago....the subsidy was 76%...or about 42 million of the costs. So at least the State of Minnesota is getting the percentage of public subsidy down....if not the amount of money.

As we mentioned the other day...the difference between the \$55 million Metrodome and this projected \$975 million is about *18 times higher*. So if you multiply \$975 million *times 18*....the projected cost for the *fourth* Minnesota Vikings stadium in the year 2042 will be about \$18.5 billion. **That's a heckuva lot of money no matter how you cut it.**

And if the 2042 Minnesota Legislature uses the 50% state subsidy figure...it will only cost the state \$9 billion in 30 years to keep the Vikings here for another 30 years. If they are still around, what will the Tea Party do about that?

The new stadium will keep Minneapolis and Minnesota in the ranks of a "real major league and NFL and NBA and NHL community. To us "middle of the country" Americans living in Minnesota.... we can say...."**We are somebody!"** *You betcha!*

Now...be a good Minnesotan and get out there and buy some Viking pull-tabs....and buy a whole truck full of bingo dobbers too....cause we need to get busy to provide for our NFL overlords, whether we are Tea Partiers or just regular folks who love pro football. Because as we have been told...the NFL gives us a national identity and a national visibility. We're comin' Jerry Jones, we're comin'!



**Call Jack Kolars at  
327-9987 for your  
Real Estate needs**

# Mantle Ashes

## by Sarah Turbes

The week before my birthday, the echo of the rotary phone ring woke me up. I was knee deep in a dream with Nancy Sinatra and my mailman, Harvey, shooting skeet in my granddad's potato field. I grabbed the tangle of the 10 foot cord, the headset knocked my capped tooth. It was Marla on the line, my wife of five years and my ex-wife of seven.

"Les," she sighed. She sounded stuffy.

"Allergies acting up again, Marla?"

"No. Goldenrod isn't in bloom yet, Les. Scooter," she paused, "Scooter got hit by a car."

Scooter was our terrier mix, the runt of the litter, our daughter, Mila's pick. "Awww, Jesus, Marla. Is he dead? Is Mila home?"

"He's dead, Les. Mila is with Tip at the vet." Tip is Marla's mate. Not quite a husband, not quite a boyfriend. He just stepped in when I took off.

"Well, Marla. I don't know what to say." I really didn't know what to say. Seems like I never do or ever have. I remember when Marla would block the doorway to the garage, while we fought in the kitchen. Hips and feet flush against the door frame, her green eyes blazing, ready for me to break on past like in the game of Red Rover. She waited, it seemed, for hours for an answer from me. Muscles tense and finally leaving her post when her ankles buckled.

"You never do, Les. I just thought you'd like to know. At least you could talk to Mila or contribute to Scooter's cremation? We'll even split the ashes."

Splitting the ashes, just like everything we divided. Painfully portioned, equaled. I swear Marla used a scale when dividing our five year collection. I wanted nothing, deserved less. The china, the spices, the toilet paper, even the coffee filters. She really wanted to make it fair. She always said it was so I couldn't come back and beg for more.

"Splitting ashes, huh? I don't know, Marla. What would I put them in? Seems kind of morbid. Dead dog in a container on the mantle." I laughed. It wasn't funny.

"Les," she sighed and I imagined her miming a strangle hold. "You don't even have a mantle and you've got plenty of nice pottery you could put the ashes in. Why the hell do you have to be so technical and tacky at all the wrong times?" She hung up the phone. I got the message. She wanted to have the last word and had it.

