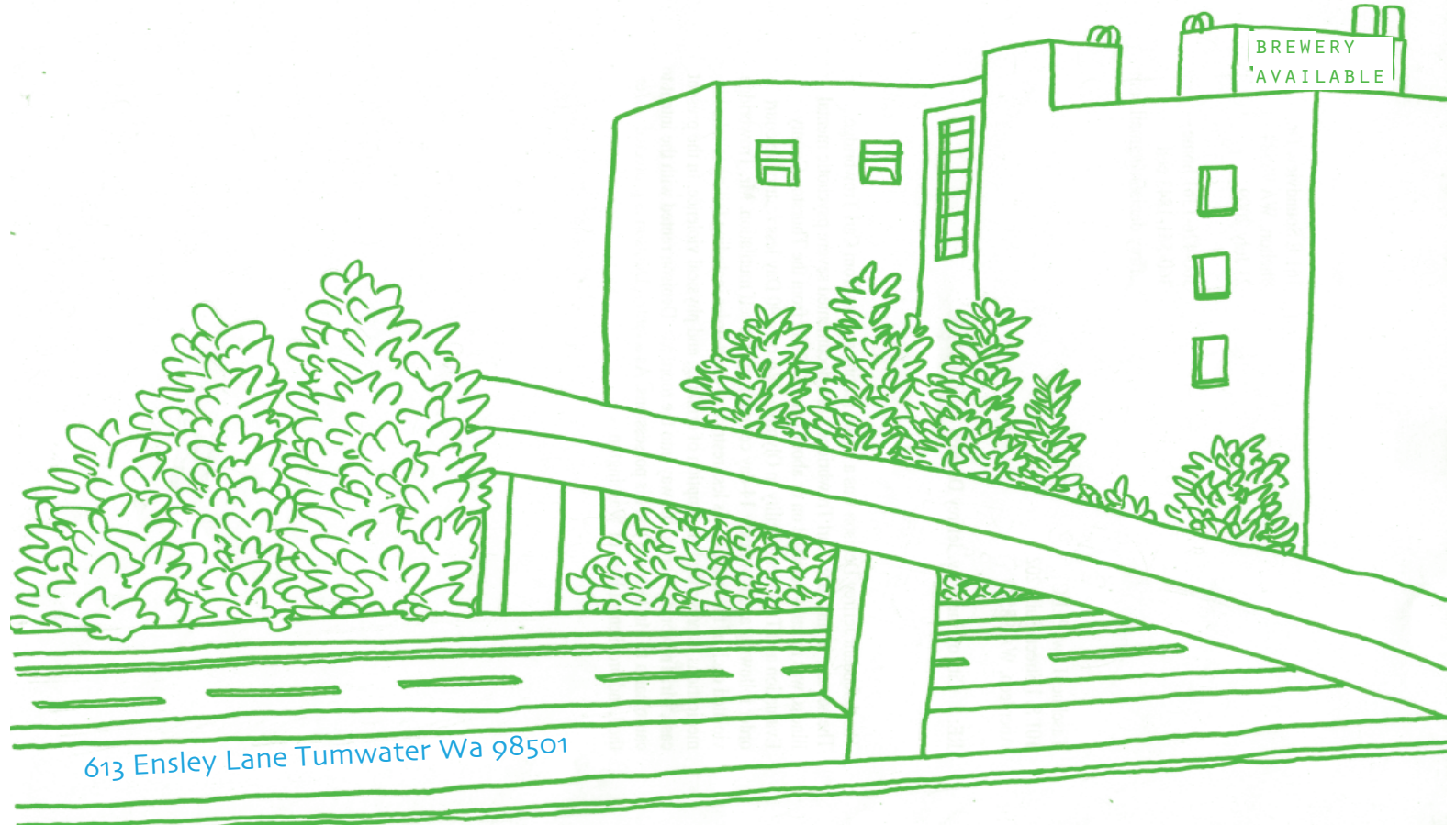


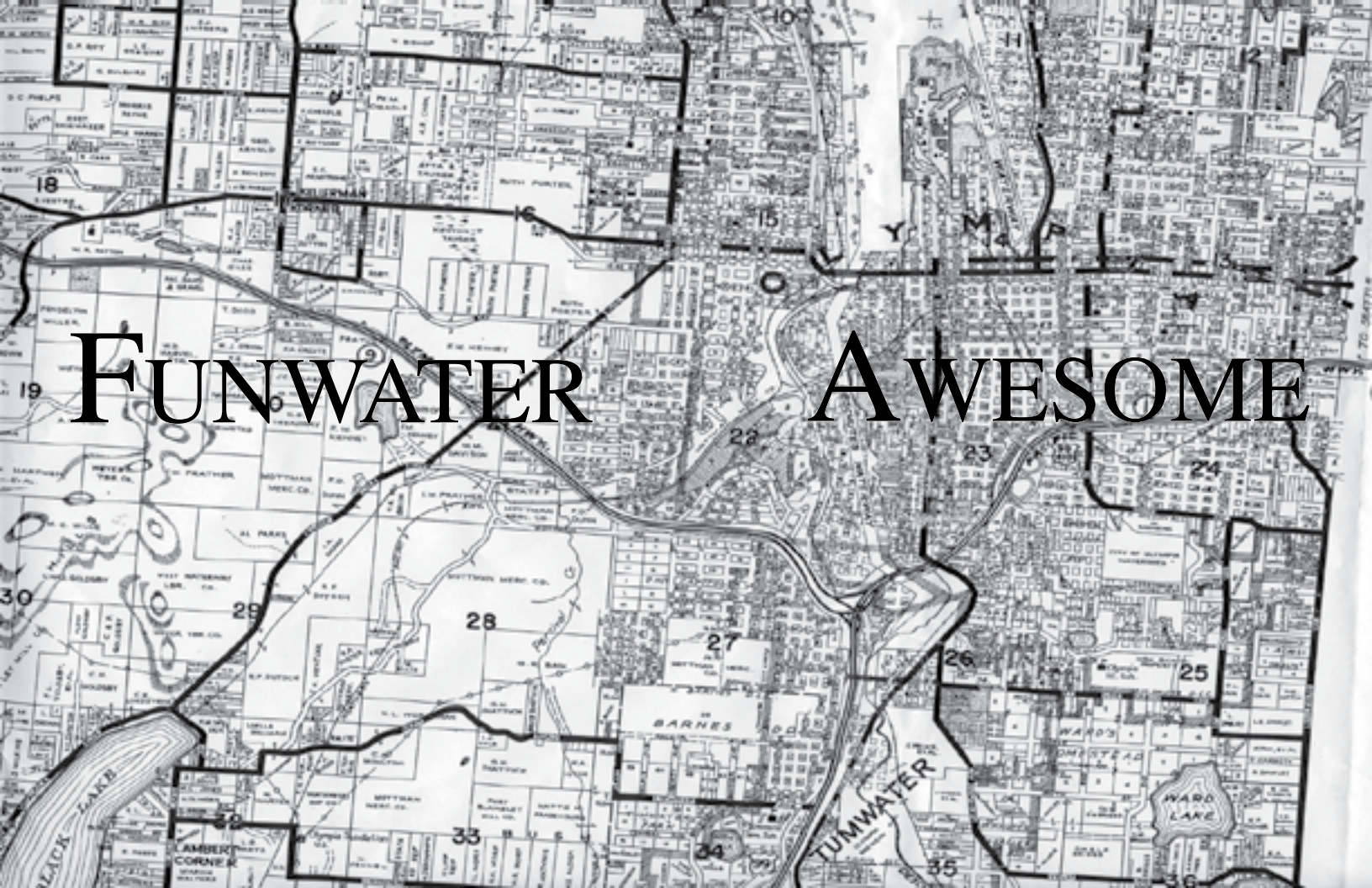
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# Funwater Awesome 4



