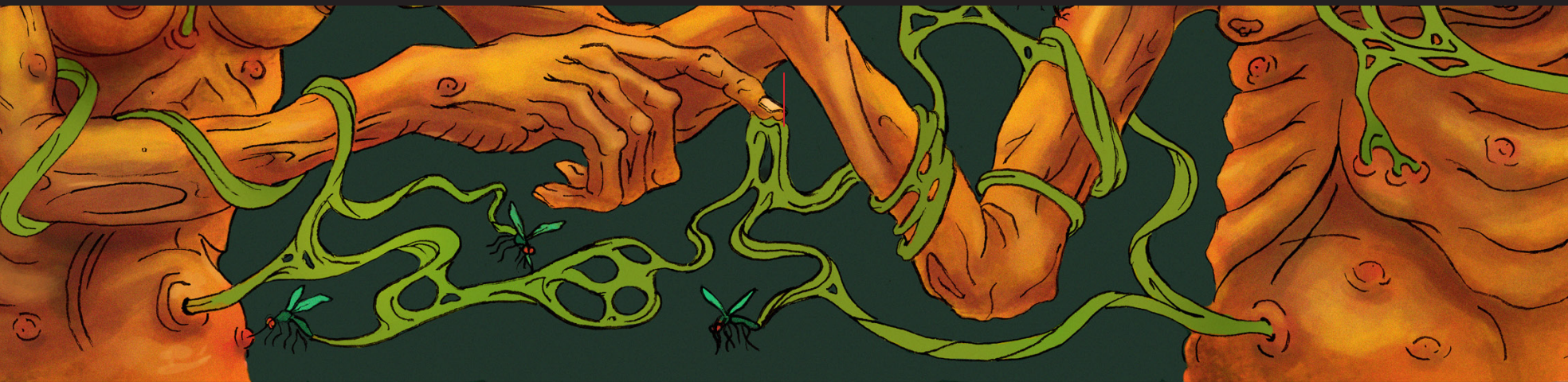




**Zig Zag** is a magazine devoted to *freedom of expression*. This independent publication reflects the do-it-yourself spirit of the times. It is a chance for a new generation of artists and thinkers to shine. It's your zine, so make it happen.

***"Don't hate the media, become the media"***

# ZIGZAG



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# ZIGZAG

freedom of speech is NOT dead Yet

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Zigzag Magazine began as an idea planted in a pile of loose sketches, scribbled lists on graph paper, and a collective need for expansion. Each of the first four issues improved on the last, and each gradually has grown further beyond the college campus where it was hewn. Zigzag now features artists from throughout the nation, packaging the voices of new artists and writers into a user friendly creative showcase for the world to gawk at.

The first release party was a packed open mic slam with freestyle beat-boxing and live painting. Sarasota's subterranean scene had come out of the woodwork. The message of the night's speeches would carry on, "Do what you love. Live in the present. Be yourself and be remembered."

