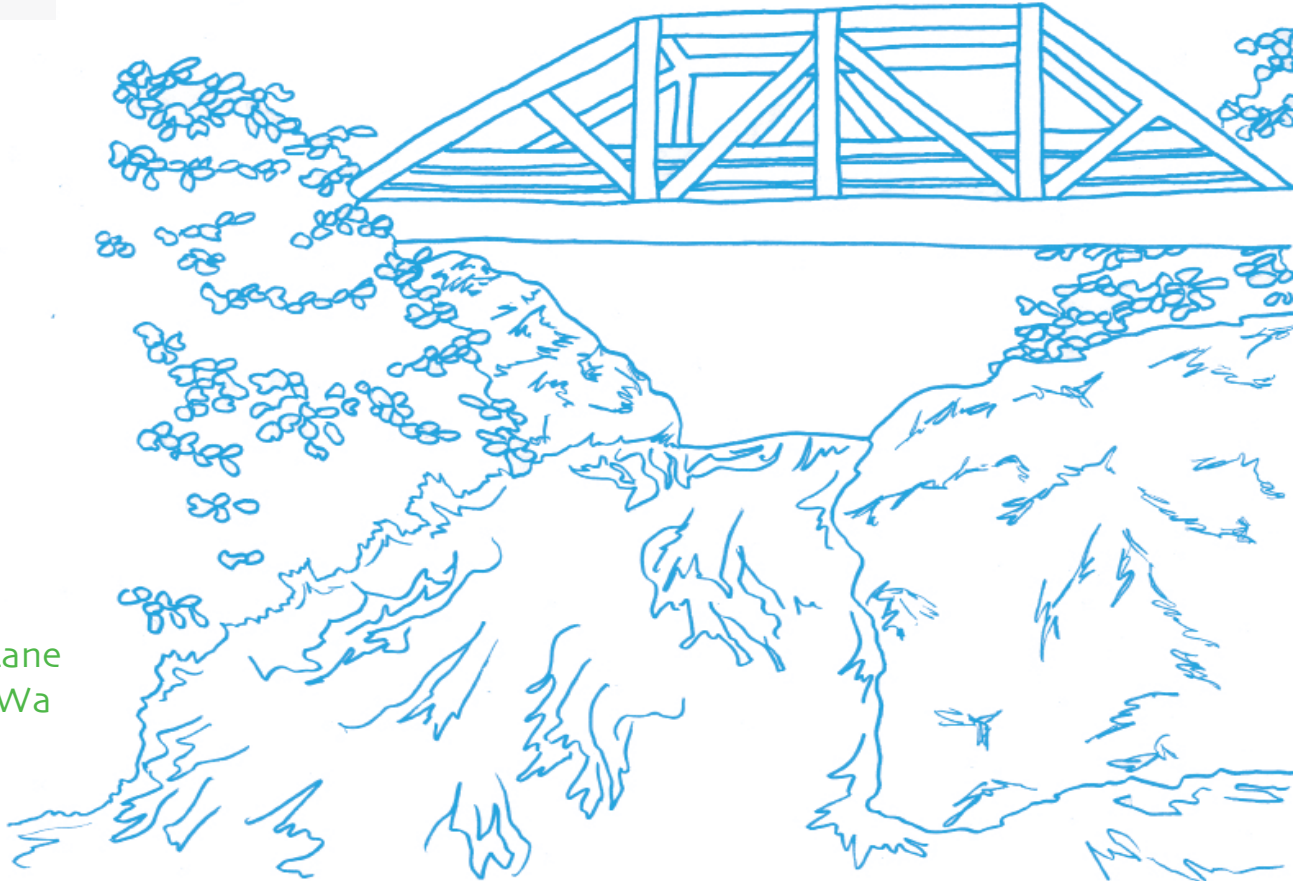


\$3

Funwater Awesome 3



613 Ensley Lane
Tumwater, Wa
98501

TUMWATER IS CERTAINLY RENEWING ITS AGE. A FLYING VISIT TO THAT LITTLE CITY EVIDENCES THAT THE OLD SPIRIT OF PUSH AND ENTERPRISE HAS RECEIVED A NEW IMPETUS. MR. GEO. GOLBACH IS DOING A LIVELY BUSINESS IN THE REAL ESTATE LINE, CONVINCING THE PEOPLE THAT THERE IS GOOD POLICY IN A FREQUENT CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP OF PROPERTY. THE UPPER SAWMILL IS RUNNING AGAIN. MR. ESTERLY IS AT HIS OLD WORK OF FINE WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING, AND THE HUM OF INDUSTRY IS HEARD ALL OVER THE ONCE QUIET TOWN.

THERE IS NO DRINK QUITE SO DELICIOUS AND SPARKLING, PURE AND WHOLESOME AS THAT MADE FROM HIRES IMPROVED ROOT BEER PACKAGES. DID YOU EVER TRY IT? IT IS ONE OF THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

-JOHN MILLER MURPHY
AUGUST 9, 1889



FUNWATER AWESOME

Hello you sweet, beautiful people!

Welcome, welcome, welcome to Funwater Awesome 3! It is good to write to you again, like this-- it is good to speak to all you faithful readers, you fine Funwater citizens!

It's a Monday and I'm writing in the kitchen. After spending half an hour looking for the perfect writing music, I've settled for the sound of the dryer going, and a bird and distant jet outside carried from outside through my screen window.

It was my birthday recently. I'm now 23. I got a borders' giftcard and with it, I bought Peterson's field guide to trees. I'd like to finally be able to identify completely the trees around me, instead of calling all of them either big, little, cherry, or pine. I haven't done too well with it yet, but I've gone and snapped a twig from our backyard tree and can now identify that full summer scent coming through the window as a dogwood flower, and the sharp nostalgic smell atop it as the screen window itself. Small accomplishments.

It has been too long between issues, And Funwater is a changed place. Lindsey and I are living back in

Funwater now(after two years as expatriates living in Olympia). We live in a duplex high on a hill that I've deemed Gleesky Prospect. I'm still a writer/lover/barber, and Lindsey is a baker/dishwasher/prepcook at the Mason Jar, a pure Funwater restaurant. We've got two kittens now, Friedrich and Iggy. Iggy's off sleeping and Friedrich is sitting at the top of the writing pad as I write this, batting at my pen.

I must stop now. I tried to deceive you readers, pretending that all these paragraphs were written in one gush of thought at my table. This is not true, it's been many table sittings, at a few different places.

I started this intro last April, when i thought that issue could be almost done. In the line break between those first few paragraphs Lindsey and I got engaged(on a fantastic September day, at the mima mounds, surrounded by gas station candy) I lost my job at Bryce's (in a strange, sad falling out) and got a new barbering gig two blocks away, with a wonderful woman named Tommie who reminds me of my Grandma, at the Hotel Olympian Barbershop. I'm sitting in my barber chair as I write this, feeling lonely(as I do whenever I write) and pretending,

wishing, I was at home, in my kitchen, listening to Jawbreaker and the churn of my dishwasher.

But the Shop is good. It was once the resident barber for visitors staying in the Hotel above(which is now low-rent apartments), getting cuts before they went to the Opera house across the street or the hotel ballroom(which is now a restaurant and shopping center) around the corner. In fact, to use the bathroom I have to go through the restaurant lobby, with its grandiose balconies, and ghost of a dancing floor filled with empty tables, and two cooks always arguing about shifts in the cigarette scented back hallway. It all has this feel of faded glory. And the bathroom uses the same urinal cakes as my elementary school, so each time I pee it brings me back to third grade, which has a sort of faded glory itself.

Our town arts center is across the street from the shop and its entrance doors are outlined in wide strips of gold. Each time the door opens the gold turns liquid and ripples with the sun and reflection of cars and looks for a moment like stepped-in puddles, or sheets whipping on a clothesline. It's really pleasant to watch, and I want someone else to enter the art

center, to repeat the scene again, but no one will so instead I'll write to you guys about it, and preserve and repeat it here.

Welcome to Funwater Awesome 3!