613 Ensley Lane Tumwater Wa 98501

**AW YOU  
KNOW ITS  
TRUE  
ALL I GOTTA  
SAY IS  
BABY BABY**



# FUNWATER AWESOME

## Hello again you Gentle Readers!

If I did this right, then issue three and four came out together. They are double stars, dynamite twins, the exact same zine, basically, split in half. And hopefully, If I wrote them right, then you have finished three and carried through hungrily right over here. So not much of an introduction is needed but hey

Welcome to Funwater Awesome 4!

In this zine we'll continue excerpts from my work in progress book, *My Brother!*, and hopefully it is good enough for you guys to keep reading. This issue has chapters three through five.

We also have more John Miller Murphy and excerpts from his column *Mere Mentions*. Worrying that wasn't historical Funwater enough for you, I then wrote some small biographies of important Funwater folks, or at least people important enough to have schools named after them. Then, to make these biographies even more useful, I've added reviews of

the swingsets in the playgrounds of the schools named after the Funwater fellows. Hopefully, all of you starfaring, traintaking readers can make it to Funwater one day to swing on these sets and think strong on these pioneer stories.

Just a reminder: all of you powerful, mindquick readers have a soda coming toward you if you ever make it to Funwawter-- as promised in the first issue. If you already live in Funwater, then when I am done writing this intro we should go get a soda together. It is on me.

It is midsummer now in Funwater. I am still barbering at the Hotel Olympian, and Lindsey is now a baker at Safeway, across the parking lot from her old work. We are going roller skating tomorrow. There were fireworks last weekend here, and next weekend is the zine symposium. At the computer lab today, as I finish this zine, a group of daycamp kids came to evergreen to use the computer lab for some YMCA assigned project. Ne-yo is blaring from a computer across the room and at the desks next to mine three girls are singing along in perfect harmony. Funwater fares well. I hope you enjoy the zine.

**JULY 12, 1889**  
BY JOHN MILLER MURPHY

DON'T WASTE THE WATER.

THE HOT WEATHER IS GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.

EVERYBODY GOES CAMPING EXCEPT THE JADED NEWSPAPER MAN.

BATHING IN THE BAY IS GETTING TO BE A FASHIONABLE PASTIME.

THE FIRST IDLE MAN HAS YET TO BE SEEN IN OLYMPIA SINCE THE FOURTH.

DURING SEVERAL DAYS PAST, FARMERS HAVE CUT THEIR GRASS IN THE MORNING AND HAULED IT IN AS GOOD HAY IN THE EVENING.

A LADY CORRESPONDENT WANTS TO KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY PRINTERS' DEVILS IN THOSE OFFICES THAT EMPLOY YOUNG LADY COMPOSITORS. NO, DEAR; DEVILS NEVER GO WHERE ANGELS ABOUND.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS AGAIN HAZY FROM FOREST FIRES.

THE CITY WATER SUPPLY HAS BEEN EXTENDED TO THE CAPITOL.

THE NIGHTS ARE SENSIBLY GROWING LONGER.

PHYSICIANS REPORT A LULL IN THEIR INDUSTRY.

THIS IS ONE OF THE "NO R" MONTHS AND OYSTERS ARE GROWING FAT.

DRUMMERS AND NEWSPAPER REPORTERS CONSTITUTE A NO SMALL PORTION OF OLYMPIA'S FLOATING POPULATION JUST NOW.

THE MUSIC OF THE SAW IS HARSH BUT IT KEEPS TIME WITH THE HAMMER AND THEIR CHEERFUL DUETS ARE HEARD FROM MORNING TO NIGHT IN EVERY PARTY OF THE CITY.



# SETTLERS AND SWINGSETS!

## MICHAEL T. SIMMONS



Michael T. Simmons was one of the original founders of Tumwater (originally called New Market), along with his friend George Washington Bush. He was a visionary, gristmill, and the leader of the wagon train that took him, his friends, and his family across the United States to this great northwest home. They called him Colonel.

Michael T. Simmons was born in Kentucky in 1814, and worked in Missouri as a gristmill. His best friend, George W. Bush, was African American and they headed west together to escape the discrimination and segregation Bush was experiencing at home.

The original Tumwater Party consisted of Simmons, Bush, their wives and children, three other families (Lindreds, Jones, and Mcallisters) and two bachelors (Jesse Ferguson and Samuel Black

Crockett). 28 people, all in all.

Originally they were to settle in the Willamette Valley in the Oregon Territory, but Oregon law stated that black men could only live there if they were whipped every six months. So they headed north (into British lands) until they reached Deschutes Falls. Simmons recognized the power and possibility of the falls and decided to settle there. Also before the trip, he had a vision about a river and trees that looked like the ones they were now seeing, so he knew they were in the right place. Simmons named the place New Market, as this would be a new trading post, a new power, in the Northwest territory. The settlers built a 10'x10' cabin where, according to lore, the 28 of them all slept through the winter. Soon they built more cabins, or in some cases, lived in hollowed out logs.

Tumwater was born then, as they built their homes along the Deschutes River. Funwater was born when someone put a decorative curtain across a knothole in their log.

Michael T. Simmons later built a sawmill and gristmill on the falls starting industry in the area. He went on to father the first American born in

Washington, and to become a postmaster, oyster farmer, and integral Washington citizen.

The MICHAEL T. SIMMONS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SWING SET is one of the best in town. It is set back from the road near the school portables, surrounded by scotch broom, forest, and the backyards of houses. There are ample swings and all in good condition, so you can go with a lot of friends. I like the feel of the swings, and the bark they use around the swing set is quite soft and nice to land in. My biggest complaint is the wooden beams they have bordering the set, limiting how far you can jump, and creating a fear, as you're flying through the air, that you'll crack your head on the beam and bleed into the beauty bark. Also, because of how distanced the playground is from any other activity or distraction, you'll find that soon you and your friends are regressing into full childhood behavior---playing lava monster and freeze tag and making mudpies and such. This is fun at first, but grows tiresome and false, like how your mouth feels after too many sour patch kids. Other than that, it is a great swing set named for a great man.