I considered calling Mila, later, after the pain of losing her favorite pet was less tender. I didn't know how to deal with anything that involves tears or the lump in your throat feeling or pit in your stomach feeling or any of that primal sort of sadness. Sure, I felt bad, real bad, that Scooter was gone. There was a time that he was the only one in our house that would look in my direction when I returned from wherever it was that I had been. Even then, after a seemingly short time, he stopped rising from his bed to greet me. At most, I received a sigh of disappointment and a bristled scruff. I remember when I left for good. It was a fall day, leaves billowing, drifting across the yard. Mila was in the yard crying. Marla stood in the driveway, green eyes blazing, feet planted firmly to the broken asphalt, cigarette smoke darting out of her nostrils. Scooter glanced in my direction, scratched at a spot in the grass, and took a dump by the willow tree. It was his reaction, that hurt the worst. Nonchalant and final, I was being told, straight up, that I was as ordinary and awful as the dump that came out of him.

Last week, I dreamed that Mila was shooting clay pigeons into a funnel cloud. Scooter was catching fragments of the neon orange disk in his teeth. I yelled into the wind, telling Mila to get to the basement. She looked at me, her eyes like Marla's, and shot me in the head.

I woke up, gasping for breath, grabbing the air, clutching my head. The pain swam viciously behind my retinas. Two glassfuls of water and a handful of aspirin couldn't shake the pain. After a trip to the doctor and then the ER and then a specialist, I found out I've got something going on in my head. Something "terminal". Today, I woke up, after drifting in and out of the worst sleep of my life, I tried to decide if I should go for the treatment or go for the destiny. I remember when Marla and I had a cat, Arlo. His orange belly swayed when he sauntered across the street, confidently guiding through traffic. Never a scratch, that cat. He was tough. The belly got bigger and he got

slower. After a visit to the vet, Arlo was facing a lifespan of the next day or 2 years down the road. We let him be, we wondered if we were bad people for just letting him be. He retired from the street and settled into the pools of sunlight that collected on the porch. He slept there every afternoon and after 13 months, he never woke up.

Last night, I decided to call Mila. I figured enough time had gone by, maybe she was less sad about Scooter. Marla answered.

"Evening, Marla," a brief silence made my heart race.

"Hello, Les. 'Bout time you called. Feeling guilty?"

"Come on, Marla. I thought it'd be better to wait, ya know? I sent you a check for the cremation fee. I called the vet and they gave me the general cost. Didya get it? I called to talk to Mila."

"Yes, got it...thanks. I don't need the money. I was hoping that you'd be there for her. Not a issue about money. Mila is having a sleepover in the backyard. Tip is setting up a tent for the girls."

"Oh, well, isn't that nice?" I sounded sarcastic, but I meant it sincerely. Mila never had friends over when I was around and I can't remember the last time I had set up a tent.

Marla hissed her response, "Can't you just let us be?! Les, dammit. He is a good man. A better stand in as a father than you ever could be. Let it go."

"I didn't call to argue, Marla...honest. I really think it's nice. A tent! A tent is all it takes to make our daughter happy and I wait around like a jerk for over a month to give the kid a call!" The "father" comment hurt, more so because there was so much truth to it. "I've gotta tell you something. It's fine if Mila is busy, I can call another time or she can call me if she wants. I've gotta tell you something"

"What. What?"

"Marla, remember Arlo?"

"Of course, I do."

"Well...God, this is weird. I've got a thing going on in my head. The doctors say it's terminal and I've got some time. Not sure how much, but that doesn't matter."

"Les? What do you mean about time? And what the hell is wrong with your head? Like tumors or what? You've always had "stuff" with your head."

"Yeah, I know. This is more serious, but it doesn't really matter. I don't think I want to do treatments or anything."

"That's stupid...and selfish."

"Maybe so, but you and Mila are fine. You're good. You're fantastic. You've got Tip. You're happy, that's all I've ever wanted. I didn't call for forgiveness or for pity or anything like that. I just wanted to ask you something."

I heard her sniffing on the phone and imagined her green eyes welling with mascara tears. "What, Les." Then she sneezed. I guess it was allergy season after all. No sadness.

