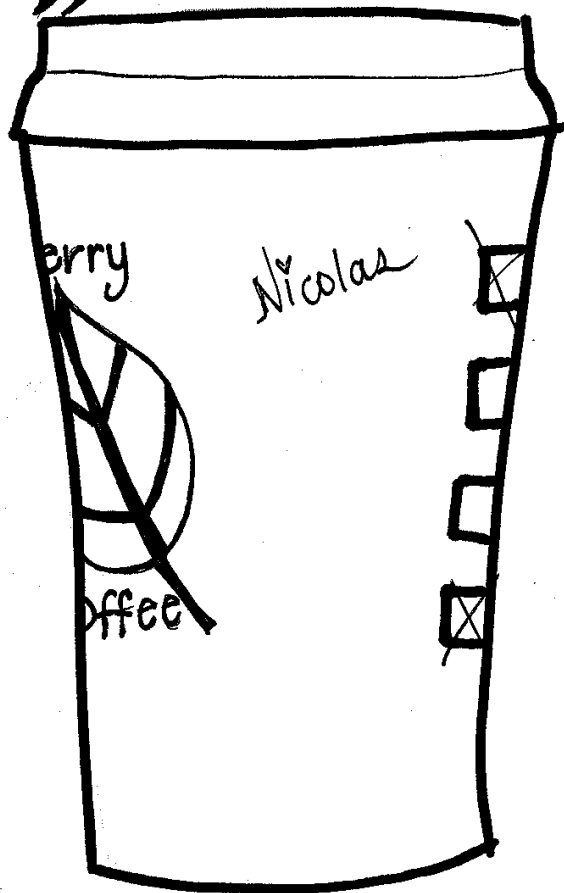


**“Black Coffee”**

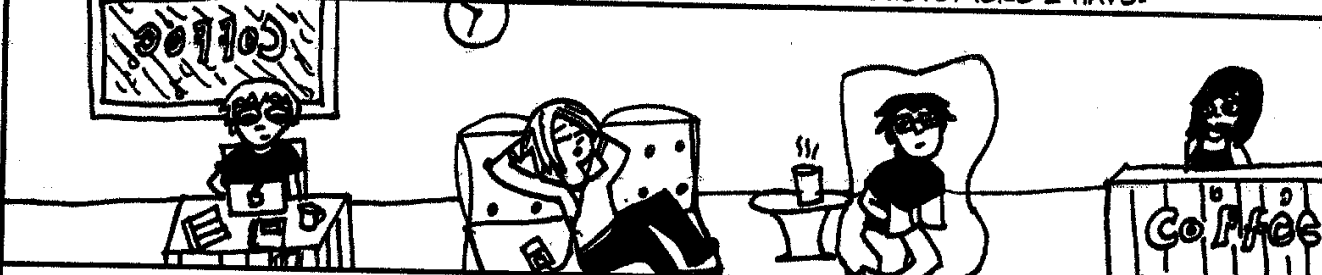
Rachel O’Kelley

# Black So Coffee



by: Rachel O'Kelley

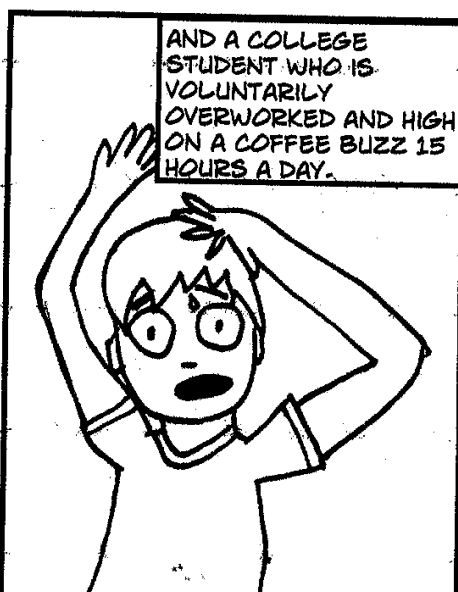
ELVIS COSTELLO ECHOES OFF THE WALLS OF A LITTLE CAFE ON THE CORNER OF PIKE AND STEWART. THE NONCHALANT NOTES DANCE AROUND THE FEW CUSTOMERS I HAVE.



DAYS LIKE THIS LEAD TO... PEOPLE WATCHING.



THIS ONE LIKES TO SLIP A LIL SOMETHING-SOMETHING IN HER COFFEE EACH DAY...



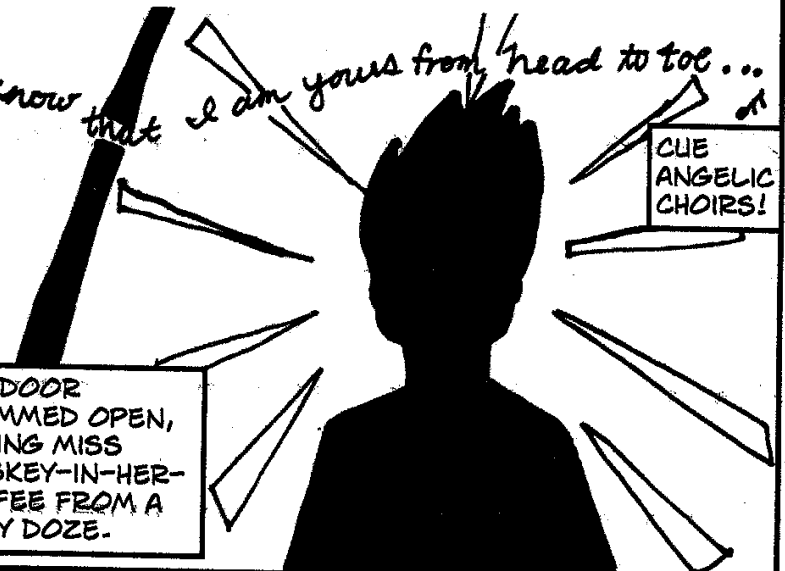
AND A COLLEGE STUDENT WHO IS VOLUNTARILY OVERWORKED AND HIGH ON A COFFEE BUZZ 15 HOURS A DAY.



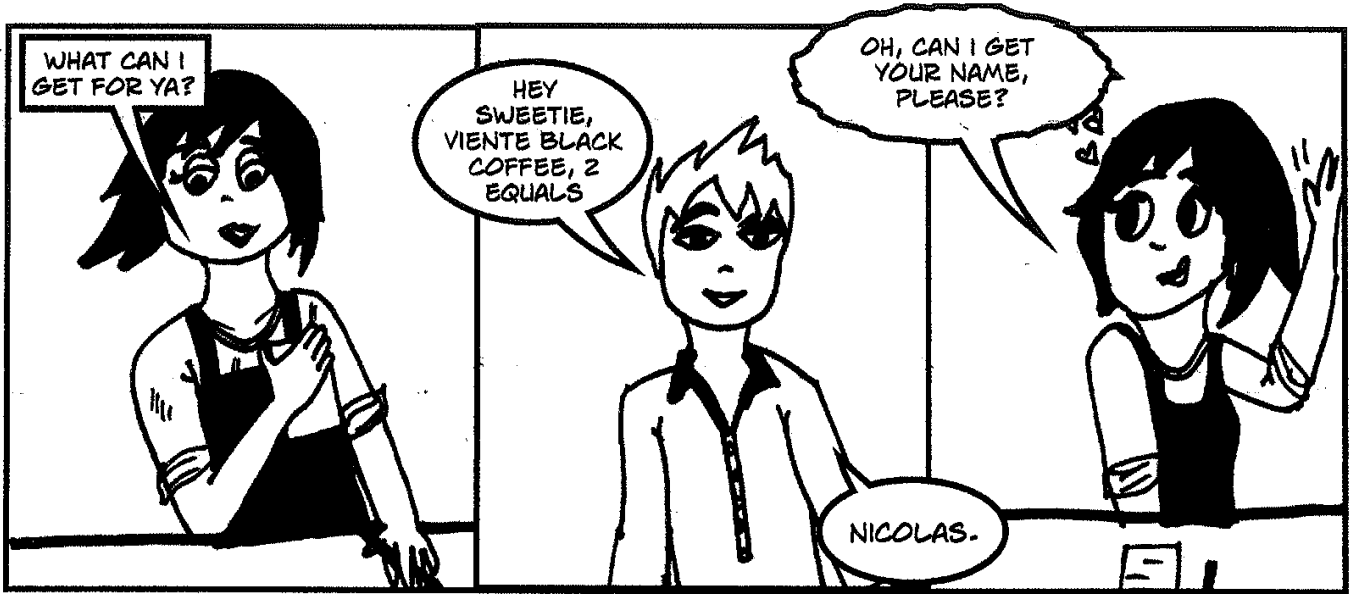
IS HE OKAY?

NO ONE SPOKE. WE'RE THEY AFRAID TO BREAK THE SILENCE. OR DID THEY REALLY HAVE NO INTEREST IN ONE ANOTHER?

AND THE MUSIC PLAYED. AND LIFE WENT ON.

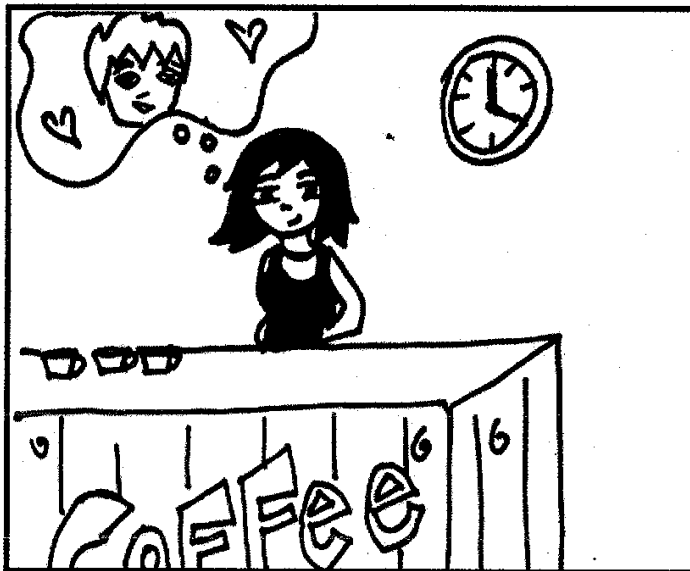
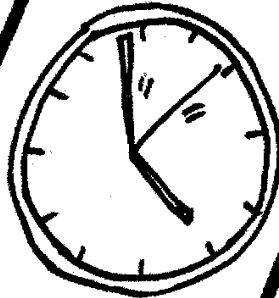
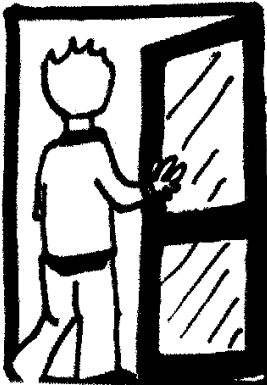


THE DOOR SLAMMED OPEN, WAKING MISS WHISKEY-IN-HER-COFFEE FROM A TIPSY DOZE.



AND CUE COSTELLO-

♪♫ got two eyes that happened by ya... i am yours too



AND I JUST STOOD THERE, IGNORING MY BOSS' DEMANDS TO CLEAN THE TABLES, LETTING THE MUSIC SINK IN, HOPING IT WOULD SOMEHOW REFLECT MY FUTURE WITH YOU.

A FEW DAYS LATER I SEE YOU AGAIN. THIS TIME YOU'RE WITH SOMEONE ELSE.



I'M NOT WORRIED. SHE'S JUST THAT DUMB BLONDE WHO GAWKS AT YOU FROM ONE TABLE AWAY, RATHER SPASTICALLY I MIGHT ADD.

I MEAN SHE'S NOT YOUR TYPE, RIGHT?

DOES SHE EVEN KNOW HOW YOU LIKE YOUR COFFEE?

...I DO...

I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT HER. INSTEAD OF SEEING HER EMPTY EYES AND SLACK SMILE, YOU FELL FOR HER CHEAP TRICKS.

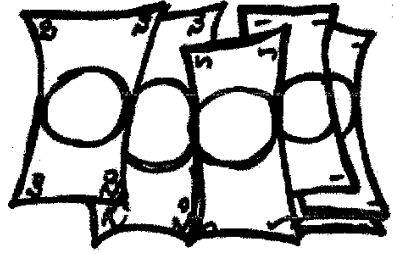


TWO COFFEES IN AND YOU'RE PRACTICALLY PICKING A DATE FOR THE WEDDING.

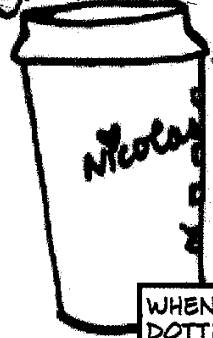


I GUESS THAT'S ALL IT EVER WAS.

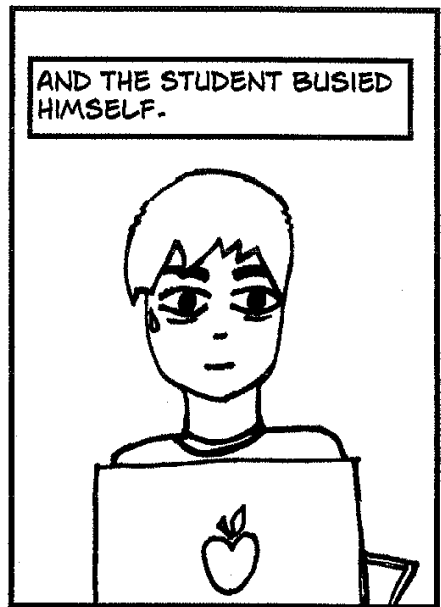
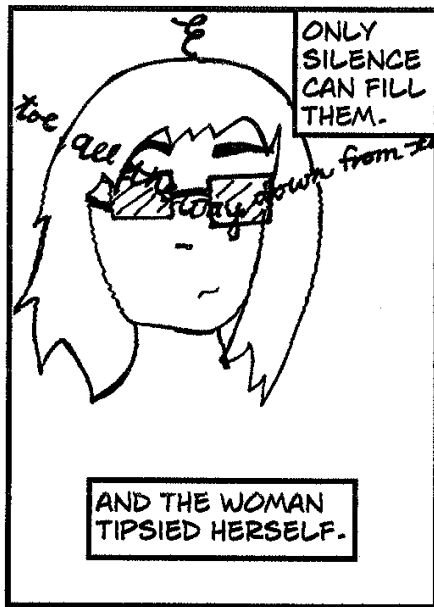
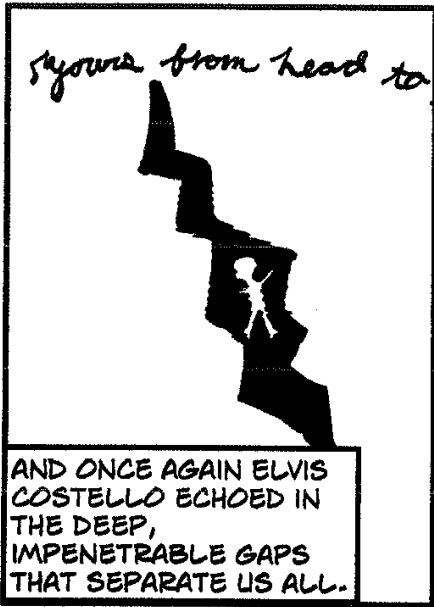
DID YOU EVEN THINK BACK TO ALL I'VE DONE?



WHEN I BROKE A \$50 BILL FOR A \$2 COFFEE?



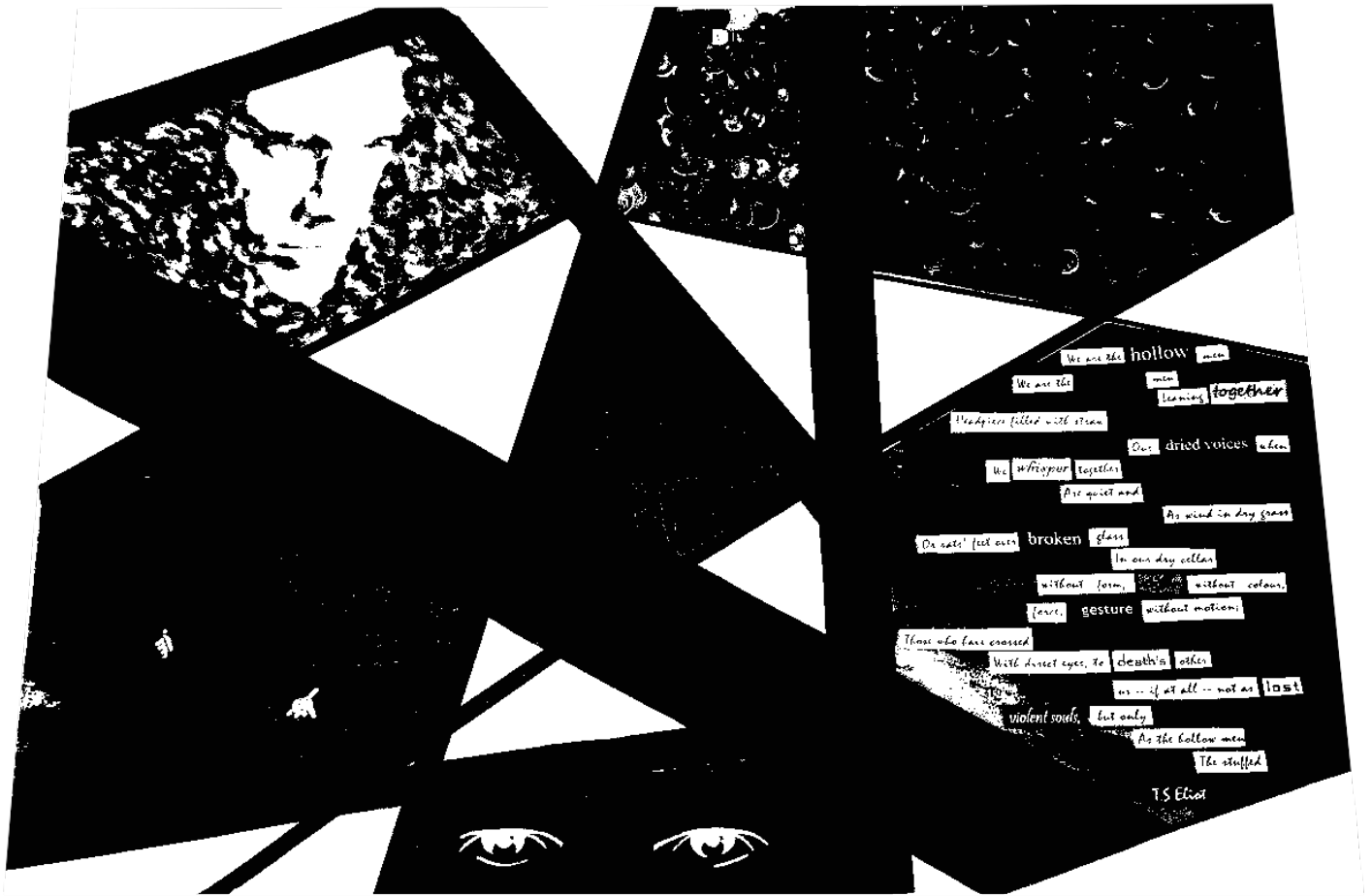
WHEN I DOTTED YOUR NAME WITH HEARTS?