I don't think I talked about Funwater enough the last two issues. I'm trying to correct it with the next two, writing about things to see or do if you guys visit, or re-see and redo if you already live here but have grown out of love with the place. This issue I've done a uselessly exhaustive review of candy stores around town. Next issue I've written a short history of town founders and reviews of swing sets, compiled into one article to save time for you, the discerning traveler and time-crunched reader.

Also interspersed throughout are excerpts from my work in progress, a chapter book I'm working (and in progress) on. The book is about Tumwater, video games, brothers, and busses. This issue has chapters 1 through 3 and they should be read in order.

The opening quote is from the editor of the Daily Standard, an Olympia newspaper from the turn of the century. He had a column called "Mere

Mention” that was just a list of his musings, advice, and recommendations. They had the columns collected at the State Library and I fell in love with his writing, and the town he wrote about, and the nuggets of Funwater hidden within. I’ve included a few of his columns in this zine, so you can love Funwater too, circa 1890 and 2009.

The cartoon images used for the candy review are from Ryan Buck, local cartoonist/illustrator and comics purveyor. More of his work can be found at gogetemcomics.blogspot.com. All the advertisements are from old phone books. All the writing’s from the heart.



LES FAUVER JUNK CO.

WE BUY & SELL JUNK OF ALL KINDS
Power Winch to Handle Any Size Job
PICK UP SERVICE
FL 2-1348
Turn Left at Deschutes Animal Clinic
R F D 5 Box 118 South Tumwater

JANUARY 11, 1889

BY JOHN MILLER MURPHY

RAIN.
MORE STRANGERS.
LUNAR RAINBOWS.
SLEIGHING IS PREDICTED.

REAL ESTATE IS BOOMING.

THE COLD IS STRENGTHENING.

THE RESTAURANTS HAVE CROWDED TABLES.

COL. SMITH OF GOLDENDALE IS IN TOWN.

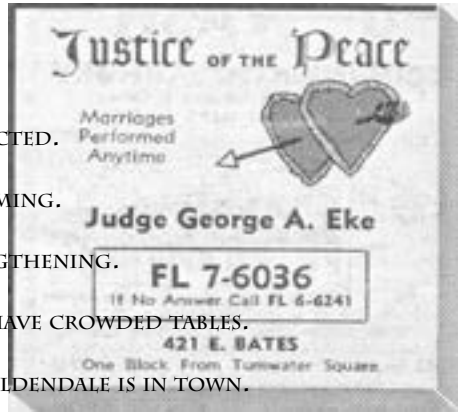
DO YOU OWN A LOT? THEN BUILD A HOUSE.

THE UNION PRAYER MEETINGS ARE WELL ATTENDED.

REAL ESTATE DEALERS ARE SURFEITED WITH BUSINESS.

COURT IS STILL DISPENSING EQUITABLE DOSES OF JUSTICE.

OLD WINTER IS WAKING UP TO A SENSE OF HIS JUST RIGHTS.



Justice OF THE Peace

Marriages Performed Anytime

Judge George A. Eke

FL 7-6036
If No Answer Call FL 6-6241

421 E. BATES
One Block From Tumwater Square.

HOTEL REGISTERS INDICATE THAT THE PEOPLE ARE ABROAD.

VETERAN HUNTERS REPORT SNOW TO BE FALLING IN THE FOOTHILLS.

TWO SONS OF MR. B. VINCENT ARE SUFFERING FROM TYPHOID FEVER.

UNCLE JOE IS INCREASING THE CAPACITY OF THE OLYMPIA SAWMILL.

THE TOWN IS FULL OF DRUMMERS AND THEY ARE ALL PLYING AT ONCE.

DUCK HUNTING IS STILL THE FAVORITE PURSUIT OF AMATEUR NIMRODS.

IT IS ABOUT NIP-AND-TUCK BETWEEN THE GAS LIGHTS AND THE DENSE FOGS.

THE GOOD PEOPLE OF TUMWATER ARE OBSERVING THE WEEK OF PRAYER.



Upholstery
by MASTER CRAFTSMEN

REMODEL RECOVER REPAIR

OLDS' UPHOLSTERY
Pickup & Delivery

FL 2-8394

Across From State Bank Bldg.
1787 S. Capital Bldg. — Tumwater



CHAPTER ONE

THE phone rang and scattered my dream and my hand sprang forward awake. It fumbled across the nightstand and the pile of paper and pens to find the phone shuddering beneath an open book.

“Hello?” my voice cracked.

“Hi Owen, it’s your mother.”

My chest caved in, “What’s wrong?”

“I’m worried about your brother,” she said.

“Worried?” I rubbed my forehead with my palm. Her voice sounded chipper and clear. I squinted to read the green, floating time on the other side of the bed.

“He doesn’t call at all anymore.”

“Mom. It’s 4:30 in the morning.”

“Oh God! Geez, look at me. I always forget about the time difference! I swear my mind is gone.” Something started whistling behind her voice.

“Are you making tea?”

“Yes, Owen, can you hold on a second?”

The line clacked and my mind wandered across the country to her side of the call, to the clean, yellow counter she had set the phone down on, the window above the sink lined with sponges and glass soap containers, the white lace curtain breaking the rose-bushes outside into small diamonds .

“I’m back.”

“What?” I returned to my bed.

“I’m sorry, you need sleep. You sound tired. But can you visit your brother? He hasn’t called in three weeks and he’s usually so good about it.” She took a

sip.

"You haven't heard from him in three weeks? Have you tried calling him?" I said.

"Oh, he always picks up when I call. No, don't worry, I talked to him just last night. But it's always me calling him. I can barely remember the last time he called."

"Why are you doing this, Mom?"

"What?" she blew on her tea.

"It's 4:30 in the morning!"

"Don't get snippy, Owen, I said I was sorry. I thought your brother was acting different and, all things considered, I was concerned." Voices rose up sharply in the background. I could hear Al Roker coming from her tiny kitchen TV. "There's no reason you two can't spend more time together. It would do you both good"

"Okay," I said.

"How are you doing?" She took another sip of tea.

"I'm fine."

"How's Laura?"

"She's good."

"Are you still working at that grocery store?"

"I am. Been there three months now."

"I'm proud of you. I really am."

"I stock lunchmeat."

"You are the Deli manager. Don't downplay it. You're always so hard on yourself. You are a good person, and you are amazingly strong."

"But I really just stock lunchmeat."

"You know that's not what I'm talking about."

"Thank you, mom."

She always listens to the TV so loudly. I could hear Willard Scott talking about Birthdays and Smuckers jam.

"I gotta get back to bed, Mom."

"Goodnight, sweetie."

My eyes had adjusted and I stared at the silver outline of our chair at the end of the bed, piled with a black lump of clothes. I looked at the clock again and listened to the rain. Laura's probably on lunch, I thought and went back to sleep.

The alarm clock woke me up again at 6:30. I swung over and pounded the snooze button with my fist then turned the clock off. An outline of light beamed from behind the window blinds and illuminated the pieces of the bedroom a dull, dark gray. It was still raining outside, strumming down the sides of the house and filling the room with a skittery noise.

An interruption like last night's call used to be enough to keep me in bed all day. I would lay there searching for a reason it'd be worth it to wake up today, and too often would find nothing. But that phase is over. This new Owen is strong, he is a trooper, he has a routine to complete and patterns to see and he will find worth in this day. And so, though it felt like my eyes were covered in sand, I got up to open the blinds and let in the morning.

The morning sun travelled through the room and turned it a lighter gray, sharpened the lines of the furniture, and came to rest in a square of carpet, bright and undulating with the reflection of rain. I stared at the square of light, and in my sleep-starved mind, still half-stuck in a dream, thought the light owed me rent

money.

I don't know how to write these things, perspective-wise. First person feels awkward, and third person feels pompous. I, Owen Breese, man of action, walked over to our chair, grabbed a work polo and pants, and went to the bathroom.

I can't start my day without listening to something. It's like morning and music is a food and wine pairing and the showers unpalatable without some song. We have a stereo in the bathroom overgrown with towels and shed clothing, and a pile of CDs next to it, each with lines of moisture on their back and some perfect song inside them. I pilfered through the pile and picked a CD, an old mix Laura had made me. The stereo began playing "On the Lam" by the Dying Californian, and I stepped into the shower.

