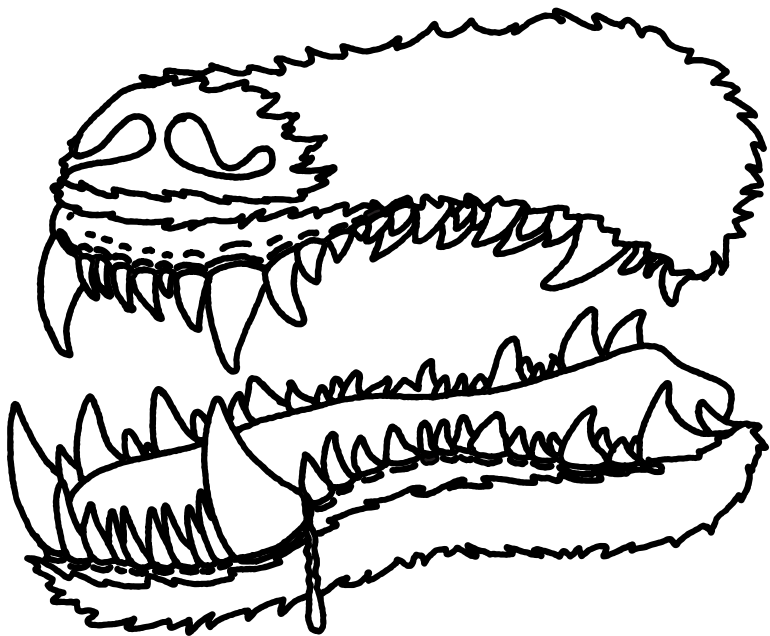


CHOMP!

Rebecca Turner et. al.



Issue #001, Oct. 2016: *I'm doing very well these days actually*

CONTENTS

1 ~~~>	A Brief Introduction	3
2 ~~~>	A Letter From The Editor	3
3 ~~~>	A Collection of Moments That Never Happened	4
4 ~~~>	Reasons To Be Sad And Reasons Why Reasons To Be Sad Aren't Reasons To Be Sad (By Jay Jeffcoat)	7
5 ~~~>	Vocabulary For General Use	8
6 ~~~>	I'm Not Entirely Sure Why These Trigonometric Identities Are True But They Are	9
7 ~~~>	Selected Haiku	10
8 ~~~>	A Selection of Passive-Aggressive Facebook Sta- tuses My Friends Have Made Interspersed With the Statues I Would Make If I Was Into That Sort of Thing	12
9 ~~~>	A Poem About All the Times I've Caught On Fire While Writing Poetry	13
10 ~~~>	Pancakes for Cold Mornings	14
11 ~~~>	What's On This Page?	15

1 ~~~ A BRIEF INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the first edition of **CHOMP!**, a variety zine! Thanks for reading!

Special thanks to Jay Jeffcoat for choosing the name **CHOMP!**, for contributing both several pieces of content, guiding design decisions, and providing moral support throughout the whole process.

If you'd like to contribute material (artwork, poetry, prose, etc.) for a future edition of **CHOMP!**, please tell me!¹

2 ~~~ A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

j



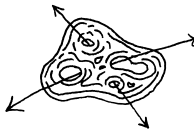
¹Or email me at 637275@gmail.com

²"Srirachmeow," Jay Jeffcoat, pen on graph paper

3 ~~~ A COLLECTION OF MOMENTS THAT NEVER HAPPENED



Hours later, on the train, I finally fell asleep. The soft roar from below brought back memories of that big industrial fan I kept during those hot summers when the still air felt like thousands of pounds of iron bearing down on my fragile bones.



Heavy breaths. When I run the world stretches out, blurring by. The cool air rushes into my lungs. I hear your voice behind me, calling out. "You'll never be happy while you're living like this," she coos. I know she's right, deep down, but I'm gone now, far away, far from home, far gone. Everyone's safer this way.



