

September 2020

vol 6

# HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???



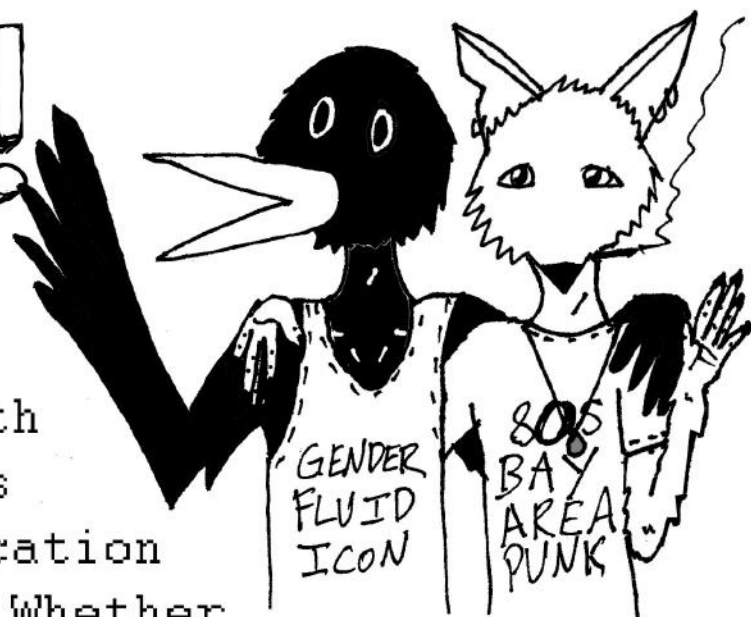
why wouldn't you waste the  
afterlife???

a zine by  
Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost



# HEY!!!

Most zines don't make it past a year of publication or the fifth issue; this issue marks both one year of publication and our sixth issue!!! Whether you're a first time reader or an unwitting lifetime subscriber, you helped make this happen by supporting this project. This zine was started during one of the most difficult periods in our lives and in many ways, it has saved us over the past year. This zine is the physical manifestation of a lifelong dream to draw and publish comics and writing.



We wouldn't have made it this far without the support of readers like you. Thanks for being a part of *How Did This Happen???*

-Ray & Shay

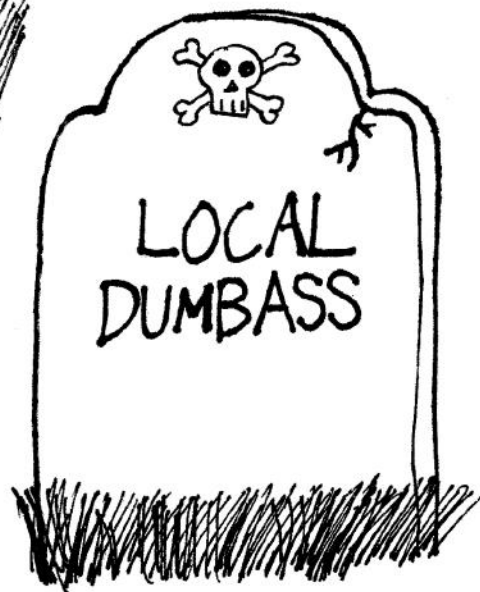
# HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

vol 6: why wouldn't you waste the  
afterlife???

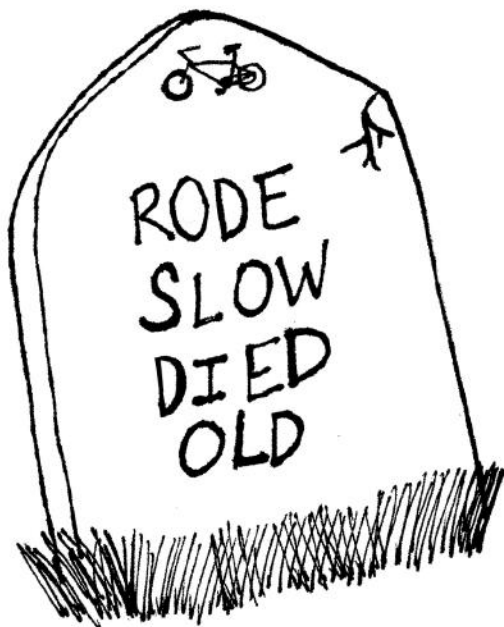
contents in no particular order:

crushing by Shay  
Hate Dinners by Ray  
Armor by Ray and Shay  
Visit From Persephone by Ray  
desert lover by Shay  
Dirt Nap by Ray  
mer-moo by Shay  
The Life of Crow by Ray & Shay  
*I am happy* by Ray  
that summer feeling by Shay  
Faultline by Ray  
home is where your heart is by Shay  
it's good to be home part 2 by Ray  
Disco Deep Throats by Ray & Shay  
writer's block by Shay  
untitled comic by Ray

