



ISSUE #34

Save The  
Crumbs

CHUCK NORRIS  
FOR THE MARTIAL ARTIST

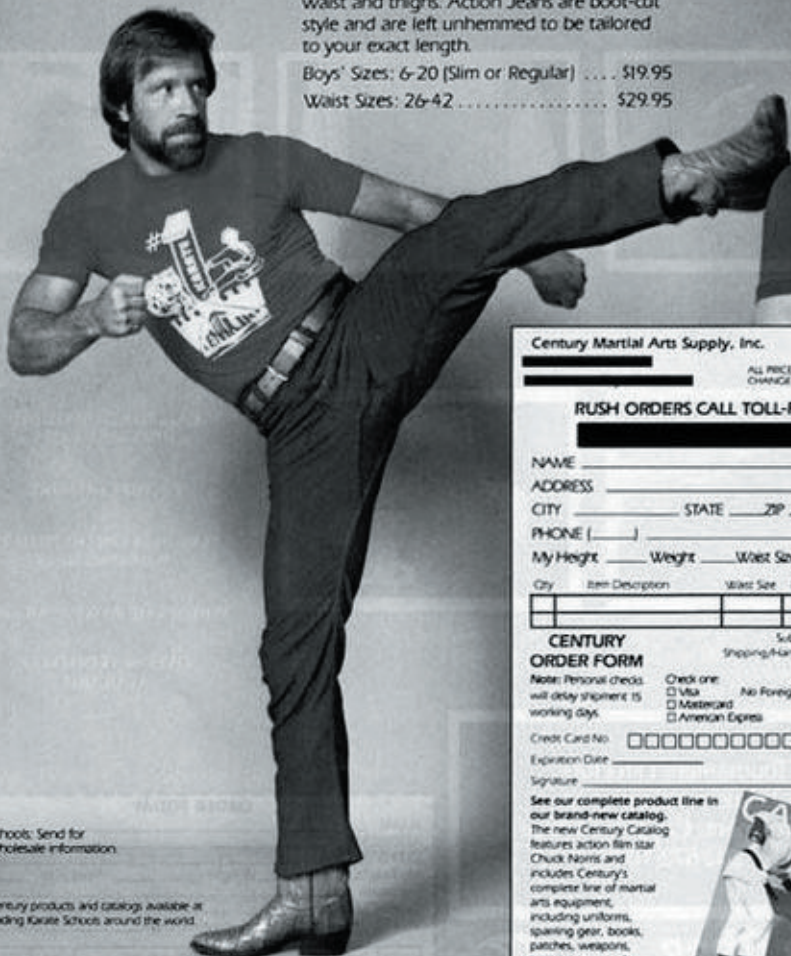
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**Cover Photo:**  
**"Welcome To This World" by Ashley Birk**



# 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.

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James Mackey, Britta Moline, Dan Urlick



# Breath

(musings on my hospiced mother)

By Deborah Bountiful Davis

fragile glass ceiling  
a precipice to teeter upon  
that moment just before  
not dawn not night  
but breaking yet ...not quite  
a held breath, a yet  
to be determined  
butterflies swirling  
an empty stomach's churning  
and then, Breath  
the scale is tipped  
the balance weighed  
she breathes she lives another day

Deborah Bountiful Davis is a writer and artist who lives in Northern Minnesota with two dogs, two cats, and assorted wild creatures in her yard in the woods.

HIPSTER NINJA



YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T  
SEEN HIM

# Who Would Win In A Fight?



## Mumbly

vs.

## Mutley

Strength - 4

Intelligence - 7

Energy Projection - 3

Stamina - 5

Agility - 3

Durability - 6

Speed - 3

Strength - 4

Intelligence - 5

Energy Projection - 5

Stamina - 4

Agility - 4

Durability - 6

Speed - 3

### Mumbly Attributes:

Detective lieutenant for a police department, has own cartoon show, personal friend of Dread Baron, known for his signature laugh, captain of the Really Rottens, took home the gold at Scooby's All-Star Laff-A-Lympics, rumored to have been involved in a romantic tryst with Daisey Mayhem and Mrs. Creepley

### Mutley Attributes:

Master pilot of various aircrafts, personal friend of Dick Dastardly, starred in various cartoon shows, can use tail to fly in short bursts, member of the Vulture Squadron, sworn enemy of Yogi Bear and Yankee Doodle Pigeon, known for his signature snicker, dons several war medals, owns submarine known as SS. Dirty Tricks