About this song. If you ever start a business with friends out of some two story house (office in the attic, bedrooms on first floor, dry erase boards in the hallway) and business goes sour, life gets awful, awful to a point of near starvation, and depression so hard

you forget how to walk...If you and your friend one day say fuck it all, let's start over and decide to burn the whole place down and start a new life completely, this is the perfect song to burn it all down to. In fact, as you stand on your front lawn on a hot summer day with the gasoline waves in the air and watch your home burst open in flames with every memory, invoice, and piece of clothing still inside it, this song would spring naturally from you, like songs recited at the peak of battle in old Irish poetry.

The shower was going well. I was done washing my body and was lathering up my hair and got to the part of the song where the upper floor explodes into flames and I'm watching from the ground singing, "Even if your whole life is empty!", and feel a tap on my shoulder, look over to see my friend (and business partner) standing next to me and he goes, "OH-hh OHHH OHHH!" in bellowing harmony. We were standing tall in the grass singing and listening to the timbers crack and then the song started skipping.

"Fucking A!" I snapped back to the bathroom and got soap in my eyes. I stood in the shower with a

foaming head hoping the song would pull through the skip and finish. I heard tubas join in and realized it had somehow skipped backwards into the previous track.

"Oh c'mon!" I said, quickly rinsing. I dried off to the hammer pound of skipping tuba clatter then skipped ahead two tracks, put my polo and pants on, and left to get cereal.

I could still hear the stereo from the kitchen, now playing Metarie by Brendan Benson. Laura had left some coffee for me in the fridge. I quickly gulped down the cup then grabbed milk for my bowl of life cereal. I made it all the way to the end of the song this time, and the rain hitting our window mixed nicely with the music, but as the song faded out it started skipping, repeating the same ambient studio noise. I lost all energy to get up change it, so I listened to the music click and whoosh like someone opening a can of tennis balls over and over, ate my cereal, and stared at the wall.

I remember in the summers my brother always had to wake up early, whether it was for extra school or some summer job. His room was right next to mine,

and his alarm clock would wake me up as well. He would turn on his record player and get ready in his room. He always played the same record, this 70's album by a guy named Tomita, who played classical music on old early synthesizers. I would lay there in the dark listening to him shuffle around and "The Prelude" bubbling up in pure, vacuum tube tones and think, My brother is amazing.

The last time I saw him was near a month ago. He was standing on 4th and Franklin downtown wearing tight, red sweatpants, holding an old baking sheet and looking confused.

After breakfast I stared at the wall some more and listened to the stereo struggle and whir. I turned it off, then shuffled to the living room, fell into our leather chair, and turned on the gamecube. Animal Crossing showed up on the screen, which meant Laura had written me. I signed in and ran my little dog man to the bulletin board and found her message. It read:

Baby Hello-

Good morning! I hope you are doing happy and good. In case you are not, I made an outfit for your man! I created

the pattern myself. They say it's supposed to rain tomorrow, so wear a jacket. I'm leaving your notebook next to the door. Write tomorrow, even just a page. I gotta head to work so I'm gonna go kiss you goodnight.

You are sleeping so cutely right now. I hope you sleep completely through the night tonight. You're too tired.

Love you,

-Laura

I ran my dog man back to his house and checked the closet to find a new bright blue suit with lightning strikes. I put it on then ran back to the bulletin board:

Laura-

The suit is great. My mom called me at 4:30 this morning, just to chat. Hope your day went well and all people slept soundly. I'll see you tonight.

Love You,

Owen

And the day fell into place.

I ran around a bit more, the squirrel-faced man called me a slacker and told me to clean up the general store, and I turned the game off. Then, with the rain

cadencing on the doorstep outside, and my jacket zipped to my chin, I ran to catch the bus.

Laura brought home a journal the other day as a gift, and suggested I should start writing again, being creative again, and this would be a good outlet. She used the same supportive, understanding tone as six months ago when she suggested I start wearing pants again, make it outside at some point of the day, maybe look for a job. I knew that if she came home, and I was pantless and pissed off about Judge Mathis' rulings on the court shows that day or the condescension I found in a Brewery City Pizza ad I found in the mail on my one trip outside, she wouldn't be upset, or disappointed or anything, but would calmly make the suggestions again. And if I left all these journal pages blank, she would say nothing, but would leave the notebook in a more prominent place and make sure I have enough pens. Maybe it's this incredible kindness I find inspiring, or maybe I worry she's settling and I need to prove myself wrong, but on the bus right now, three strangers came on wearing the same red hoodie and

sat on the long front benches in a triangle surrounding a man in a pale blue shirt. None of them knew each other, or noticed the perfect pattern they created, and I felt I needed to at least write that down, but then decided to write about the rest of my morning first.

FEBRUARY 22, 1889

BY JOHN MILLER MURPHY

BIZ.
REAL ESTATE.
REAL BUSINESS.
FEBRUARY 22ND.
OLYMPIA'S BOOM.
TOWN WIDE-AWAKE.
EVERYTHING LOVELY.
SURVEYORS ARE BUSY.
OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
MORE PLEASANT WEATHER.
SIX MORE DAYS OF WINTER.

TUMWATER BUILDER'S SUPPLY CO

OUR LUMBER IS UNDER COVER

"Everything to Build Anything"

ACROSS FROM POINT TAVERN

6950 Capitol Bv-----FL 2-1341

Tumwater Lumber Mills Co
902 W Bay Dr--FL 7-3366

OUR WOODLONE IS LEAVING. GARDEN MAKING HAS COMMENCED.

HO, FOR THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

EGGS ARE PLENTIFUL AT 25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

OLYMPIA FLOWER GARDENS ARE AGLOW.

PANSIES, VIOLETS AND DAISIES ARE BLOOMING.

OLYMPIA IS PASSING THROUGH ITS TRANSITION STATE.

THERE ARE NOW 43 PATIENTS IN ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL.

A WHOLE VILLAGE OF NEW RESIDENCES IS GOING UP ON WESTSIDE.

COMMERCIAL DRUMMERS ARE BOOMING THEIR SPRING SAMPLES

CAPT. MESSEGE ASSUMES THE DUTIES OF HIS OFFICE NEXT MONDAY.

MR. J.C. HERR LEFT, LAST THURSDAY, FOR A VISIT TO HIS OLD HOME IN OHIO.

THE GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY ARE DAILY IMPROVING THEIR PREMISES.

THE MUSIC OF THE SAW AND HAMMER IS HEARD IN EVERY PORTION OF THE CITY.

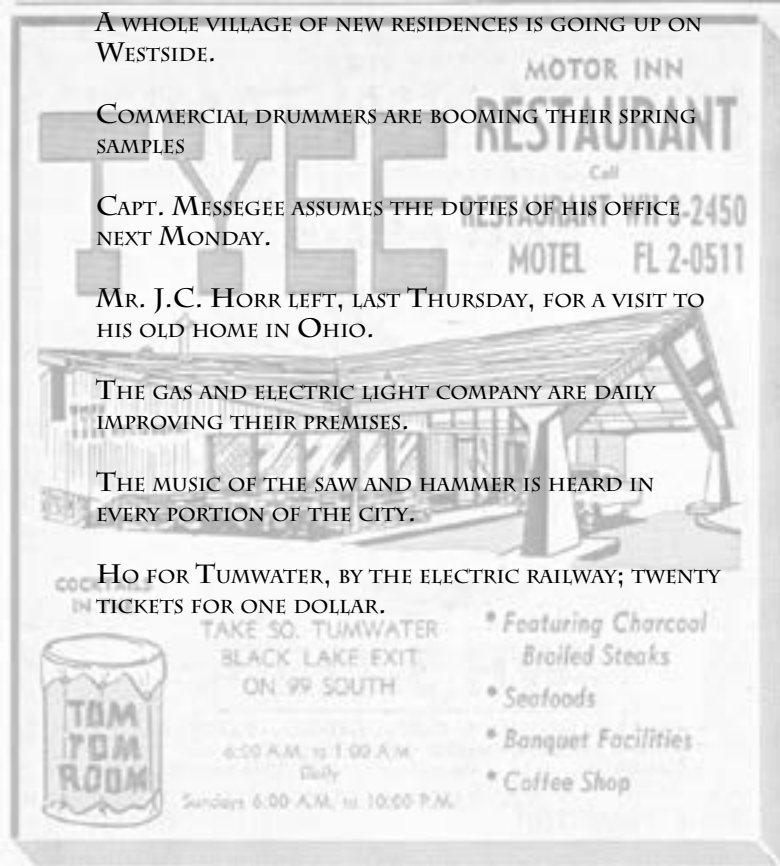
HO FOR TUMWATER, BY THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY; TWENTY TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR.