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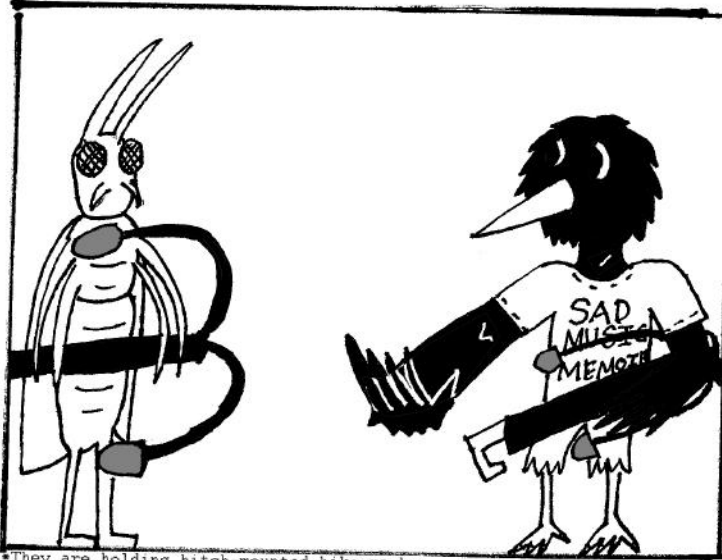


**POSSIBLE EPITAPHS FOR  
COYOTE UGLY**

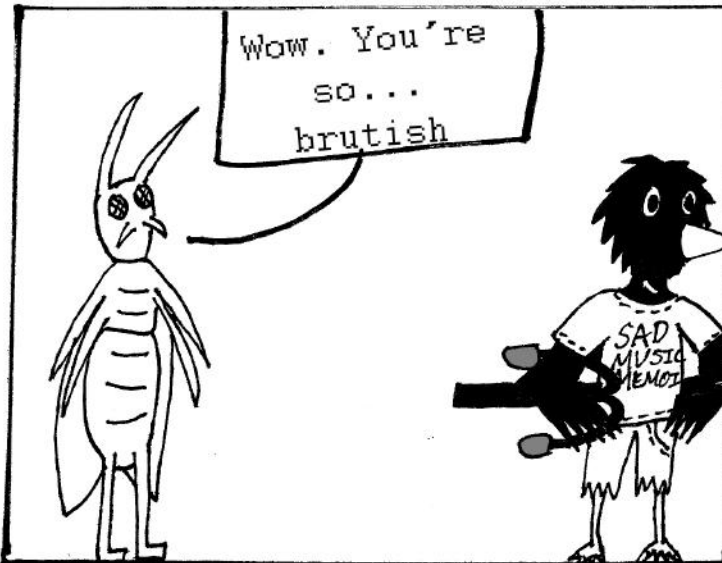
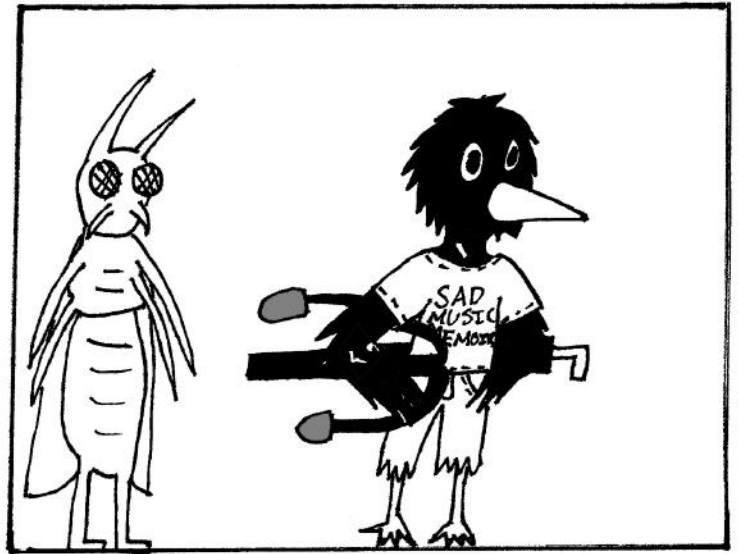


**POSSIBLE EPITAPHS FOR  
DISCO NAILS**

# THE LIFE OF CROW



\*They are holding hitch-mounted bike racks.