**T**HE first thing I loved about Laura was the way she drew neck fat.

I met her at a summer barbecue at Tumwater Falls park. She was a classmate of my friend Riley who threw the barbecue (he had recently fallen into a lot of meat), and who introduced us (he thought we'd get along). I ate popsicles with her beneath an oak tree, and talked about school and Riley, our heads pitched forward over plates to collect the blue raspberry drips. I liked her--her black and white polka dot dress, the

twilight shade of her eyes, her legs shadow-dappled by the oak leaves. She was studying sleep currently, but liked to draw comics, she said, and after the party we walked to her car where she had a copy of her mini comic. I read it that night.

The comic was about a substitute teacher, an hour by hour report of his typical depressing day. He didn't get enough sleep (bad acid reflux), money was tight and his car was short on gas, none of the kids paid attention during class and no teachers talked to him in the lounge. All this was compounded by the fact that, while every one else was human, he was a grizzly bear. It was not explained why, and no one in the story commented or noticed, but his beariness affected every action. In the teacher lounge he makes coffee but he can't pick up the mug with his big paws. He tries to teach his class about the electoral college, but everything he says comes out as desk shaking growls. He drives a Geo Metro and his big bear body barely fits in the seat, and he can't reach the seatbelt across his belly so he drives home unsafely. In one of the first panels our bear is standing in front of the mirror,

in lumpy slacks and a short sleeve plaid shirt, and he's cinching up his tie. The way Laura drew the folds of his neck as they spilled over his shirt collar, and in the next panel how they bloated as he sighed, changed everything I remembered about her. Everything she said at the barbecue gained poetic significance. Every feature of her shimmered in my memory because she was the source of this comic. I was in love.

On coming home from work I found a fresh pile of drawings on our kitchen table and I immediately sat down and looked through them. Even now, after three years together I can't help feeling amazed that the mind dreaming and drawing these things is sleeping in our bedroom twenty feet away, and soon will be up and eating dinner with me, and tomorrow will have more comics.

The top sheet was a spaceman suspended in space. He held two laser guns, boxy like cigarette packs, with segmented piping leading from their handles to some unseen pack on his back. His boots gleamed with bright glittering-actually shining on the page-green



smears from his heel all the way to below his knee. I assumed he had just stepped on an alien head, or kicked it really hard. But his face is what I loved. He had this strange, happy expression as if he saw an old friend across the space street, or just remembered the name of the star song going through his head all day.

Beneath the spaceman was a beautiful drawing of Dwarves at dinner. The dining room was set in some sort of cave with the table a polished stone slab. In the corners were mining tools and piles of gold and jewels and a helmet rack. Two kids faced the reader, both with heads down shoveling in their gruel. The mother dwarf was seated at the right end of the table, holding a basket of rolls mid-pass. The father dwarf sat at the left end, with his gigantic double-bladed axe resting next to his chair. He held his head in his hands with his eyes closed and his grubby fingers entwined in his hair. He didn't look upset, just incredibly, fatherly, tired. I wanted Laura to wake up right now.

The next page looked like a cover of People magazine Laura had sketched out and then doodled atop of. It was a widely smiling, beautiful man,

with a headline about "Babies? Maybes!" and other topics (Diets! Dark Knight: summer blockbuster? the Frightening Dangers of Mutes!) surrounding him. Latched onto his face, though, were dozens of cords being held by tiny gnomes standing on top of the headline letters and pulling his face into its exaggerated, smiling shape. I imagined she drew this during some cranky state, like before lunch.

Laura works at the Capital Medical Sleep Clinic on the west side. All the restless Apneans, insomniacs, sleepwalkers, and sheet churners come to her clinic and its surprisingly cozy sleep room and try to get a good night's rest as she and her coworkers monitor them from another room. The job is simple enough--she sits at her control panel and systematically checks their heartbeat, blood pressure, and breathing patterns and calls in a doctor if trouble occurs. Sometimes they will have a difficult patient, that needs a lot of supervision, but most of the time she spends the night drawing, enjoying the peace of someone's deep sleep.

Though her style changed from page to page, I could see in every line my Laura, each pen stroke as

familiar to me as every line of her face. The way she drew space boots, the footpath of freckles across her nose. The stretched U's she uses for sweat drops, the deep honey smell of her hair when it's wet. the rough patch of skin above her left elbow, Her cross-hatched shadows, the thin squiggle from mouth to word bubble, the perfect, bitable curve of her hip when she's on her side reading. She will be up soon, and I should make dinner.

I turned on the coffee pot and went to the living room to find cooking music. This can be hard. You want something soft but insistent, like water growing to a boil. It can't be too soft though, because then you feel like a condo dweller. This is made doubly difficult by our schedule. I needed something fitting for Laura waking up and me winding down so I grabbed Guy Clark's Dublin Blues, and felt ready.

I fried some bacon and when it was done cracked a couple of eggs into the pan and put bread in the toaster. The best part of Laura's work schedule is every night's Breakfast for Dinner night. This is my one pride as an adult.

Laura came out to the kitchen wearing a grocery outlet polo and sleep mangled hair. She had cut herself shaving, it looked like. Last time we went shopping I picked the GALACTIC PLANETS band-aids and now Laura had a patch of night sky on her left thigh.

"Good morning, Owen!"

"Good morning!"

We ate breakfast and I told her about my day. She thought the phone call was funny but couldn't remember the last time we had seen my brother. I couldn't really tell her why that was. She told me how much she loves Hospital Coffee and the seven reasons why, and about her coworker Matt Deedel wanting to leave work early and waking up their patient at 5:30, telling him it was time to go home. She made him go back to sleep. I told her about O! Pioneers and we decided to go to the library after dinner. It was alien blood on his shoe, she said, he had stepped on a criminal's head, and it was nail polish she used to get that bright, blood green sparkle.

"I loved his expression," I said.

"I thought you would," she said.

I'm not trying to say I'm sorry, I'm trying to say I love you, I'm not trying to make excuses, nor set myself above you, Guy Clark said.

After dinner we biked to the library. A late sun had come and dried the streets, forgetting here and there a puddle or a streak of rainy pavement. The wind shuffled through the trees on Elm Street, turning the leaves into castanets, and some neighborhood youth parked at their friends' parents' houses, sat on their car hoods and tailgates and stared at us, as if we were the embodiment of everything they were against. I sympathized with them. At Peter G. Schmidt some little league game was playing and the bike lane was commandeered by mini-vans and suburbans, but I was not upset, having to suddenly swerve into traffic, because I knew inside one of those vans were coolers filled with orange slices and capri-suns. We turned into the state offices past the school and slalomed through the empty parking lots.