**“The Hollow Men”**

Aubrey Cain

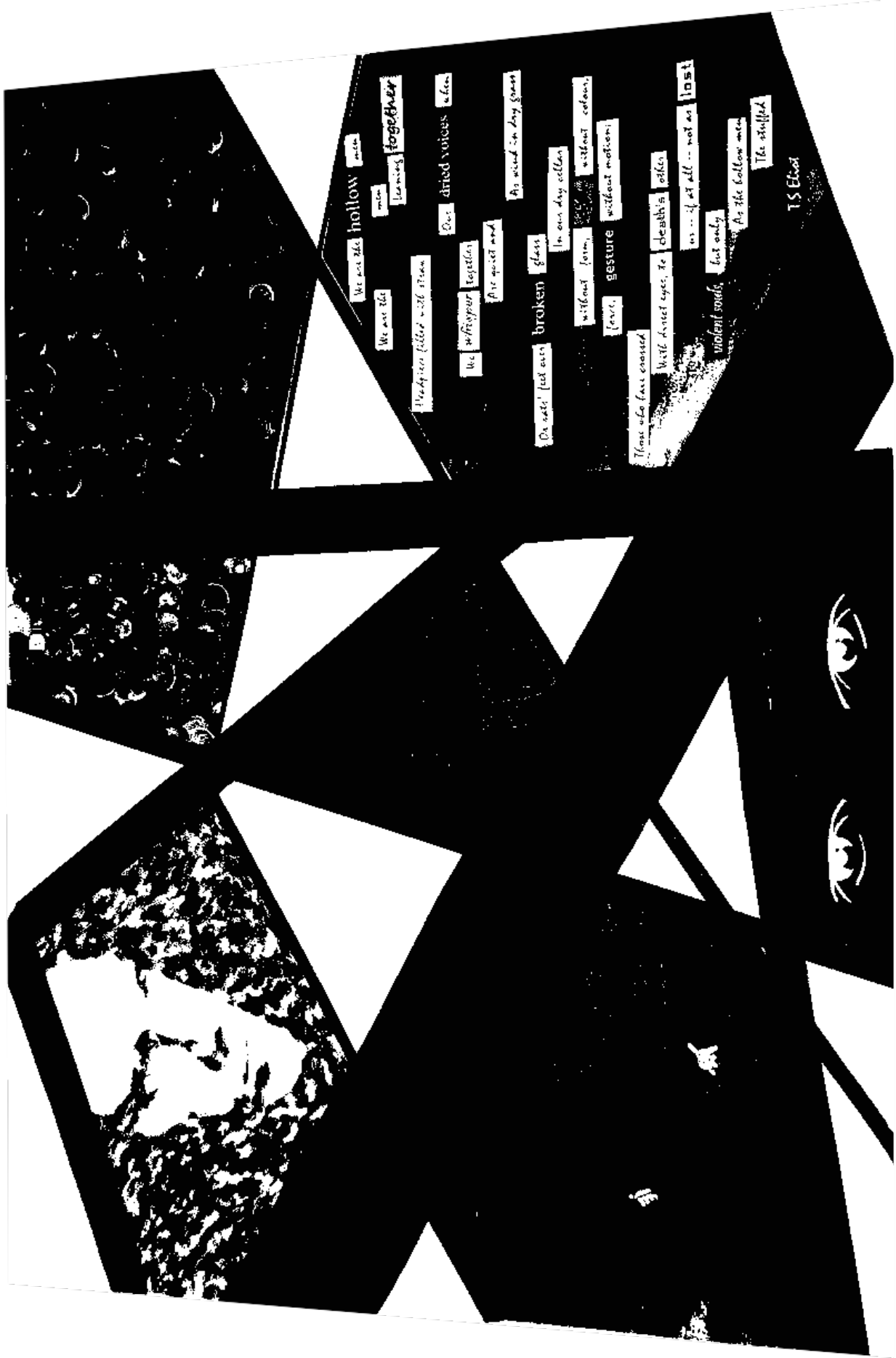
(from T.S. Eliot's Poem)



We are all hollow men  
We are the maimed learning together  
Headless filled with stardust  
Our dried voices when  
We whisper together  
Are quiet and  
As wind in dry grass  
Or rats' feet over broken glass  
In our dry cellar  
without form, without colour,  
without gesture without motion;  
Those who have crossed  
With direct eyes, to death's other  
side -- if at all -- not as lost  
violent souls, but only  
As the hollow men  
The stuffed

TS Eliot





We are the hollow

learnings together

We are the  
Doubtful filler with them

We whisper together

Are quiet and

On water, just over broken glass

In our day often

without form,

love, gesture

Those who have crossed

With direct eyes, the death's other

as ... if not all ... not as lost

violent souls, but only

As the hollow men

The stuffed

T.S. Eliot



**“The Shadow of Turning”**

Hannah Charlton

(from Hannah Hall's Poem)

*The  
Shadow  
of  
Turning*



*words by Hannah Hall  
art by Hannah Charlton*

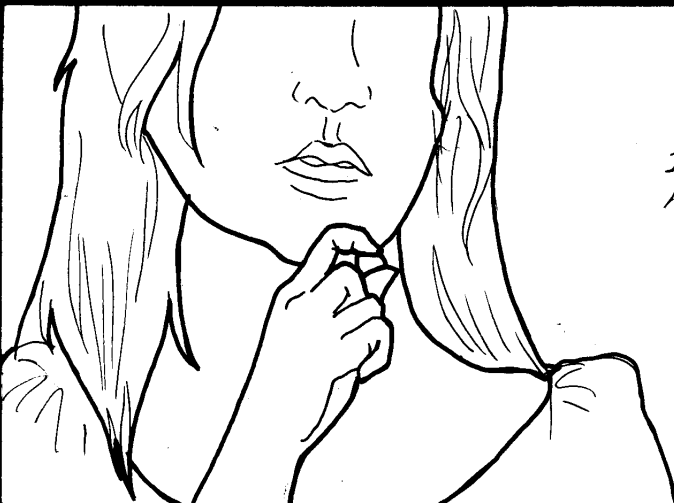
# the SKIDNIP of TURNING



*The sharp sweetness of the bread and the wine*



*throw me back to a time before habit*



*I wonder if this is the true taste of human flesh.*

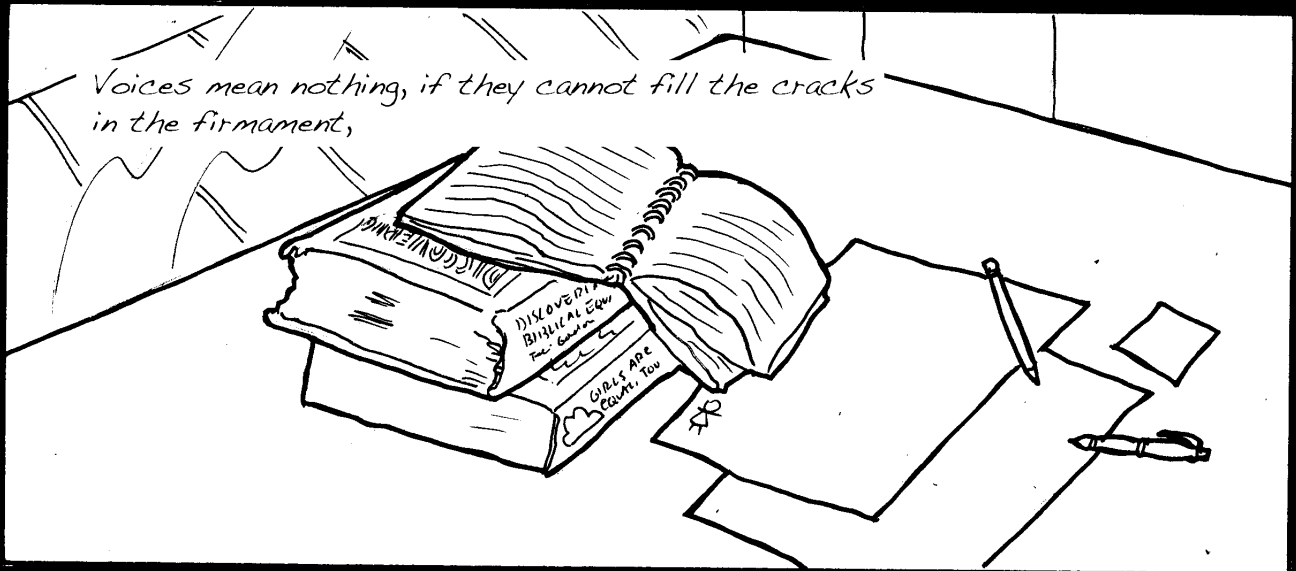
But it is later, in the  
heat of the night,  
that the

depths

inside me awakens--



I look for it in vain.



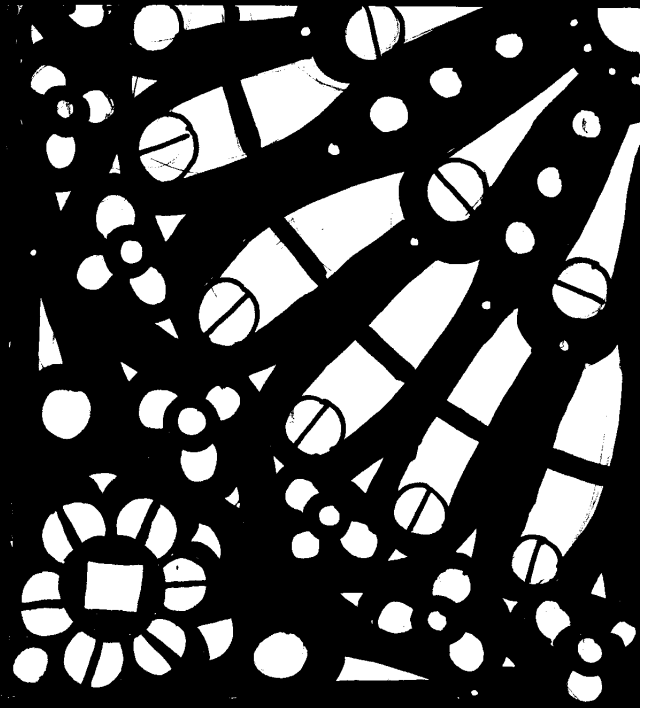


The wind wove around me,

caressing me like her child as I

fought on, ignoring the pain.

1

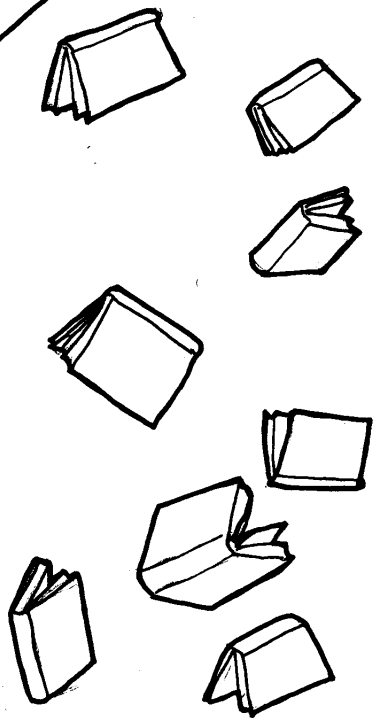
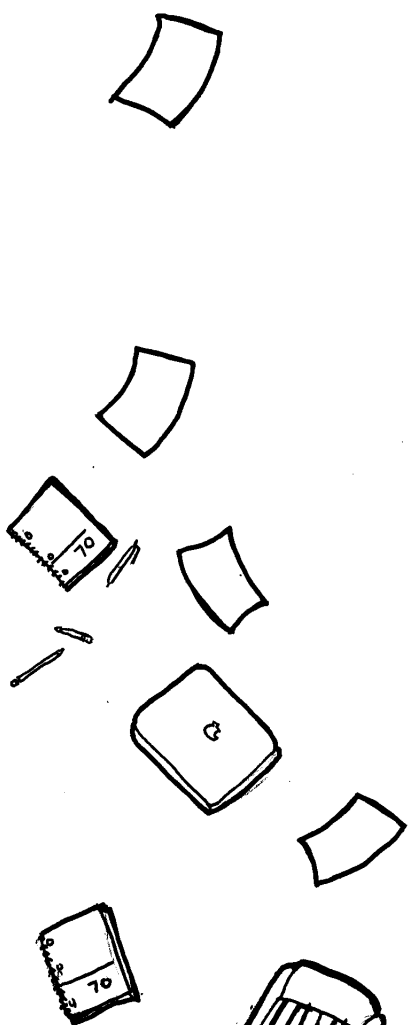
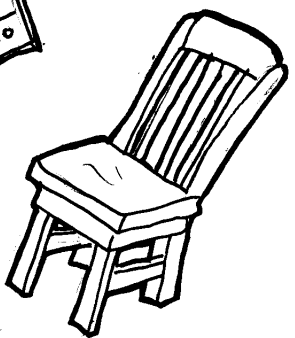
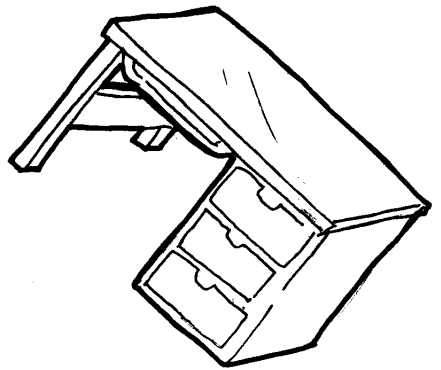
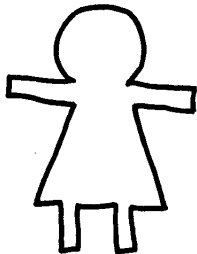
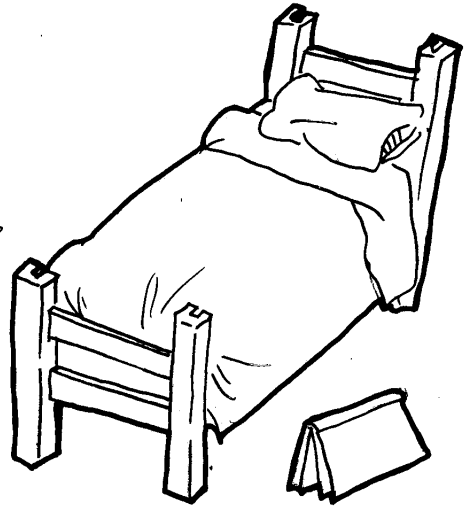


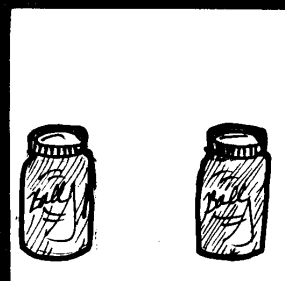
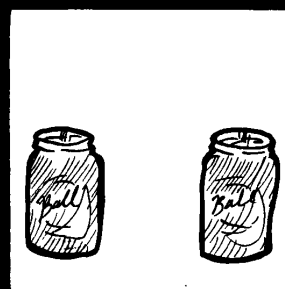
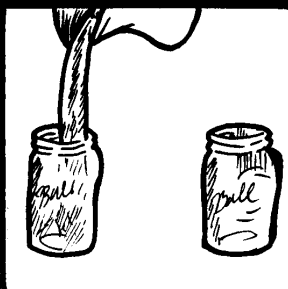
*My time with You is full of questions  
and the brief silences which foreshadow my fear  
of ignorance*



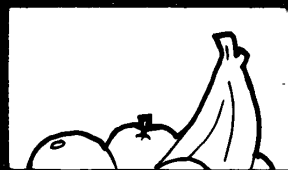
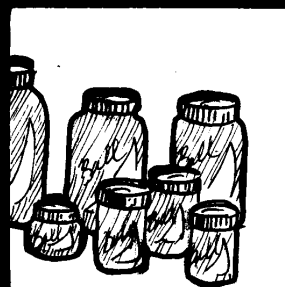
And again, even later, the voice that  
tells me to

arrange for You-  
is that what You want? what I want?