"Well. I was wondering if you'd like part of my ashes when I go. I mean, I don't know when or anything, but just thought you might like a bit of me in an urn on the mantle. I could be next to Scooter." I felt ridiculous, yet desperate. Desperate for a honest wail of sadness. I really wanted Marla to feel sad for me. I wanted her to drop the phone, run out to the yard and whisk Mila into her arms and drive straight to my house.

"Les", she laughed, "that's awful." She kept laughing and hung up the phone. I guess it was kind of funny.

She won again, got the last word. I shuffled around the house, her laughter in my head. I went to bed early, wondering if I was making the best decision to let destiny rule. I dreamed that I was in the kitchen of our old house. Harvey, the mailman, was passing around a pot of coffee. Marla was wearing a black veil over her head, sneezing loudly. Nancy Sinatra was singing "Amazing Grace" and Mila emerged from a tent in the living room. The doors of the tent were striped like a circus tent and flipped out as she pushed through. She carried a small coffee can full of my ashes and set them on the mantle next to a portrait of Tip and a porcelain urn devoted to Scooter's remains. Mila had a shotgun slung over her shoulder, took 20 paces away from the mantle and shot the coffee can off the mantle. Everyone clapped.

I woke up, head throbbing, tears streaming down my face. I picked up the phone and slammed it down again. I started laughing and have been laughing for the last hour. Marla, she got me. She really had the last word.



# Five Edible Wilds

## by Bryan Boyce

Summer's in the air, children are playing softball in the park behind your home, all you want to do is while away your day with a book by the lake, and everything about the season calls for something fresh on the kitchen table.

The problem: what if you don't have time to garden, yet find farmers' market fodder a bit stuffy or insufficiently hard-earned?

Enter the edible wild, your perfect in-between. Kayaking, hiking, crawling on your hands and knees or up a tree in search of that elusive berry or root offers the satisfaction of working for your meal without the consistent neediness of a garden (water me, weed me). Bust your butt when you want to eat well or unusual, kick back when the mood warrants something different.

Here's a diverse five to get you started.

### Dandelion

*Taraxacum officinale*

Yes, you can make fritters from the blossoms (you can make fritters out of anything) and apparently grind the roots up into a fine flour-like powder, but the star of the show here is the still the leaf.

Blah, you're thinking. Salad that smells like a black plastic bag of yard waste? The key is to pick early and small (late and big means bitter).

Channel my hypercompetitive DI athlete Teach For America friend and pick only the tiniest leaf from each plant as it rises from the ground in the spring. Use like spinach. Complement with gorgonzola, scrambled eggs, or bacon grease—which after all can make any green thing taste good.



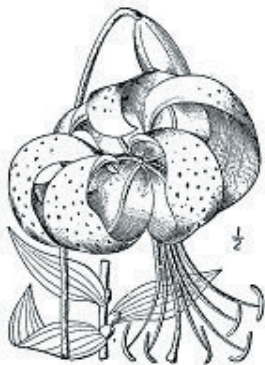
## Purselane

*Portulaca oleracea*

Waiting for a curbside city bus? No place to lay your head? *Finally* gone to the dogs? Lo siento, but now is no time to give up on the omega-3s! Snatch a cup of salad dressing from a gas station Subway, pick a fistful of purselane, and settle down to a zesty treat.

Known for its mucilaginous leaves and lemony flavor, purselane favors the sandy soil between garden rows and sidewalk cracks. It's eaten as salad in Europe (though my Finnish cousin denies), fed to pigs in Africa (this I can confirm), and boasts the highest omega-3 fatty acid content of any green leafy vegetable.

Mix in with your other greens or use it to thicken soups. I've also heard good things about using it in potato salads.



## Tiger Lily

*Lilium lancifolium*

“Spotted, edible, / delicate, unspreadable” I once rhymed on a ridiculous application wherein I had to describe myself as a flower to gain admission to a student service trip. Little did I

know how useful these haiku lines would prove in later life!