When I was a kid, our parents took us to the

Lacey library every Sunday and my brother taught me the perfect way to walk through it. we'd start at the CD section, browse, then walk straight to the music magazines on the east window. From there we'd take a sharp right into adult non-fiction, where the comic strip collections were hidden. And right behind these shelves were spinner racks of Mad Magazine and study alcoves we could read in, completely undisturbed. It felt like an underground path. I didn't even bother with the kid zone on the other side of the library, where my peers were wasting away with tired Lois Lowry novels and broken pop up books. Why did they settle for this when just 50 feet away, hidden in between Crafts and Record Collecting, were all the Garfield books you could dream of and New Yorker Collections with strange meaningless jokes but every now and then a drawing of a naked lady. I guess those poor kid zone kids didn't have my brother.

Why is the children's section always called a zone? Kid zone, fun zone, discovery zone. I guess the word adds some exciting sci-fi zig-zag to what is well-shelved playpen. At the Tumwater library it's the Teen Zone,

marked by a neon sign with “zone” in bright, future blue. I looked through their comic section, but it was just elf-quest and manga, so I went through Adult fiction to find a new work book.

I wanted to get *My Antonia!* since I was enjoying *O! Pioneers* so much, but Tumwater’s only copy was a large-print hardback which I would not be able to hide in my apron pocket. My apron curbs a great deal of my reading. I can’t read any large “Complete Story” collections, or thick in-depth biographies or new fiction yet to be paperbacked. I continued to the Western section where they have the thinnest books. *True Grit* was placed face out on the shelf, and had an appealing cover only 5 inches high with a homely, harshly drawn girl standing alongside a horse. I read the first sentence and was sold.

Laura was sitting in the corner chair of the Gail Owens reading room, with a pile of reference books on the table beside her. She had gone through all the Time-Life galaxy and planet series and was now reading *A Cosmic Connection*. I grabbed a *Spin* magazine and sat down next to her.

“That’s a great book.” I said.

“You’ve read this?”

“Of course! It’s Carl Sagan. Read the chapter about Venus---is it heaven? Or is it hell? It’d be great for your comic.”

On the way home one of my grocery bags burst, spilling library CDs across the Department of Health parking lot. We gathered them up and distributed them to our other bags and backpacks, then decided to sit in the grass square behind the building and read comics.

The summer months makes our schedule work, when the few hours I get to spend with Laura are during the best time of day. The wind had stilled and the sun was fading into twilight, everything around us--the smell of grass and charcoal, the pebble imprints on our elbows and hands, the blue and pink sky, the spread out comics -was brushed with a calm, pale romance, as if we were living in an already cherished memory.

# JANUARY 4, 1889

JANUARY 4<sup>TH</sup> AND FAT CATTLE ARE CLIPPING THE GREEN HERBAGE.

THE STEAMER FLEETWOOD WAS ON THE "GRIDIRON" LAST MONDAY.

1889 IS MORE MUSICAL IN ITS ARTICULATION THAN ITS DULL PREDECESSOR.

BOXING GLOVES HAVE SUPPLANTED THE FOOT BALL AMONG OLYMPIA STUDENTS.

TWENTY CENTURIES MUST PASS AWAY BEFORE WE CAN AGAIN WRITE THREE SUCCESSIVE 8S IN THE YEAR.

PHYSICIANS ASSERT THE PRESENT COLD WAVE IS ADVANTAGEOUS TO THIS VICINITY IN A SANITARY POINT OF VIEW.

MRS. RUDOLPH PETERSON HAS BEEN JUDGED INSANE BY JUDGE ROOT, AND SENT TO THE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

THE THERMOMETER PLAINLY INDICATED AN ABNORMAL

TEMPERATURE DURING THE CONTINUANCE OF THE ECLIPSE LAST TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

PHYSICIANS REPORT ONE OR TWO CASES OF SCARLET FEVER IN TOWN, BUT THE PATIENTS ARE RECOVERING AND THERE IS NO APPREHENSION OF THE SPREAD OF THE DISEASE.

OLYMPIA WAS WELL REPRESENTED AT THE NEW YEAR'S BALL HELD AT TUMWATER LAST MONDAY NIGHT. OLD 1888 WAS VIGOROUSLY DANCED OUT AND 1889 AS VIGOROUSLY DANCED IN. THERE WAS A FAIR ATTENDANCE AND EVERYBODY HAD A GOOD TIME.

1889 MINCE PIES

"WHOA, JANUARY"

OH, THE WATER PIPES

SONG BIRDS ARE HAPPY

A FEW MORE BED COVERS

LOOK TO YOUR HOUSE PLANTS

HAVE YOU WRITTEN THE NEW YEAR?

HEATH'S FLOWERS  
FUNERAL DESIGNS  
A SPECIALTY  
NEW SERVICE  
You May Open Your  
Account by Phone  
HEATH'S FLOWERS  
24 HR. PHONE SERVICE  
All Lines Answer to  
FL 7-9331  
Residence Phone  
FL 2-0216  
HEATH'S FLOWERS  
510 CUSTER WAY - TUMWATER SQUARE  
Since 1937



## CHAPTER FOUR

**L**AURA took one last gulp of coffee and gave me one last kiss before, “I gotta get going, Owen,” and I walked her to the coat rack.

“Have a good day at work,” I said, grabbing her mug so she could put on her jacket.

“I will.” she said, “Go to bed soon. You didn’t sleep enough last night.”

“I will.”

She zipped up her coat and I stood in the door, waiting to wave as she passed by in the car. She

came and I waved, unable to see her--just two bright headlights dimming and shrinking in the dark.

I couldn’t go to bed yet. The house still had that morning smell and it confused my body. I tried to read, then write, then watch TV, but I kept wanting to be standing and moving in some way, so I went to the kitchen to wash dishes.

I turned the radio on in the middle of some epic indie guitar song, right at the instrumental bridge. Unloaded the dishwasher to two guitars soloing messily, both slowly being overcome into noise. Something about the song, and the radio’s fade and crackle, and all the soap bubbles floating above the sink, added up to be special and nice. The rest of the kitchen became marked by this moment, made better and fuller, like rolling down the car window to let the wind in.

The song ended and the DJ coughed, “You are listening to KAOS, 89.3. Community Radio. This is One Chord to Another. Um, I think it’s now time for Community Billboard. Uh, let’s see,” I rinsed off a plate and put it into the dishwasher. “There’s a riding lawnmower for sale!”

I remember once my brother made a radio. He got a teach-me-electronics kit for his birthday and he figured out how to not only make the light turn on the switchboard, but to add an antenna and dial and turn the whole thing into a long distance receiver. One night our dad let us go on the roof to see how far a signal we could get. My brother carried the receiver connected to a stereo speaker I carried behind him and we skidded carefully across the rooftop, trying to find any sort of sound. We found that if he rested the receiver on top of the chimney we could kind of hear talking, and if he tilted it slightly we could hear a DJ clearly. He held the receiver in this exact position, arms supported by knees, his limbs set atop each other like the stones of a dolmen,

“This is KRocker, San Diego.” My speaker said.