*I could, if it was true,  
pour my sins into little jars,  
close them tight  
arrange the fruit in a bowl  
on the table  
while You sit at the counter  
and watch  
not bothering to correct me,  
even gently  
But this kitchen  
isn't big enough for both of us.*



*I ask You  
if it's true that men are a lie.*



*I could try, if You needed me to,*



*to do it right, to caulk my soul with  
only You—*

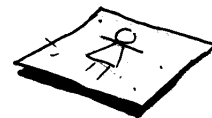
*but ever beckoning is the question  
of worth—*



*is there really nothing new under the sun?*

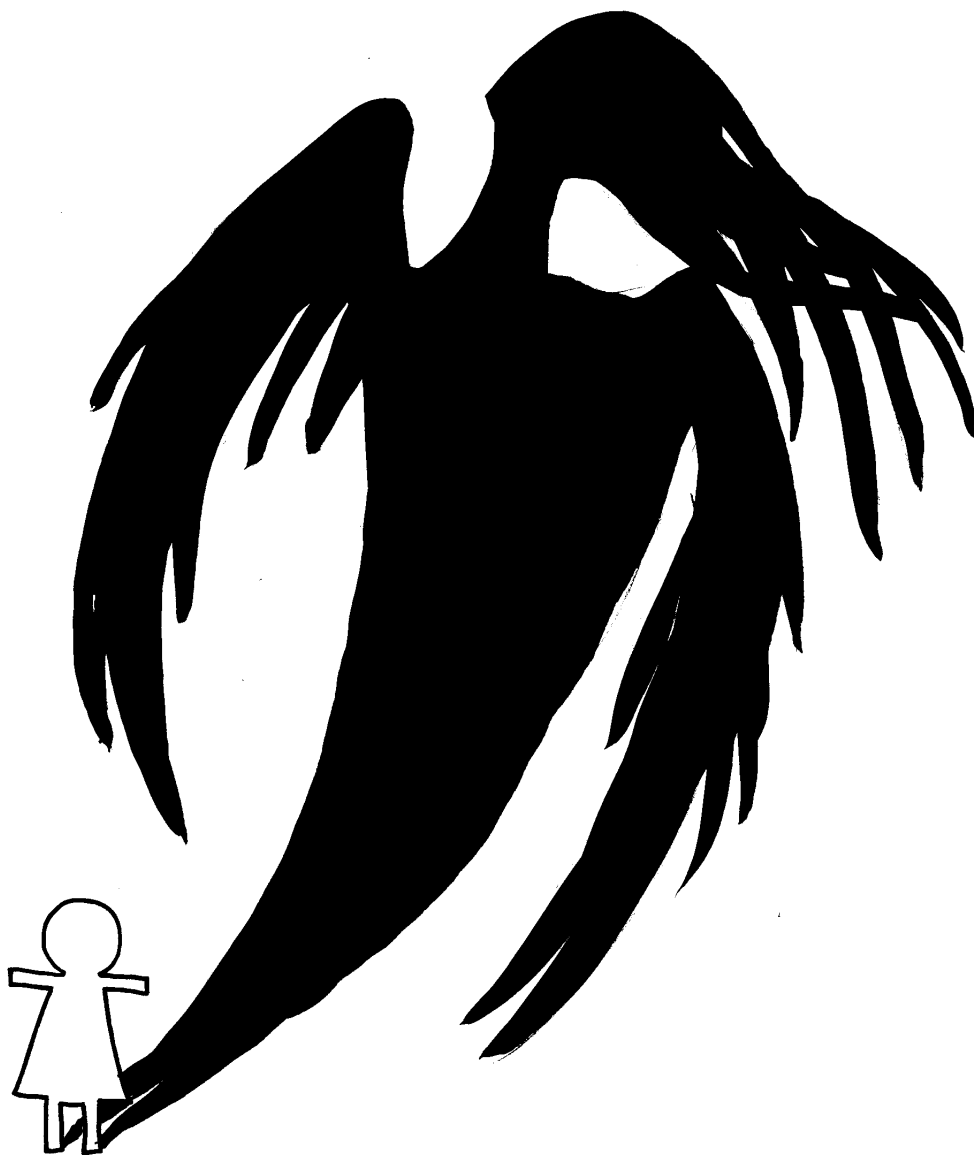


*it's new to me, but*



*i am young.*

*They say there is no shadow of turning with  
thee*



*but there is the shadow of my turning to consider*

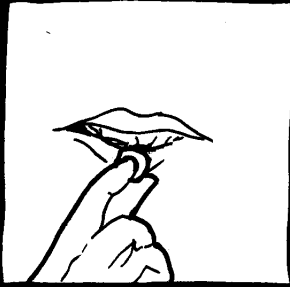
*whether it, like the rain, is swallowed up by the  
ocean*



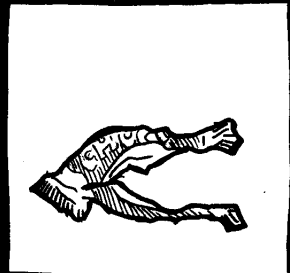
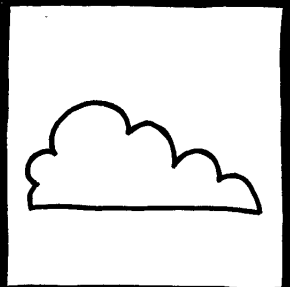
*or if it flies away on the wings of an eagle and  
sheds my spirit*



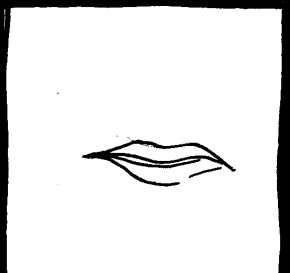
*over the farthest reaches of the seas, where men  
fear to tread*



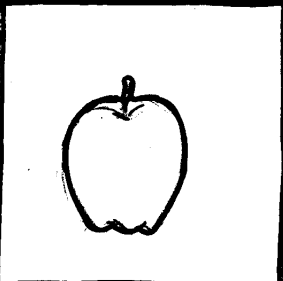
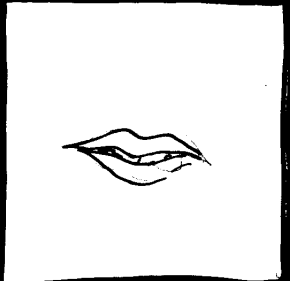
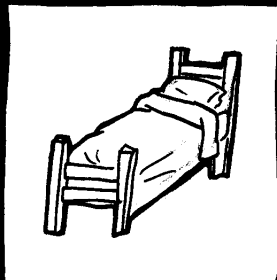
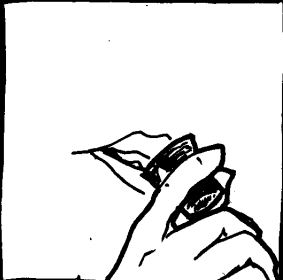
and women



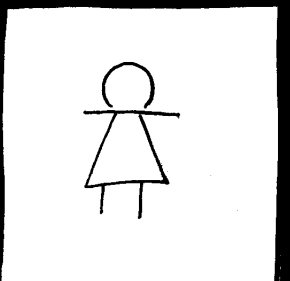
creep



along,



hollow,



waiting.



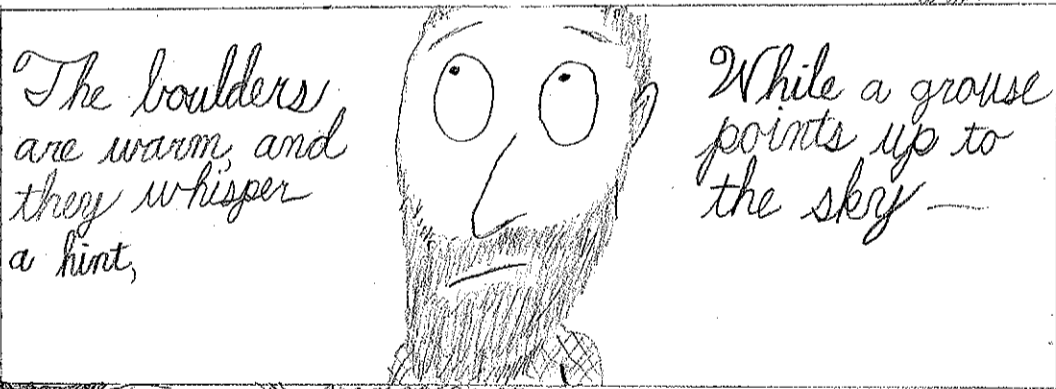
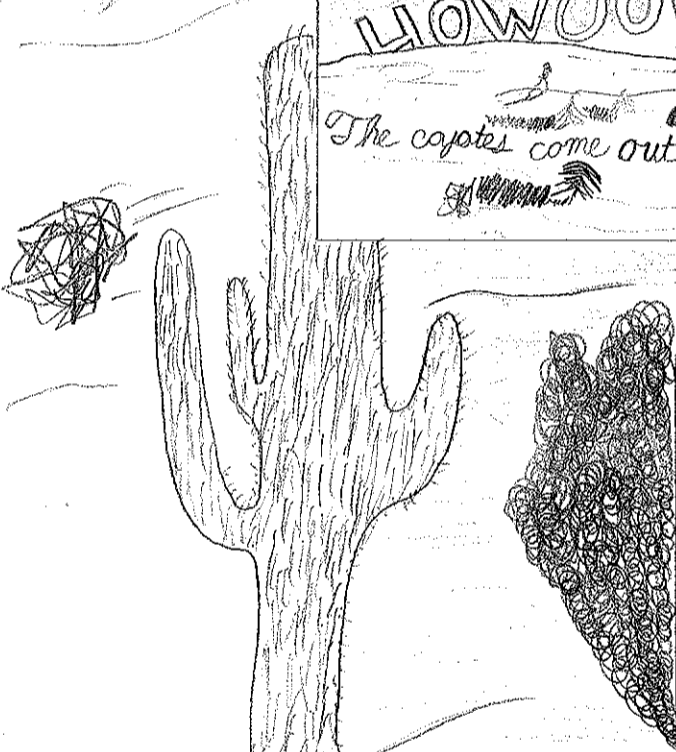
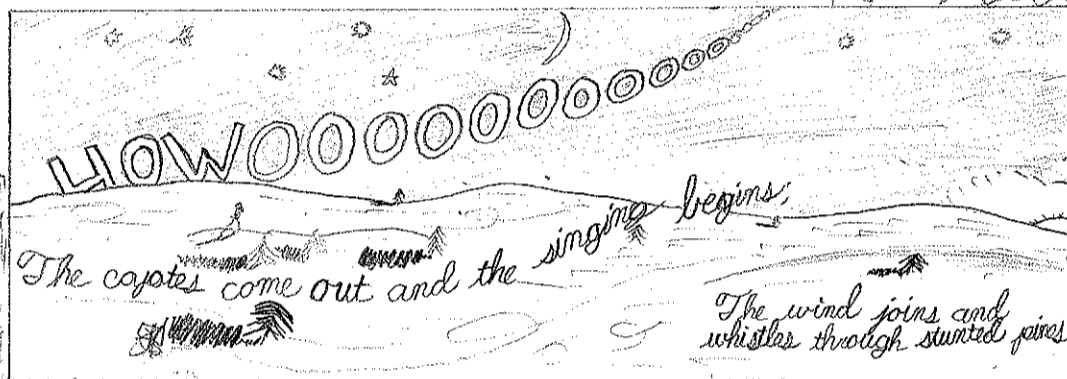
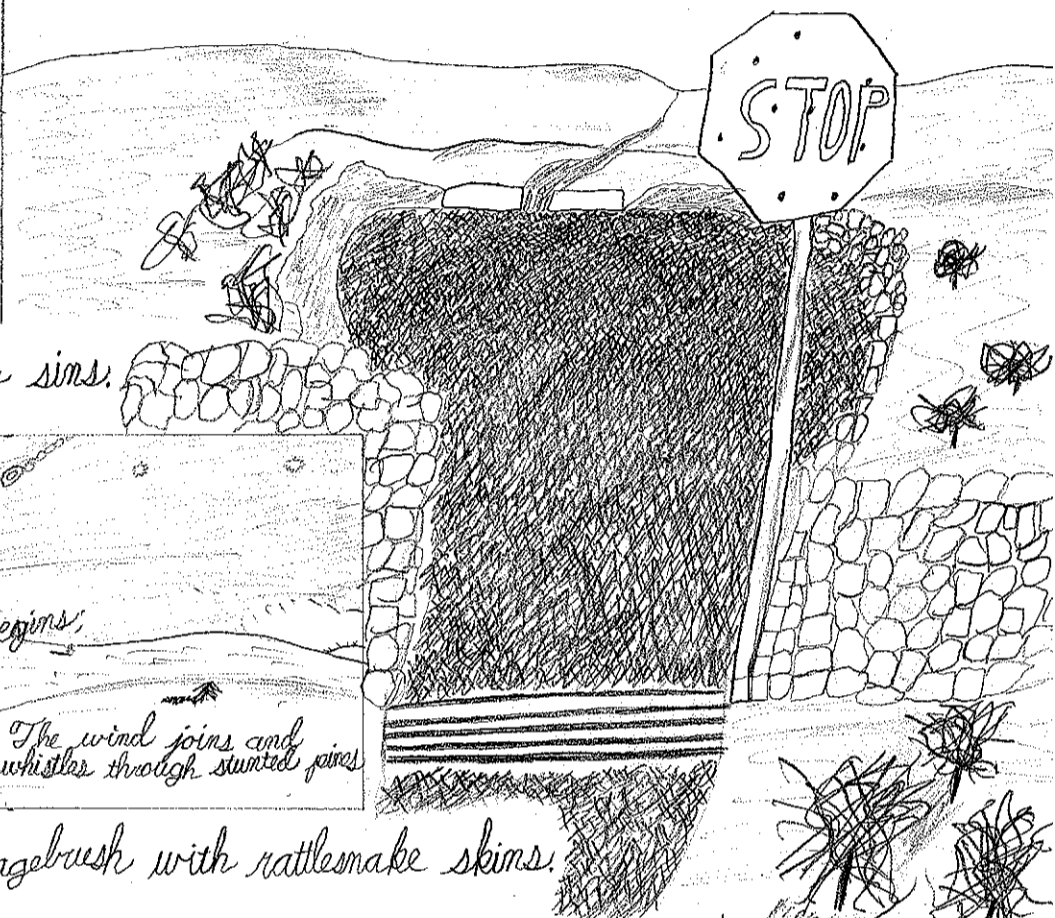
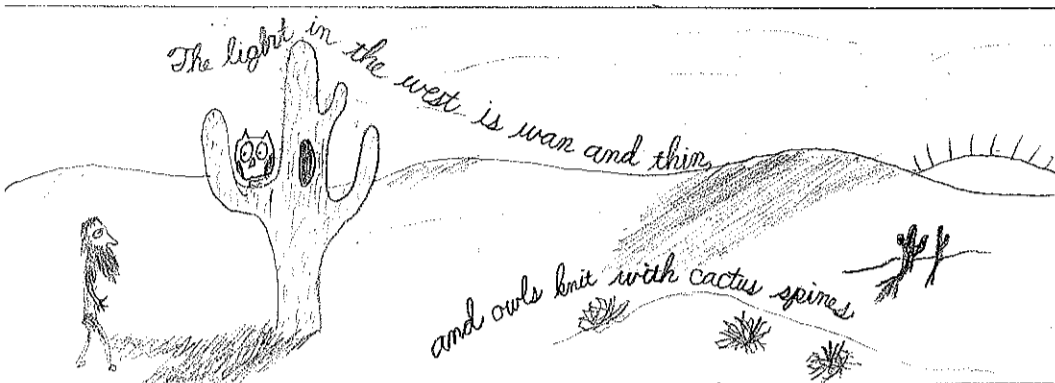
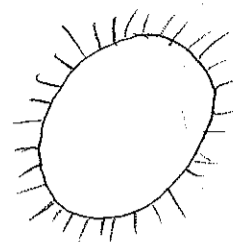
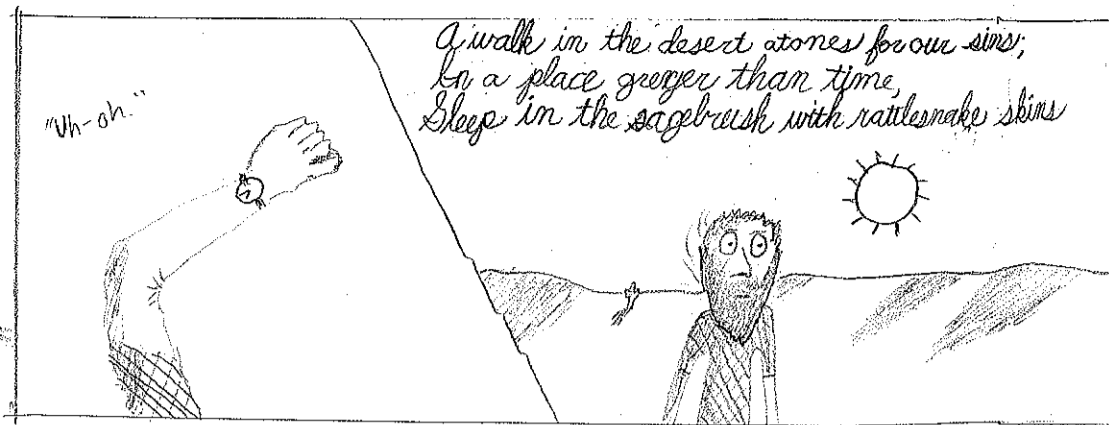


**“Dusk’s Secrets”**

**Andrew Gjefle**

# Lusk's Secrets

a flailing attempt at comic art by Andrew Dyffe

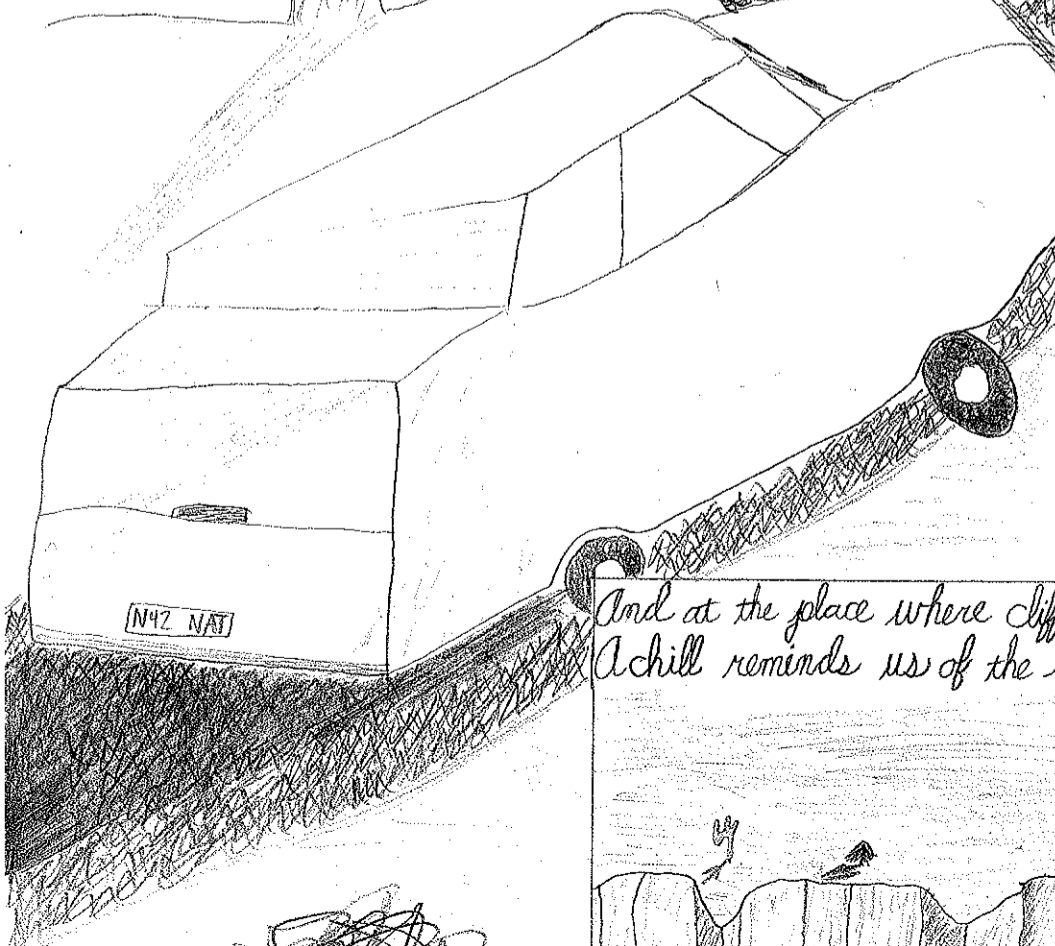


Sleep in the sagebrush with rattlesnake skins.