"Hey, are you okay?" she said as I approached her, though over the party's cacophony I could barely hear what she was saying. It wasn't my first time being knocked out, but the cold, enveloping blackness is a sensation I'll never truly get used to. "Relax," I reassured her. "Always."



You exhale, softer than your bare skin, and fall backwards onto the ground. I hear the distinctive sound of grass being pushed down and run my fingers through your hair. The world smells like camomile tea and I'm at rest at last.



I glimpse something out of the corner of my eye and glance downwards. Only then do I see the sword protruding from my chest, blood babbling and gushing rhythmically onto the cool metal. I note the thin waves covering the blade's steel and admire the consistency of its finish as my world blackens. My God hath forsaken their charge.



It's the night before I leave for the last time, and we're having dinner at IHOP. Tears stream down my face as I thank you for all you've done and tell you that wherever I end up I'll miss you. You seem unresponsive, muted. I reach a hand across the table, but when I touch your hand my fingers fall straight through your flesh.



My wings ache from disuse, but I spread them anyways. My feathers are ruffled and bent, but I smooth them down anyways. I open my arms and embrace everything above me. I stand on the railing of my fortieth-story balcony like that for forty five minutes, contemplating dropping off, swooping down and soaring around the city, but I never do. I never dive and watch the wind whistle past and gaze at my reflection in the glossy mirrors of the glass buildings in this polished city. I step down from the balcony and reenter my apartment. I crawl back into my warm white bed and fold my wings up, wrapped around me. Maybe tomorrow, I think, drifting off. Maybe tomorrow.

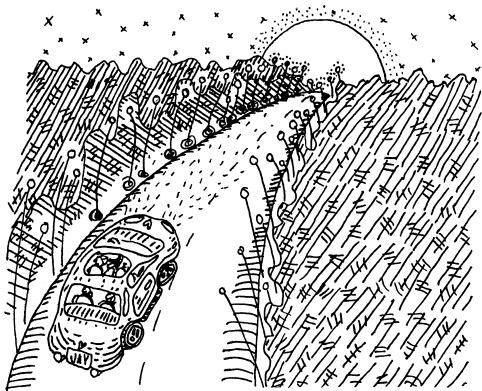
4 ~~~ REASONS TO BE SAD AND REASONS WHY REASONS TO BE SAD AREN'T REASONS TO BE SAD (BY JAY JEFFCOAT)

reasons to be sad

1. job application rejected
2. scared to eat
3. unable to sleep
4. room is messy
5. am poor

reasons why 'reasons to be sad' aren't reasons to be sad

1. i'm exactly where i need to be



5 ~~~ VOCABULARY FOR GENERAL USE

Dilettante /'dɪl ɪ,tənt/, *n.* A person who takes up an activity (such as art or rocket science) without serious intent or professional training.³ || “*I finally feel like I can call myself a writer now, rather than writing being just something I do on the side, as a dilettante.*” (Rebecca Dana, *Molly Ringwald Grows Up*)

Desultory /'dɛs əl,tər i/, *n.* Inconsistent, disconnected, or tangential. || “*Most of [Facebook’s advertising revenue] is the desultory ticky-tacky kind.*” (David Frum, *Facebook’s Dilemma: Invade Privacy or Go Bust*)

Tacit /'tæs ɪt/, *adj.* Understood without being directly stated. Generally implies bitterness and an unwilling or lackadaisical attitude. || “*As though by tacit agreement those days seemed to have been entirely forgotten.*” (Robert W. Chambers, *The Business of Life*)

Syzygy /'sɪz ɪ dʒi/, *n.* An alignment of three celestial objects, as the sun, the earth, and either the moon or a planet.⁴ *n.* Any two related things, either alike or opposite.⁵ || “*I have a sneaking friendliness even now for anyone to whom the word ‘syzygy’ carries no special meaning.*” (Bram Stoker, *The Mystery of the Sea*)

³These definitions are mostly adapted from the Random House Dictionary

⁴A strong contender for the title of Most Specific Word

⁵A strong contender for the title of Vaguest Word.

