

Issue #39

# Save The Crumbs

WHAT IF™

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

60c



# WHAT IF RICK JAMES HAD BECOME THE HULK?

MARVEL'S TV  
SENSATION!

GOOD LORD!  
THAT BROTHA'S  
TURNING INTO  
SOME KIND OF HUGE  
GREEN-SKINNED  
MONSTER--

--AND IT'S  
SUPER FREAKY!

PERHAPS THE  
MOST AWESOME  
OFFBEAT HULK  
SAGA  
OF THIS OR ANY  
OTHER YEAR!



# 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:

Dustin Wilmes, Juston Cline, Sarah Turbes, Jack Kolars, Ashley Birk, Jennifer Brunick, Morgan Lust, James Mackey, Chelsea Miller, Britta Moline, Gordon Purkis, Dan Urlick



# ***Short Poem Cache "Shards"***

## **by Gordon Purkis**

### **Aren't You**

Aren't you wary of being weary?  
Tired of sleep?  
Bored with activity?

### **Comedy of Thirst**

-Ah dreaming is Shameful  
Since it is pure loss!  
*Rimbaud, Comedy of Thirst*

Indolent people  
spend their lives  
dreaming.

I am one  
of them.

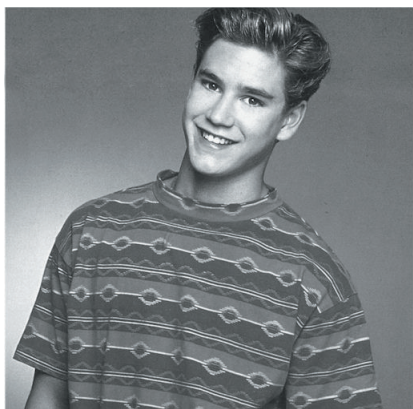
### **To and fro**

Motile  
Mottle

beforehand  
backhand



# Who Would Win In A Fight?



## Zack Morris vs. Mike Seaver

Strength - 4  
Intelligence - 8  
Energy Projection - 7  
Stamina - 5  
Agility - 7  
Durability - 7  
Speed - 8

Strength - 5  
Intelligence - 6  
Energy Projection - 5  
Stamina - 5  
Agility - 8  
Durability - 8  
Speed - 7

### Zack Morris Attributes:

Student at Bayside High School, scored a 1502 on his SAT, has the ability to freeze time, personal friend of former San Francisco 49ers player Mike Rogers, owns own cell phone, fronts the band Zack Attack and The Five Aces, romantically linked with Kelly Kapowski, Jessie Spano, Lisa Turtle, Tori Scott and Stacey Carosi