“San Diego!” my brother exclaimed, “We’re getting radio from San Diego!”

I remember wondering what the DJ looked like, whether the radio station was next to water, on a hill, some southern california specific plant life next to their door. Then they played Blink-182, and it all sounded

the same. We waited for more talking. I wanted to hear about concerts taking place at stadiums i’d never heard of, off of street I didn’t know, or a weatherman predicting a long week of sunshine, but it was nothing but modern rock until the signal faded as my brother’s arms grew too tired and we went back inside.

I turned on the dishwasher and turned off the radio. I grabbed the phone off the wall by the window and called my brother. The kitchen window was fogged over and glowed gray and orange with the streetlight outside. He picked up on the first ring.

“Hello?”

“Hey! It’s Owen, how are you?”

“I’m good, I’m good. Just watching TV.”

“I was wondering if I could come by tomorrow and hang out?”

“Of course.”

“Do you still live by the courthouse?”

“Yeah. What time do you want to come over?”

I told him I’d come by after work and we said goodbye.

The house was midnight quiet and I really should go to sleep, but as I neared our bedroom the bed looked so cold and uninviting, probably because the coffee was still coursing through my body, so I went to the living room and turned on *Animal Crossing*. My dog man looked classy in his lightning stripe suit and I delivered a stereo to the militaristic eagle on the hill, then wrote Laura a letter, telling her I'd be home late.

I grew restless running errands for the forest folk so I put in a Czars album I hadn't heard in ages but beckoned from the CD pile, and read *O! Pioneers* on the couch.

I finish most of my books on the bus. This is really unpleasant to me. I'll often find the sentences wrapping up as I'm halfway up the hill to work, and feel how thin the pages are between my fingers and know I'll finish the book by my stop but it won't be satisfying, but pausing at this point isn't an option either, and then I'm rushing the last three pages because Division and Harrison is coming too soon and I don't want to be one of those people who reads while they walk,

because they are sad. I also finish too many books in the Grocery Outlet Bathroom, which is my own specific type of sad, and if the book was well written and I come out of the bathroom with my face glowing, still thinking of the perfect pattern of words in that last sentence, and see a coworker looking at me I'll suddenly fear they think I masturbate in there.

But on the couch was pleasant. I reread earlier passages and savored the last pages, finishing the book slowly like walking in spirals down a hill, and the Czar album was perfect.

It was their album *Goodbye*. Riley burnt me a copy years ago, but I never enjoyed it, or finished it through. Tonight though, with all the right elements around the album, it made sense, it was beautiful. I finished *O! Pioneers* and sat on the couch with my eyes closed, hearing the album as if for the first time. It felt like listening in on your parent's conversations, that gentle murmur when they think you're asleep, and as you listen you suddenly realize their jokes make sense, the friends they're mentioning and their problems are



suddenly relatable and you know you're now older. The night, and the outside lamp light coming in strips through the blinds, and the dishwasher's churn and this album all came together and overwhelmed me, and as he sang "I am just a man!" and his voice becomes modulated and electronic, something about it made me want to cry. I could've gone to bed but instead laid back on the couch and sometime after the CD ended I fell asleep.

## SETTLERS AND SWINGSETS

### GEORGE WASHINGTON BUSH



George W. Bush was an African-Irish farmer, father, quaker, and one of the founding fathers of Funwater.

He was born in Pennsylvania to a sailor from the West Indies and a housekeeper from Ireland. Raised and educated as a Quaker, he served in the army during the war of 1812, then worked for the Hudson Bay company as a trapper, and eventually settled in Missouri to farm, where he met his wife Isabella and his friend Michael T.

Of the original Tumwater party, George Bush was the richest. It is said it was he who supplied the party with wagons and other needed goods, and in his own

wagon, beneath a false bottom, was a floor length layer of silver dollars. When they reached Fort Nisqually to resupply, his family was the only who could buy food and goods, the other party members had to accept the generous donations of Nisqually leader Dr. Tolmie.

Bush and his family settled in the prairie land south of the Deschutes river(now known as Bush Prairie, and home to the Olympia Regional Airport). He started a farm in the prairie land , creating acres of farmland and orchards of trees with seeds he had gathered during the trip across the Orgeon trail. Bush was as generous as he was successful, the Bush family were known to feed and shelter new homesteaders or travellers, sometimes giving up entire crops to the new waves of hungry arrivals.

With his intelligence and resources, George Washington Bush went a long way towards modernizing agriculture in Washington. Bush was the first person in the puget sound to use a mower and a reaper, as well as bringing in a thresher and seperator to use on his farm. At the time of his death he was operating a farm of 880 acres, a model operation in the new territory.

**George Washington Bush Middle School** has no swing set. There is nothing to review there. The only thing the school has to offer is an occasional editorial written to the paper asking, “how could Tumwater name a school after our worst president, a war criminal?”

Near the middle school, and on Bush Prairie, is a playground. This is a random playset placed by the airport near a paper and spice company. The big toys are nice, but definitely need swings. It is sad that our coolest founder has no swingset to honour him. Perhaps it is something interested readers could fix.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### *Items of amazement on my walk to the bus:*

A hotwheels race car forgotten by some kid on Hazelhurst street, parked parallel to an actual pick up truck, like an automobile imitation of textbook illustrations showing a man next to a brontosaurus.

Our older neighbor across the street already up and gardening, standing behind the lilac bush she was watering. The arc of hose water coming down like

rain, refracting her face, the lilac leaves, the morning, the sun, into a thousand falling parts.

The japanese Maples on the corner of Lee all deepened to burgundy, their leaves sharp against the full blue sky.

A ten year old coming out of his home on Lee street with his t-shirt-a cartoon graphic of shark biting through basketball -tucked into his shorts. He shuffled to his mail box and, seeing it was empty- sighed and returned inside. I felt for him. Middle of the summer and it was only 8 am and he's reached the level of boredom where the only thing he can think of doing is checking the mail to see if any coupons came.

The stressed-out brick walkway man, already up as well, standing sweaty, red-faced, and frustrated outside his fence, staring down at the gravel, brick pile, and buckets of cement that would all one day be a footpath. I've never seen him work, only be tired from work. Laura says he's still there when she comes home, but sweatier. Work gets done though, the grass he had planted on either side of his path was coming up in bright green patches.

The McDonald's across the street from the bus stop. an employee was sent out to the drive-thru lane to hose off the leaves shaken down by yesterday's rain. He sprayed in front of the cars as they ordered at the window, then lifted the hose as they passed, like the gatekeeper to a water kingdom.