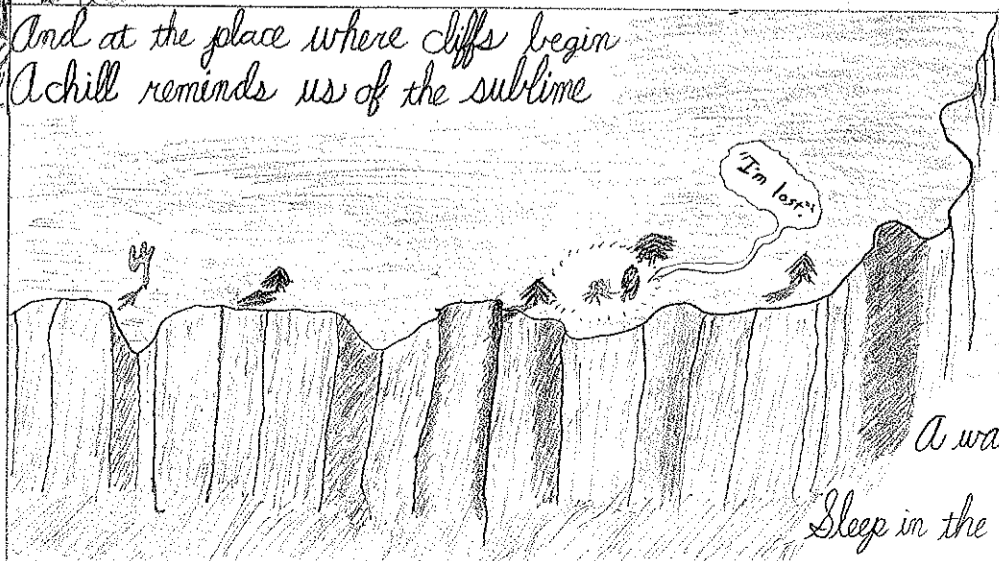
"A walk in the desert atones for our sins."



Sleep in the sagebrush with rattlesnake skins.



And at the place where cliffs begin Achill reminds us of the sublime



A walk in the desert atones for our sins.  
Sleep in the sagebrush with rattlesnake skins.

**“This is Phillip Best”**

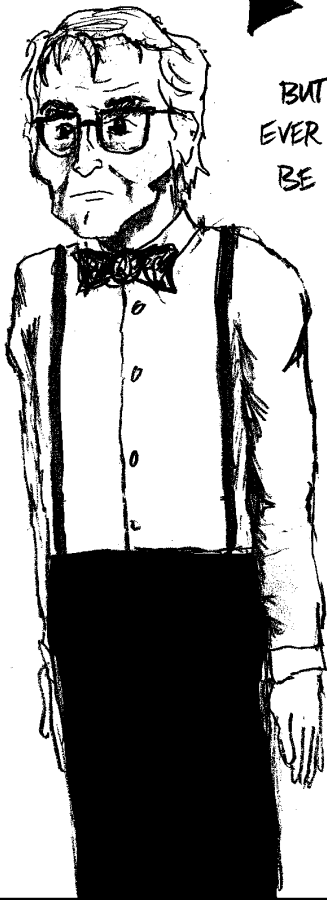
**Lucas Kok**



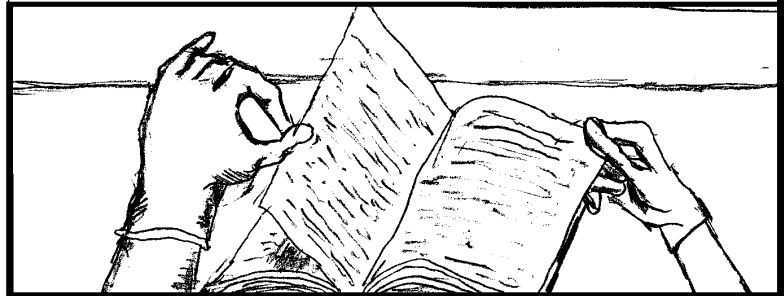
It seems that every night these pills take longer and longer to kick in...



THIS IS PHILLIP BEST.



BUT IF YOU EVER MEET HIM, BE SURE TO CALL HIM SIMPLY: 'PHILLIP!'



ALTHOUGH IT IS UNLIKELY THAT YOU WILL



YET GET A CHANCE TO MEET THIS PECULIAR MAN.



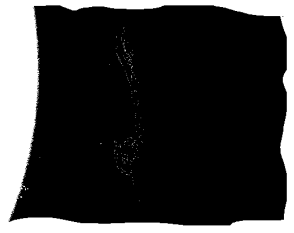
PHILLIP HAS LIVED HIS ENTIRE LIFE THIS WAY - A VICTIM OF AN EXTREME CASE OF OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE DISORDER.



HIS CONSTANT, NAGGING NEED FOR BALANCE AND ORDER IN HIS MOST PARTICULAR MIND HAS TOTAL CONTROL OF HIS LIFE.



IT EVEN LED HIM TO ADD AN EXTRA 'H' TO HIS FIRST NAME, AS HIS IDENTIFICATION BY SOMETHING SO BARELY ASYMMETRICAL HAD PLAGUED HIM.



HIS INCURABLE IRRITABILITY PREVENTED HIM FROM FORMING ANY MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS. HE HAS JOURNEYED FIFTY YEARS WITH ONLY HIS DISEASE AS A COMPANION.



HIS PARENTS HAD DIED MANY YEARS AGO, BUT THEY NEVER UNDERSTOOD HIM OR HIS CONDITION ANYWAY. HE REMAINED THEIR ONLY CHILD, BUT HE WAS GRATEFUL NOT TO HAVE THE BURDEN OF SIBLINGS.

AS MUCH AS HIS DISEASE HAD RUINED HIS LIFE THE HOMICIDE DIVISION OF THE BALTIMORE POLICE OWED IT A GREAT DEBT - IT CREATED FOR THEM THE MOST EFFICIENT AND CAPABLE FILES CLERK THEY COULD ASK FOR.

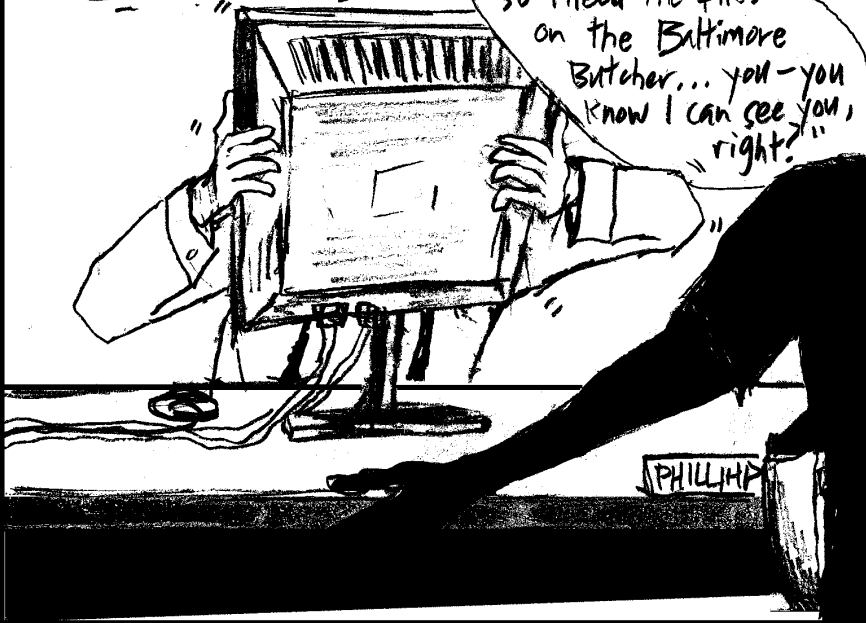


PHILLIP'S OBSESSIVE ORGANIZATION AND SYSTEMATIC WAYS LEAVE NO NEED FOR ANOTHER EMPLOYEE IN THE RECORDS DEPARTMENT. HE IS GRATEFUL FOR THE SOLITUDE. HE FEELS A

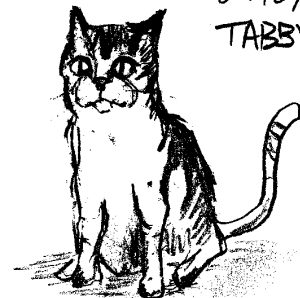
CERTAIN CLOSENESS TO THE HOMICIDE VICTIMS IN HIS FILE CABINET. DEATH ALWAYS INTRIGUED HIM AND HE ENVIES THESE DEAD AND LONGS FOR THE COURAGE TO JOIN THEM. HE DREADS THE MOMENTS IN HIS SHIFT WHEN ONE OF THE LIVING DESCENDS THE STAIRS INTO HIS PRIVATE UNDERWORLD TO TAKE ONE OF HIS FRIENDS. CONVERSATION NAUSEATES HIM.

"RARRRGGAAAR"

"Hey, Phil. Um... So I need the files on the Baltimore Butcher... you - you know I can see you, right?"



HOWEVER, HE DID HAVE ONE FRIEND WHO WAS ALIVE...



OTTO, HIS  
TABBY CAT.

PHILLIP ALWAYS  
FEARED ANIMALS  
AND THEIR GERMS...



SO WHEN OTTO MADE HIS  
WAY INTO PHILLIP'S LIFE...



...HE WAS, UNDERSTANDABLY,  
REPULSED.

BUT THIS CAT SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND  
PHILLIP AND HIS CONDITION. HE WENT  
ABOUT HIS LIFE IN A VERY ORDERLY WAY.

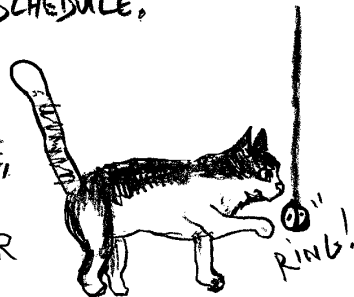


EVEN FOR A CAT HE WAS AN  
ANADAMANT BATHER.

HE MAINTAINED  
A REGULAR  
SLEEP SCHEDULE.



BEST OF ALL, HE  
PREFERRED TO DO  
HIS BUSINESS OUTSIDE,  
THUS LEAVING NO  
UNIMAGINABLE LITTER  
DUTY FOR PHILLIP.



OTTO DID NOT CARE FOR KITTENISH  
ACTIVITIES LIKE PLAYING OR AFFECTION.

LIKE PHILLIP, HE SIMPLY WISHED

TO  
BE.



UNDISTURBED.

UNAGITATED.

THEY WERE TRULY KINDRED  
SPIRITS, AND PHILLIP EVEN

BEGAN TO ENJOY HIS LIFE

WITH OTTO.



AFTER SIX YEARS OF BEING PHILLIP'S ONLY OUTLET FOR HUMAN INTERACTION (IN THE SENSE THAT PHILLIP IS A HUMAN AND WAS INTERACTING) OTTO LEFT.

HE LEFT WITHOUT A 'GOODBYE.' HE SIMPLY LEFT HIS DEAD LITTLE CAT SELF ON PHILLIP'S BED FOR HIM TO WAKE UP TO ONE MORNING.

THAT WAS ALMOST A YEAR AGO...

AND THE LONELINESS PHILLIP HAS FELT SINCE THEN HAS BEEN DEVASTATING.



Sometimes I wish I'd never known you, Otto.

BUT HE COULD NOT WHOLE-HEARTEDLY WISH THAT UPON HIS LIFE.



BUT WHERE WAS HE TO GO FROM HERE?





I have to be up for work in less than 3 hours...

... and I've barely started filing those cases...

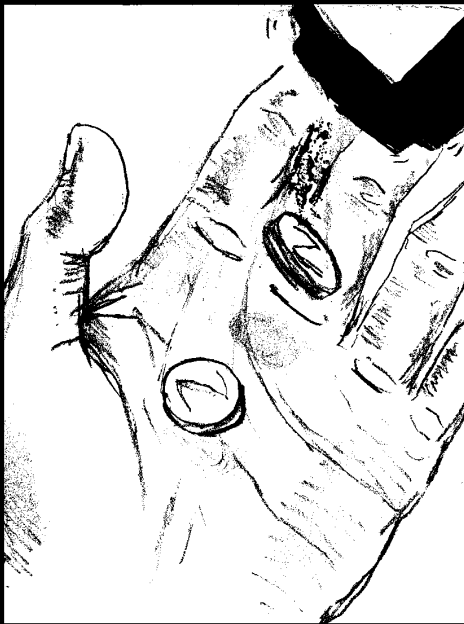
09:04



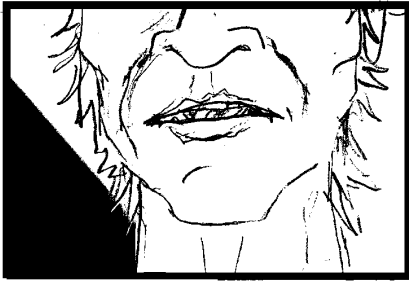
HE COULD NOT IMAGINE GOING ON WITH HIS LIFE.

...THAT SAME GRINDING WORK IN THAT SAME FLUORESCENTLY-LIT HOLE.

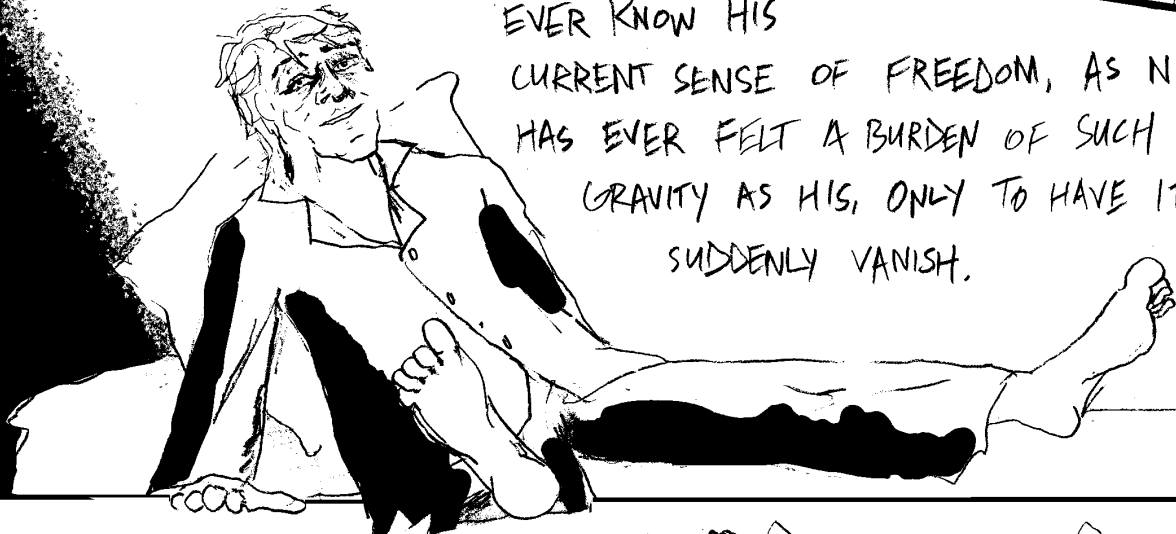
MORE THAN EVER, HE COULD NOT IMAGINE GOING BACK TO THAT PLACE.



"So why should I?"



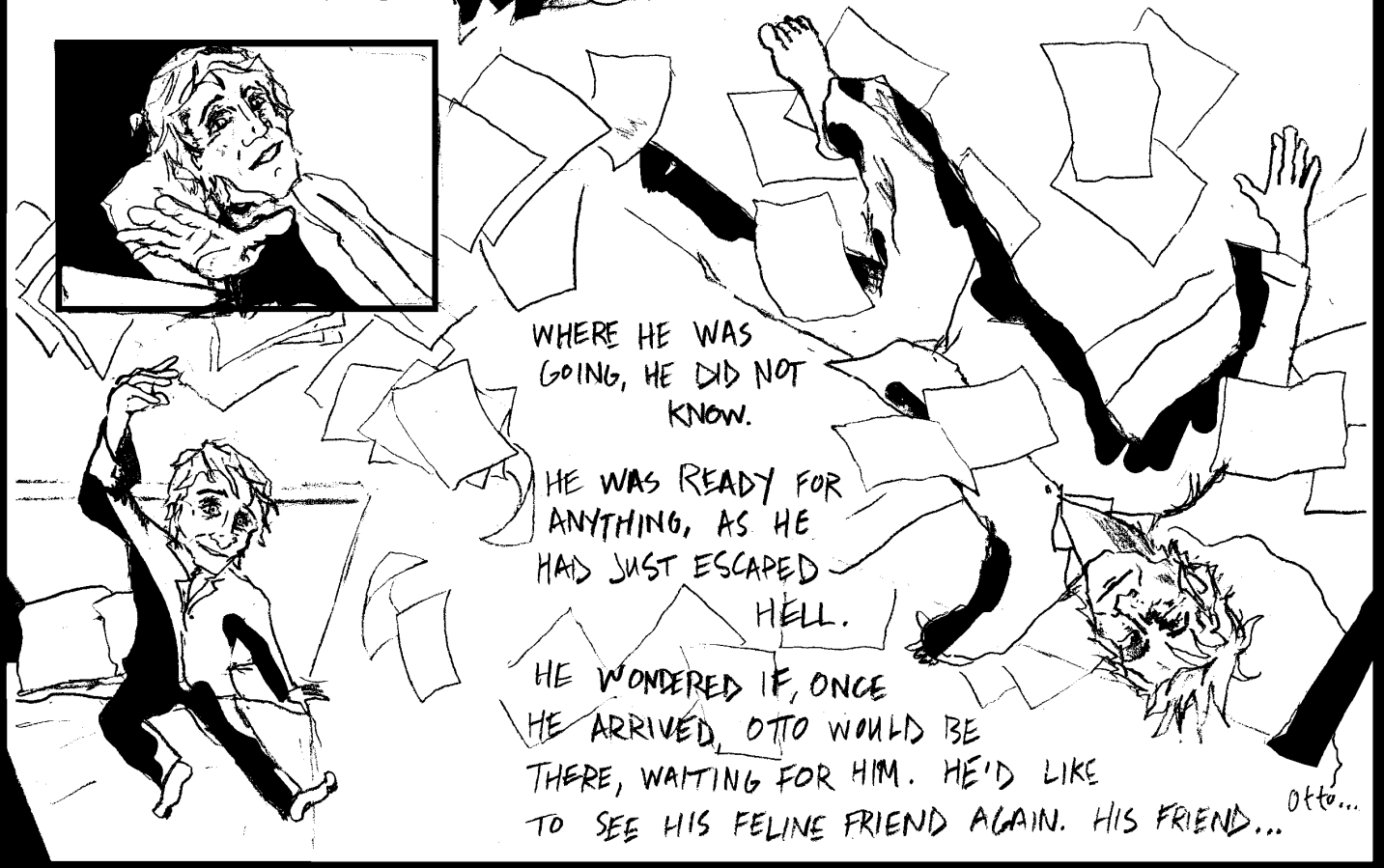
NO ONE COULD  
EVER KNOW HIS  
CURRENT SENSE OF FREEDOM, AS NO ONE  
HAS EVER FELT A BURDEN OF SUCH  
GRAVITY AS HIS, ONLY TO HAVE IT  
SUDDENLY VANISH.



WHERE HE WAS  
GOING, HE DID NOT  
KNOW.

HE WAS READY FOR  
ANYTHING, AS HE  
HAD JUST ESCAPED  
HELL.

HE WONDERED IF, ONCE  
HE ARRIVED, OTTO WOULD BE  
THERE, WAITING FOR HIM. HE'D LIKE  
TO SEE HIS FELINE FRIEND AGAIN. HIS FRIEND... Otto...