### Mike Seaver Attributes:

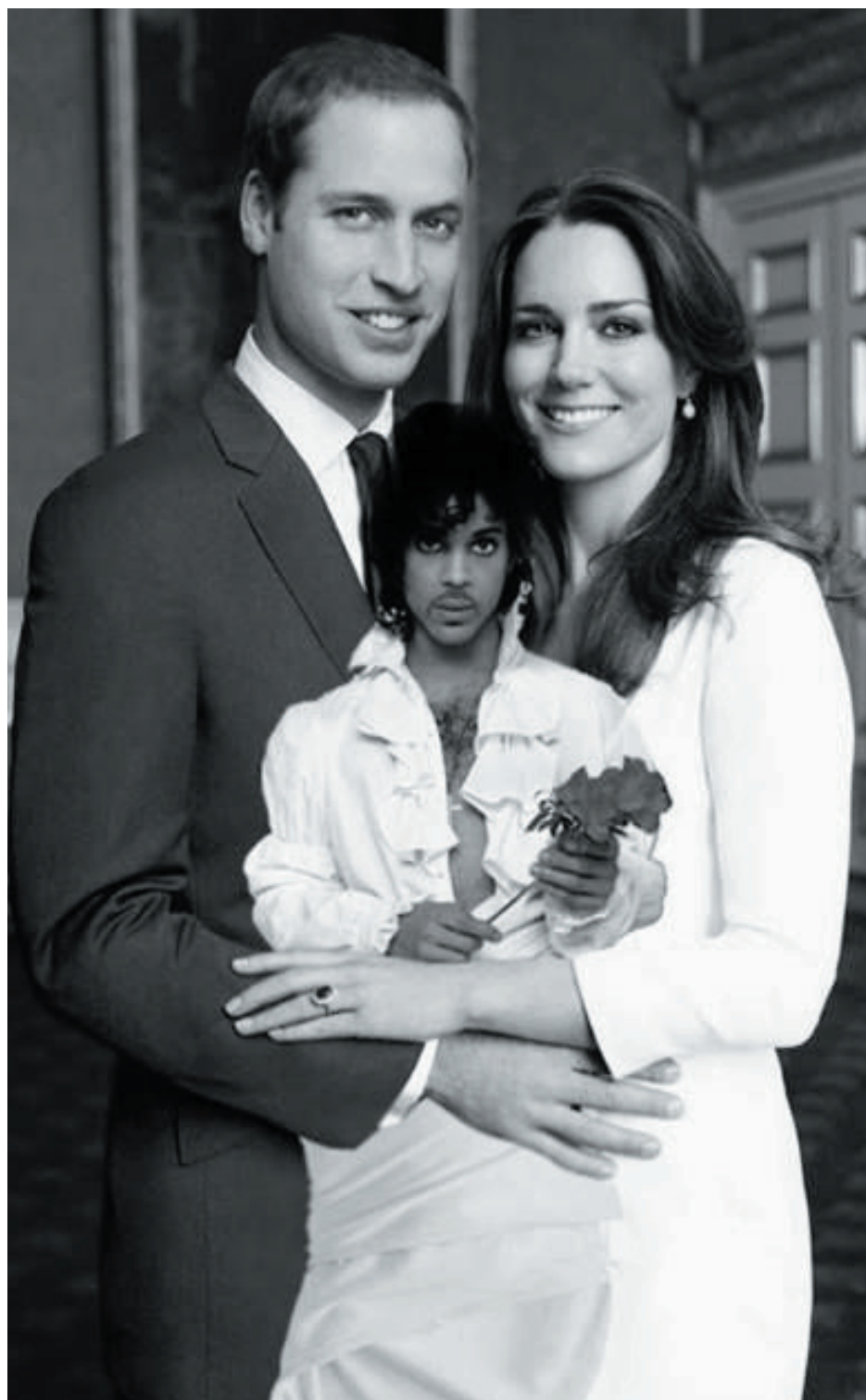
Oldest child of the affluent Seaver Family, graced the cover of *Tiger Beat* magazine, has a best friend named Boner, won a Nickelodeon Kids' Choice Award, former roommate of Leonardo DiCaprio, hates science, loves Jesus, rumored to be romantically-linked to the Lubbock daughters from *Just the Ten of Us*

# From The Rad Desk Of Juston Cline...

Remember the days when your bicycle was your ticket to freedom? I do! I remember when I got my first 10-speed mountain bike in 5th grade. It was a Huffy. White with black, neon green, pink and yellow splatter paint job and hand guards! Basically the coolest bike to ever exist. I had been walking to school on my own before then, but this was different. I had wheels! I rolled up to the bike rack knowing I would have the sweetest bike there. The kind of bike the other kids just didn't want to park next to, as they would be reminded of just how inadequate their own set of wheels was. I will never forget it. But the real pleasure was simply to be able to go and do whatever I wanted. "Nah ma, I'll eat supper later. I gotta meet Molly at the track." We would often meet at the Rasmussen Woods BMX track for a little competition. My destiny was in my own hands. I could hop on my bike and ride all over town without a care. Only thing you ever worried about was giant hills. But as a kid, you never even thought about them until you were half way up already. Realizing the difficulty. But you were half through it, so who cares? Few more measly pumps of the pedals and you could turn around and book it to the bottom if you so desired. I lived in Mankato, about a block off of Warren Street, on what was called Clark Street then. I remember when I started middle school at Dakota Meadows in upper North. My friend Matt and I thought, of course, we should ride bike to school! Every morning, riding up Lor Ray Drive without a care in the world. The peak of the day was trying to keep up with traffic on the way down. Boy, how things have changed. Obviously after cars were introduced into my life everything changed. I didn't look back at the bike at all until I recently decided to give it a go. Now it seems the bicycle is more of a torture device. A reminder of how out of shape and old you are and how free and wonderful your childhood was. But I'm determined. Determined to make biking fun again! Now if I can just get over the next hill...