TAKE SO. TUMWATER
BLACK LAKE EXIT,
ON 99 SOUTH

6:00 A.M. to 1:00 A.M.
Daily
Sundays 6:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.

- Featuring Charcoal Broiled Steaks
- Seafoods
- Banquet Facilities
- Coffee Shop



EXCERPT FROM
MY BROTHER!

I work at the West Side Grocery Outlet, 30 minutes, 2 busses, and 9 songs across town. It was 8:27 when I clocked in, so I took the few extra minutes to read Vince Lombardi's pithy tips on success, forwarded to Larry from Gus Wultry at G.O 34, then printed and pasted onto our break room Wall. They all dealt with arriving places on time, being ready to work, and coming to win. Check, Check, Check, I thought.

I poured some coffee into my mug and placed it in the microwave, and as I turned it on someone in the warehouse turned on the bailer and the two machines joined in with the fridge humming next to me for a few seconds of accidental harmony, refreshing like a cold wind.

I grabbed my apron from my locker and slipped O Pioneers! from my jacket into the apron pocket. I picked up a scrap of cardboard from Caruso the bailer and with coffee and cardboard in hand stepped out onto the sales floor.

I am the deli man for Grocery outlet, responsible for all refrigerated foods. I look at what the deli section needs, go into the back fridge and grab it, then come back and stock it. Sometimes I make orders or handle incoming deli loads, but most of my day is spent walking back and forth from fridge to fridge, one trip with full boxes, the next with flattened cardboard. If someone sped up the security camera footage they'd see me become a line from sales floor to backroom door, a line growing slower and slouchier as the day progressed—the exact opposite of those time-lapse videos showing

blooming flowers. My friend Jeff works the freezer, and becomes a similar line, and was already walking around his aisle, checking the temperatures on each frozen section and marking it in a binder.

“What’s up, Buddy!” He said, holding his arms out low like he was offering a hug.

“Good Morning!” I said, walking past to check the milk.

The milk section is the best section. Best to stock, best to check, best to start your morning with. If all fridge foods were packaged in cartons I would be so happy, snoopy dancing up and down the aisle with boxes of hot dogs and limp cartons of yoghurt. But for now (until science catches up) it is only milk. I wrote down how many crates of skim, whole, and in between we needed on my cardboard and headed to the fridge with a handtruck.

The milk is kept on the immediate right of the fridge in tall crate towers with “Please Return to WILCOX FARMS” stenciled on their sides. We are given long metal poles with hooks on the end to latch onto the crate handles and pull them around the fridge

more easily. On slow days I set up the crates in a circle around me and, with a pole in each hand, move them around, pretending I’m Dr. Octopus. Today I just stacked them onto the hand truck and headed back outside.

“Have you ever seen Get Over It?” Jeff asked me as I set my handtruck next to his on the sales floor. He opened a case of Encore TV dinners, then walked over to the freezer and dumped them down in a perfect row.

“No, I haven’t,” I answered when he came back. He tore open another box. I took a gulp of coffee and placed the cup next to the toilet paper on the endcap, then grabbed a milk crate and walked over to the cooler.

“Do you remember the part where the Drama girl is putting up a poster for tryouts?” he asked me when I returned.

“I haven’t seen the movie,” I said. He opened a box of frozen corn and walked away. I grabbed a milk crate.

Jeff came over the cooler where I was stocking skim milk, holding a flattened corn box, "Well, Marybelle looks exactly like that Drama Girl," he said.

Marybelle was the produce manager. She was 20 feet from us in her section, and I squinted to get a better look. She squeezed an avocado, then brought it to her face and smelled it.

"I think it's her glasses," Jeff said, "Something about her eyes... her whole upper face, really." He put the flattened box into a grocery cart, now half-filled with flattened boxes, and walked back to his handtruck.

I finished stocking the milk, then grabbed a discarded box of Jeff's to write what else I needed. Butter is always a big seller and, predictably its section of shelf was bare. Hot dogs and lunch meat were also, predictably, picked over. Cheese offered a surprise. Cheddar, our guaranteed seller, was almost untouched since yesterday, but my wheel of Brie was gone. A wheel of cheese is like the wheel of Fortuna, and no cheese, not even fontina, can know how its fate shall turn. I wrote down MEAT, BUTTER, BRIE on my

flattened box and headed back to the fridge.

After a while of stocking, and telling customers where to find apple sauce and dog food, and lending a buzzed-cut little kid in flip flops 22 cents so he could buy a coke, Jeff tapped me on the shoulder and pointed with his head and thumb to the warehouse. I followed him to the loading dock to take our morning break.

There were extra milk crates stacked next to the loading ramp, ready to be returned to Wilcox. We each took two and set them as chairs on either side of the metal dock door. The rain had let up and puddles in the gravel reflected the pines behind the store. Piles of badly stacked pallets leaned into one another like drunkards and Carlos the freight leader pounded a trash can against the dumpster sending rhythmic clangs across the alley. I wondered what was stuck so stubbornly to the bottom of his trash can, probably yoghurt and a napkin (it's always yoghurt and a napkin). Someone behind us turned on the bailer and I closed my eyes and leaned back against the wall.

"Do you ever wish you had music that followed

you around wherever you went?" Jeff asked me after lighting his cigarette.

"Like a theme song?"

"Like a live band and an entire score."

I scratched my neck, "Every day of my life. To be honest."

"In the beginning of Get Over It, Ben Foster walks to school with a band playing behind him. The entire way to school."

"Of course," I said.

Jeff said "I want Marimba music, like all day, accentuating my actions and emotions. Happy music."

"You're a happy guy. "

Carlos wheeled his can up the ramp and nodded as he passed.

"No...I want to be that musician," Jeff said, "I want someone to pay me to follow him with marimba and play at all his peak moments." I couldn't tell if Jeff was just realizing this, or if this was something he'd been dreaming of for years and now revealing to me.

"You'd want to be subtle, " I said, "Follow him,

but stay slightly hidden."

"Well of course. I'd want just the impression of music all around him, like a perfume. People would come up and talk to him and detect the faintest, most beautiful melody. And later, when thinking about him, they'd hear a tiny marimba in their heads. They wouldn't see me, but I would have to be hidden somewhere close " Jeff pointed his cigarette in emphasis, "I need to be able to improvise, depending on the day."

"It'd be hard to hide with a marimba," I said.

"I guess I could use a glockenspiel then."

"Why are you picking the creepiest instruments?"

"Yeah," Jeff gazed out to the pine trees, his mind elsewhere, "that's what I want to do."

Carlos came out and leaned against the wall, sweating. "Crazy fucking day," He said.

"What time did your load come in?" I asked.

"5:30, And I'm still not done checking it in."

Jeff reached into his apron pocket, "Wanna cigarette?" he offered his pack.

“I don’t have time,”

“Want the rest of mine?”

Carlos took Jeff’s cigarette and inhaled.

“Thank you,” he said, returning it, and went back inside.

Two middle school kids, one pudgy and tall with a flop of curly hair and the other short and wiry, loped and trotted down the alley way, talking in excited low tones, like two old comic strip characters with a grand, half-wit scheme.

“How’s your band going?” I asked Jeff.