\*Based on that famous quotation from: Leviathan by Thomas Hobbes; "Chapter XIII: Of the Natural Condition of Mankind as Concerning Their Felicity and Misery," 1651.



*I am happy*



## Hate Dinners

My in-laws serve a couple of dishes that can only honestly be described as "hate dinners." One of them is this weird greasy concoction of ground beef and macaroni noodles. The other is called "onion stink meat" and is truly horrifying. It's basically a giant, pan-sized hamburger patty with an entire grated onion in it. The smell of it cooking burns your eyes and makes the whole house reek. You can feel the heartburn rising in your throat while you're still chewing. Both of these dishes are made for my father-in-law, who is such a picky eater, it's easier to list what he will eat (beef, grease, onions, and certain brands of basmati rice) and even he doesn't seem to enjoy either of these meals. They're basically a big fuck you to the entire household—everyone hates them and no one wants to eat them—but you have to because you're too poor to waste food. The only logical motive for serving them is hate for yourself and everyone you live with. Spite cooking.

My mother served a lot of hate dinners when I was growing up. Tuna casserole, beef

stroganoff, innumerable soggy crockpot concoctions. But the one I remember most vividly is what she called "chicken with rice." It was this horrible stir-fry made with hard, undercooked brown rice, leftover deli rotisserie chicken (the kind you buy hot), garlic, soy sauce, and shredded parmesan cheese. It was the absolute worst combination of flavors. I thought I didn't like rice until my partner fed me fully cooked white rice, in large part because I had been traumatized by a childhood of being served basically uncooked garbage.

I have a friend who is wonderful cook. He has a beautiful home in my favorite city and a loving family. I wonder if they have any dishes that are hate dinners, and if so, what those dishes are. But on second thought, I think, "surely they don't." Hate dinners have to be something that only happen in dysfunctional households. Or are they some kind of weird universal human experience? If they are, I bet a lot of Italian hate dinners involve penne lisce, since it was the only item left in many stores after covid-19 panic buying. And honestly, I get it. If I'm going to die, my last meal is sure as fuck not going to be

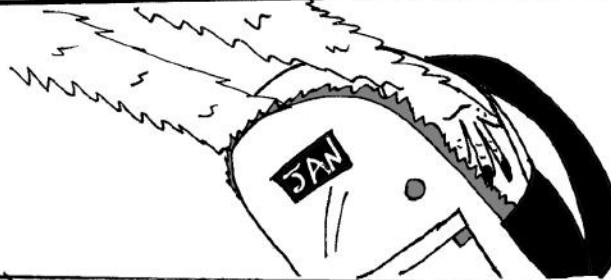
onion stink meat or "chicken with rice."

\*\*\*

home is where your heart is

I thought I could make a home in another person;  
but I've grown.  
Now my home state is a character in my life's  
story,  
and perhaps the most significant one. Home, ever a  
love interest.  
Bright, hot, dry, and vast.  
The bluest blue sky in the world.  
I've never seen anything else so beautiful  
I couldn't take it with me;  
but photos do it no justice.

# ARMOR



that summer feeling

Summer smells like  
dust  
fresh cut grass  
barbecues  
and dog shit, baked in the sun.

Summer sounds like  
crickets  
children shriek-laughing  
fireworks  
and squealing tires in the middle of the night.