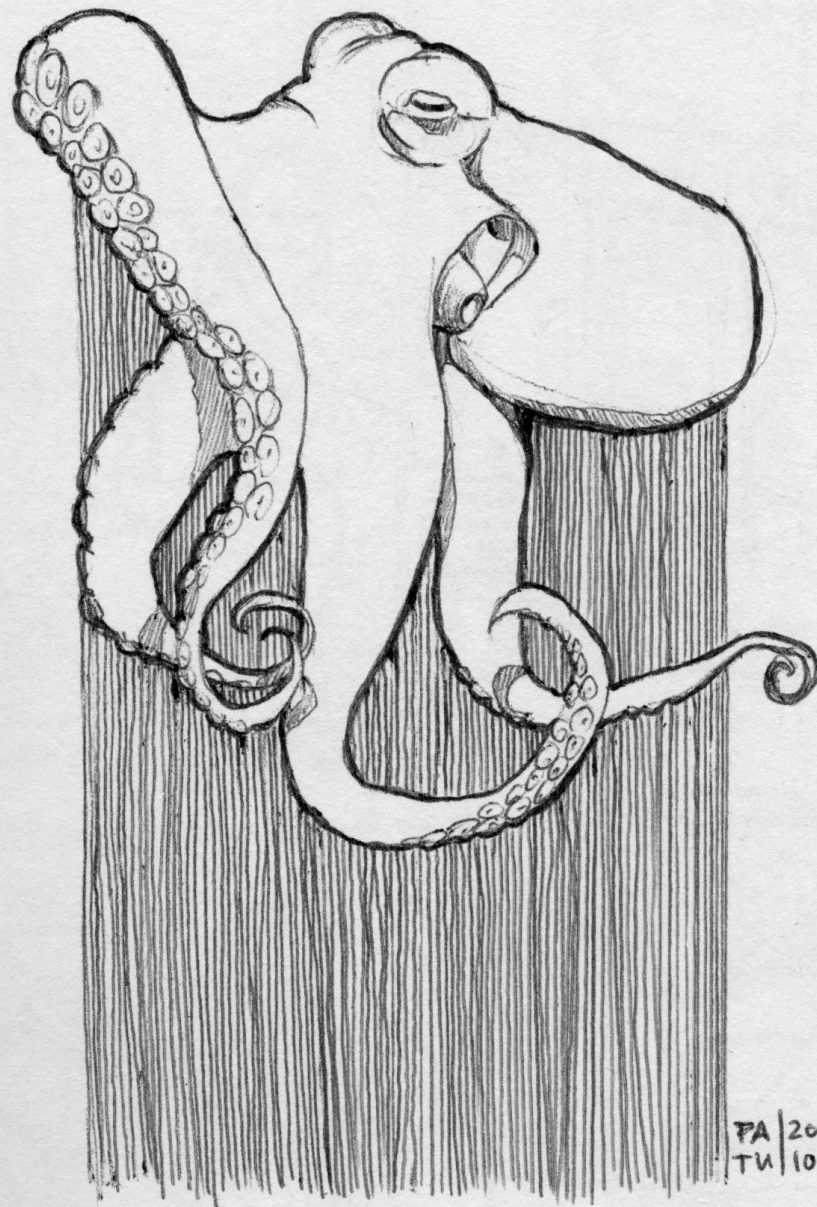
Upcoming issues will feature a higher more selective quality of work from students, amateurs, and professional artists as well as

full color printed pages. The hope is to maintain an entertaining medium of free expression, while also managing to be a respected resource for new talent and inspiration.

#### ***Next Issue and How to Contribute:***

The next issue has a theme, LOVE/HATE. One side of the 'zine features art or writing that deals with LOVE, and the flip-side deals in HATE. Each piece should be either LOVE OR HATE, not both. We are accepting color and B/W entries for this issue! If you would like to be featured in the love/hate issue, please email a high quality image or document to [ZIGZAGCREW@GMAIL.COM](mailto:ZIGZAGCREW@GMAIL.COM)

Thanks to our contributors, readers, and street team, you make our tree fruit.



FA | 26  
TU | 10



# PAN DAGAN

WRITTEN BY: Jack Quack

“Dagnabit Pan Dagan!” said Pan's mother as another large crash issued from upstairs. Stomping toward the ruckus with her mind angrily buzzing, punishments foaming at her lips, and hands clenched tight around her conviction, she already knew, despite her current intent, that she'd let Pan off lightly. Just conjuring his image in her mind softened her heart.

Usually he wasn't too much trouble, but now the heat of summer seemed to have his blood boiling. This time last year he'd been in her hair constantly, but third grade had matured him and he'd become more independent this summer, thank God. He'd be her little angel again once fourth grade started and he had school to concentrate on. Pan had always been a good student, and he looked so cute in his little uniform.

Another series of thuds shook the home, and she grabbed the handrail for support. “Pan!” she wailed. No answer, just more crashing. *That kid is going to bring down this house.* She quickened her steps and tightened her already white-knuckled fists. She reached for his door handle but it flew open before she could grab it, and out came the little monster as if expelled. He was almost past her before she grabbed the back of his collar.

“Hey, are you breaking stuff?”

“It was just a chair Mom,” answered Pan.

Mom glanced into his room and saw his bed unmade, glass shards on the floor, marker on the walls, and no trace of a broken chair, though she suspected it was buried somewhere in the chaos. “Gosh dang it Pan Dagan! It's a war zone in there. I want you outside for the rest of the day,” she said.

“But the ninjas are coming in my window Mom; I've got to defend my room” said Pan.