“Good! We have a show on Friday.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. At the Midnight Sun. You and Laura should come. We’re playing with like four bands that I don’t really now, but afterwards it’s an all night dance party.”

“Well done!”

A yellow, rusting pick up rattled by with a mattress teetering atop its pile of trash in the back. the truck hit a bump and the mattress slid off and landed in a puddle. The driver stopped, got out, and stared at the

mattress, hands on his hips. Then he drove off and left it behind.

“Now see, that man deserves music.” Jeff said and, thinking on it, added, “something like Yakkety Sax.” He ground his cigarette into the coffee can ashtray, “There’s a funny part when Ben Foster sings the Doublemint Gum theme for like a musical audition. And Drama Girl just can’t believe it. It is awkward.”

“Did you just see this movie?” I asked.

“Last night.”

“Is it good?”

“It’s amazing.” he said and we went back inside.

After break I arranged all the dairy desserts as if they were city council members having a public meeting. I put the Kozy Shack rice pudding in the center as mayor then spread outwards with the lesser desserts, the snackpack puddings and whipped yoghurts. I created an enjoyable drama by putting the Kozy Shack tapioca far to the side of the dessert line, away from all the others. He was the mayoral challenger who lost the race, and Rice Pudding-in

characteristic kindness-offered him an ornamental council seat. I stocked the cheeses below in a half-circle like audience seats.

The mid-morning is the best-time, appearance wise, for the deli. Foot traffic hasn't reached its afternoon intensity and I've had time to stock each section. I took a step back to admire my city hall and the rest of my aisle. Jeff walked over with bags of Pizza Pockets in his hands.

"Look at this Deli, man!" I said.

The milk was fully stocked with each carton going the same way, creating waves with the repeating logo. The meats were arranged like a color swatch, from lightest turkey to crimson pancetta, grading perfectly into the brick red boxes of breakfast sandwiches stocked beside them. Green Farmland sausage boxes made a perimeter around all my foods with cities in their titles (Chicago Pizza Sauce, Boston baked beans, Jakarta iced coffees). Hot dogs lined the bottom like a dust ruffle.

Jeff said, "This is Beautiful, Owen. Really."

"Thank You."

Jeff held up his hands, "Look at all these pizza pockets with holes in their packages. I'm just gonna have to dump them. We can't sell these, right?" He handed me two, "Wanna take lunch?"

After Lunch we worked silently at our different aisles. The afternoon brings more shoppers raiding and dumping the food and we have to work at a frenzied pace just to keep the freezer and deli halfway workable. I was restocking hummus dippers when I felt Larry behind me. I turned around to him holding my coffee cup.

"Owen." he extended the cup forward gravely, "I found this in an end cap."

"I'm sorry." I said, grabbing my cup, "I forgot about it completely."

"We can't be having this," he said, "It doesn't look good. I'm finding your cups all over this store."

"Alright. I apologize." A desperate man burrowed between us to grab a hummus dipper.

"They need to stay in the break room. They're called coffee breaks, right? Drink it then."

I took a swig of coffee, it still had some warmth

in it.

“I will return this to the back.” I said.

Larry grabbed my shoulder warmly, “You do good work. Really. Work hard. Keep it up. Keep the pep up.” his eyes drifted as he said this, his mind already on the next task, and he drifted away to his office mumbling encouragements.

I walked back to the break room and put my cup in the sink. To be truthful, Larry’s talk hit me hard. One of my only joys of this job is drinking coffee while I work. I like talking stock with Jeff, standing in the aisle with cups in hand like two detectives, and I like the cursive curls of steam when mug and I are in the back fridge and how throughout the day I can feel the caffeine wake up different parts of my body like a lone docent turning on museum display lights. And now my absent mind had jeopardized all of this. I walked back to the sales floor empty handed and grabbed my hand truck. Then I went to my other joy of work and read *O! Pioneers* on the toilet.

The book was getting amazing, and the day was nearing 2:30, so after the bathroom I walked to the

break room, *Cather* in hand, and took my afternoon ten. Midway through the break I felt someone sit across the table from me. I didn’t look up, hoping it’d seem like I didn’t hear them and I could keep reading. This may sound rude, but like I said the book was getting amazing. I won’t say too much about it, in case you haven’t read it yet, but there was sex and oak trees and jealous husbands with shotguns and some of her best sentences about grass. I could not stop.

“What’re you reading?”

I looked up to see Marybelle, hands folded on the plastic table, waiting for a response.

“*O! Pioneers.*” I said and turned back to the page.

“Is it good?”

“I like it a lot.”

I don’t understand exchanges like this, the need to talk through your ten minutes. they make me frustrated and tense, like when someone sits down next to you on the airplane with no magazine, music, or pillow and you realize you’re their entertainment for the next three hours. I returned to my book, self-

conscious.

Resting the butt of his gun on the ground, he parted the mulberry leaves softly with his fingers and peered through the hedge at the dark figures on the grass.

“Have you ever read any Anne Rice novels?”

The guns and mulberries returned to the table.

“I have not.”

“I’m reading an amazing one right now. It’s called *Midnight’s Dark Calling*. I think you’d like it.”

I closed *O! Pioneers*. If I continued reading I’d be a snobbish bookhound, up there in assness with dog kickers and people who hold their ears shut at parades.

“What’s it about?” I asked.

“Vampires.” She began. What was her plan if I wasn’t here? Would she have stayed, hands folded, patiently waiting out her ten minutes? Get lost in her thoughts? Read Vince Lombardi again? I’ve got his tips memorized, I have Gus Woltry’s email and quick note memorized (Hey Larry! Thought your team members should read this. Pithy and timeless advice).

I can’t handle being alone with Vince or my thoughts.

“...blood surging. You have to be pretty open, sexually, to enjoy her work though. It goes into some darker arts. I’m a fairly dark person though. I adore her.”

I rubbed my forehead, “That sounds interesting.”

She smiled and turned to the fridge. I read Vince’s third tip. She chuckled and shook her head and I stared at a staple.

“Heh, It’s funny.”

I picked up my book and read the back blurb. She laughed again, “Heheh. It really is funny.”

I put the book down, “What’s funny?”

“Oh,” she turned to me as if I broke her thought, “I was just thinking that I’m taking this Sunday off to go to the beach with Kenny and Lucius.”

Kenny was her husband and Lucius her son. I stared at the table, searching for the joke.

“Are you doing anything for Sunday?”

“What’s Sunday?” I asked.

“Father’s day.”

“It’s on Sunday?!” Marybelle disappeared. Did

Laura have plans? “I don’t think I’m doing anything.” I said.

“Well you should at least call him.”

“I don’t think I can do that.”

“You don’t want to call him?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

She bit her lower lip and tilted her head at me, “You know, I was angry at my father for a long time. Both of my parents actually, but I felt it most strongly at my dad. But the older you get, the more you need them, and you just can’t let that anger last. We’re best friends now.”

“Angry? You think I’m angry?” I could not tell if my voice was rising. I grabbed my book and looked at the clock. “Oh my breaks over! Back to work!” I waved goodbye and left the break room.

I needed to start reading outside, or just take breaks with Jeff. I grabbed a cardboard scrap from the bailer but could not bring myself out to the sales floor. Too many people looking at me, waiting for me to tell them the price of the shit they’re holding. The caffeine was leaving my body and my hands started

to shake. So I took a second break in my fridge, built a throne out of milk crates and hid myself behind Maribelle’s produce pallet.

She came in sometime later (10 minutes, 20 minutes?) holding her notepad and found me staring at the corndog boxes, “Hey! I was looking for you.”

I waved hello.

“I’m sorry if I upset you.” she said, “I really didn’t mean to.”

“No, no you didn’t upset me. I just realized I was way over break.”

“You’re okay?”

“Of course!”

“What are you doing back here?” she asked.

I swept my hand slowly across the fridge expanse, “I’m gazing at my provinces, my citizens.” I pointed to the Yoplait boxes, “Look at the yoghurts, look how hard they work! Such stories in their hands!”

“Are you sure I didn’t upset you?”

“Of course not!”

She looked down at her notepad and grabbed two orange crates and a box of tomatoes then left me alone

to my thoughts.