**“The Emperor of Ice Cream”**

**Elliott Santos**

**(from Wallace Stevens’s Poem)**



The Book of  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ TIME  
LEONARD

The Emperor of Ice cream

Elliott S. Santos

Visual Narratives

(Rick -

Found this in MOM'S closet, thought  
you might want it.  
- Marshall S.S.)

Why does everyone always dress in black? I think it's kind of an unoriginal way of showing grief. I mean of course I dressed in black that's what mom would've wanted. I wore my three piece suit she bought me for my last birthday. We never had that much money but she took me to the Italian suit shop downtown. The suit was custom fit and Italian silk with Egyptian cotton lining, the shoes were real Italian leather as well. It was a two button suit so that it would go well for casual outings or formal meetings as well. The fit was traditional and clean and looked somewhat like a secret service suit but that was ok I guess. Mom told me afterwards what she always did when talking about clothes. "The quickest way to someone's hear, or pocket, Marshall, is through their eyes." So I wore my suit.

'lay



Dad wasn't there, I didn't expect him to be. I figured he would rather pay respects to a cold bottle of beer than some cold ex flame of his. Mom's boyfriend Rick showed up. He didn't have a problem being original in what he wore, cutoffs, big sunglasses and an Ed Hardy t-shirt. He always called me "kid" which kind of bothered me seeing as he was only four years older than me. Mom always had this



One can never step into the same river  
twice, said the ancient Heracleitus . . .  
the water flows on . . . though it may  
appear to be the same, it is in reality dif-  
ferent. [REDACTED] . . . days  
of work and of play that will remain for-  
ever unique [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

But time erases all things . . . it remains  
for the pen to vivify and the camera to  
capture the places, names and faces that  
we know so well . . . [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

It was no ordinary year . . . [REDACTED]

habit of picking boyfriends that made her look like a pedophile. She  
might as well have dated my entire senior class back in high school,  
God knows my buddies would've been okay with it. But getting back to  
Rick, he always loved to act like my buddy and friend, not thinking  
that all I saw was the guy who was screwing my mom. "Hey Kid why so  
down? Haha just fuckin' with ya" Like I didn't know that he was.

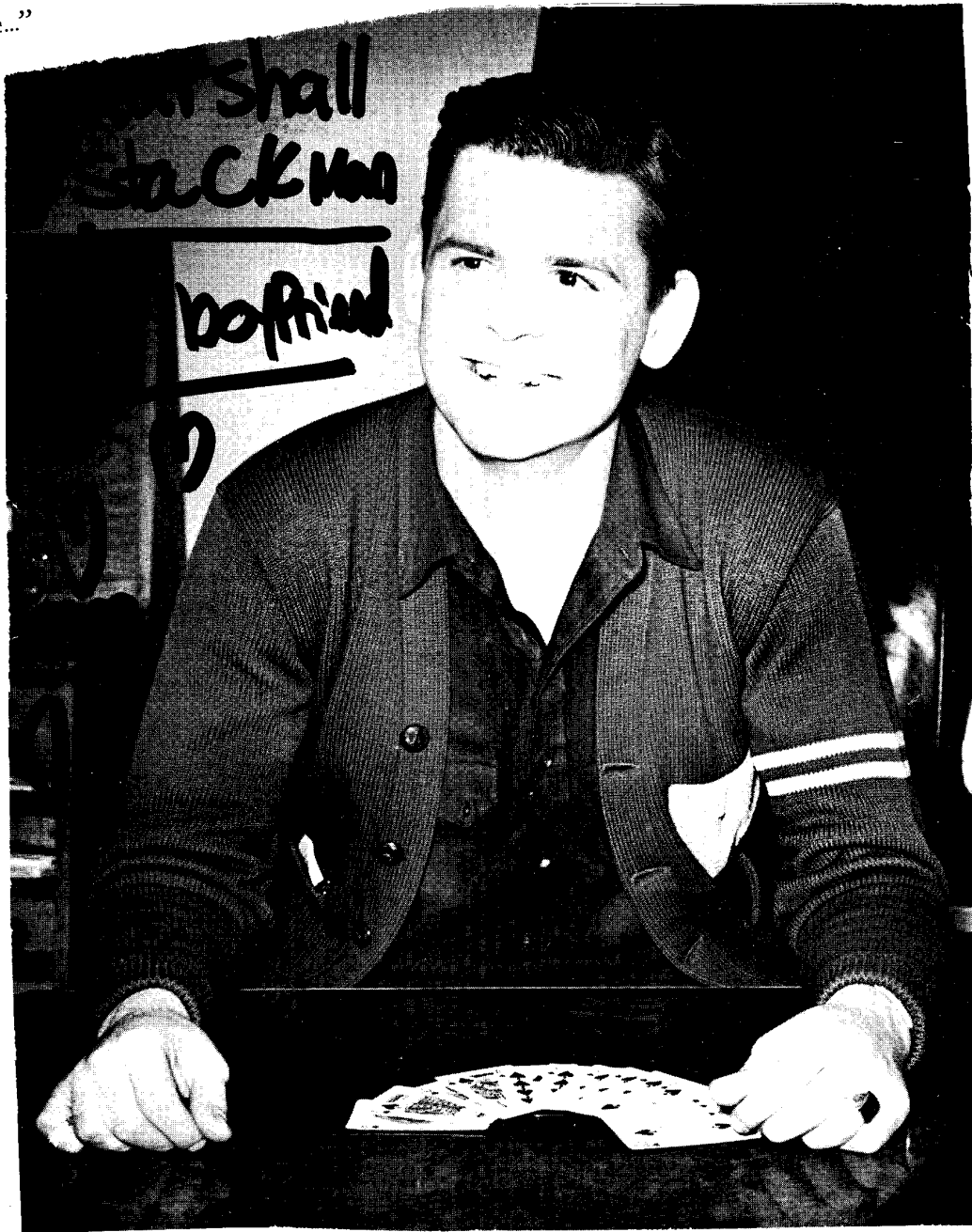
Maybe that was the problem though. Maybe I didn't know why it was so bad. Mom's other girlfriends showed up as well as her ex-boyfriends, who of course instantly gravitated toward each other. Nowhere better to get some ass than a funeral right? Mom always did pick classy friends. "Don't associate with weak people Marshall. People who let their emotions get the best of them are too much trouble, They'll slow you down. Better live fast because this is all there is." I swear to God if this was all there was I may just end myself right now."



I walked over to the casket and looked inside. She looked better dead than last time I saw her alive. No bags, no too tight clothes, and no makeup line under her chin. Maybe the undertaker should think about being a plastic surgeon. I set the flowers down next to the others, they were already almost dead, remind me to never go back to that flower shop. "People are always going to try and screw you Marshall, and not in a good way. Be strong, even if you aren't



impression is reality, deep things are for weak people Marshall. Weak people..."



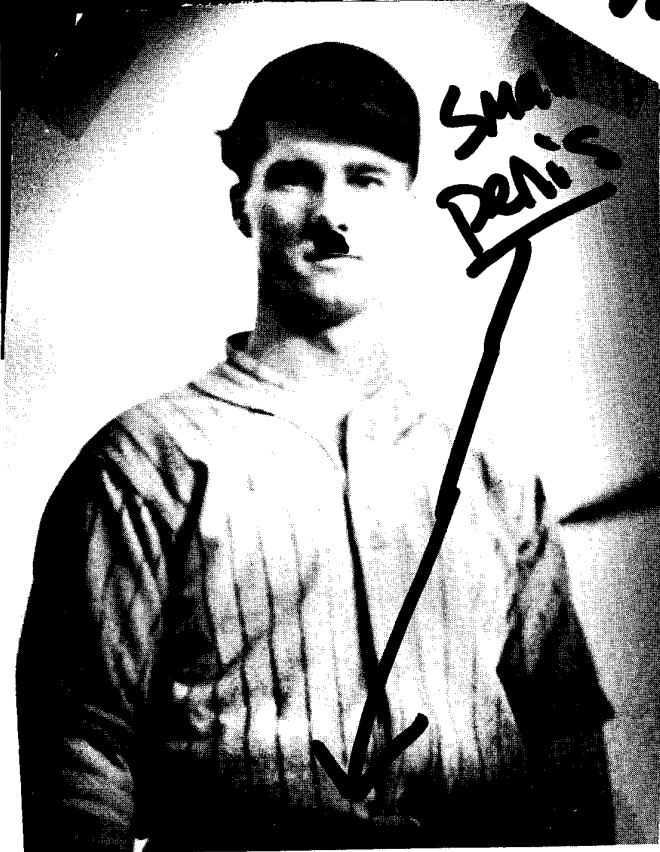
As I walked back down the aisle people kept giving me these wide eyed looks. Like they thought I was going to fall apart of flip the casket over. I didn't have too many of these emotions seeing as last time I was with my mother I was holder her hair back while she threw up. Two weeks ago seems like two years. There's a bigger difference between being alone and feeling alone than I thought there'd be.

I'm a big  
Jock!! I trick girls  
for fun!!



Anyway, I went and sat in the back where people couldn't stare. The sooner this was over the better. "When I die Marshall, no funeral, save your money and just let me burn." I guess Ann would be pissed off if she knew I didn't do what she wanted but I couldn't give two shits. Rick came up to me after the service. Drink? No. Girlfriends came up. Bite to eat? No. everyone wanted to give something after Ann died but who really wanted to give when she was alive? People just wanted to take and mom thought this meant more about herself than if she received. Dumb. "Your mom was so nice" they all said, "it's a shame that all her good taste is gone".

Small  
Penis



Small  
Penis

~~the rest of the school year to  
of the Board of Examiners  
the activities of the  
in the past year.~~  
**Sexist  
Pigs**

~~... understanding, and a deep  
... all his marks, osteo graduate manager  
... the past year. ... of stu  
... was on ... and respect  
... all who ...~~

CAPTAIN AL BRANNFORS



CAPTAIN ORR

~~Small Penis~~

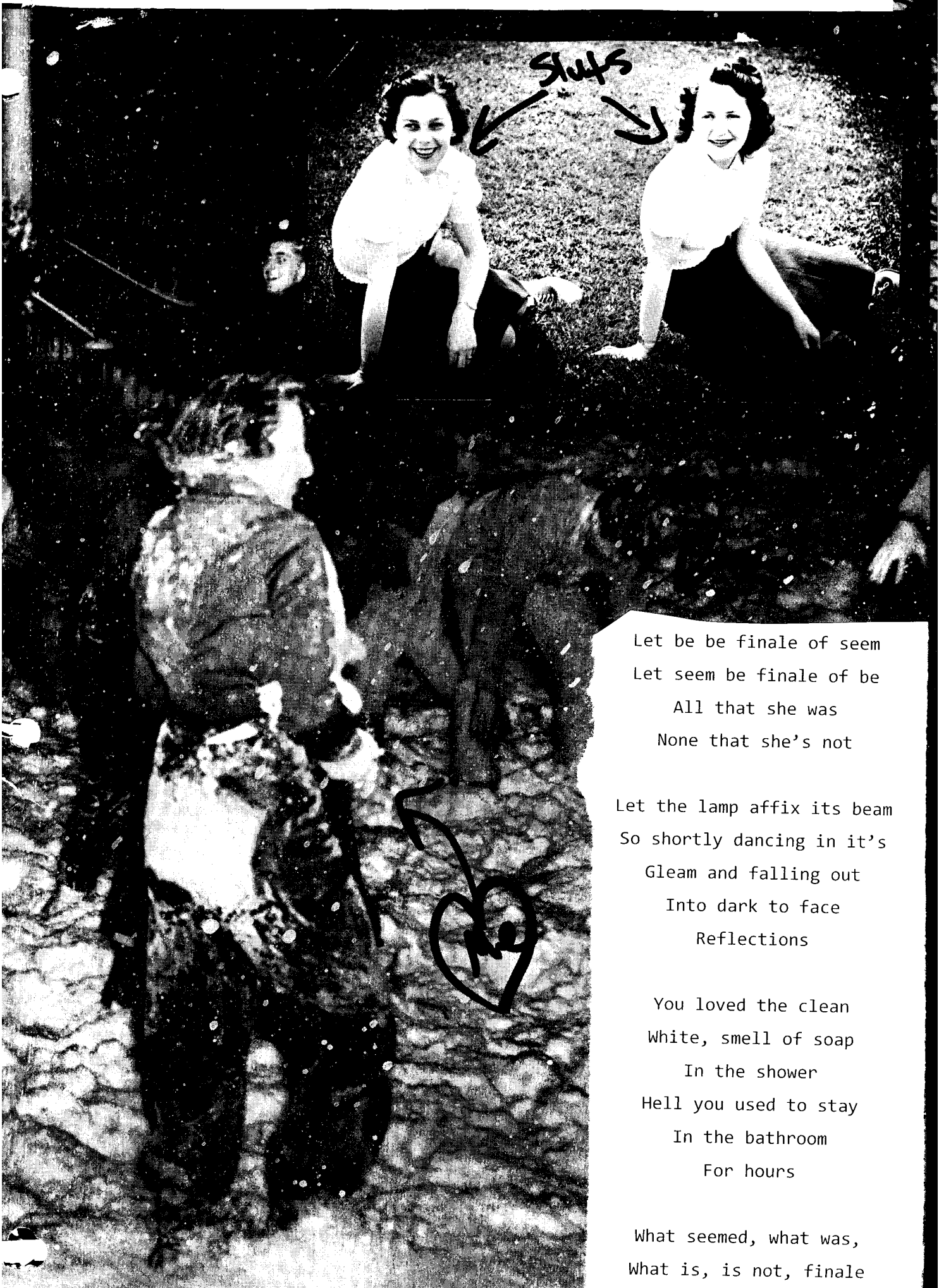


Two days ago I would've given anything to be alone. Two days ago I bought a suit. Two days ago I ate dinner at Chiles and watched Conan [REDACTED]. Two days ago I woke up in the middle of the night and went to pick up my mom at LaSalles. And two days ago I sat

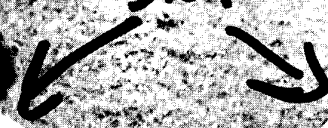




by her bed and watched her sleep for the last time. Watched her breathe slowly in and out for the last time. At least when she was sleeping she wasn't talking about clothes or Rick or me. Always talked but never really said anything. Too bad really. Because now I would like to hear something from a weak person, just to hear something permanent.



Stuffs



Let be be finale of seem  
Let seem be finale of be  
All that she was  
None that she's not

Let the lamp affix its beam  
So shortly dancing in it's  
Gleam and falling out  
Into dark to face  
Reflections

You loved the clean  
White, smell of soap  
In the shower  
Hell you used to stay  
In the bathroom  
For hours

What seemed, what was,  
What is, is not, finale

And clean under you.  
And behind your ears  
and don't be weak  
weak is small  
small is bad

And you let seem be finale of seem,  
Waiting for nothing  
All the time.



. Pl

ay ... Play ... Play ... Play

**“Halftime Show”**

**Peter Labberton**



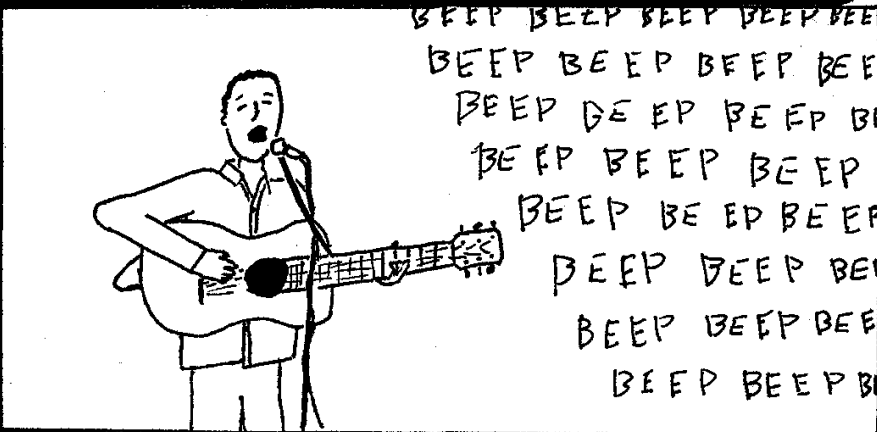
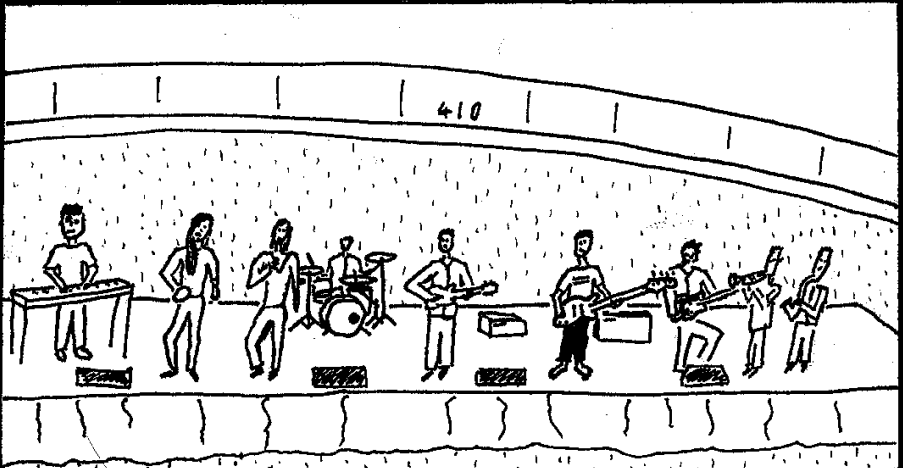
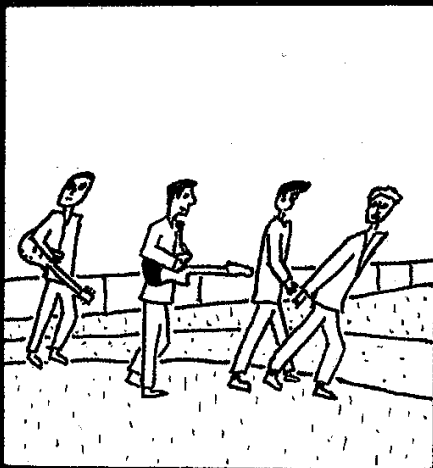
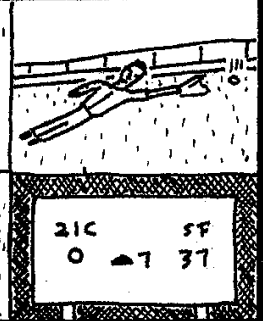
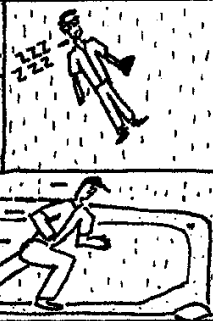
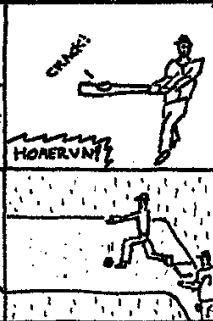
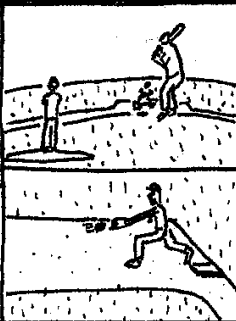
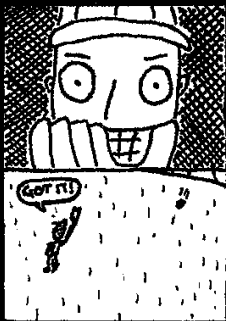
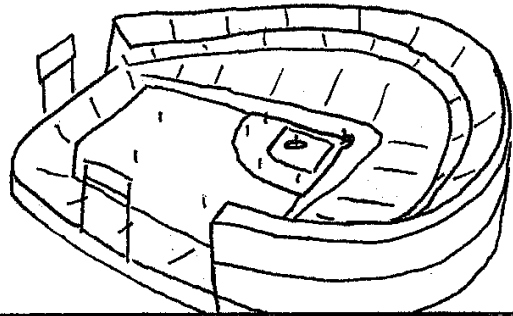
# HALFTIME SHOW

Peter Labbeaton

SO, I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS.  
WE'VE BEEN ASKED TO PLAY THE  
HALFTIME SHOW AT THE WORLD SERIES!  
THERE'S JUST ONE CATCH...