# From The Dynamic Desk Of Juston Cline...

Recently, I had the pleasure of watching the newly released Michael Jackson concert from 1988 with my pal, Dustin. Of course, I was ready for fun and excitement to ensue, but what I wasn't ready for was the discovery of what, in my humble opinion, could be the greatest



dynamic-duo pop sensation to ever hit the stage! As MJ went into the usual line up of extreme hits, followed up with the sweetest dance moves, I was settling in for a night of pure entertainment. Suddenly, during the song "I Just Can't Stop Loving You", out from the darkness and smoke comes the biggest blonde curls and tightest skirt I have ever laid eyes on. I was immediately enthralled by not only the amazing looks, but also the soulful sounds coming from those precious '80s Ferrari red lips! As the song went on, I started to get the feeling I had seen or heard this woman before. Finally, it came to me. Michael Jackson is singing with Sheryl Crow! I couldn't believe my eyes or ears. This was something to behold. It all made sense. What better way to kick off your musical career then to tour with Michael in his golden years? As the concert went on, she made more appearances. Michael thoroughly enjoying her company. How could you not?? Listen, I understand what she was trying to say in the '90s so much clearer now. I'm sure she was chasing the excitement of Michael and what better place to go than Las Vegas? Only to end up leaving because it just can't compare. All I wanna do is have some fun... I get it Sheryl, and you're definitely not the only one.

Your friend,  
Juston

# A Friend Is A Friend Is A Friend

## by Sarah Turbes

From an early age, in the development of our social skills, our behaviors, our basics of becoming a “friend”, we are told to be the friend that we would like to have. Pavlovian eye rolls and dramatic sighs ensue. Yeah, yeah...yeah. But what about that kid who spit water on my back pack last week or the jerk who flicked my temple while I was taking a spelling test? Was I supposed to treat them as my equal, as my potential pal? Hell...no. I avoided them at school and realized that they weren’t so bad when they were in their thirties, like me. But really, this is the age of bullying. A serious, ridiculous, soul crushing social plague that has threatened each one of us at one time and WE had the audacity to be a jerk to someone at some time in our history. If you haven’t, for real, look me up, seek me out, I’ll give you a shiny nickel and a “thanks”.

Back to being a friend. Friends are essential. They can be a lot of work and like anything in life, a friendship needs maintenance. We’ve all had the “high maintenance” friend who relies on YOU to tell them that they are nice (when they aren’t), that they are thin (when they look more than “ok”), that calls you only when they are in crisis mode. The “low maintenance” friends are the ones we often take for granted. They are the ones who will allow you to forget a birthday, a letter, a phone call or still be your friend after you’ve been M.I.A. for days, months, years. You can pick up where you left off. No judgment, no scrutiny. Just a friendly familiar face in your darkest of days.

I’ve had too many friends that I’ve lost to death, to disagreements or just a general “growing apart”. I don’t give up on people easily or quickly. I’ve spent years trying to track some people down, just because I couldn’t shake the memory of them (or who I thought they were). I’ve sent letters, e-mails, made phone calls, attempts that weren’t always answered or never appreciated. Difficult and frustrating and heartbreaking, I don’t regret any attempt that was made. Sometimes, I wish I would have tried harder, too afraid of the reality. I’m disappointed that I didn’t make time to visit a friend who, I didn’t know, would die tragically in an accident in his home. The invitation was always open and I never took it. I’m disappointed that I didn’t try harder to check on a friend who was most likely going to commit suicide. Fortunately, she didn’t. I drove past her house, that night, numerous times. Slowly, circling, heart racing. Trying to assess the situation before I’d have to stumble around in the dark to find the front door. I saw her family in the kitchen, in the dining room, squinted to read their expressions. Did they look sad? Grief stricken? Certainly they wouldn’t be doing dishes if she had ended her life. Or maybe it was happening as I sat in my car like a stupid, scared friend. Too afraid to be a “bother” and stir up more chaos. I drove around more and decided, without concrete evidence, that she was going to be fine and that she was alive. Not well, but alive. Even though my friend is still alive and more or less well, I will NEVER make that cowardly mistake again.