I walked to the mall after work and got on the 44 bus. It passes by my brother's apartment on its way downtown. The bus was filled with students going to their night classes at SPSCC and brooding middle schoolers heading home from their afternoon at the mall. The bus feels incomplete without an angry youth on it, like a pen without its cap. A n older woman seated in front of me- bedecked in blue pantsuit and gardening hat- talked to two girls across the aisle about Mongolia. I gathered they were visiting from there, and she had seen a documentary about it last night.

"The show said there are a lot of horses in Mongolia? Do you two have horses?"

"We don't own any horses." the closer girl said, bouncing her backpack against her thigh. Her friend rested her head against the seat in front of her.

"Are there a lot of horses in Mongolia, though?"

The friend lifted her head, "I've ridden a horse before."

"Isn't it fun?"

The three talked happily in spurts up to the college, where the two girls got off waving goodbye. The blue-clad woman turned to the window still holding a smile from her conversation and I watched it softly fade into the plain face of a bus ride. I worried I was staring and turned back to my notebook.

As the bus approached my brother's stop, every exception, drawback, and variable came to mind for why I should not visit. He probably wasn't home, and I really should call first, and I needed dinner, and Laura would be up soon, and he may not even live there anymore. The bus announced his stop then passed it, and I continued on downtown, transferred to the 13, and went home to Laura.

FEBRUARY 14, 1889

BY JOHN MILLER MURPHY

THE LARGE ADDITION NOW BEING BUILD ON THE WEST END OF THE OLYMPIA SAWMILL WILL EXTEND NEARLY TO JEFFERSON STREET, AND WHEN FINISHED THE CAPACITY WILL BE MORE THAN DOUBLED. A NEW BOILER IS TO BE PUT IN WHICH WILL MAKE AN INCREASED OF FORTY HORSEPOWER TO THE MACHINERY. THERE WILL DOUBTLESS BE A GREATER CONSUMPTION OF BUILDING MATERIALS NEXT SUMMER AND HOME INDUSTRY SHOULD BE LARGELY ENCOURAGED.

A NEW CROSSING APPEARS ON WASHINGTON STREET, AT THE INTERSECTION OF THIRD.

A NEW COURTHOUSE AND A NEW SCHOOL HOUSE ARE AMONG THE NEXT PUBLIC NECESSITIES.

A NUMBER OF STRANGERS IN PLUG HATS ARE TAKING IN THE LAY OF THE LAND IN TUMWATER.

THE WOOD AND COAL HOUSE IN THE REAR OF THE ODD FELLOWS TEMPLE IS NOW READY FOR USE.

THE BELL DESTINED TO PROCLAIM THE HOURS FROM ODD FELLOWS TEMPLE WEIGHS 500 POUNDS.

OLYMPIA IS TO HAVE A TELEPHONE SYSTEM MANAGED BY A CORPORATION CONTROLLED BY THE BELL CO.

STREET COMMISSIONER CULLEN IS PATCHING THE UNEVEN STREETS WITH GRAVEL FROM THE EASTSIDE BANK.

PHYSICIANS ARE FORCED TO ADMIT THAT THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURE ABOUT THE SMALLPOX WAS THE "SCARE".

OLYMPIA HOTEL KEEPERS ARE OBLIGED TO PRESS INTO SERVICE PRIVATE SLEEPING ROOMS FOR THEIR INCOMING GUESTS.

THE RECENTLY ARRIVED NEW-FANGLED SEATS ARE QUEER THINGS. THE STUDENTS SAY THEY ARE TOO NARROW FOR TWO YOUNG MEN AND MUCH WORSE IN THAT RESPECT FOR TWO YOUNG LADIES, BUT JUST A PERFECT FIT FOR A YOUNG MAN AND A YOUNG LADY.

THE YOUNG FOLKS WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT OUR CITY IS SOON TO HAVE A CANDY FACTORY.





THE JOY OF

**REVIEWS OF
CANDY SHOPS AROUND
FUNWATER WASHINGTON**

After the last issue of Funwater Awesome I received this letter:

ZACH:

Most people are fine with the pointless feel-good of your zine, but I, for one, want more than what's in the flabby folds of your head. There is nothing practical in your zine! Nothing of quantifiable SUBSTANCE! Where are the true Tumwater tales, the lessons, the stories of some use to people of today? Good minds want to know.

-Hester Heckles

This letter hurt. Partly because I've worked hard (neck stretches, eye brow exercises) to keep the flabby folds off my head, but mostly because Hester was right. I promised you, gentle readers, a zine about Funwater. In the first issue I promised town histories and simple Funwater lessons, and neither have yet to be given. If someone wanted to learn anything practical-liquid measurements, how to buy a stereo, even how to locate Funwater on a map-this zine would offer nothing..

For this I apologize.

But, to be truthful, I don't know many practical things. I would love to offer helpful how-to's and reading guides, but I don't even know how to lock my pants zipper so that the fly doesn't open eight times a day (I just obsessively check my pants like a pervert).

But if there's one thing I do know. It's candy. And if there's one thing I know about Funwater, it's where to find the best candy. And so I offer to you, gentlest of readers, double ply aloe-treated kleenexiest of readers!, The Candy store guide to Funwater, Washington.

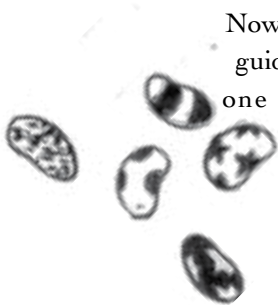
A COUPLE THINGS BEFORE WE GO

There are only two types of candy in Funwater: bagged and bulk. Within these two types is a stunning array of flavors, shapes, and textures, but outside these types we really don't care. Also, I don't give a fuck about chocolate. These are harsh words, I know, but I need to be honest before I go any further and the words will only get harsher from here.

This means we will not be visiting any cocoa eateries, or homemade truffle stands or anything like that. I don't know if we even have them here or not, because I physically cannot see them. Chocolate does not concern me.

Where we will visit are the supermarkets, gas stations, and corner stores of Funwater.

Now, If I covered every single one this guide would become a guide book-one I could very easily write, but perhaps a dream best left dreamt. Instead, I offer the highlights, the best and the worst, all in Funwater



proper, except for one brief foray into the Westside Top Foods. We will judge them on bagged and bulk, ease of browsing, selection, freshness, respect for the food, and soda selection. Soda is vital for enjoying candy, and will be treated as such.

Our first store is **The Tumwater Safeway(520 Cleveland Avenue SE)**. This is the perfect example of a grocery store that does not care about candy. It had a remodel several years back and upped its fanciness, rustic wood floors in the produce section and a full-line of paninis-but their general incompetence still shows through, like a friend adopting a British accent then sending you a letter filled with misspellings. The candy aisle is a good example of this. They've stocked it with fancy chocolates that taste like chalk and sacrificed the rest of their selection in the process.

The candy section is located in the center of the store behind their seasonal displays. Symbolically this is insulting, as if candy was a passing fad like Christmas. Pragmatically, it's hard to find the aisle when the giant easter bunnies, back to school binder towers, and summer grills and picnic tables are blocking the way.

Once you do find the aisle there's not much to see. They have all the basics, but no excitement, no shocking choices or hidden wonders-the fuzzy cola bottles, or trolli's second-string gummies. So while it works, there's no pleasure in it. Also, the bagged candies come in frustrating sizes. They either have the tiny 50 cent bags of Swedish fish with 6 or 7 fish inside, or the giant office jar refill bags that either end up stale and forgotten in some drawer or pounding, giant, and angry in the bottom of your stomach.

Their soda section is equally haphazard. Again, they have coke and Pepsi and all the standards, but no vanilla coke or Pepsi with lime or Sprite remix. Their sweet teas are limited to Peach Snapple, diet peach Snapple, and yoo-hoo. While they sometimes have new sodas and juices for sale, they do not keep them stocked. They entice you, make you love the new flavor, and take it away forever, without reason, like getting a hamster for a pet, over and over. They did it with Virgil's root beer, they did it with Simple's blueberry tea, and they will do it again to me and I don't know why.