These are not that amazing. Amusing? Not that as well. Amassing.

Items of amassment on the way to the bus: See above.

Grabbing milk for my coffee from the breakroom fridge, I saw a plate wrapped in foil with my name written across it in Jeff's hand.

"Oh yeah, I made you lunch today," Jeff said when I asked about it. He grabbed a box of potato cubes and walked down his aisle. I grabbed a crate of milk.

"That's ridiculously nice of you, thank you." I said when we returned to our handtrucks.

"No problem, buddy. Just wait until you taste

it!." He said and grabbed the Nancy's Samplers.

For lunch today, we ate Turkey and Brie paninis, with caramelized onions and homemade honey mustard sauce.

"This is ridiculous, Jeff!" I said, eating the sandwich in joyful, heaping bites.

"Isn't it good? I made it last night and was like stunned by it. I knew I needed to share it with you.

"I want this to be the flavor of my toothpaste!"

"Do you mean that?"

"I didn't think I did when I said it," I took another bite," but I really do."

He had also made a salad, we ate it on the loading dock and watched a squirrel sit on the dumpster and bark, then decided to cook lunch for each other every day.

Later a woman asked me if we had portable elements and I did not know what she meant and when asking her questions, then getting vague, hand-gesturing answers, left me more confused, I just took her to where we have air-fresheners. She got upset

and told me about logical thinking in this angry, sad tone, like an old man explaining the power of a single vote.

But this is enough about my day.

After work I walked to the mall and got on the 44. The Mongolian teenagers were riding again, but not our old lady friend. I sat behind a middle school boy stooped over some thick, science fiction book reading intently, eyes inches from the page, with his backpack still on his back bulging like a turtle shell. The teenagers got off at SPSCC and I continued on and got off in front of the West Lake Apartments.

My brother used to make internet games, had his own company called Nebula Games and his own website ( [lunchbreakarcade.com](http://lunchbreakarcade.com) ). A year and a half ago, he sold everything to Real Networks for some large, novelty-sized-check amount of money and I don't think he's been doing anything since. He didn't need to work, at least. He hadn't even moved out of his old apartment.

My brother made beautiful games. Race through

a dungeon maze, avoiding adventurers and barbarians, to get the dragon sugar for his tea. Stuff as many people as possible in the elevator before the doors close. Cheer up the penguin by building herring forts. My favorite was with two cats on a teeter-totter, and one would launch the other into the sky, and you'd have to catch as many birds as possible while in the air, then land on the teeter-totter and launch the other cat. The background sky my brother made was so pretty and peaceful, and the longer you played the higher your cats got, so sometimes you'd just be floating a cat through cloud and blueness forever.

When we were kids, we were going to make a game together. It was going to be a role-playing game about a village boy no one understood who one day discovers an amulet and discovers he was chosen to save the land from the dark forces coming in through a space rip in the Obsidian Mountains. You were racing against the dark ones to find all four amulets, because whoever controls the amulets controls the four elements, and thus, the world. I was writing the story and my brother wrote the code because he was the only

one who could make sense of our dad's programming books. We designed all the characters, and my brother made a huge world for them to walk through, but we couldn't get any further, because he couldn't figure out how to program fights, or interactions of any kind. I could only walk my character (a purple-haired nerd with big glasses and a robot arm, and his giant lizard dog following behind as protector) through black mountain passes, ghost forests, and frozen rivers, passing by villains and villagers but not fighting or saving anything. The game was still awesome.

I rang the doorbell and read the note on my brother's neighbor's door.

"Hey Marko," it read, "We always knew you were an asshole. I guess we just didn't know how much. -Tarik and Kyle also- do you want to go to a movie tonight?"

The neighbor's note confused me.

"Hello!" my brother bellowed, opening the door. He seemed skinnier than last time, and his face was pebbled with zits, but he looked happy.

"Hey, how's it going!" I stood on his doormat and put my hands in my pockets, "So, what are you up to today?"

"Come on inside." he said, moving away from the door beckoning me in. He closed the door behind me, "Oh, take your shoes off, if you don't mind."

His foyer was spotless, like an operating room or a shoe box. It led into a hallway with a closet and bedroom doors on the left side, all closed, and doorways to the kitchen and living room on the right. The living room entrance was closed off by an oversized white sheet stapled to the top of the doorway and collecting in bunches on the carpeted floor. There was a smell to the house that I could not place, but somehow put a warmth in me that, even with the strange sheet and sterility, made the place feel cozy. I put my shoes away in the coat closet in front of me, empty save for a single, heavy coat, a vacuum cleaner, and a pair of my brother's shoes.

How's it going?" I asked, concerned.

He laughed, "Wonderfully! I've been real well."

"You should call Mom. She's been worried about

you.”

“I know. I’ve just been so busy lately, I haven’t been able to call anyone.”

I got excited, “What are you up to?”

He laughed again and moved to the sheet, “I’m glad you came over. I’ve really wanted to show this to you.”

I walked over and he held the sheet closed against the wall, “Now the whole set up is still fragile, so please try to not talk too much or upset too many things inside.”

“I won’t,” I said.

He opened the sheet and we walked into the living room and I immediately felt dizzy, like I had split partially and could see the me in front of me, and was going to collapse. We were standing in our old rec room, in the basement of our old house. Everything was the same, the yellow shag carpet, the wood-paneled walls, the scratchy, brown plaid couch, the television encased in a fake wood cabinet showing an old episode of Blossom, the waist-high bookshelves lining each wall, the pencil-drawing of a Chimpanzee

my mom had made and pinned above the couch, the yellow and red plastic pins in the sketch pad paper. My brain could not make sense of it. It was as if some memory had overtaken and left my head and became physical again.

“What the fuck is this?” I asked.

“Shhh, come sit down.”

I sat down next to my brother on the couch and watched Blossom. Her dad and older brother were in the living room talking to Blossom excitedly about something. “What is going on?” I asked.

“Blossom’s dad and brother got into a bar fight accidentally. The thing is, they kind of liked fighting and are planning to do it again.” My brother said.

“No, what is with this room, man?”

“Come to the dining room a second.” My brother stood up and walked to the back wall and put his fingers in a notch in the wood paneling, then slid it open like a screen door. I felt woozy, then followed him.

Two plush chairs occupied one corner of the room with a small table between them. A sliding glass door

to the right of the chairs led to the back porch and the apartment's community pond, and to the left was the kitchen, separated from the dining room by a breakfast bar. The entire area looked like a hotel room.

"Are you cooking something?"

"Yeah, they'll be ready soon. Have a seat."

I sat in the chair closest to the door and looked out to the pond.

"You seem a little weirded out" My brother said.

"What is that?"

"Do you know that pie store downtown?" My brother asked, "The one in the spot that used to be Batdorf?"

"Boston Harbor Pies. Why is our basement in your living room?"