Mom went back into Pan's room, shut the window, and said “No need for defense now, so get your tookus outside.” Pan groaned but obediently began descending the stairs. A thought struck him, and he climbed up onto the handrail and began sliding down. Quickly coming to meet him was a wooden ball that capped the end of the handrail. He plowed into it, sending it flying across the room and into the front window, which broke with yet another crash. “Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!” said Mom. “Out now Pan!”

Pan ran out of trouble and into the backyard, leaving his mother to his messes. She called out from the house, “Be sure to be home before sunset Pan!” He picked



Bus sign

SUITCASE

BENCH

SHOES uh—GLOW

outer space...



up an L shaped stick and with a spitty-sputtering noise, shot imaginary bullets at her figure in the doorway.

"I mean it Pan Dagan, you know there are wolves in the woods at night," she said. Pan paused his spitting to yell back, "I shot you, so you're dead!" Mom sighed and shut the door.

Now that he had escaped the evil clutches of his jailer, he planned to find a ship and cast his lot in with some pirates, but a hawk flew over and he thought of a new game, a better game, called death from above.

He ran over to the nearest tree and leapt up to the first limb. While pulling himself up into position, he spied his first victim. *That flower has no place in this man's world*, "Back from whence ye came!" he shouted, and launched himself from the tree, plummeted the five feet down, and with two feet together he crushed the daisy with his landing. Stepping off and bending down, he scrutinized his handywork, "Ya dead?" he asked. The flower didn't answer. Pan took its silence as a yes, and with one last ferocious stomp on the flower, he continued deeper into the woods of his backyard.

Two quarreling squirrels caught his attention. They squawked at one another and chased each other around a tree. He approached them and in doing so incurred their wrath. They stopped their fight and turned their chirping on him. "What are ya yelling at me for? Oh, I get it, you two must be Yankees fans and here I am the Red Sox pitcher Roger Clemens invading your territory. What's that you say? You'd like a preview of the pitching that is going to strike out your whole team next week? Well I'd be more than happy to warm-up on you squirrels," said Pan, as he bent down to pick up a pine cone which he proceeded to launch at the squirrels. Their angry chirping turned to shrill squeaking, making Pan think of his dead dog Bruno's love of squeaky toys. "Well screw you too," Pan said as a goodbye, and ran in the direction of the clearing where Bruno was buried.

Bruno was an old cranky basset hound. He went blind shortly before he died and would issue a deep howl at any disturbance, whether it be the a/c clicking ON or the refrigerator making ice. The one good thing about his barking was that he would bark at the sunrise, awakening Mom for work. One evening Pan put Bruno in the garage after tiring of his constant outbursts. Bruno stayed in the garage over night, during a frost that swept through. In the morning they found him frozen under the car. Mom said good riddance, and that she had been on the verge of sending him to the pound anyway. Dad just seemed disappointed.

Bruno's clearing is on the edge of the black woods, a section of the forest where the birch gives way to a stand of black oaks whose heavy foliage block out most of the sunlight. Marking the grave is a large round rock with a paw print scratched into its face.

Pan went right to the headstone and traced his finger over the carving.

His late father had helped him carve the tombstone and Pan was very proud of his craftsmanship, though it did remind him of Dad. His mom said it looked like a dog had stepped in mud and the mud had hardened into stone. He remembered this and made a mental note to go by the river later to look for mud to shape.

Pan pictured old Bruno, the saggy ears and glossed over eyes. Then he pictured Bruno as a skeleton. The skeleton version of Bruno was all bones save for his collar. *What a cool collar he had, black with spikes. The spikes used to scratch his skin but he looked so cool in it that unless the skin rashes got really gross we'd let him keep wearing it. Plus he really liked it. I wonder if he's still wearing the collar down there.*

A smile lifted his face as the idea to unearth Bruno entered Pan's mind.

He began digging with his hands. The ground was soft and since he was in a clearing there were few roots. He imagined himself a pirate digging for treasure to make the task more enjoyable. The bones he would find were of another pirate that had been slain atop the treasure. He was a warning to treasure hunters to stay away unless they wished to die.

Sweat began accumulating on Pan's dirty brow. He wiped at it with his grimy, sweaty hand. "Dagnabit," he said, "I'll never reach this treasure without a shovel." He climbed out of his shallow hole and spied an appropriate digging tool. He grabbed the large branch, threw it in the hole, and jumped in after it. Taking one end of the branch he pushed the other end along the bottom of the hole, scooping out the dirt like a bulldozer would. He even made the bulldozer noise, "Burrrrruummmmmbrum."