Friends can be as shallow as the hundreds of them you have on facebook or as loyal as the kid who has known you since birth. Don’t forget to check in, from time to time, with a friend and see how they are. Just to say “hi”, just to say “I was thinking about you”, just to say “Remember that one time...?” Write a note, send an e-mail, leave a voicemail so long it gets cut off. Make an effort. Losing a friend is one of the hardest things one faces. Not easily replaced or forgotten, a friend may have treated you the way you deserved to be treated. I’ve realized that while I consider myself to be a pretty decent friend, I’ve got loads of work to do. Think of it as a 10, 000 mile tune up.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN VS. ZOMBIES

by A.J. Hakari

Sorry, but I've never felt compelled to jump on the Asylum bandwagon. I know the audience for this studio and its legion of sound-alike cash-ins on Hollywood blockbusters is driven mainly by irony, and the movies themselves know full well how crummy they are. But so what? A horribly-made film is still a horribly-made film, no matter how loudly it gloats about how shitty it is. Yet, with great hesitance, I popped in *Abraham Lincoln vs. Zombies*, based solely on the surprisingly positive buzz heard from my

trusty circle of cinefriends. Well, it certainly isn't the most inept thing the Asylum ever made, but it's a rotten flick regardless, a mundane production that, much like the one it's riffing on, doesn't know what a good premise it has going for it.

Abraham Lincoln (Bill Oberst Jr.) accomplished a great many deeds during his presidency. He emancipated the slaves, led our country through the Civil War's darkest days, and — in one of his less-chronicled exploits — sliced up the living dead. Having first encountered zombies firsthand as a child, Abe must confront this evil force once more on the eve of his famous Gettysburg Address. When a mission gone wrong has the stench of the undead hanging over it, Lincoln himself leads a small band of men to get to the bottom of things. Their destination is a fort found to be teeming with flesh-eating ghouls, and if he hopes to contain this threat, Honest Abe must get Union and Confederate soldiers alike to team up and mutilate some corpses in the name of peace.

The Asylum's apathy pisses me off more than it should. They're





smart enough to come up with one attention-grabbing title after another (*Titanic II*, anyone?), but the fact that not only are the movies themselves crap but that they visibly don't care that they suck will be forever stuck in my cinematic craw. There's potential for legit fun to be had with *Abraham Lincoln vs. Zombies*, as was there in this past summer's *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*. Neither picture is any less ludicrous than the other, with only budget and filmmaking talent separating the two. *Vampire Hunter* got a little too straight-faced for my taste, but where it at least attempted establishing a story and character arcs, *Zombies* doesn't even mine its title for any decent gags. It's a utility-grade undead siege flick that just happens to have Lincoln as the hero, in an effort to appear goofy and self-aware without actually being so.

In its defense, *Abraham Lincoln vs. Zombies* isn't a hack job from beginning to end. Being set in one locale most of the time, there are actually few opportunities for the Asylum's shoddy green screen work to interrupt the show. The actors all sound like low-rent Ken Burns voiceover artists, and you can tell most of the film's money went to supplying them with bogus beards, but you sort of get used to it after a while. Hell, even Oberst makes for a pretty good Abe, doing what had to be a Herculean job of staying in character and never winking at the camera. But stripped of its CG bloodshed and digitized dismemberment, *Zombies* offers next to nothing of value. All we get are a lot of forced one-liners, unfunny cameos from historical figures, and plot holes too gaping to be excused away by, "It's only a B-movie."

Like I said, *Abraham Lincoln vs. Zombies* has something of a reputation as one of the more tolerable Asylum features, which doesn't quite bode well for the remainder of its catalogue. Cheesy fun gets it by on a few occasions, but with a name like the one it has, there's no excuse for it to be as lacking in humor and spark as it is. The film may sound too irresistibly dumb to pass up, but you're best left freeing your brain cells from the tyranny of boredom that this disappointing ditty has in store.

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

# Should America “Double Down” On Trickle-Down Economics?

by Jack Kolars

That seems to be the question of the day leading up to the 2012 Presidential Election featuring **Barack Obama** and **Mitt Romney**.

The incumbent, **President Obama**, likes the re-distribution of wealth idea, while the challenger, **Mitt Romney**, seems to like the “trickle-down” method.

Since **Romney** is the challenger, let’s define the term trickle-down economics. This is the idea that offers tax breaks or other economic benefits, provided by the government, to businesses and wealthy people, so poorer members of society will get better by improving the economy as a whole. Trickle down.