"I'm trying to tell you. I was walking past the pie store one morning on my way to the bank, at an early enough hour that the pies were still baking, and as I passed her door the smell of the place gave me this sudden memory of the cafeteria of that boy scout camp we used to go to."

"Camp Thunderbird?"

"Right."

I rested my head against the wall.

"I had this incredibly strong image of that cafeteria. I returned the next morning, and had the same image come into my head, and as I stood by their door the image became stronger, more detailed, the sounds of the place, what I was feeling on the morning of that memory. Everything came back as long as I smelled that crust baking. I wondered if I could do that with any memory that was tied somehow to scent. I thought of my happiest memory, and tried to rebuild it, essentially, sense by sense. Interestingly, the more pieces I put in, the stronger the memory became and now it's almost exactly the same."

He talked slowly and clearly, as if rebuilding a memory was a concrete, graspable concept that I could understand if he just explained it articulately, using the same tone he used when we were younger and I asked him how clouds were made or why water boiled.

"How long did this take?" I asked.

"About a year or so, a little after I sold my company. I do a little bit it every day...It's great mental exercise,



like doing a crossword.”

I laughed slightly and scratched at a stain on my chair.

“Do you wanna watch a little bit of Blossom?”

I missed hanging out with my brother. I agreed and he slid open the wood paneling again, inviting me back in to the 12 year old afternoon.

A new episode of Blossom was starting when we sat down, some creepy, gravelly voiced man sang the bluesy theme song while Blossom danced next to her friend and family in a variety of costumes.

“I forgot how much Joey Lawrence looks like a tool.”

My brother laughed, “You’re going to love this episode.”

Five minutes into the episode, the oven timer went off and my brother left to the kitchen. He returned with two plates and a baking sheet bending under the weight of two mini pizzas.

“Are those party pizzas?!” I asked, excited.

“Yeah. You want pepperoni or combination?”

I picked the combo pizza. He shuffled it onto a plate and handed it to me with a fork. Blossom’s friend Six was over, talking about a party or shopping or something, speaking so quickly that you couldn’t understand anything she said, but that was the joke of it.

“This pizza is fantastic.” I said.

“Totino’s has not changed their recipe since 1996. Doesn’t it take you back?”

“Even the baking sheet is the same.”

“Maybe. I found it in an antique store, but it looks exactly like our old one.”

“Knowing mom, she probably sold that too.” Commercials played for Bon Marche’s One Day Sale and Polly pocket playsets, then returned to the show.

My brother continued watching and I walked over and sat down in front of our bookcases. “This is impressive.” I said.

The ceramic lion still guarded the middle shelf, his front right foot cracked and glued crookedly on his leg, pointing towards a Klutz Cook Book. the top shelf still missed a supporting divot, and tipped dangerously

anytime you grabbed or put back a book. Our Calvin and Hobbes collection took up half the shelf, and I grabbed the books hungrily, reading in each one an inscription from our dad and the date it was given to us.

“Watch this, watch this!” called my brother. Joey Lawrence was falling asleep on his couch, then dreaming of his current music video. Bright, innocent graffiti lined a sunlit building that Joey danced and sang in front of while random girls dumped buckets of paint and the camera shook with youth. Happiness welled up in me, a strange joy coming from the belly like when you’re dropping too fast or reading in bed. I looked over to my brother and he was shining with a smile I hadn’t seen in years, his eyes glued to the screen.

We watched two more episodes of Blossom, and one episode Fresh Prince of Bel-Air, and I ravaged through my old box of toys and played with my forgotten Exo-Squad figurines and read a copy of Tumwater High School’s literary journal *Windowpanes*. It still had the essay about farting in church that I still

found ridiculously funny. I sat back on the couch, returning to the pizza and the TV show. When the Fresh Prince episode finished, my brother grabbed the tape out of the VCR and put it in his rewinder.

I rubbed the last piece of pizza crust across my plate, gathering any sauce I could, then put the plate down on the floor next to the couch, where it clanked against a plate already laid there.

“Are you serious?” I asked.

“That’s where you always left dishes.” My brother said, “I put one there for accuracy.”

“Awesome?” I said, “Hey, do you wanna walk to AmPm and get sodas?”

“I’m alright. I’ve got Sunny D in the fridge if you want it.”

“Let’s go out and do something.” I said, “We can go downtown or to a grocery store or something.”

My brother put the tape back in the VCR and pressed play, then sat down on the couch.

“I’m kind of settled in for the night.” he said, “Wanna hang out a little longer?”

“You’re going to watch them again?” I asked.

My brother seemed agitated, "Let's talk in the dining room."

"You're going to watch it all again?" I asked in the dining room.

"Yeah. That's the basis of the memory."

"Blossom? That's your happiest memory?" The joy from the bookshelves and toys quickly left me.

"I have a lot of great, happy memories, Owen. Don't talk to me like an asshole." his voice cracked, "I can't explain this. I just remember that afternoon getting a sudden, overwhelming happiness, a contentness and it was fantastic, and when I recreate it and relive it, I feel that peace again."

"How many times do you watch that tape?"

"Essentially, over and over until I go to bed."

I scratched at the stain on my chair.

"Do you want to hang out a bit longer?"

"I think I'm gonna head out tonight." I said.

He said he understood and walked me through the kitchen to the front door.

"It was great to see you." he said.

"We need to hang out more." I said. Then it was goodnight and I left.

I walked from his apartments to the AMPM. The sun had now set and the street pulsed with red car lights and the bright white of the corner gas stations. Outside the store, next to the newspaper stands and the sliding glass doors, some high school kids were huddled together looking agitated

"Hey, do you know where we can buy some pot?" a girl in ripped jeans and army jacket asked as I passed.

"I don't. I'm sorry." I said, feeling truly awful I had nothing to offer.

I called Laura from the pay phone and she said she'd come pick me up. I wandered through the AmPm, but nothing seemed appetizing. I tried to read their magazines but the cashier kept eyeing me, and I didn't want to be told I needed to buy something to stay there, so I went back outside and sat on the curb, staring at the shell of light rising from the Auto Mall in the distance beyond the pine trees.

I had been listening to an old Mathew Sweet

CD the entire day (*100% Fun*), hoping it would bring something special to my bus rides and walks. So far it had been acceptable, but not outstanding, until I was sitting on that curb and the last song came on and it was that slow, swelling type of song with the gut-punch of a chorus that sounds like three separate emotions collapsing in on themselves and it made me want to sob. It's the kind of song that instantly makes me feel like you're in a movie, right at the end, sitting on a plane ready to take off when a progression of images from scenes before flashes in front of your eyes with the chorus playing meaningfully on top and you finally understand what you'd spent the movie trying to understand, and then go running to wherever or whoever you needed to run to and make one grand, lasting speech. I let myself be taken over by the music, hugged my head against my knees, and tried to figure out what exactly I was feeling, what message I was meant to hear, but it was all muddled---a grand, soaring muddle.