It was hot but the occasional cloud would pass and blot out the sun momentarily. Hours passed, and Pan was getting tired but he knew he had to be just about there. He was standing waist deep in the hole by the time the log scratched along wood rather than dirt. "Finally," exclaimed Pan. He proceeded to wipe off the top of the box with his hands and then trace the soil out of the crack where the box opened.

He then pried open the box, and screamed.

Bruno's body was partially decomposed, and here and there Pan could see holes through his skin in which bones were visible. But that's not why Pan screamed. The dog's pose is what scared him: he looked ready to attack with his teeth bared and his paws outstretched. He smelled of rot. Pan climbed out of the hole, with the image of Bruno burning in his mind and his nose.

He began to cry, not for Bruno, but for himself. The sadness gave way to anger. He turned back to the hole and peered down into the open box. Bruno's black eye sockets seemed to be turned to look at him. *That's silly, Bruno couldn't even see when he was alive. Stupid dog, always barking and now, dead in a hole and still a bother. I'll show you.*

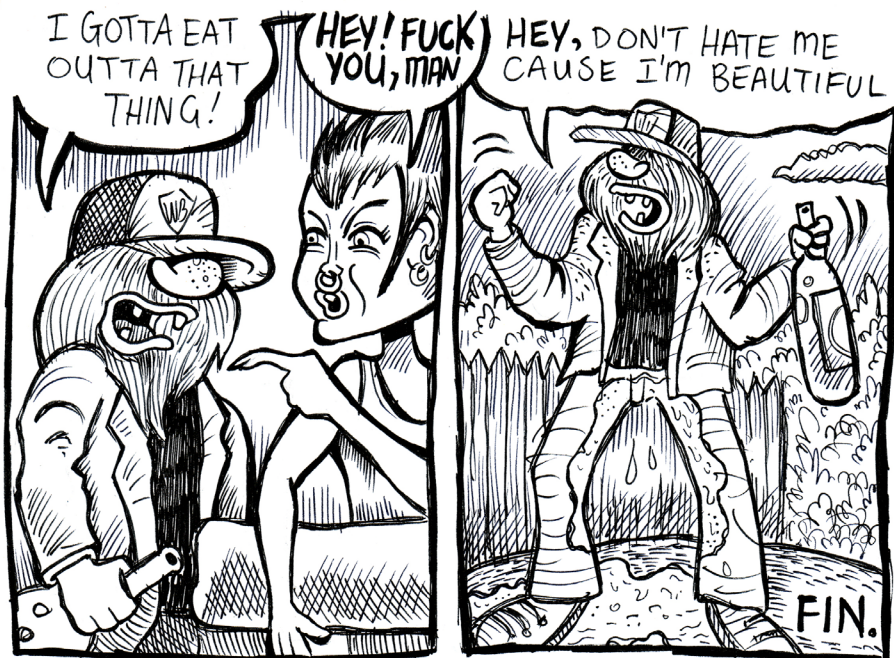
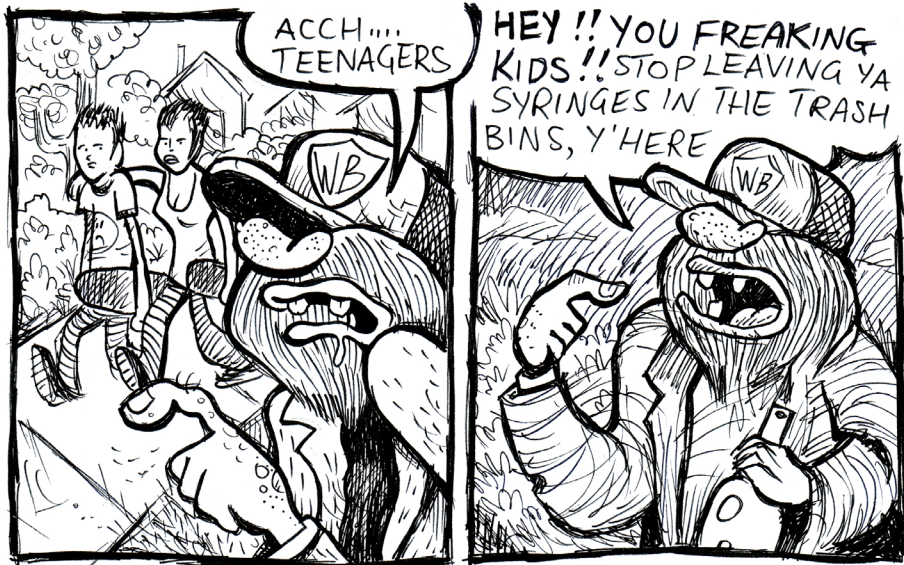
Pan jumped back in the hole, pulled the corpse from its resting place, and dragged it out. He remembered how much Bruno had barked at squirrels and