Your pal,  
Juston



# My America

## by Sarah Turbes

When I was six years old, my America consisted of paper pilgrims, color by number President Lincolns, Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the U.S.A.", and a hand-me-down, homemade Statue of Liberty costume. Our teacher told us Columbus found America. As we traced our hands for turkeys and made overflowing cornucopias, I imagined Columbus with his three little boats, with the cute names, and believed that he was friends with little lying George Washington and the Pilgrims in their starched white bonnets. The story was idyllic, no room for error, elementary at best. I had no tight grasp on the reality of America, but believed amber waves of grain and purple mountains must be a glorious sight.

I was late to school one morning because Dad had run a red light. I cried, not because a police officer had given him a ticket, but because the kids who are late to school miss the Pledge of Allegiance. The Pledge of Allegiance started the day. It was our duty to stand proudly, facing east, west, north or south, remembering which side our hearts lay beneath our chests. I never said the pledge aloud. Mouthing the words out of shyness, I still didn't really know what the words meant to me.

When I was six years old, I had two Halloween costumes. A clown with a multi-colored afro wig and a scary, see through makeup mask. The other, a homemade, hand-me-down Statue of Liberty costume which consisted of white draping fabric in a toga style and spray painted cardboard accessories of Liberty's crown, tablet and torch. The Lady Liberty costume was to be worn at my school party and parade. As we walked, single file, through our older peers' classrooms, I quickly realized the pointed fingers and snickering was meant for me and my sad little costume. The Polaroid picture, taken in the living room, reflected the hatred I had for that Halloween disguise. My blonde pixie cut beneath a



crooked, wonky crown. Rope visibly tied beneath my chin, white scraps of cotton draped across my mauve sweater. The torch, held up by a less than enthusiastic outstretched arm and a sad, sad little freckled face. No smile, no laughter, not for my America.

America was ugly to me, portrayed in the costume, the boring faces silhouetted on our currency, and Bruce Springsteen's butt on the cover of his album. As I lounged in front of our record player, clutching Springsteen's album jacket in my hands, I hated the song because it reminded me of his butt. It made me feel awkward, it made me wonder what did it have to do with my America?

It wasn't until I learned about people like Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Amelia Earhart, John F. Kennedy, even America's childhood sweetheart, Shirley Temple, that my early perspective on America started to change. I still mouthed the words to the Pledge of Allegiance, but began to understand my America a bit better. My America was fair. It was friendly. It was like the friend you always wanted and needed. It was silly with its songs about mules named Sal and the way my teacher paraded around the room, like a conductor, in his plaid golf pants.

My America changed when spaceships crashed, violence and anger hurt innocent people, and my teacher yelled at me for laughing during "You're a Grand Ol' Flag". My America changed when I voted for the first time, when I learned that America's favorite starlet, Marilyn Monroe, was sorely misunderstood. It changed when higher education challenged everything I learned before and when I realized hand turkeys and overflowing cornucopias had nothing to do with finding the New World we call America. It changed when I realized we are not the only America.

The six year old in me still cringes at "Born in the U.S.A", still thinks that amber waves of grain and purple mountains must be beautiful, and that patriotic hand-me-down costumes should not be passed down. I struggle to find MY America, with all of our trials and errors, our ebbs and flows, our "not always nice" demeanor. My America is still growing, still learning, still correcting, still apologizing, still figuring itself out. Someday, we might just see eye to eye, my America and me.

# The Urban Dictionary of Directions

by Jack Kolars

Here we have the descriptions of “up north”, “down south”, “back east” and “out west” and we try to give meaning to the phrases since we live in Minnesota.

Some might say that “up north” is the easiest to describe since in Minnesota, most of our lakes are located in the northern part of the state. And growing numbers of Minnesotans go “up north” to hunt and fish and play on the clear, blue lakes at an “up north lodge” or “up north inn”.

Did you know that the term “up north” was first used in England by the Southerners to refer to the North of England? In the United States, those folks living “down south”, near the Gulf of Mexico, refer to the Northeast and Midwest sections of the country as “up north.”

And speaking of the term “down south”. Once again, “down south” started in England referring to England by the people of Scotland. People in Canada call the United States “down south”.