I felt headlights on my head and I looked up to see Laura pulled up to the parking stall in front of me. I

waved goodbye to the high schoolers and got into the car.

"Hey, baby. Are you alright?" Laura asked.

"I'm worried about my brother." I said.

TO BE THRILLINGLY CONTINUED, IF YOU GUYS  
WOULD LIKE, IN FUNWATER AWESOME 5!

# SETTLERS AND SWINGSETS

## PETER G. SCHMIDT

1905 was the year to be in Funwater. The town was prosperous, the houses were fancy, industry was booming, the downtown was still existing, and the people were all fine. This had much to do with the Olympia Brewing Company, running at its peak then, and founded by the German brew master Leopold Schmidt and his chief engineer, his son, Peter G. Schmidt.

Peter G. Schmidt was born in 1880, and came to Tumwater in 1895 with his father to help build the original brewery. By 1907 he was the general superintendent at Olympia, and vice president of five Pacific coast breweries. He served as president of the Olympia Brewery until 1953.

Peter G. Schmidt was the first person in Tumwater/Olympia to fly in a commercial plane. He took the

flight from Seattle to Olympia to attend the opening dinner of the Hotel Olympian, the place where I am currently sitting in my barber chair, thinking about outer space.

Peter G. Schmidt invented a coal-to-gas converter to beef up power in the breweries. It was also installed onto a merchant ship, and it was said that with this converter Peter could have revolutionized internal combustion technology. But because this is Funwater, the plans were never quite realized, the machine would not stop belching black smoke and suffocating its workers, and those two were the only two made.

Peter G. Schmidt was a mason, an elk, a rotarian, and a member of the Olympia Yacht Club. He donated the Tivoli Fountain on the Capitol Campus grounds, painted the totem poles each year on the Tumwater Gateway Bridge, and was loved by most all of his employees for his fair, charitable, generous ways.

the **Peter G. Schmidt Elementary Swing Set** is my favorite in the town. There's at least fifteen swings arranged in a line with soft bark surrounding them. There is no boundary plank of wood between the playset and the swings so you can jump as far

as you'd like off the swing without the risk of head injury. The school is conveniently located by a dairy queen, so the smell of burgers wafts by with every swing. Also, immediately behind the swingset is a new state office complex, that stays completely lit up after closing so that, when swinging towards it at night you can pretend you're in a soviet-era Swedish film, or illustrating a metaphor for the continual pull of the future or some such thing. Peter G. the man and Peter G. the swingset are equally pleasant.

## JULY 19, 1889

LOOK OUT FOR THE KITCHEN BURGLAR.

THE OLYMPIA STAGE IS A THING OF THE PAST.

DELICIOUS LAWTON BLACKBERRIES ARE MAKING THEIR APPEARANCE IN SMALL QUANTITIES.

WOULD YOU HAVE YOUR CHILDREN AND YOUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN CALL YOU BLESSED? THEN DO SOMETHING FOR THE RAILROAD.

IN THE WORDS OF THE PREACHER, "IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO, GO ABOUT IT AND DO IT WITH ALL YOUR VIM, AND THEN STOP TALKING ABOUT IT."

AN OLYMPIA YOUNG MAN SPARKS HIS BEST GIRL IN TUMWATER BY TELEPHONE. AN EASTSIDER BEATS THAT ALL TO SMASH. HE SITS DOWN WITH HIS GIRL JUST UNDER THE TELEPHONE WIRES AND THEN POURS OUT HIS SOUL IN UNISON WITH THE ACHILLEINE STRAINS OF THE WIRES.

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN SANITARY REGULATIONS SHOULD BE STRICTLY ENFORCED.

SOUND TRAVEL IS BRISK.

LOOSE THE OLD DOG TONIGHT.

JULY 19, 2009

Summer.

Still raining.

The zine is finished.

Lil Wayne is awesome.

Charles Portis is awesome.

We hope the readers are happy.

Everything is Awesome.

If a man on the street asks you for this years summer jam, the answer is "Haters Everywhere" by B.o.B.

"What's up, Alex!"

"Hey."

"How you been?!"

"Unemployed."

"Me too!"

- overheard on the bus.

Ho, for Kim Chi Soup. Funwater is mad for kim chi

soup, 5.25 at spicy ginger.

Milk is too expensive. We've made the switch to milkless oatmeal.

this zine was written to the sounds of these six albums:

*The Carter III*, Lil Wayne; *With Oden on our Side*, Amon Amarth; *24 Hour Revenge Therapy*, Jawbreaker; *Donuts*, J. Dilla; *Greatest Hits*, Tanya Tucker; *Pink*, Boris.

"Hey Thomas, I forgot to tell you, I have some information about Skinhead Jack.....He's back in town."

-overheard on the bus.

The best boardgames played during the making of the zine were: Race for the Galaxy, Power Grid, Through the Ages, Friedrich, Galaxy Trucker, and Genji.

The Funwater youth are spending their wednesdays at skateland. Two dollars without skates, one dollar with

skates, a dollar just to watch.

We've entered the angry heat of summer. People with sticky backs yell at each other across town, arguing about every just because they're itchy and hot.

A group of pudgy, scruffy curly-headed men have taken to having intellectual arguments outside Batdorf and Bronson. They're there every morning, each with his own philosophical point, all looking like variations of D. Boone.

"But that's a feeling beyond words---"

"The human mind is the most complex machine designed."

-overheard talk between two D. Boones.

Funwater grows smaller every year. Real life and futures beckons like an office building. But watching Degrassi and playing zombie video games with your best friend and his brother in his last two months in Funwater before he moves on to Portland, is the best

way to spend a summer.

All of Funwater is mad about Doctor Who, China Mieville, Vladimir Nabokov, and The Wire. All of Funwater is in love with Omar.

Trader Joe's in the old Good Guys spot? Believe it.

Video Games beaten during the making of this zine: Shadow of the Colossus, Super Mario Sunshine, Mass Effect, Mark of Kri, Killer7, Dark Cloud 2. This is a lie. I did not beat Dark Cloud 2. But I got so close.

Insomnia has struck Gleesky Prospect. Lindsey is up all night frying donuts, and we are at home, sleepless, watching the sunrise and sci-fi films.

The Southgate center used to be a hole in the ground, a Tumwater elder told me during a haircut. We called it the Trosper pit, he said, teenagers would hang around it Friday evenings. And I fell in love with the town all over again.



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*Thank you for reading this zine. It is always appreciated.*

*If you want to order more copies, or just talk, you can write me at :*

*613 Ensley Lane  
Tumwater, WA 98501  
All issues are three dollars.*

*You can also reach me through email at:  
zachboyofdestiny@gmail.com*

*Thank you!*

*-Zach Mandeville  
July 22, 2009  
Funwater*