# Sir Godfr'y of the Gutter

by Ross Radiation  
radiationzero.com



decided he'd hand over the dead warrior as a trophy to his most revered enemies. He threw the corpse up into the branches of one of the oaks, but it didn't stick and fell back down with a bone-splintering crash. Pan tried again and this time it stayed.

He stood looking up, admiring his handiwork when he realized, *I didn't get the collar.* He scanned the body from below and sure enough, there were the rusty spikes jutting out from the dog's decaying throat. *I want that collar.* He grabbed the bark of the oak with his hands and found a foothold where an old limb had broken off just a couple feet from the ground. The climbing was easy, and the branch the dog was on wasn't very high. Pan reached the dog's tree limb, and fearing a fall, he laid down on his belly and continued like an inch worm. As he reached the end of the branch, it began to bend under his weight. *If I go any farther this branch is gonna break.* The dog was close though, he could see the collar clearly now. It had a tear in it and he thought if he could just reach it, a tiny tug would break it loose from Bruno's neck. He snapped off a thin branch from the large limb he laid on and outstretched his arm. *With this little branch I'll be long enough to reach the collar. Not quite there, if I just lean a little further out maybe, I can, just, reach.* Suddenly the branch broke. Pan fell, then hit the ground pretty softly, but he began crying again anyway. *Stupid branch, stupid Bruno.* "I hate you!" he yelled up at the carcass.

He stood up and noticed his bloody knee. He touched it and it hurt in response. *Some cold water will make it feel better.* He began limping into the black woods, in the direction of the river.

Before long he could hear watery laughter, the sound of the river running. The stench of peat moss came to him next, making him remember the summer he'd dug out the mummified rat and hidden it under his bed amongst the other skulls and skeletons he'd found in the forest. Smiling now, he came upon the river but the shore was covered in thick, thorny blackberry vines; he continued upstream, his shoe print amongst the many animal tracks dotting the small trail down to the water's edge. He walked down to the water and stooped to cup it in his hands. He let a couple drops fall onto his knee, and winced as they touched the wound. As he dripped more, the coldness of the water began numbing his knee. *That's better.* He watched the water rush by. Throwing in a stick, he imagined it was a boat tumbling down rapids and being crushed to splinters after going over a waterfall. His mind movie stopped short when he noticed some fur sticking out of the mud on the opposite shore.

"What is that?" he said aloud. A tree had fallen across the river just upstream and he used it as a bridge. He ran down the shore towards the furry thing, paying no attention to the numerous tracks in the mud. Rather than stopping and picking up the fur, Pan ran at it full speed and gave it a big kick that dislodged it and sent it flying off to the water's edge.

It's just an old teddy bear. No wait, it's a prisoner of war!

“Thought you could hide behind enemy lines, Mr. Bear? Thought you could trick Pan, did you? Mr. Bear? Mr. Bear? Answer me when I'm talking to you, Bear!” said Pan as he cuffed the bear across the snout.

“I'll never talk,” said the bear in Pan's voice.

“Oh you'll talk alright, I have ways that will make you talk” said Pan. He grabbed the bear, threw it up into the woods, and then climbed the bank after it. “Trying to escape, bear? There's no escape from General Pan. Now tell me where your comrades are hiding.”

“Never,” Pan's bear voice said.

“You leave me no choice Mr. Bear,” said Pan. He gave the bear a kick in its ribs that sent it hurtling into a nearby oak. Then he grabbed its arm and smacked it against the tree trunk repeatedly while yelling, “Talk, talk, talk, TALLLLK!”