The taste is of cucumber, the texture crisp, the ornamental value unparalleled. Stick them on kebabs sandwiched between shrimp and pineapple, gussy up that finger bowl into something actually worthy of being drunk by Plath's heroine in *The Bell Jar*, or yes, just enjoy it on top of your salad.

## Cattail

*Typha latifolia*

Like the dandelion, the cattail is both multifarious in use and best harvested early



for its choice parts. Bake with the pollen or boil the buds in the fall, but save the tender green shoots for spring. They're sometimes described as a sort of watery asparagus.

Olive oil and garlic in stir fry do a nice job of bringing out the flavor. And I'll always treasure the memory of cooking cattails and steak in tinfoil over fire with my dad on a camping trip—just be sure to pick them well before July to avoid the cud-like dinner we ended up with!

## Thimbleberry

*Rubus parviflorus*

Glistening jewel of the North Shore! Tarter, seedier, and more flavorful than a raspberry, the thimbleberry is the one food item on this list that you'd actually serve in say, a *restaurant*.

What couldn't you do with it? Serve over ice cream, collect enough for a pie, gobble them fresh on the trail. You generally do have to be a bit further north, though. Start looking for the ripened fruit in late July.



As with any other guide to edible wilds, I must disclaim that **this is not a field guide**. If you aren't sure what you're eating, do not eat it, for fear of ending up like that guy in *Into the Wild*.

For more information seek out Teresa Marrone's regionally relevant *Abundantly Wild* or Euell Gibbons' classic *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*, both of which books this article cribs from unapologetically. Happy trails!

*Bryan Boyce interns for an education nonprofit in Minneapolis. He can be reached at [boycebry@gmail.com](mailto:boycebry@gmail.com).*

# Essential Ingredients

## by Jacob Downs

37 minutes until my shift is over and the goddamn sink is clogged again. Looking down at the murky brown cesspool in front of me and then at the mountain of dishes beside it, I realize there is no way I'm going to be able to clock-out without sticking my hand in there.

Approximately 4.5 billion years ago it is believed that water, methane, ammonia and hydrogen were about the only things to inhabit early Earth. Just under 4.5 billion years later, scientists Harold Urey and Stanley Miller, figured if those chemicals were combined in the proper atmosphere, it may just lead them down the pathway of discovering the origin of humanity.

In 1950 the two set out to test their theory by combining the elements into a series of closed glass tubes to simulate the Earth's atmosphere. When they added a spark to act as lighting, a brown sludge formed on the sides of the glass. Upon further examination it was discovered that the sludge contained amino acids (aka the building blocks of protein), aka the building blocks of life.

Of the four ingredients used to concoct this batch of primordial soup, one element carried a greater fundamental importance than the others: Water.

Three very basic atoms: one oxygen and two hydrogen, chemically bound to create an element that is prerequisite to life as we know it. An element we humans cannot live without, an element we humans have spent billions of dollars trying to locate on other planets, an element we humans use to flush away our excrement and wash our dishes.

Cheese bread, pizza and beer combined in the proper atmosphere can create the perfect date, birthday party or night out. When placed in a stainless steel tub with water, these same elements also produce the essential ingredients of a drain obstruction.

Aiming the high-pressure nozzle at the center of the sink, I pull back the handle, thinking with any luck the water pressure will dislodge any food remnants from the drain, but instead the water rises.

30 minutes of my shift still remain, and I have no choice but to roll up my sleeve and submerge my hand into the pool of liquid leftovers. Feeling around the bottom of the sink, I extend my index and middle fingers down into the drain and pull out remains of an unfinished meal.

With that out of the way, I make my way over to the cooler and crack a beer. God damn you food service industry, sometimes I hate you.





**Photos:**

**Above:** “Walk The Dog” by Stefanie Berres

**Below:** “Bait” by Michelle Premack







**Photos:**

**Above:** "Industrial Lubricant" by Mutt Silver

**Below:** "Th' Rumble" by Ashley Birk



# Hey Readers!



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