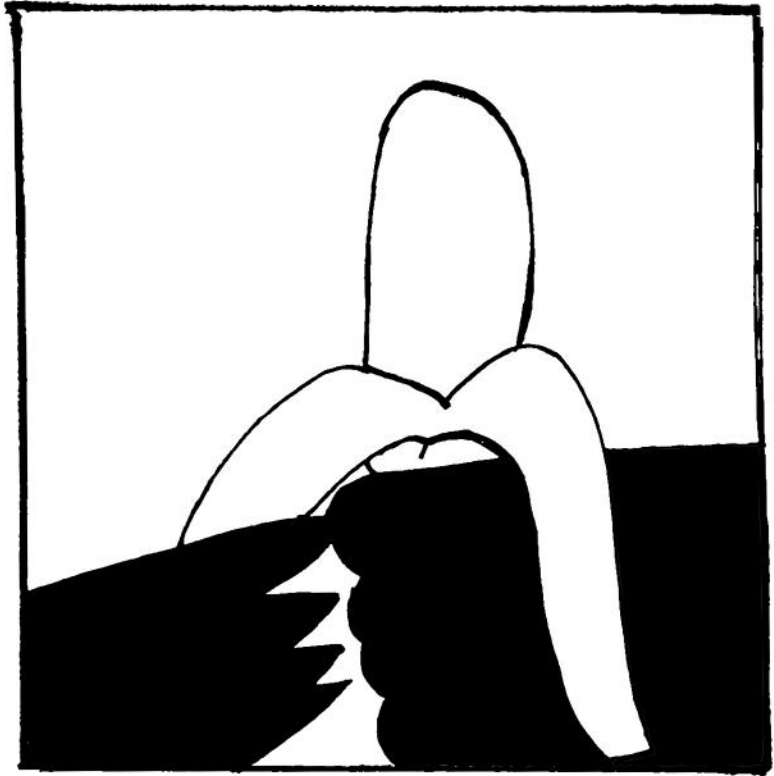
Summer tastes like  
alkali  
lemonade stands  
popsicles  
and too-hot water, but at least it's wet.

Summer feels like  
the end  
the beginning  
all rolled into one  
time ticks by differently when the days are this  
long.

desert lover

I crawled on my knees, begging her to take me  
back,  
to let me caress the contours of her basin and  
range  
and feel her hot breath on my skin, baked healthy  
golden brown by the desert sun.  
That same sun may someday bleach my bones stark  
white,  
blending in with the alkali soil of an expansive  
playa.  
Glistening ghost of a lake that once was, and  
sometimes still is,  
if you travel at the wrong time.  
My bones will join that of the great ichthyosaur  
on this millions of years old seafloor.  
A landscape that once was the bottom of the ocean  
where water is now as precious as life itself.  
I live by her grace,  
inhospitable home.  
Harsh lover, hold me close.

# DISCO DEEP THROATS



# VISIT FROM PERSEPHONE



\*As both the Goddess of Spring and the Queen of the Underworld, Persephone represents both life and death. That means that her presence could fortell either a pregnancy or an impending death.



## Dirt Nap

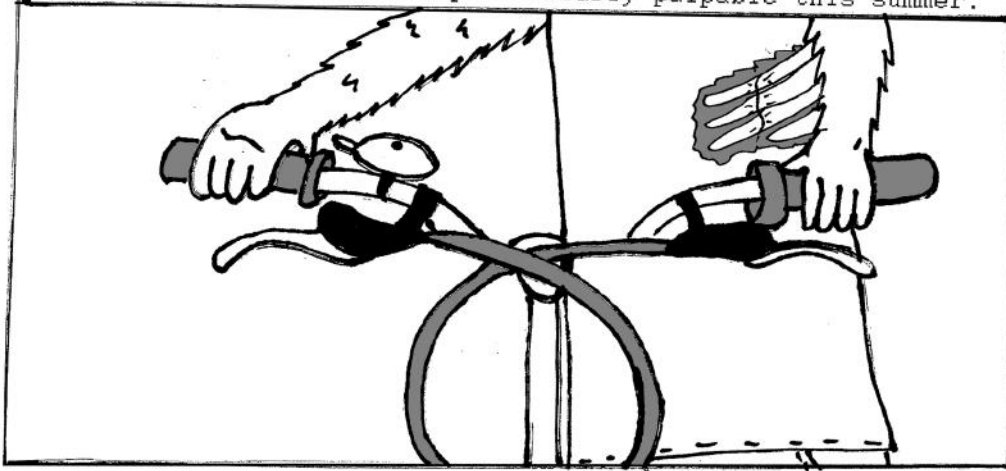
The hole was about six feet long and two feet deep. I'm not sure what it was dug for because the construction site behind the grade school was abandoned when the economy crashed. Just as suddenly as they'd descended like locusts, the men and mechanical monsters disappeared, leaving the skeletons of a housing development behind. It was a nice place to be alone—not too far from things—but the abandoned development held that eerie feeling of a ghost town. You weren't likely to find much moving between the framed skeletons except for the occasional jack rabbit or coyote, a tumbleweed rolling on the breeze.