Wikipedia tells us the term ‘trickle-down’ was first attributed to humorist **Will Rogers**, who made the remark during the Great Depression of the 1930s that “money was all appropriated to the top in hopes it would trickle down to the needy.”

Now the wealthy conservatives of the world who want “less government” always seem to want “just enough” government in place to provide tax cuts for the rich. (See **Ronald Reagan** and **George W. Bush** as examples.) Sometimes they call it “supply-side economics”, (**Reagan**), and other times they call it “helping the rich”, (**Bush**).

There has been criticism of the “trickle-down economics” in America for more than 120 years. Economist **John Kenneth Galbraith** called it the “horse and sparrow theory.” And the theory is this: *If you feed the horse enough oats, some will pass through to the road for the sparrows (to eat).* But, where will the sparrows find the oats? In a pile of horse crap, that’s where.

**William Jennings Bryan** had his take on “trickle down economics” too, during the 1896 Presidential race in his famous Cross of Gold speech. Bryan put it this way: *There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that if you just legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, that their prosperity will leak on*

*those below. The Democratic idea has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous their prosperity will find its way up and through every class that rests upon it.*

So here we are, 116 years after **William Jennings Bryan** made his speech and it's still the argument of re-distribution of wealth versus tax breaks for the very wealthy. **Bryan** lost the 1896 election to **William McKinley**, who was assassinated and succeeded by **Teddy Roosevelt** and 30 years of Republican presidents leading up to the Great Depression of 1929.

It's your choice. Vote for the guys who want to extend the tax breaks for the very wealthy in our society and prepare to get in line behind the sparrows to find a grain of oats in a pile of horse manure. Or, vote for the other guys, and start pricing saddles for your own horse to ride. See you in November!



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# Field Of Dreams

by Dan Urlick

Recently, I returned to Mankato for work and to take in a little live music. Of course, I brought my bike, because, well, it's summer, duh.

All the live rock and roll got my energy up, so I headed down the Riverfront to the Red Jacket trail south of Mankato.

Just outside the city, I came across a young lady stopped along the trail. I paused to ask if she was okay (alright, she was cute).

"Yeah fine", she replied, "My friend's never seen a cornfield before and he can't get over it, I'm just waiting for him to catch up".

"Really?" I laughed. "I guess we kind of take them for granted around here".

"Yeah" she smiled, "I guess".

I moved along, next meeting the "foreign" guy who'd never seen corn. He appeared a little giddy. Perhaps, I thought, easily amused. He was friendly though, and we exchanged greetings.

"Hi."

"Hi."

I rounded the bend, and there was the cornfield, so, I decided to stop and investigate what I might be missing.

It was a moderate acreage, about the size of Wescott Field. The corn was August tall, and in perfect rows, you know, corn.

No one was around, so I rode into the field a couple feet. My Raleigh's broad handlebars exceeded the narrow rows, so I abandoned the bike once out of sight. I considered locking it to a stalk, but really, who was going to find it here?

Before proceeding I took a good hard look at the sun.

"Okay", I verified out loud like an anxious Boy Scout "directly behind me".

So, I went in about fifteen feet, then, looked back. I couldn't see my bike. In fact, I couldn't see anything but, well, corn.

The stalks were high, even way over my head. The rows formed perfect little paths between them. Figuring even I could make my way out, once inside, by following the same path back, I went in deeper.

At first, I made frequent and nervous pauses, looking back like a tentative lion cub separated from the pride. But, quickly, I became more and more confident. I pressed on excitedly, for many yards,



even jogging a little. It was like being a kid again, running between the rows of laundry drying on my mother's clothesline, as the damp leaves brushed my shoulders like clean bed sheets and pillowcases hung out to dry. Several minutes later I figured to be near the middle of the cornfield, where I finally rested.

It was a quiet, dark, jumbo vegetable garden inside, amazingly isolated. I looked up, inspecting the stalks stretching to the sky, perhaps housing the Jolly Green Giant at the top, I imagined.

The crop appeared very healthy, all green, moist and thick (I'm a known authority on agriculture). The ears felt heavy as I cupped and weighed them in my hand. Finally, I plucked one off, petty larceny or not. Peeling back the husk from a hearty ear, I rubbed off the hair, revealing the hard, yellow kernels.

"Should I take a bit?" I pondered, curiously.