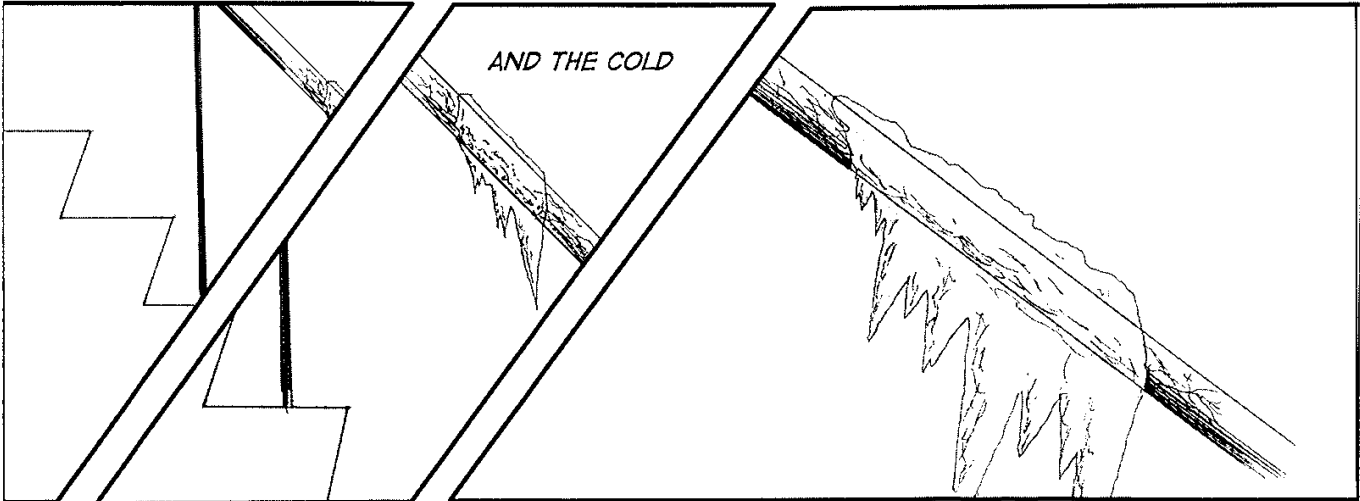
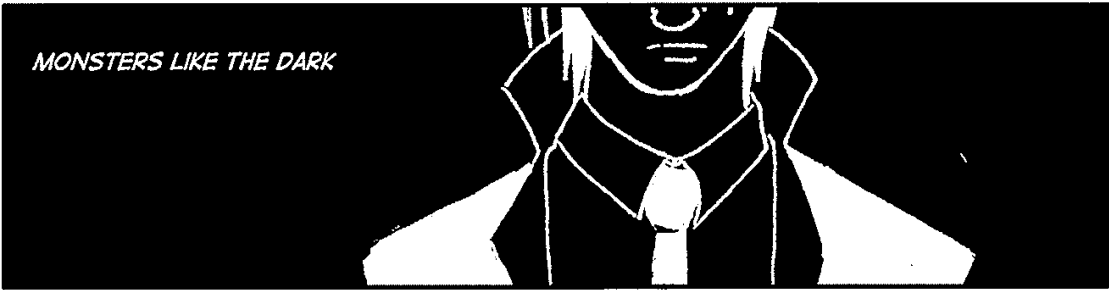
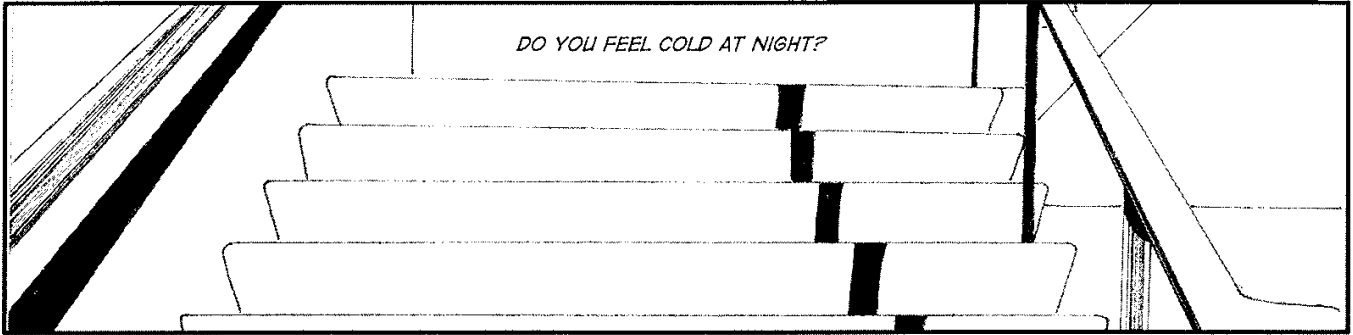
WE HAVE TO PLAY IN THE GAME.

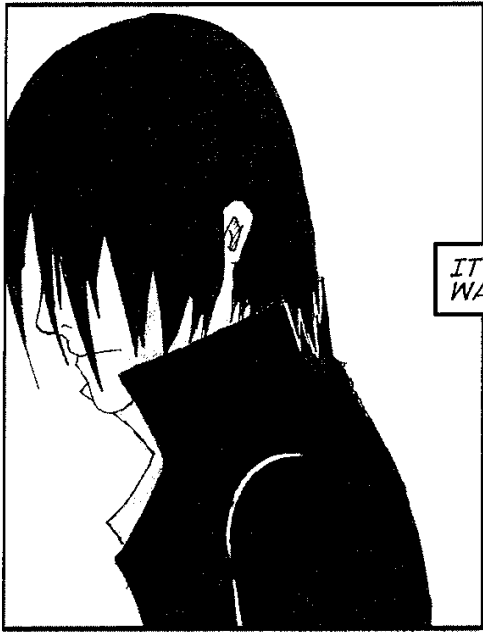


Based on a dream by Bevan Herbekian

**“Cold”**

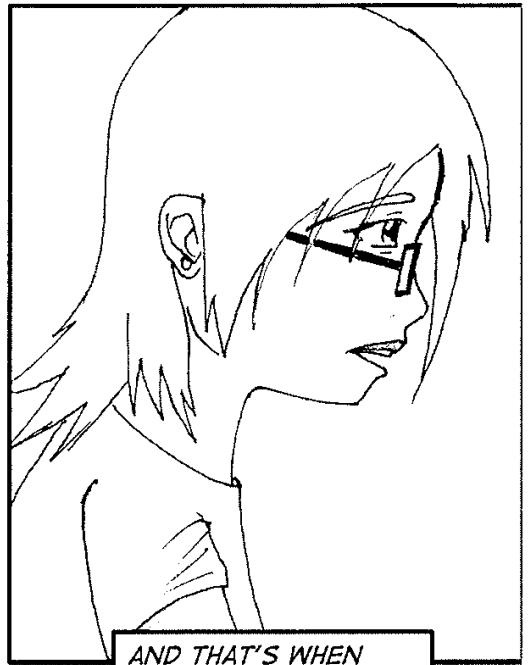
**Mitch Harris**





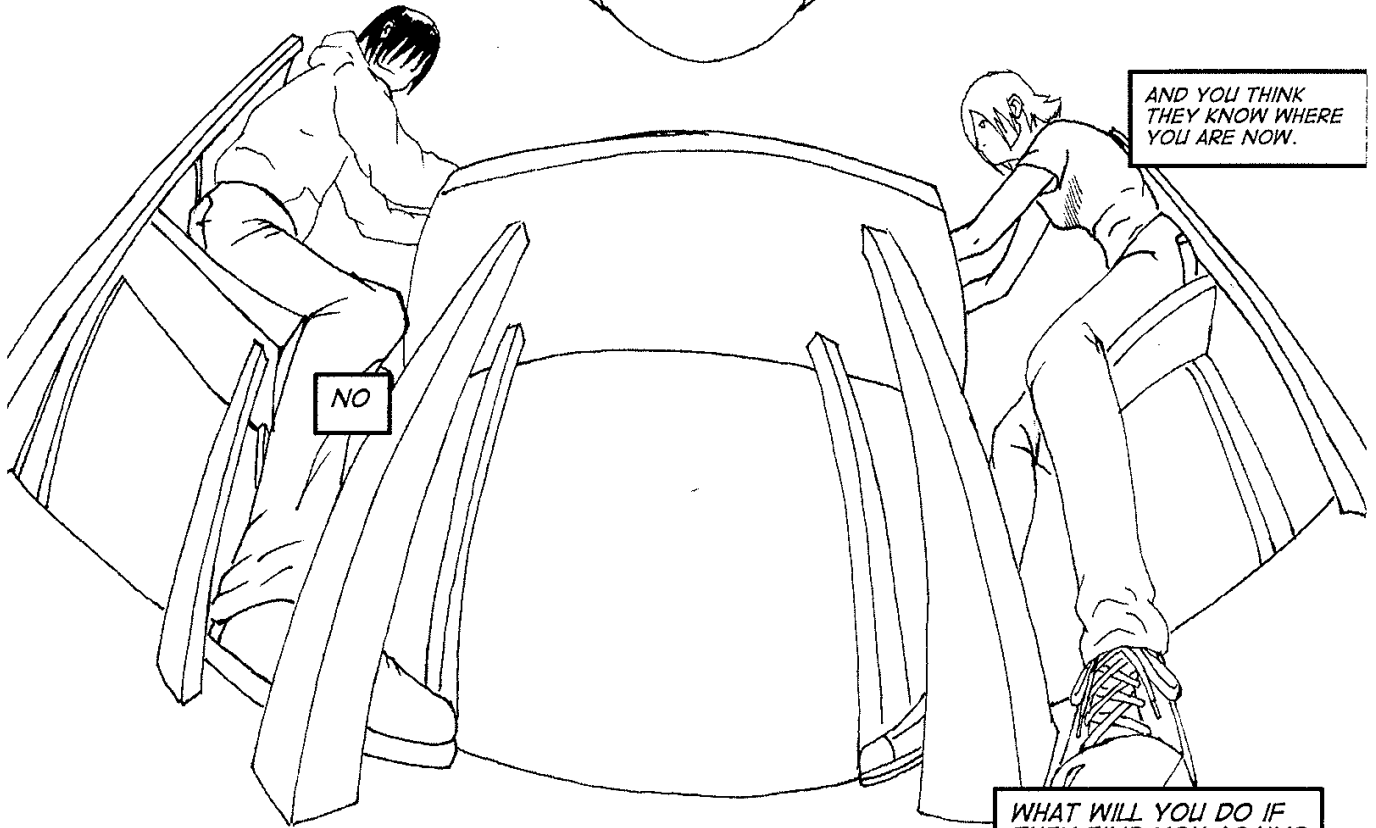
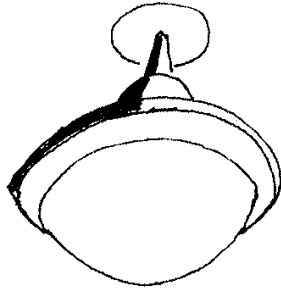
IT WAS WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN.

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT



AND THAT'S WHEN YOU FOUND THEM.

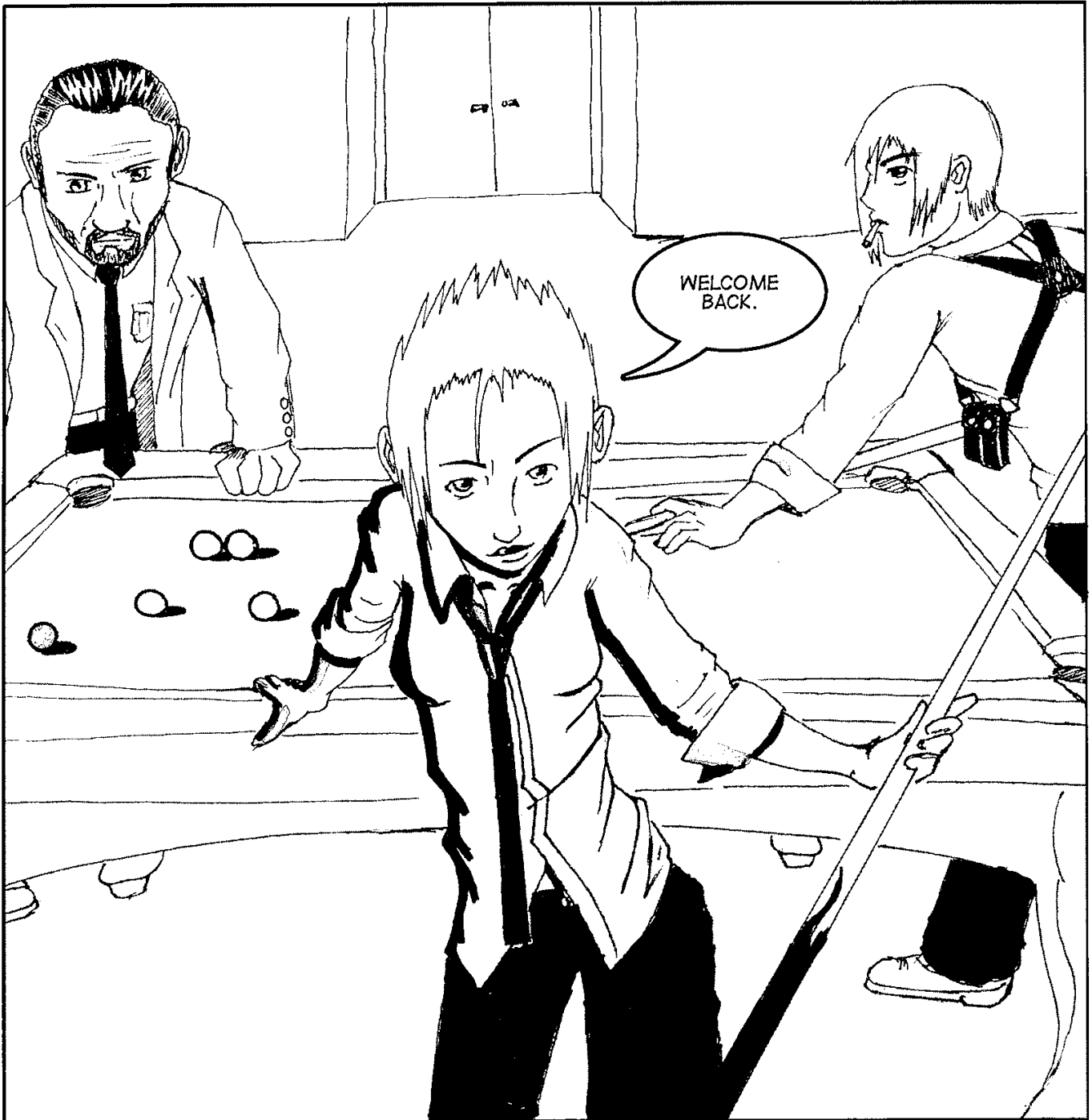
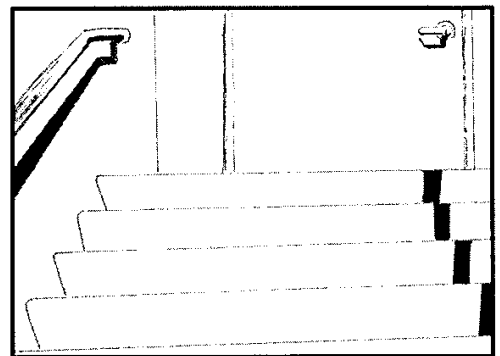
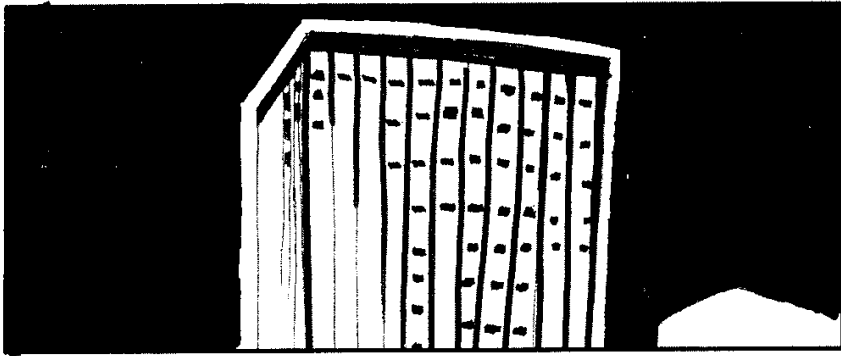
I WOULD SAY THE OPPOSITE.