I was fifteen. I would dress up in some of my favorite clothes; my knee-high platform boots with my purple dress or my black drainpipes and my Dead Kennedys shirt; do my make-up, and go out to the hole. I would climb into it and lay flat on my back, hands folded on my bony chest. I'd stare up into the clear desert sky, brilliant chambray and cloudless, until I fell asleep dressed in my burial clothes, laying in my grave. Practicing for death. But instead of the other side, my eyes would flutter open to the engulfing midnight velvet of the night, glistening with silver.

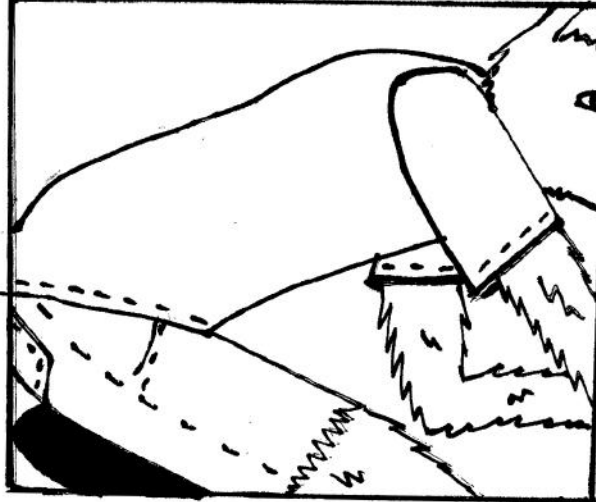
The dirt beneath my back was firm but sandy, ever-so-slightly damp. I could have sunk into it and let the ground swallow me. I would recognize the alkaline taste and warm musky smell of the earth when I first tasted a vagina and was filled with the comforting swell of return, sinking back into the ground's primordial womb.

# FAULTLINE

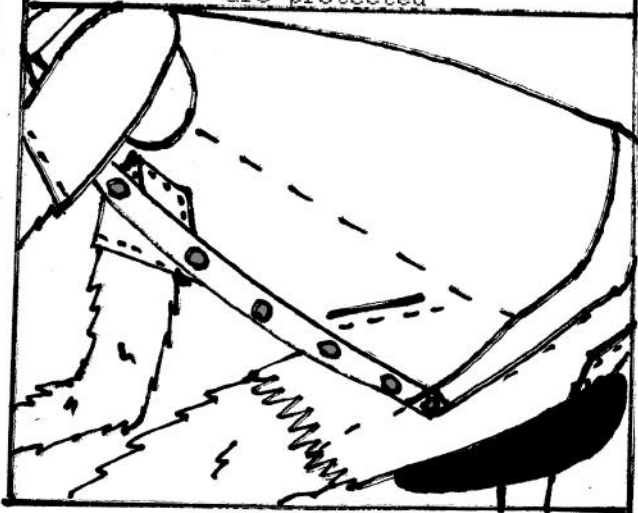
I have three broken ribs on my right side. I can feel the faultline of the break run through them to the missing tip of my extra rib. It has been particularly palpable this summer.



The pain makes me feel extra vulnerable on my bike



even the weight of my vest doesn't make me feel like my back and sides are protected



logically, I know they'd crumple in and puncture my lung



but I'm afraid they'll break off, hinging outwards and spill my vulnerable multitudes



## writer's block

I have restless thoughts that want to make their way onto paper but when I pick up the pen they scatter like marbles dropped on a tile floor. Rolling in every direction, they bounce and clatter together with a crash that you can feel vibrating through your skull.

The pen that once drew out those restless thoughts now only hurries the venom's spread; coursing through me, beginning in my chest and radiating outward to my fingertips, making my already messy handwriting forming already meaningless words that much worse.

I have a vague notion of what I wanted to confess, but you won't read it here.

Too much of myself bled out on the page and it's no longer soothing.

Like ripping off a scab that wasn't ready and having it bleed more than the initial injury.

Tears have nothing on the soothing flow of ink. If only I could catch the thoughts and the pen both at just the right moment...

It used to come so easy.

I don't know when it started feeling wrong.