Like a succulent red apple picked from the Garden of Eden, the tempting morsel challenged my resistance and won easily, as I sunk my teeth in deep and ripped away. My already dry mouth slowly processed the feed and I labored to swallow, struggling like a snake attempting to ingest a full sized rabbit. The strain produced an ugly face from me usually reserved for special moments, such as prostate exams.

I finished the bite like a big boy though. Then, eager to get back to my Raleigh for a drink, I turned around and easily made my way out of the cornfield, following the same narrow row I came in on, toward the low angled light of the sun.

Reveling in the thrill of my trespass like a juvenile delinquent, I continued my lazy ride, leaving the scene of the crime behind. I was still smiling outwardly, when a senior couple approached head on. They were friendly, and we exchanged greetings.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Must be easily amused." I imagine they thought as I past.

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# Videodrome Is Dangerous

## by Britta Moline

*Videodrome* is dangerous.

I'm talking literally and metaphorically. The Videodrome signal, within the confines of the narrative film *Videodrome*, is a dangerous, flesh mutating, life-changing broadcast. *Videodrome* the frame, the movie by David Cronenberg, is dangerous in a far more ephemeral way.

*Videodrome* is a hallucination, a series of subjective dreams and nightmares experienced by Max Renn (James Woods). It could be argued nothing about the film is real, as it begins with full-screen television static (anticipating the similar, albeit bleaker and less fulfilling, *Benny's Video* by Michael Haneke) which returns intermittently to fill the entire screen, indicating to us, the viewer, that everything we are seeing is unreality. A program— not necessarily “a movie”. It could be argued, using the same post-modern lense, that the ultimate producer and distributor of the Videodrome signal is David Cronenberg himself, tormenting his protagonist Renn and his universe.

*Videodrome* is a sick set of programming and Cronenberg is a sick programmer. Never before has a Cronenberg movie (or perhaps any movie) so thoroughly and easily dismantled the viewer's worldview and sense of place. “I don't know where I am anymore,” Renn mumbles at the end of the film, as he sits alone on a dirty mattress in a condemned boat. Neither do we. The scant preceding 89 minutes, when properly received, can de-center almost any worldview. There are movies that dismantle rationalism, there are movies that dismantle humanism, and there are movies that dismantle pragmatism— *Videodrome* dismantles all —isms.



The true power of *Videodrome*, both the signal and the frame, is not in indoctrinating you into a world of frightening hallucinations—it's in deprogramming you of the ones you already have. And the deprogramming is always more painful, as Bianca O'Blivion warns.

When Barry Convex (Leslie Carlson, in a role modeled after televangelist Jim Bakker) explodes into a mass of mutated flesh (in surely one of the more horrific sequences in film history) it is not simply a painful death but an explosion of a lifetime of artificial beliefs, coalescing and devouring the flesh. It is a lifetime of artificial slogans, simplistic morals, and deplorable binary philosophies, breaking through his skull and torturing the still-conscious Convex. The Videodrome signal, after all, turns the viewer against himself more than it does against others—ultimately Convex is devoured by his own body and mind.

But yet, it is not simply that Convex, Harlan and their beliefs are “bad”. No Cronenberg film is ever so black and white. When Renn is de-programmed he must then be immediately re-programmed, this time by the “New Flesh”. Both philosophies are sloganeering, hierarchical belief systems that work best through direct control and manipulation, and both ask Renn to kill for them. Neither Renn nor the audience truly believes or understands either of the philosophies. Renn is simply asked to sacrifice himself for them.

The most disturbing and dangerous thing about *Videodrome* is not the imagery, the idealized fuckscape, or the famous Cronenberg mutations. The most disturbing thing about *Videodrome* is the presentation that every thought you have, have ever had and will ever have, every philosophy you subscribe to, is a program someone else is playing. *Videodrome* presents this insidious, terrifying idea that the entire system is something complex and unstoppable, something you will never understand, and that is controlling you. Call it “philosophy”. No matter what channel you're on—the capitalist channel, the Christian channel, the atheist channel, the Marxist channel, the Dada channel—they're all programming. And, as we all know, the medium is the message. Whose program are you playing, and how and when did they fuck you? *Videodrome* is dangerous because it deconstructs, among other things, philosophy. Full stop. Not just *a philosophy*, but the concept entirely.

“I don't know where I am anymore.”

Neither do we, Max.

# I Should've Married A Doctor

## by Ryan Kleen

Click click clack, click click clack, ding zip! The noise of the type writer fills this apartment, as I stand in front of the sink drying a dish. My eye twitches and only gets worse with every click click clack.