6 \rightsquigarrow I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHY THESE TRIGONOMETRIC
IDENTITIES ARE TRUE BUT THEY ARE

$$\cos^2(x) = \frac{\cos(2x) + 1}{2}$$

$$\cos^2(x) - \sin^2(x) = \cos(2x)$$

$$2 \sin(x) \cos(x) = \sin(2x)$$

$$\sin^2(x) + \cos^2(x) = 1$$

$$\frac{1 + \tan(x)}{1 - \tan(x)} = \tan(x + \pi/4)$$

$$\frac{1 + \cot(x)}{1 - \cot(x)} = -\tan(x + \pi/4)$$

$$\tan(2x) = \frac{2 \tan(x)}{1 - \tan^2(x)}$$

$$\tan^2(x) + 1 = \sec^2(x)$$

$$\cot^2(x) + 1 = \csc^2(x)$$

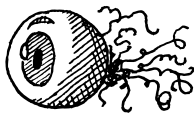
$$\sin(x) + \cos(x) = \sin(x + \pi/4)\sqrt{2}$$

$$\tan(x) \sin(x) = \sin^2(x) \sec(x)$$

7 ~~~> SELECTED HAIKU



*petrified of fall
when the lush green trees let go
will i fall as well?*

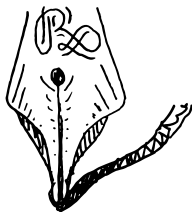


*the peacefulness is
unnerving on the long drive
home from the graveyard⁶*

⁶ Anonymous contributor



*i'll flap my wings hard
so i can get home by 6
to burn by your side*



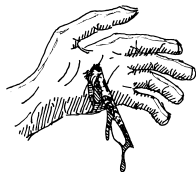
*lack of sleeping life
deeply wounds my waking life
one day i'll fix it*

8 ~~~ A SELECTION OF PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE FACEBOOK
STATUSES MY FRIENDS HAVE MADE INTERSPERSED
WITH THE STATUSES I WOULD MAKE IF I WAS INTO THAT
SORT OF THING

You only miss me when you're ~~down~~ed up. . . . I can't even
keep you out of my dreams. . . . Nothing lasts forever. . . .
Let's run far away from here. . . . Mandolins are such ~~cool~~ing
cool instruments. . . . Woman Crush Wednesday for all the
future and past Wednesdays forever I love you ~~in~~ in a box.
. . . . I hope we both die Can i get scholarship money
for great nosebleed skills? I want to go skydiving with
you, without a parachute how could u do this to me?
. . . . *forgets animal crackers at home* Well, today's gonna
be interesting. . . . Rethinking a lot of things. . . . I
miss my cats more than anything. . . . I'm starting to real-
ize what a sorry piece of ~~shit~~ you are. . . . It's impossible
to get over you. . . . vague post about me One more time
i Dare you You WILL die and you WILL go to HELL
. . . . Get over yourself. You aren't cool, you're just a ~~shit~~ boy
who should learn to keep his sex life off of social media. . . .
did you ever even love me? it's wednesday my Dudes
. . . . I'm so mad right now. . . . I feel like if I ahve to
live through one more day of this I'm going to spontaneously de-
compose into my component atoms. . . . ~~shit~~ you if you
think wednesday is worth ~~shit~~ i hope your iphone ex-
plodes and then i hope your homework explodes and then i hope
your paintings explode and then i h

9 ~~~ A POEM ABOUT ALL THE TIMES I'VE CAUGHT ON FIRE
WHILE WRITING POETRY

*from below my desk i smell the singed flesh and i tap
my toes harder hoping that
you'll all forget about the fire steadily building
from below and maybe
when i'm gone someone else can figure out what to do
with all this ash*



*while im holding softly
the writing utensil of my choice
personal preference
slips out of my hand like the last finger from a warm
hand and my blood
red colored ink splatters all over the floor and i
think "god,
what a pain
it's gonna be
to clean that up"*

10 ~~~ PANCAKES FOR COLD MORNINGS

For years, nobody has been asking me “Rebecca, what’s your⁷ incredible secret pancake recipe?” Well without further ado, here it is!