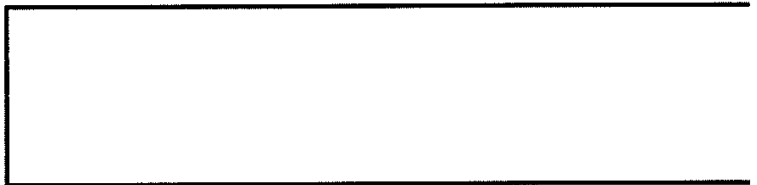
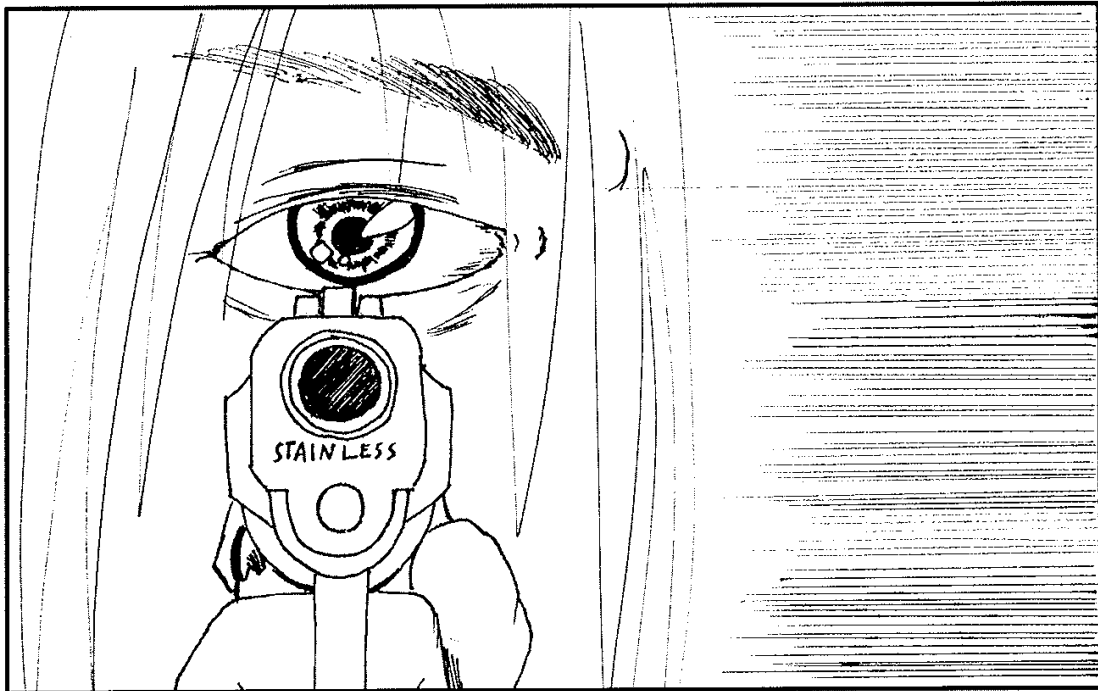
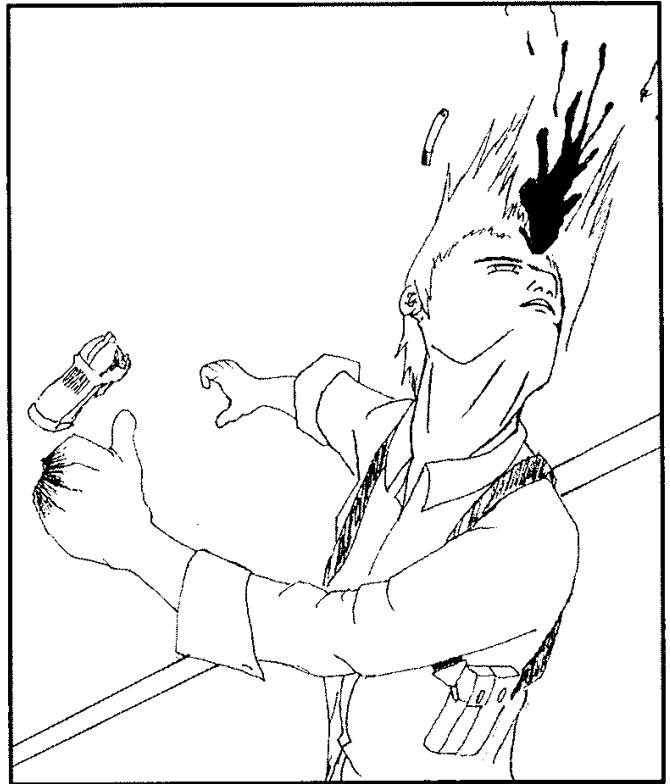
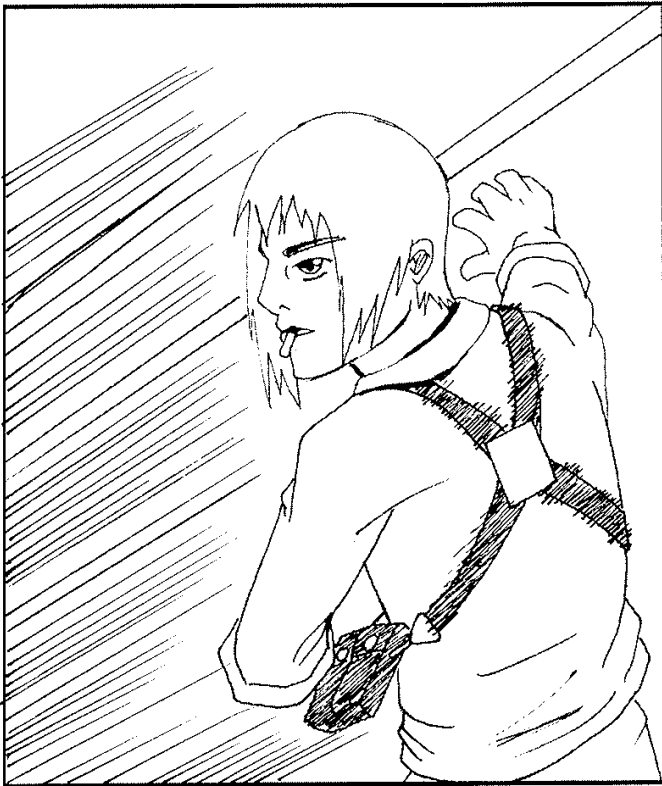


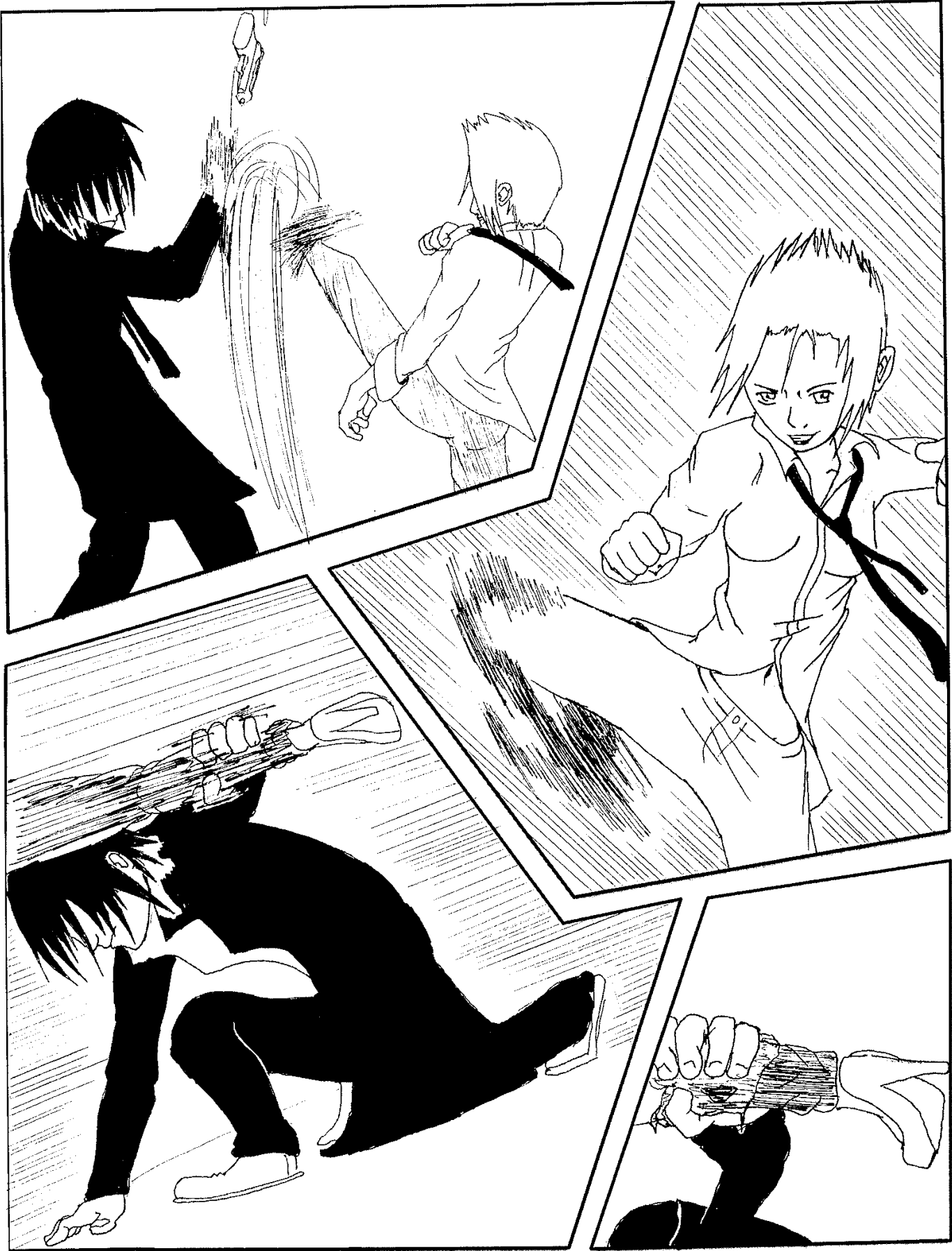
NO

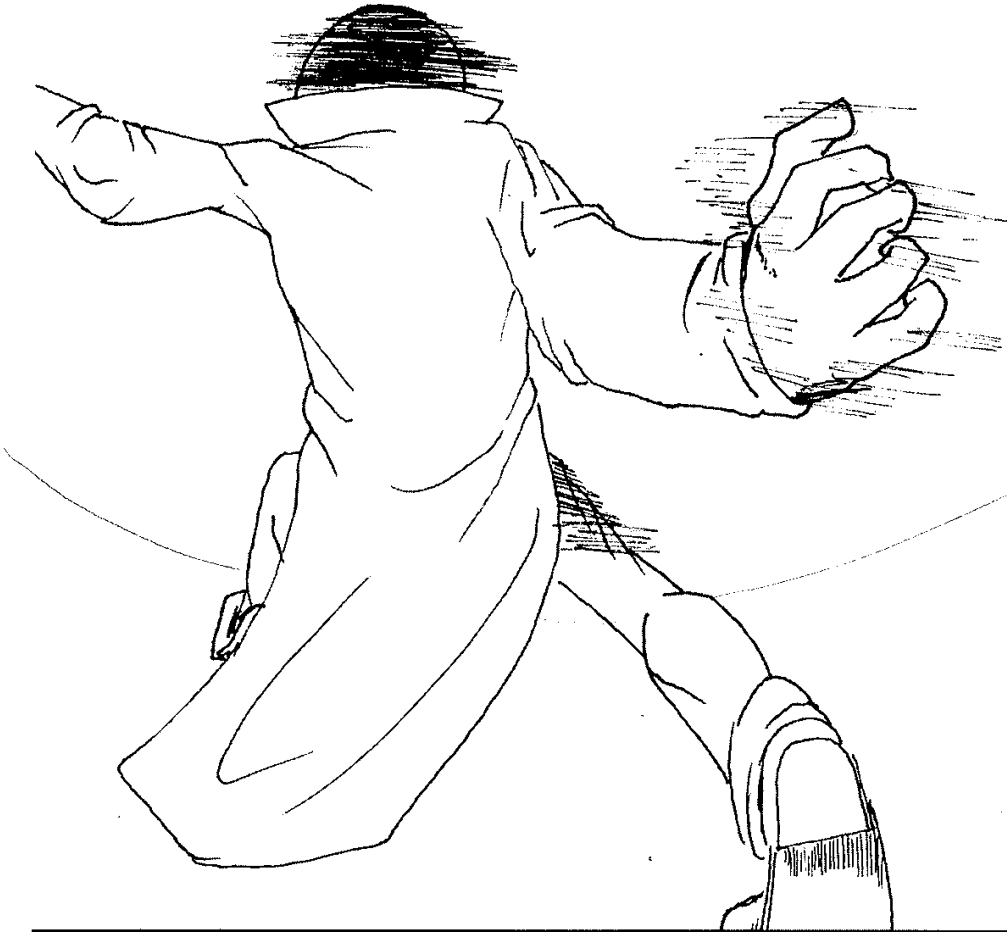
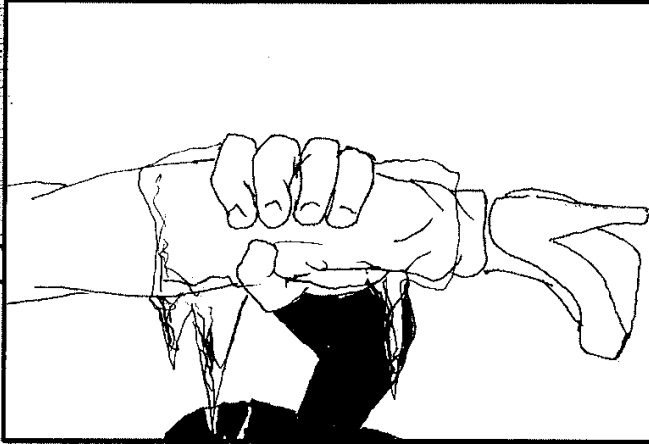
AND YOU THINK THEY KNOW WHERE YOU ARE NOW.

WHAT WILL YOU DO IF THEY FIND YOU AGAIN?



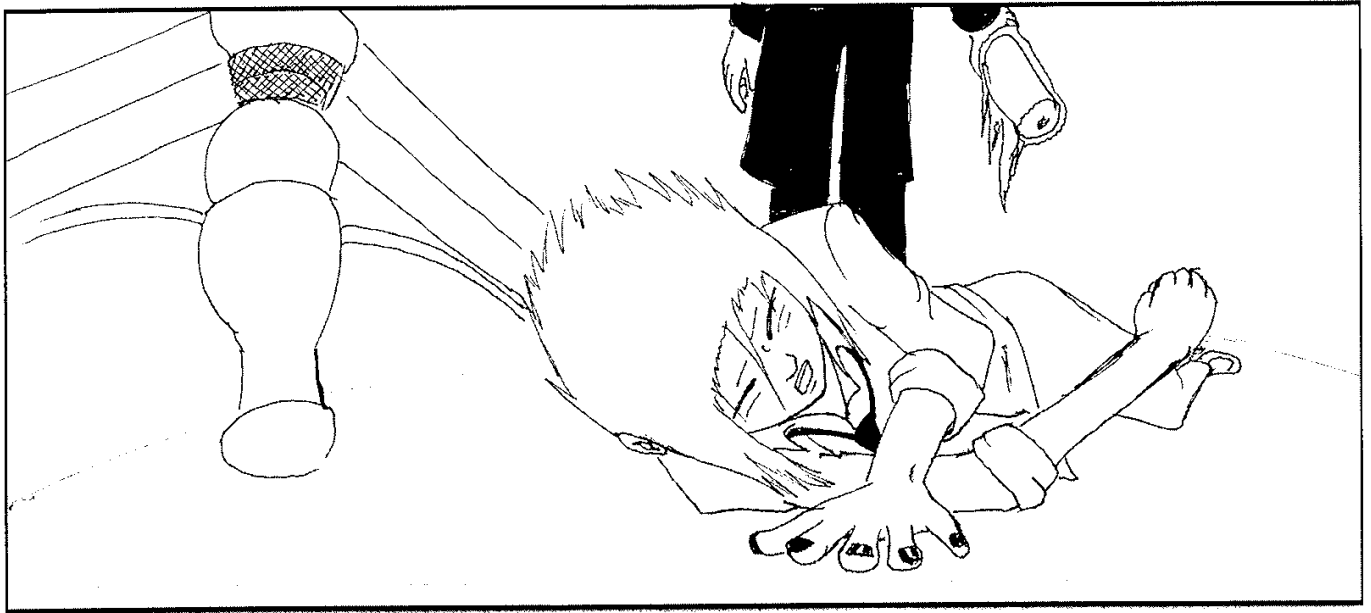




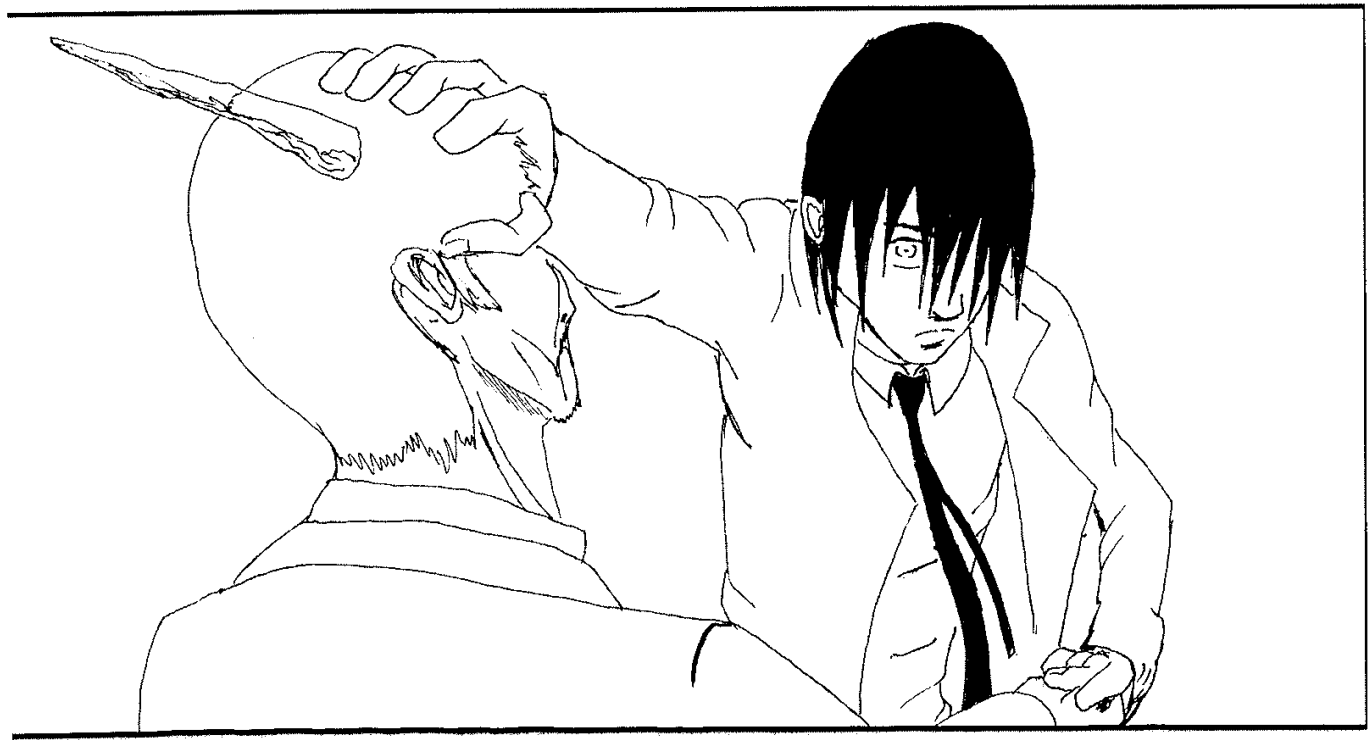


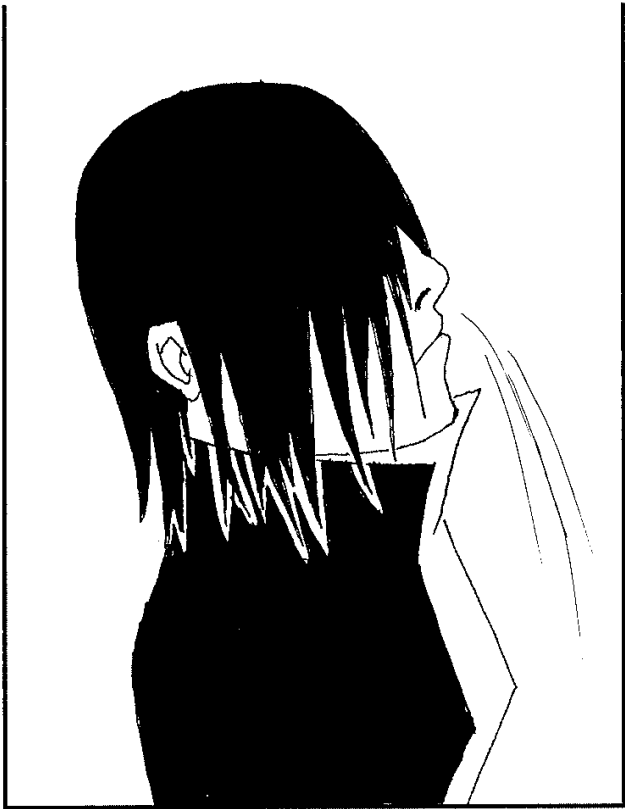
*I'M SORRY*





...