And folks here in Minnesota call Mississippi “down south”. Is it because of our location on the map? Must be, right?

How come you hear people says things like Tom went to college “back East” but his brother went to school in the Midwest? One thinks it’s because this country started on the East coast and when folks started moving west to places like Minnesota and the Black Hills... they wrote home saying how they missed it “back East”. And many of the people couldn’t take it here during the pioneer times... and went home... back East... to be with their families.

And that leads us to our final phrase of the day... ”out west”.

We think the term migrating across the United States as folks moved from the east coast to the Midwest... and somewhere along the line came the phrase... "Go West young man." And so young men, and young women, went out west to become cowboys and cowgirls, and to fight Indians and to conquer new lands for the growing United States of America.

And when folks struck gold in California in 1849... thousands of people... known as "49ers" headed west to get rich. And the richest of them all started an NFL franchise in San Francisco.

So as the summer vacation season is upon us... and whether you are traveling up north, down south, back east or out west this summer... when the trip is over you'll know... home is still the best.



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

# Grandma Lila

## by Dustin Wilmes

My grandmother, Lila Wilmes, passed away on July 4, 2013. She was 92 years old and lived every minute of her life. If anyone reading this knew her, there's no doubt she probably sent you a card, made you a cake, babysat you, or sent you some well-wishes at one time or another. She touched a lot of lives over the years.

Throughout her life she faced numerous hardships and tragedies that no person should ever experience. None of it slowed her down. None of it slipped her up. None of it made her lose hope. She always handled everything with grace, resourcefulness, a positive attitude, and an infectious laugh. She never drank. She never smoked. She never wavered. She was a modest woman who stuck to her motto of "living on faith, hope, and miracles."

I spent a lot of time with Grandma Lila growing up. When I stayed with her, we would spend mornings listening to the radio while making breakfast. We made pancakes together, topped with sugar instead of syrup. Despite warnings of growth-stunting, she let me drink coffee with her, coupled with an endless supply of my favorite cookies (either molasses or the ones shaped like windmills.) The radio was always on in the background. We never missed Paul Harvey. We never missed *Swap Shop*. We never missed the weather forecasts.

Grandma had a passion for weather and kept detailed logs in her "weather journals" for as long as I can remember. She would make note of highs and lows, humidities, dew points, wind chills, and barometric pressures. Peppered throughout those forecasts were little notes about the day's events, short poems, and random thoughts and observations. I loved sneaking a peak at them whenever she left the room.



As the day went on we would help each other with the chores. We did the dishes, fed the dogs, brought carrots to “Champer” the horse, and then loaded into grandma’s red pickup to run errands. The errands usually involved driving to someone’s home to babysit for them, stocking up on supplies to make someone a cake, or cruising the town for good bargains that “maybe \_\_\_\_ could use.” The finds usually never made it to the intended recipient, but it was the thought that counted.

Is it a coincidence that I grew up to be a short, heavyset, hardworking pack rat who doesn’t drink, doesn’t smoke, works in radio, and publishes his own magazine? I don’t think so. Her personality is heavily imbedded in mine. She was a grandmother, mother, friend, confidant, mentor, and inspiration. She meant the world to me.

As we both got older, I did my best to return the favor and help her out with anything she might need. I know it was just a drop in the bucket in comparison, but she never missed an opportunity to remind me how much she appreciated it. She always referred to me as her “right-hand man.” That was a title I didn’t take lightly. There were countless others who considered her to be “like a grandma” to them over the years. I was proud to say she really was my grandma.

She always told me, “Getting old ain’t for sissies!” So it came as no surprise that she left her doctors baffled when their “six months” diagnosis came and went year after year. It didn’t baffle me. I knew it was just like anything else in her life. She was a tough woman.

Although I’ll never be as strong as Grandma Lila was throughout her life, I know the example she set for me will help me stay strong now that she’s gone. Like her, I’ll try my best to stay positive. Instead of mourning her loss, I will cherish all the years we had together and will do my best to pass along what I learned from her and continue to make her proud. Because of this, I know she’ll never truly be gone. I love you, Grandma Lila. Thanks for everything!