Safeway has a bulk section, but I don't want

to talk about it. It is nothing but Brach's candies, Werther's originals, and candy corn--all the candy that comes packaged in dust. To add to this, they have it stationed in the meat department, next to their discounted DVDs. It's an angry, humiliating floor plan.

Safeway is the candy store equivalent of opening up your parent's cupboards looking for a snack and all you find are crackers. And not good crackers, but pilotbread, metamucil cakes, and saltines of unknown age, so old the salt has evaporated off them by some strange pantry science.

Do not buy candy here.

On a happier note we should continue to a happier store: the **Tumwater Fred Meyer(555 Trospen Rd. SW)**. Fred Meyer's is a rare corporate store that cares for and respects its candy buyers. They don't have the



satisfying idiosyncrasy and aliveness of Golden Age Mega-Foods, but where they do excel is sheer variety and sophisticated organization. .

Their aisle begins with theatre boxes of candy in a well-presented endcap then fades into their bagged gummies section They have Haribo ribs, raspberries, and happy colas. They have a full Trolli fruit ring supply-the apple-O's, peach-o's, melon-O's, and even Tropic-O's- plus the unloved, but completely delicious, Strawberry Puffs. They have the rarely seen Farley gummies. Their bags of Kroger candy (Fred Meyer's home brand) are cheap and gigantic.

Their candy bars are equally maximalist. All the standard Snickers, Musketeers, Kit Kats and Milky Ways, along with Oh Henry's, Cow Tales, Salty Nut Rolls, Sesame Snaps, and Charlie Chews.

From here they move into Chocolates (which they have in great supply, though all I see is a vacuum) and finally bubble gum. Lining the bottom of the aisle



are the novelty candys, the toy-candy hybrids I am not completely comfortable with, but am glad they carry-cellphones filled with bubble gum, chiclet containers with working fans and airplanes on top and so on.

Where Fred Meyer's falters is their soda section and bulk. Bulk is the same as Safeway, though located at the end of the candy aisle, and their soda is sparse. They do not have all flavors of Mountain Dew (don't even ask them about Dewocracy) and it's location in the back of the store next to the cheeses doesn't make sense to me.

They are so close to being a great candy store. They just don't have that immediacy, that genius, that other stores possess. They are Dave Barry, pleasing to all but nobody's favorite, compared to Mega Food's Walt Whitman with its unwavering, heart-racing, life. But we digress.

So let us cross the street to **Albertson's(705 Trosper Rd. SW)**. Now, I do not usually go in here; not because of any bias against them, just because they make their employees wear loose overshirts with tiny repeating designs that kind of look like scrubs,

and I feel like I'm being helped by sad, teenage dental assistants. This freaks me out. But I needed to do a full candy store review, for you the demanding reader, so Lindsey and I went to see what sort of Candy they offered.

On immediately entering, a woman at a charity table offered us Root Beer Floats for a dollar. I of course accepted, my voice shaky with gratitude, and we walked around their aisles with foaming, red plastic cups. This was the only good thing about the store.

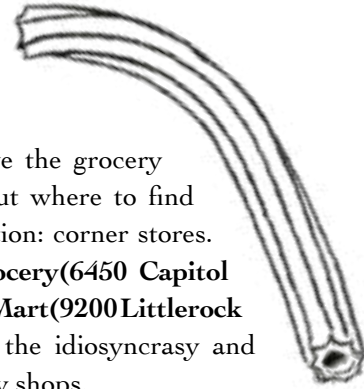
Their candy section takes up a quarter aisle in a far, dim corner. The rest of the aisle is kitty litter, laundry soap, and cat toys. When I say respect towards candy lovers, this is what I mean. Putting candy next to cat litter is an insult. They know they have to have candy, to qualify as a store, but they don't care where it's placed, like toilet paper jammed into a shoe to make your foot fit. Their selection was abysmal, absent of base items like M&Ms and Hershey's chocolate bars. You know, I don't even want to talk about it anymore. But let me say say this, Albertson's: When your selection is Sugar Free Nut Clusters, Butterscotch suckers,

Odor-Locking scoop away and Bridge Mix- you do not have a candy section.

I'd now like to leave the grocery stores behind, and talk about where to find the best bagged candy selection: corner stores. Specifically, **South End Grocery(6450 Capitol Blvd)**, and **Villa Grove FoodMart(9200 Littlerock Road)**. These places have the idiosyncrasy and heart of the truest, best candy shops.

I am about to speak highly of two stores with smaller candy sections than Fred Meyer's, but which I believe are better. This probably sounds unfair. I've also called them idiosyncratic, as if that word was the highest praise given to a candy store. I want to take a minute to explain myself, so you don't think I'm being hard on Fred Meyer's for political reasons, or that I only know five adjectives and idiosyncratic is my favorite.

So...When looking at a candy sections we are not looking simply at how much they have, but instead the exceptions and stand outs among them. All



sections will have the essential items-skittles, m&ms, the big five candy bars. We are not concerned with them, they are simply there to mark the aisle, like the bookshelf around the books. Instead, we look for the smaller, stranger candies--items we maybe don't like, or have never tried, This is not an ironic, indie kid need, like, "Look at this White Chocolate Abba-Zabba. It looks so disgusting! Let us laugh about it a while." I am genuine.

Let me put it this way: Everyone will eat a snickers bar or an M&M sooner or later. If you're desiring something sweet, they are a safe, easy solution. But, only a specific person eats Strawberry Charleston Chews. And, often, for this person, it is the only candy they want to eat. They've loved it since childhood and they eat it today because it activates their taste buds in the same exciting succession as when they were eight. When I go into a shop and see Idaho Spuds for sale I am happy. I don't eat them myself-I find them disgusting-but I know whoever does will be ten times happier when they come in here.

When looking at a great Candy Aisle like South End's or Villa Grove's it's like looking into

another person's mind through their mouth, or at least their sweet teeth. There is passion and wants and eccentricities in the organization of Mike and Ikes and the decision to carry their incredibly unpopular cousin Alexander Grape. Placing Boston Baked beans next to Hot Tamales shows a mind making connections I myself do not understand. But I want to understand! And I will continue to buy candy from you until I do understand!

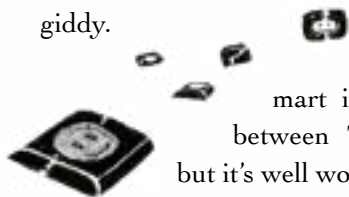
You may think I'm being funny or stupid, that I'm looking too deeply into the candy aisles for inane reasons. You may say there is no heart here, that it's someone's minimum wage job, they order what people tell them to, and stock it wherever and without artistic thought. Then I guess I could tell you the only point of life is to breathe until you stop.

The South End grocery has an entire store length shelf devoted to candy. And whoever orders it has a sense of daring I find exciting.



Every limited edition and trial flavor of skittles, from tropical blend to chocolate, is represented. Candy bars I didn't think existed anymore, like ZERO and king-sized sesame snaps, are given a home. Every single Trolli gummy product is here--nite brights, gummy spiders, fruit rings and dino eggs and more.

Inexplicably, among the gummy candies, is a giant bag of marshmallows for sale. South End not only understands people who eat a bag of marshmallows like they're Starbursts, they encourage them. That same, inclusive spirit is in their soda selection. They carry all the mountain dew flavors and small brand soda companies, plus individual chilled capri-suns and kool-aid bursts. South End makes me giddy.



the 93rd Avenue Food mart is a bit of a trek, located between Tumwater and Littlerock, but it's well worth the journey. They have the full moon pie product line--chocolate, banana, and vanilla in regular and mini sizes plus the unsettling, tiny pecan pies--and an incredible amount of 2/1.00 bagged candy. What makes me love

this place though is the fact they carry 2 liters of soda in their refrigerated section. This brings a similar feeling to the marshmallows at South End-- excessive, scary for who it's intended for, and heartwarming. Also, they sell knives shaped like scorpions.