*What did I do to deserve this? I'm a good wife right? I keep this apartment clean, make my family warm meals, and I have two children. Where did I go wrong? Oh, that's right! I married a writer.*

Lighting a cigarette, I take a calming drag as I glare at the door of my bedroom which he uses as his office. *Oh my husband how many ways have I counted thee dead.* Twenty years have I been a loving wife, to a husband that doesn't exist; who only cares about typing up another best seller. Yeah he did write a selling book, key word *book* as in the singular form which was eighteen years ago. So in his 'office' he pretty much stays trying to come up with another "masterpiece." Sure he got a job at the news paper so that's every day and night with that goddamn click click clack.

Taking another drag, I turn to the clock which reads 8:25 and with a roll of my eyes I turn to make my grateful husband his drink. Adding the ice and liquor, I dig into my purse pulling out a flask to add another small dose of arsenic. Sure, go ahead and judge, but just remember, you're not living with the bastard.

Giving it a couple of hard shakes, I pour the liquid into a glass and add an olive skewered on a toothpick for good measure, I take the drink to him. As I open the door, a smile spreads on my face.

"Irving I brought you your drink," I set the drink next to him, trying not to flinch from the loud noise of the click click clack.

"Mhm, yeah thanks sweetie." He replies without looking up. Ding! Zip!

Placing a kiss on the top of his head, I turn to get the hell out in the most graceful of manners, of course.

My back presses against the shut door, my teeth rubbing together, I make a decision." I'm going to kill him today."

What better time than now right? I mean Morris is spending the night at his... *friend's* house and I swore I saw Grace sneaking out down the fire escape. So there would be no witnesses. I have to think this out carefully though. As of now it's quite obvious the arsenic is not working and as much as I want to, I can't bust in there with a meat hammer in hand and tenderize the fuck out of his skull. The cops will be sure to know and arrest me. So I have to about this carefully.

Looking around the apartment, I see our small living area consisting of a TV, recliner and sofa. *Nothing there that can help me.* My eyes then turn to the kitchen, there a white refrigerator, a sink, oven, and stove. I pause as I continue to stare at the beautiful instrument being my oven and stove. *Perfect! I'm gonna burn the sucker!*

Moving fast, I begin to shut all the windows. Taking a towel I place it at the bottom of the bedroom door and I destroy the smoke detector. I fill pots with grease and liquor before setting them in the oven at the highest temp. I turn on the gas of the stove, before ending my finale with a well-lit cigarette in the trash. With a final laugh I head out the door, taking the stairs all the way to the ground floor then out the door.

*Maybe I'll go see a movie. Then when I come back I can be surprised and devastated at the death of my poor poor husband.* Oh, the thoughts running through my head as I begin to walk away from the building, before stopping in shock. Turning back to look at my apartment window I see a fire begin to stir. *I hope the people on the floors above can get out in time.*



AS I WOULD A DAY-OLD CUP  
OF COFFEE, SO DO I ALSO ENJOY  
THESE TALES...

TALES OF

#1

# REGRET

BY J.P. MACKEY

DRIFTING  
DRIFTING  
...

PEACEFUL NOW, AT REST.  
THE LUXURY OF HINDSIGHT  
IS AT LAST MINE TO FEEL.

I REGRET NOT  
THE CHEMICALS  
IN AND OF  
THEMSELVES.

NOR THE CULINARY  
EXCESSES THAT  
FOLLOWED.

I AM AMERICAN. TO  
CONSUME BEYOND NEED  
IS INGRAINED IN MY  
VERY ESSENCE. I  
ACCEPT THIS.

MY REGRETS I  
RESERVE FOR MY  
EQUALLY INGRAINED  
DRIVE TO DESTROY  
MYSELF.

INABILITY TO LEARN  
FROM MY MISTAKES,  
EVEN POOR TIMING  
COULD NOT EXPLAIN  
...

THE  
MADNESS  
...

THE  
PUSH  
...

THE  
THANATOS  
...

TO BE CONTINUED...



**Photos:**

**Above:** "Pouty Parade" by Jeremiah Langsjoen

**Below:** "Cupcake Sharks" by Morgan Lust







**Photos:**

**Above:** "Head's Up!" by Ashley Birk

**Below:** "Waseca Gangster Disciples" by Bryan Boyce



# Hey Readers!



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