...



*I DON'T FEEL THE COLD*

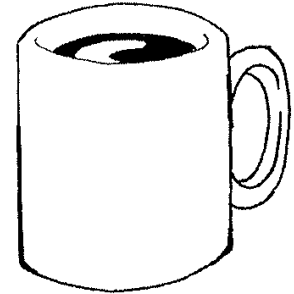


*I DON'T FEEL FEAR*

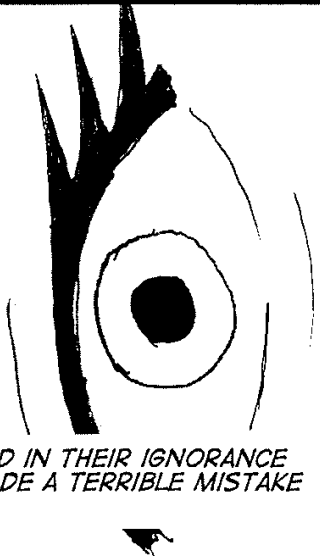
*AND I SEE IN THE DARK*



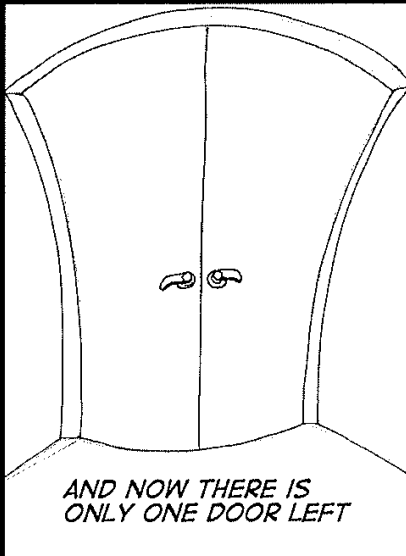
*SOMEHOW, THOSE WHO  
KNEW ME BEST FAILED TO  
REALIZE THIS*



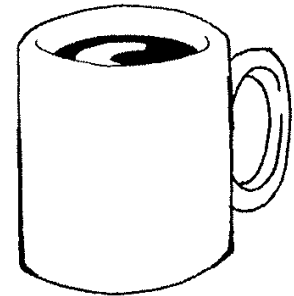
*AND IN THEIR IGNORANCE  
MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE*



*AND NOW THERE IS  
ONLY ONE DOOR LEFT*



*UNTIL THEY FEEL  
JUST AS COLD*

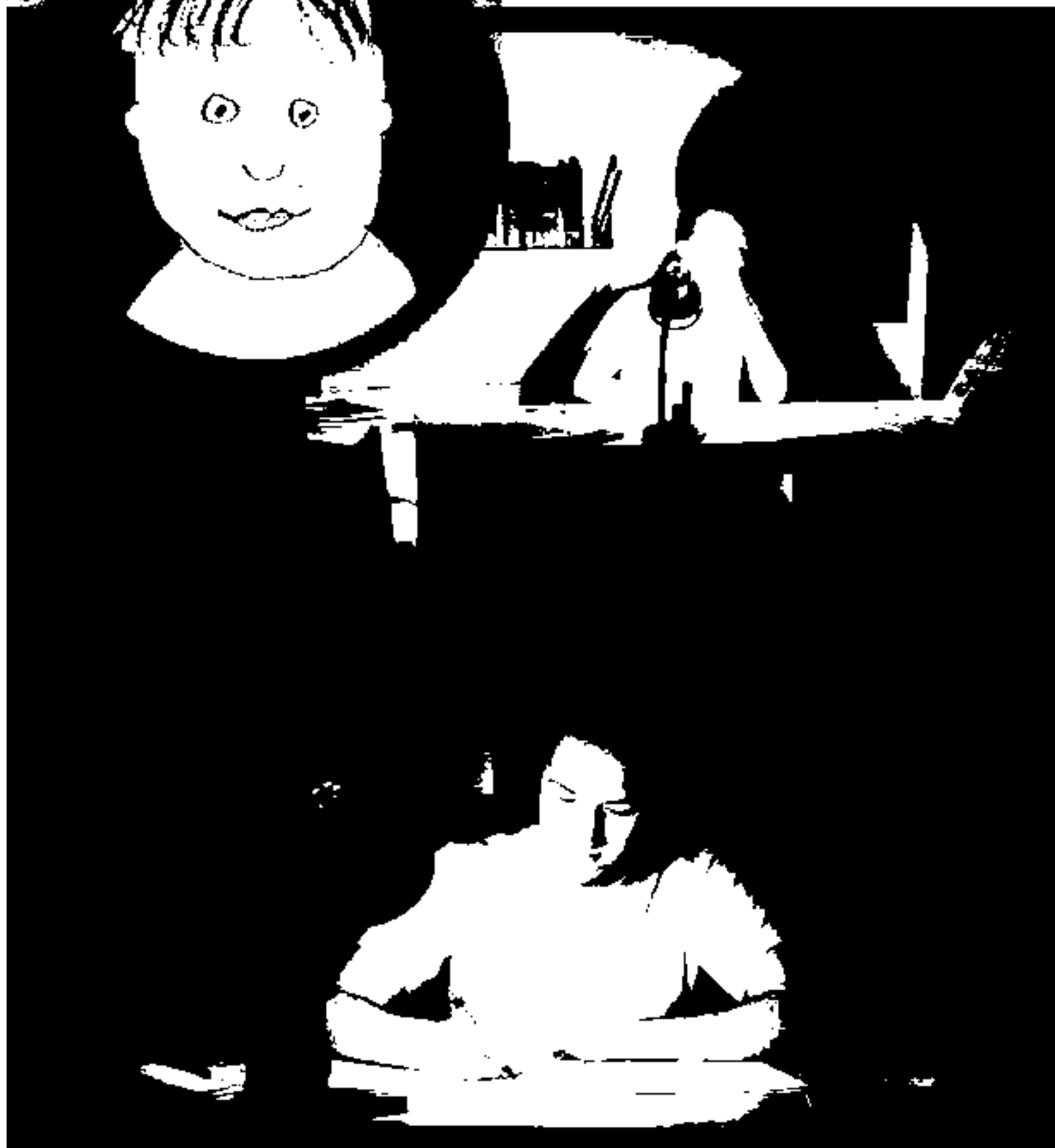


**“Let Me Tell You About Jack”**

**Shane Polley**

Let Me Tell You About

# Jack





12 year old Jack

Thirteen!  
I'm Definitely  
Thirteen!



Who  
Said  
that?

Me you numbskull!  
JACK! Down Here!  
That's right, and I'm  
not 12. I'm Definitely  
13!



Hey you!  
Are you going to fix this?  
I am thirteen you know.





Let me tell you about Jack. He was a reasonable boy of thirteen years of age. He lived with his mother and sister in a nice blue house on Third Street. He loved every minute of...

Excuuuuuse ME!!!  
I HATE that house,  
except maybe the  
secret passage.



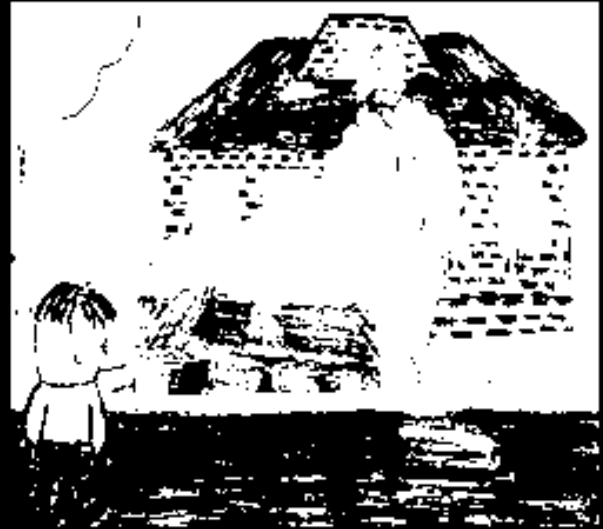
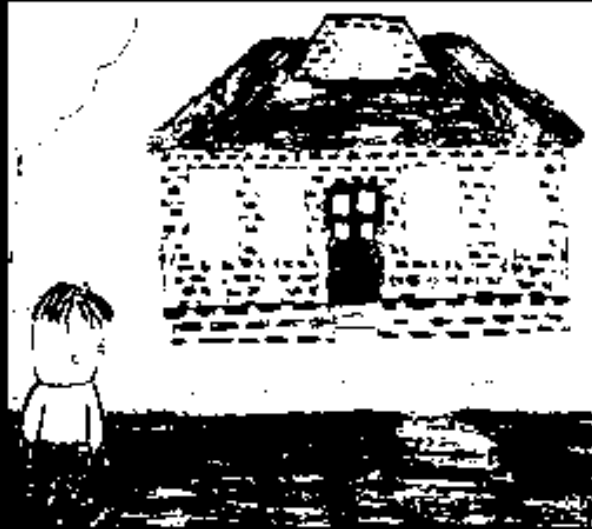
And it's not blue!  
It's brick.  
My Papa built it  
a hundred years  
ago.



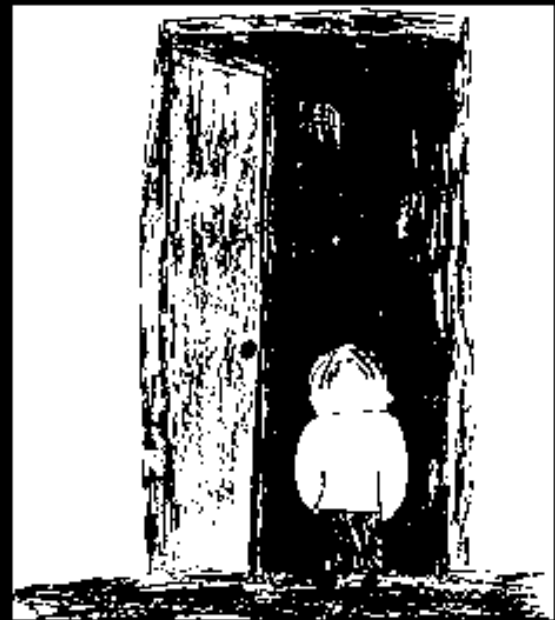
Specifics  
Don't  
Matter







Let me tell you about Jack. He was a reasonable boy of thirteen years of age. He lived with his mother and sister in a big brick house that had been built by his great grandfather just before the war. Jack hated it, except the secret passage that wound from the roof to the cellar. He had stumbled upon it quite by accident as a child while playing hide and go seek. The game itself scared Jack, but when he fell through the trapdoor in the upper bedroom he was terrified.





Did not! I'm not a crybaby.  
And I wasn't scared when I found the secret  
passage way. I fell into a pile of dirt and it  
got in my eyes and made them water.  
Fix it! You can't misrepresent me!

Tears came to his eyes  
and he began to cry

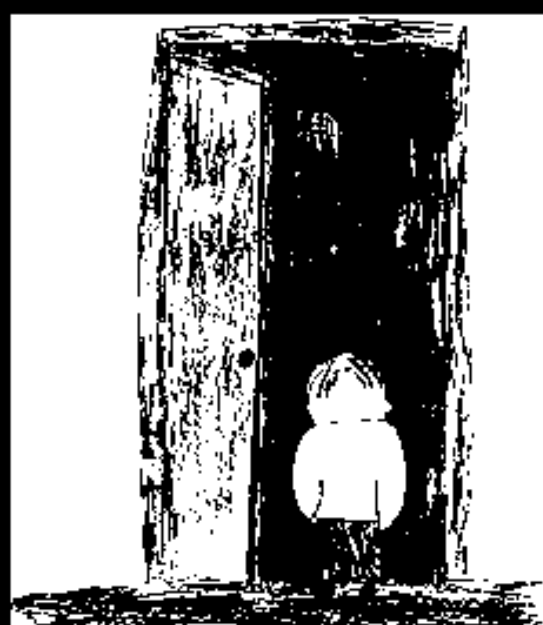
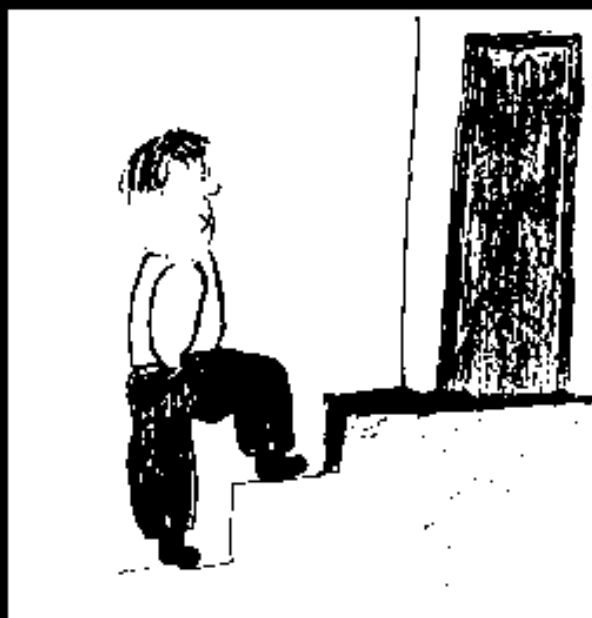


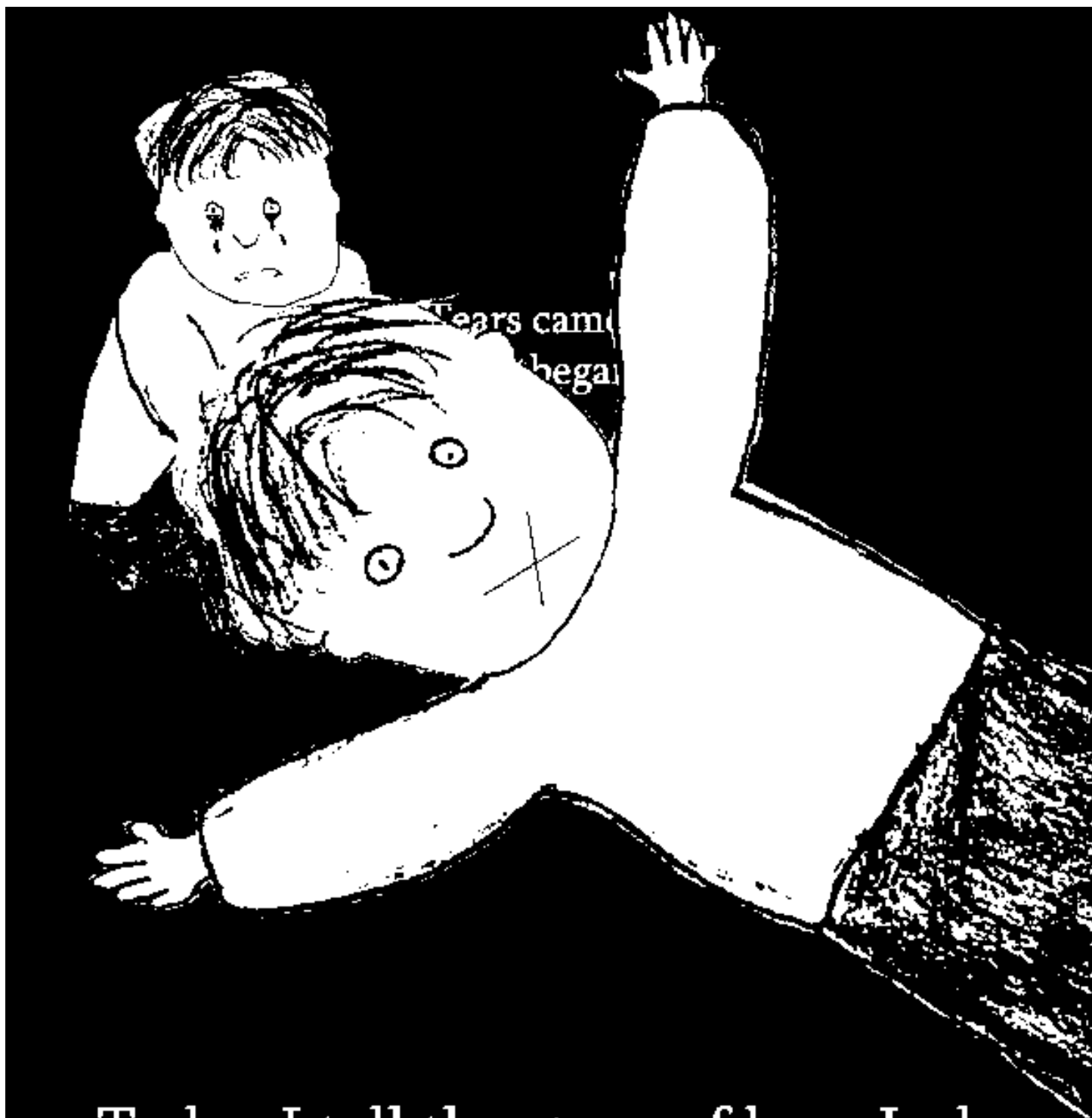


12 year old Jack



Let me tell you about Jack. He was a reasonable boy of about twelve years of age. A quiet lad, he was born with a birth defect that rendered his vocal chords useless. He lived with his mother and sister in a nice blue house on Third Street. He loved every minute of it, especially the secret passage that wound from the roof to the cellar. He had stumbled upon it quite by accident while playing hide and go seek. The game itself scared Jack, but when he fell through the trapdoor in the upper bedroom he was terrified.





Today I tell the story of how Jack  
came to understand and  
appreciate his birth defect.



**“Goodbye”**

**Justin Scott**