Like every great recipe, pancakes start with love, and my pancakes started on a cold winter morning. I was only seventeen and young that dark morning, and as the sun rose so did I have a dawning realization: my mornings were lacking. Sure, the eggs and rice I love are delicious, but I needed something more. For me, that something was pancakes, and from the moment I mixed the first batch of batter, I knew I was creating something beautiful.

DRY: 1 cup flour, 2 tbsp sugar, 2 tsp baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt.

WET: 1 cup milk, 2 tbsp melted butter, 1 egg.

Mix dry ingredients together. Mix wet ingredients together. Combine dry and wet ingredients together, but **make sure to leave the batter lumpy**.⁸ **The lumps will cook out!** Cook in hot pan coated with butter to preference and top to preference.

⁷Read: Martha Stewart’s

⁸Unlike baking soda, ^a which produces CO_2 on contact with acids (such as butter or milk), baking powder contains other chemicals ^b that help delay the rising process until the batter is heated, some rising happens immediately, and by not breaking up lumps, you allow more rising to happen when the pancakes are being cooked—by not stirring out lumps, your pancakes will cook fuller and fluffier. For more information, read (goo.gl/ioJnV2) or ask Prachin.

^a NaHCO_3 ^b $\text{Ca}(\text{H}_2\text{PO}_4)_2$ and either $\text{Na}_2\text{H}_2\text{P}_2\text{O}_7$ or $\text{NaAl}(\text{SO}_4)_2 \cdot 12\text{H}_2\text{O}$

11 ~~~ WHAT'S ON THIS PAGE?

Pop quiz: what are you looking at right now: letters, glyphs, graphemes, ideograms, logograms, or morphemes?

A *grapheme* is the “minimal unit of a writing system”⁹—these include letters like *a*, but may also represent words such as *&*¹⁰ or 折,¹¹ mathematical symbols like \iff ¹² and even typographic marks such as the spaces between words.

A *morpheme* is the smallest unit of a word that can maintain a meaning, such as *un-* in *unforgivable*, and a *logogram* is a grapheme of a morpheme.

Letters are simply graphemes in alphabets (systems of writing where there is, in general, a one-to-one correspondence between graphemes and *phonemes* [basic units of sound]).

A *glyph* is a symbol that represents a concrete “thing” such as a letter or a mathematical symbol such as \mathbb{A} .¹³ *A*, *A*, and *A* are different *glyphs* for the same letter.

Ideograms are symbols that represent concepts. You may be familiar with ideograms like \odot , roughly meaning “no” or “stop,” but some languages have entirely ideographic alphabets (such as Cuneiform) and several Chinese characters (such as 三 [three]) have ideographic histories as well.

Which of these categories does 정¹⁴ (a Hangul syllable and word containing three letters¹⁵) occupy?¹⁶

⁹Random House¹⁰Roughly “and,” from the Latin *et*.¹¹Either “to break” or “to bend,” depending on pronunciation. ¹²If and only if ¹³“There does not exist”

¹⁴“Tablet,” according to several notoriously unreliable translation websites.

¹⁵ㅈ, ㅊ, and ㅇ ¹⁶Trick question—I have no clue!

*Hear what others are saying about **CHOMP!***

"best thing i have ever not read yet"

— anne

"Apple doesn't endorse— Look, what even is a zine?"

— Apple

"Oh, like a tiny booklet? That's so cool!"

— My Mom

"Extremely bad"

— James Joyce, probably

"I refuse to read this miniscule book."

— TIME magazine

*"Look, 'Rebecca,' or whatever your name is, I don't care about your 'zine.'
Stop calling me."*

— Stanley Kubrick

"omg i forgot zines are about whatever you want them to be"

— Not Snail Crow

"Well, at least it's better than her Twitter"

— Everyone who follows me on Twitter

"Dude. This is rad. Like. <XXXX> rad. Can I share this on Facebook"

— Camille

"I trust Becca and this zine"

— Kamryn