# Separation Anxiety On Interstate 90

## by Dan Urlick

I was returning from a trip to Sioux Falls in the Nissan one recent morning, travelling eastbound between the South Dakota border and Worthington. It was a cold, windy and rainy day but this year that doesn't narrow the field much; they all were. It was the kind of day where if you were travelling by car and were old enough to remember driving without it, you really appreciated the "delay" option added to the wiper system sometime around 1985.

Just as I made my way innocently eastward, an alarming clunk was audible from the rear of the vehicle, even over the loud, but never blaring, satellite radio. My eyes shot instantly to the rearview mirror just in time to catch a horrifying glimpse of the Raleigh and its fancy carrying rack fading in the distance, both somehow having suddenly separated themselves from the car. Needless to say it was incredibly fortunate no one was travelling directly behind me at this splitting moment.

Instantly I went into emergency mode, throwing the hazard lights on, pulling over and gunning it backwards toward the wayward cargo. It seemed nothing short of miraculous to find my mountain bike standing perfectly upright over the centerline and facing directly to the east, between the driving and passing lanes.

The rack I use can best be described as platform style, mounting to the lower rear of the car via the trailer hitch receiver. The bike(s) wheels are clamped to one of two running bars that are positioned just a foot above ground and a vertical stabilizer bar then holds the bike(s) upright. The whole rig is made of heavy steel and I presume the low center of gravity is what kept the bike from tipping or toppling during the release, even at 75 mph.

Before I could get out and recover the bicycle and its attached assembly, a group of vehicles approached from the west. All I could do was stand by at the side of the interstate frantically pointing out the dangerous obstacle to unwitting drivers. Cool heads prevailed and not a single car made contact with the bicycle

as everyone sped past in both lanes.

Once there was a significant break in traffic I immediately scrambled to the center of the Interstate and dragged the package to relative safety at the side of the road. In the pouring rain wearing dress clothes and a raincoat I carefully accessed and resolved the situation.

Because the solid bolt that secures the rack to the receiver was locked and intact, and there was absolutely no sign of equipment failure, I could only conclude that operator error was to blame for the entire dangerous fiasco.

Apparently when I'd slid the rack on for the first time this season, I had not inserted the bar-end far enough into the receiver, thus the securing bolt was positioned ahead of the bar, instead of through it. It was a really stupid mistake and, frankly, I consider myself incredibly lucky to have averted a disaster. It turned out the only real damage done was some significant scrape scars where rack met concrete at a high rate of speed, sliding and spinning to a stop but never actually crashing.

Once things were back in place I gave the whole system the "muscle test," rocking it back and forth and up and down with my entire might, until I was completely satisfied things would hold together for the duration of the journey.

I'm certainly grateful for the opportunity to learn a valuable life lesson in this case without dire consequences being involved. Things haven't always worked this way for me but I'll take a break when I can get it.

***Traffic Tip: Seriously nice job on the Austin Trails in preparation for the Darren Dash this year, especially given the inclement weather; way to go City of Austin and Department of Parks and Recreation!***

**See past *Bike Rides* columns at [dansbikerides.com](http://dansbikerides.com)  
Hear *Bike Rides* from your radio Fridays, 1p.m. on  
KMSU, 89.7 FM-Mankato**

TALES OF  
**REGRET**  
BY J.P. MACKEY #6

THIS, I FEAR,  
SHALL BE A  
RECURRING THEME  
IN MY LIFE.



TO BE CONTINUED!



# For 1 Minute

## by Britta Moline

Croissants and coffee,  
And the scales of a crab.  
Good port and bad intent.  
An essential tie -  
Speckled with hollandaise  
Texture: Fat and simple.  
A great goddess  
Boiled in white wine.  
Salt and pepper.  
Secret doubt:  
Will they like it?  
They, too, are special, the  
Bulb-type blasters,  
at your local green-market.  
Ask me straightaway,  
O'Lord,  
about burning and agitating  
the trains.  
There's a recipe somewhere,  
in the end of a theater,  
that calls for a durable  
meat-grinder and a  
reticent, University-bred priest.  
The geese and vultures  
rub olive oil  
into her purple eyes.  
Serve Immediately.



**Photos:**

**Above:** “Shay in the Ocean” by Chelsea Miller

**Below:** “Yellow Couch” by Morgan Lust





**Photos:**

**Above:** “Feed My Frankenstein” by Ashley Birk

**Below:** “The Weasley” by Jennifer Brunick



# Hey Readers!



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