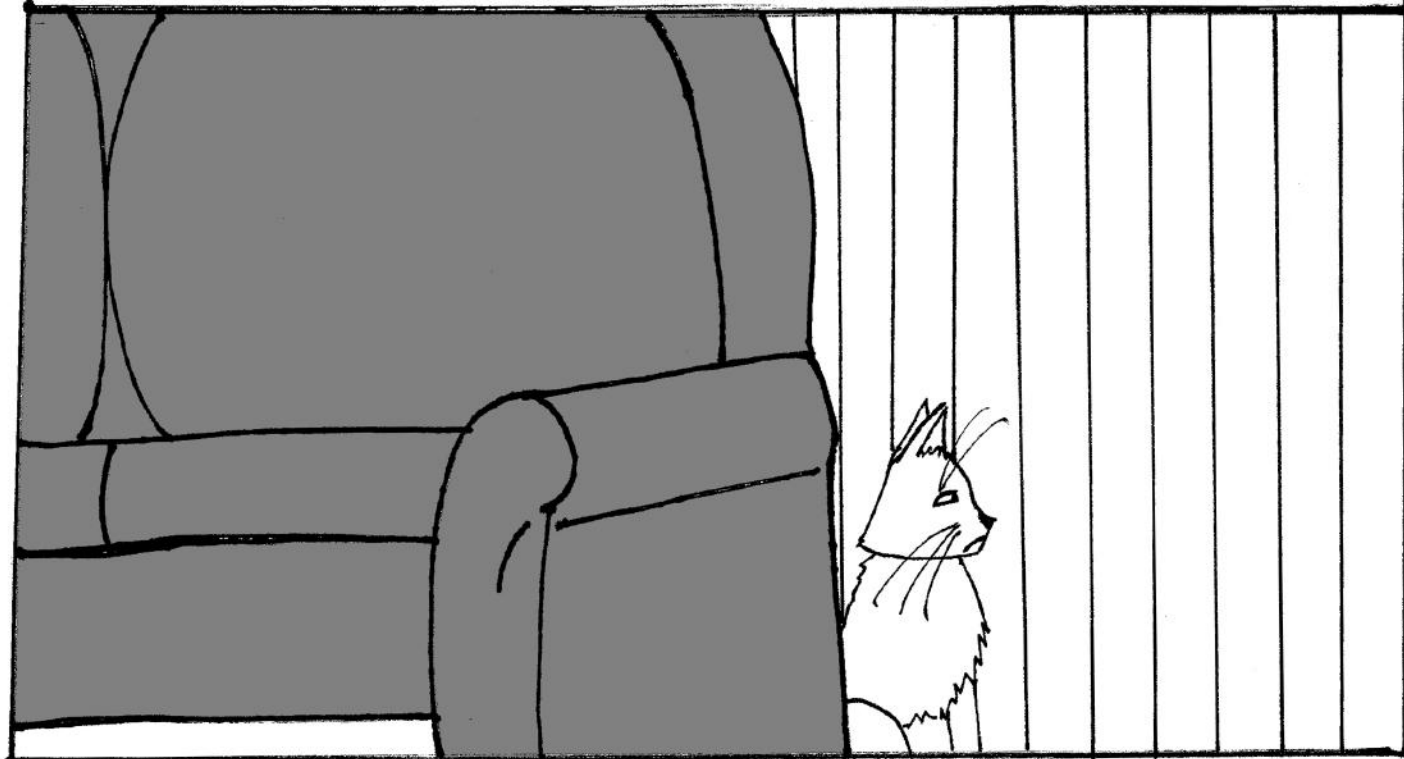
crushing

I know why it's called a crush.  
Because it weighs on you  
sits on your chest and makes it hard to breathe  
slows your quick retorts  
turns simple sentences to mush that dribbles down  
your chin  
occupies every free corner of your mind and  
rattles around your skull like beans in a maraca.  
You're tossed in a blender, shaken, poured--  
ice crush.  
How sweet if you could be drunk up, but instead  
left on the counter to melt  
neat little puddle  
guts feel like goo  
heartbeat a vibration  
flutterkick to the throat when he mentions your  
name.  
I know why it's called a crush  
and not something more pleasant  
because it's really really *not*.