So while Fred Meyer's selection is impressive, it has no verve, no zeal. It's an equivalent to some studio produced pop song, with strings and harmonies and Glenn Campbell on session guitar. It sounds wonderful, as it was engineered to, and beneath the timpanis and mechanized handclaps is the heart of some songwriter, but it's hard to hear through the please-all sheen. South End and 93rd have one mic, one take, and they nail it.

Now we've talked a lot about bagged candy and very little about bulk. This is because nowhere in Funwater has bulk of any substance. To find it you must go to the Top Foods in Westside Olympia. Everyone should go here. Bulk is the best way to eat candy and their section is astounding, and currently where I go most often. I am a bulk man, I always prefer it over bagged candy. I love the variety and

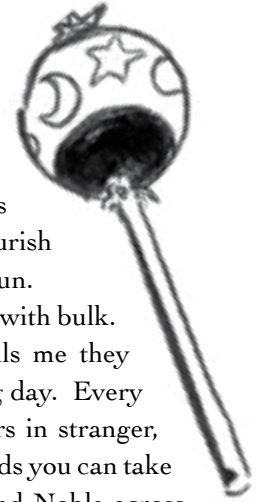
customization only possible through bins. Also, I have an obsessive, unhealthy love for peach-o's and I don't need some bag's serving suggestion to tell me how much is enough.

Their bulk section is located in the back center of the store. It is given an amazing display with two to three levels of candy that wrap along three walls and tubes of bright, beautiful candy stripes on top and a giant sign that says, "SWEET TREAT EXPRESS" and a toy train that travels around the entire department. When I was a kid, and did not understand anatomy, the Top Foods bulk department is what I thought my heart looked like. They have gummi candy you didn't know existed, gummy fighter pilots and peach penguins and fruit salad, along with peach-o's, apple'o's, even strawberry-o's! Outside of gummis is an ample selection of zagnuts, jelly beans, chocolate maltballs, and baked candy beans. If you want your mind blown, sewn back, then expanded, put a baked bean into a peach-o, wrap a candy zebra around it and place it in your mouth with a zagnut. It's a complex, singular flavor you can not find outside of bulk candy,

and it is amazing. Be aware though, if you're seen eating candy like this, people (even friends) will look at you sadly. Laugh at them. For they will continue to live sad, shallow lives in the sweet-tart dark while you flourish in this multi-flavored, bulk-bought sun.

Freshness is always an issue with bulk. My secret source at Top Foods tells me they refill their bulk candy every freaking day. Every day you may try strange new flavors in stranger, sweeter combinations. And afterwards you can take your bags of candy to the Barnes and Noble across the street, and sit in the exact center of the Starbucks underneath the ceiling dome and speak loudly. You will sound like a robot.

We've reached the end of our candy store guide. Attentive, gentle readers may have noticed there's one grocery store still missing, Funwater's most important store: Mega Foods. I have saved it for last because, truthfully, I have a hard time writing about it. Mega Foods was once the best grocery store in town,



but, like the rest of Funwater, it is closing down.

Everyone here in Funwater seems to have some cherished memory of Mega Foods set deep within them, in the same part of their body that fondly recalls Brewery tours. All these sad town memories take space in us like vestigial organs, unaware of their function until one day you pass by the Mega Foods readerboard and suddenly its abbreviated meat prices outlined by the faded blue sky, makes a specific nostalgia hidden inside you swell up until you ache.

I can't look at the bulk section of Mega Foods anymore. It's hard to visit the whole right side of the store. Bulk candy has been reduced to a rolling cart, with three sad candy bins. I can't eat or enjoy any of it, because you can't eat candy when your heart's in your throat!

The store is still alive and charming, and their bagged candy section has that glimmer of beauty reminiscent of the golden days, but it just the melody of what was once a grand, orchestral score.

Next Issue Preview!

As of late, here in Funwater, I've been listening to a lot of mixtapes. Or to be more truthful, I've been listening a lot to the same two mixtapes over and over.

The first one was found in a free box on 10th and capitol, the product of a massive throwout from duplex residents moving out, trying to collect on their security deposits. It's a black cassette tape with "Good Songs" scrawled on both sides.

The selection is fantastic, all the hits of the discerning gentleman circa 1998. Mutations Beck, then Beat Happening, then Afghan Whigs and Flaming Lips. There's no nostalgia or irony in the selection, you can tell that the songs were picked cos they were the hottest of the moment, arranged in order of awesome to Awesome to AWESOME. And whenever there's any space between songs it plays some snippet of Luka, by Suzanne Vega. Which means that before whoever mad the Good Song Mix, they sat in their apartment listening to "My name is Luka, I live on the second

floor!" over and over again. Everytime I listen to the tape, it makes me wonder who exactly the tape was made for. Possibly it was just hastily made, and the title was put on equally hasty. But I like to think it was made for an ex-girlfriend, who has some new musician boyfriend the mixmaker hates. The new boyfriend is in a bar band playing Korn covers and our man makes the tape to show that he and the girl can still be friends, while passive-aggressively pointing out how crass her new man is, and what a tastemaker she was foolish enough to leave behind. This also somewhat explains the depressing fractal of Vega behind each song. It could also be a tape made after a head injury, the person injured was perfectly okay except unable to appreciate music anymore. And some friend makes two mixes to reteach the injured music. One mix was "Bad Songs" filled with trash, the other was "Good Songs" filled with what we have. Listened together and the man can learn to love altrock again. The bad songs mix was lost to time, but the good songs mix is here, whirring in a walkman on my kitchen table, letting me make up stories for it.

The other mix tape listened to, during the making

of this zine I found at the Tumwater Library hidden in the case to a Robyn Hitchcock album (*Moss*). This is a burned CD labeled ALLSTARR MIXX with every song on the album written in tight tiny circles around the CD. This album has all the hits of the late nineties as well, but more mainstream. Bush(Glycerin), Sublime(Santeria), and Staind(I'm on the Outside), are the opening trifecta and the rest of the songs follow in a similar vein, with a massive showing from the Longbeach Dub Allstars. Except, right in the middle of the CD is a series of songs all sappy and lovelorn. U2's "With or Without You" followed by "Nothing Compares 2 U" followed by U2 again with "one love" and finally Blink 182's "Miss You". Then it's back to numetal and such. It's hard not to imagine this mix was made for someone else, and these songs are the hidden sob in the center---- feelings that couldn't be said by whoever made the mix, so instead they hide it in carefully coded songs, then hide it again in a CD case of their crush's that was left on their crush's bed. And this crush returns the album to the library without opening it, never seeing the mix CD, never knowing they were considered, by someone, an Allstarr. But I

know, and it helps me write this here for you.

There's no point to what I'm writing, it has nothing to do with what's coming up in the next issue of the zine. The next issue will be more of the same, more chapters of My Brother!, more passages of John Miller Murphy's, plus a review of swingsets around town. Maybe some pictures. It should still be good though.

But there are some things that make me fall in love with all that is here , remnants of people having been here and been wonderful and I worry if i don't write it down now or tell someone I'll forget it and that feeling will be lost as soon as I lose the mixtape. And there are people I fall in love with that I'll never meet, and they fade as quickly as my memory, and I need to desperately tell someone about them to keep them here just a little bit longer, like when I was a kid taking the bus to school and a 22 year old guy with a dungeon master mullet, tinted glasses, and an army jacket would stand in his yard on Airdustrial Ave. every morning and salute the bus driver as we passed.

And see, I've told you about him now too.

Thank you guys for reading this zine! You guys are all awesome. I really don't have anything else to say.

If you would like to order more copies of the zine, or back issues, or just want to write and say hey hey hey, then I can be reached at:

*613 Ensley Lane SE
Tumwater, WA 98501*

or online at: zachboyofdestiny@gmail.com

I love to get all letters and I apologize now if it takes me a while to respond. I will respond, but it takes me a while to, as the kids say, get my shit together.

I have nothing else to say here, yet i keep on writing, unable to say goodbye to y'all, like a friend who can't leave the house and stands at the door forever with just one arm in his coat.

I've put on my coat.

-ZACH!

July 19, 2009

Funwater