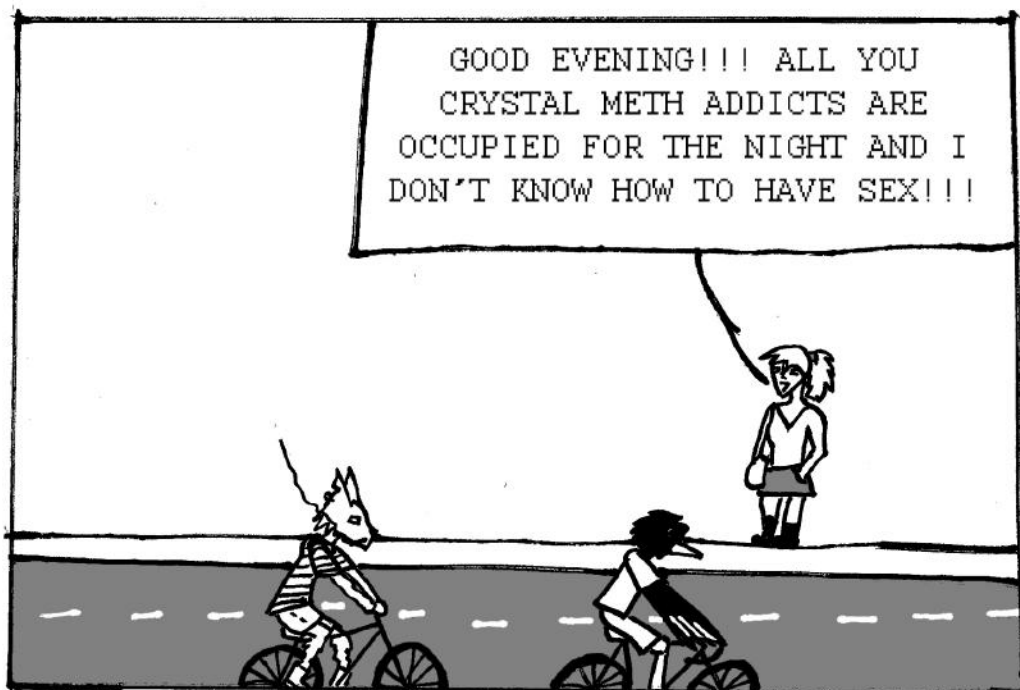
mer-moo

This is how Zeppy asks us to open the blinds



## IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME PART 2

GOOD EVENING!!! ALL YOU  
CRYSTAL METH ADDICTS ARE  
OCCUPIED FOR THE NIGHT AND I  
DON'T KNOW HOW TO HAVE SEX!!!



it's good to  
be home





# Thanks for reading!!!



We hope you enjoyed our brain dribblings! If you liked this zine, share it with your friends. If you really liked it, please consider donating to our Ko-Fi page or telling your friends to buy a copy from our Etsy shop so we can keep making new issues.

Follow your heart and maybe our socials!

Love,

Coyote Ugly & Disco Nails

**COYOTE UGLY**

**DISCO NAILS**



@raydaylamifrost



@shaydaylami



zeppystardust.tumblr.com



renoridereports.wordpress.com



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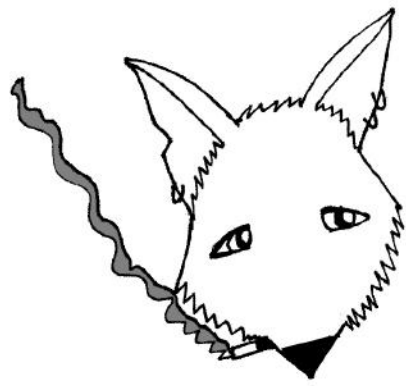
ko-fi.com/zeppystarduststudios

zeppystarduststudios@gmail.com

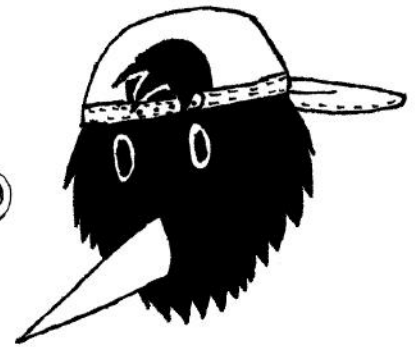
#howdidthishappenzine







# THIS IS JUST ANOTHER STUPID ZINE!!!



And it's probably gonna let you down,  
because it isn't about anything...which  
means that it's also about everything. After  
a year of publication(!!!), *HOW DID THIS  
HAPPEN???* is still a strange mix of art,  
comics, poems, and essays about the  
experiences of two depressed desert dwellers  
navigating life in a nightmare world beyond  
parody. *why wouldn't you waste the  
afterlife???* considers hate dinners, Greek  
mythology, bananas, crushes, mortality, and  
the meaning of home in the bizarre DIY style  
that readers have come to know and love.



A Zeppy Stardust Studios  
Publication