The bear whimpered in Pan's voice “There's nothing you can do to make me talk.”

“Don't be so sure” replied Pan. He dropped the bear and ran to some nearby blackberry vines. He took hold of one, careful not to touch its thorns, and pulled it out of the ground. He ran to the bear with it and tied him to a tree, so the thorns punctured his fur.

“Owwwww,” cried Pan as the bear.

“I can go tighter Mr. Bear. Now, WHERE ARE YOUR CORADES?” said Pan.

“I'm alone out here, I-”

“LIES!” interjected Pan. “Here comes the pain,” he said as he tightened the vines.

“Ohhh, my stuffings!” whined Pan as the bear.

“Do you want me to stop?” asked Pan.

“Pleeeeee,” said the bear.

“Then talk. Where are they?” said Pan.

“I don't remember!” said the bear.

“Oh you remember, I know you remember,” said Pan.

“I swear I don't!” said the bear.

“I have another way to make you talk. Are you attached to that arm?” said Pan. Then he quickly untied the bear, letting him drop to the ground. Stepping on the bear he said, “This is going to hurt,” and he grabbed the bear's right arm and started pulling. The bear cried out in pain but Pan kept pulling. With a snap of string the arm came loose, showing white stuffing inside.

“Oh my God! What have you done!” cried Mr. Bear.

“Just what you made me do, now talk before I have to do more,” said Pan.



# SORRY I REALLY MEAN IT

WRITTEN BY: Clay Barclay

By way of your hints,  
By way of your mouth,  
I took notice to your being.  
By your face,  
I already knew you.  
By your sight...

By your empty existence  
Incomparable to your  
Title of self worth.  
I saw you on your own pedestal  
And I wanted to drag you  
Down to my bed.

I didn't wonder why you're lonely,  
Because as you pursed your lips  
You resembled the Garden serpent,  
Always on the hinge  
Of exploiting the curious.

I won't stop  
As I walk away  
From your street  
As you sleep.

"Like I said, I really don't remember," said Mr. Bear.  
"Mr. Bear, either you spill your guts to me, or I spill them for you," said Pan.  
"Okay, I'll give you something" said Mr. Bear. And then he spit in Pan's face.  
Pan put on his most serious face as he wiped away the imaginary bear spit. He picked up the blackberry vine again and twisted off one of its thorns.  
"Now you've done it bear, this is your last chance," Pan warned.  
Pan heard a twig snap behind him but he paid no attention.  
"WHERE ARE THEY!?" screamed Pan.  
He was answered by a deafening "ROOOOOAAAAAR!" He turned to find a full grown black bear standing on its back legs, staring directly at him.  
"Nice bear." said Pan  
The bear roared again, fell upon his front feet, and swiped at the ground.  
Pan took off running. The oaks looked like giant standing black bears, and the thought brought tears that streamed back into Pan's ears as he ran. I'm sorry God, mouthed Pan's frown. He could hear the bear crashing along behind him. He ran to the top of a hill and jumped from its crest only to begin rolling head over heels down the other side. The bear roared again somewhere behind him but Pan didn't look back. He got to his feet and ran. He needed somewhere to hide. A tree? No, he remembered seeing a show in which bears were climbing trees. *Where? Where? He's going to get me!* Then, as if God had heard his pleas, Pan spotted a cave. He dove into it and crawled to the back. There in the darkness, surrounded by Earth, he listened for the bear.  
What he heard instead was his mother's voice calling him in to dinner. He remembered he was supposed to be home before sunset.  
*That kid never listens.* "Pa-annnn!" she called from the back door. No answer. She could picture him out in the woods, deep inside his own imaginary game and ignoring her as usual. *He'll be along when his hunger hits him, better get back and check the oven.*  
Outside, dusk light gave the woods a tired look. Bright red and pink veins streaked from the horizon, above them the blanket of night was falling. A running black bear stopped still, silhouetted against the ebbing daylight. He sniffed the air, and turned toward a cave.  
The sun gave a last twinkle, and disappeared into the horizon.



# COUNTDOWN

WRITTEN BY: **Holly Haight**

Two-fifteen means  
I have enough time  
to reach my palms down  
to my hips and feel  
their sturdy structure  
beneath the fabric of my skirt.  
Forty-five minutes gives  
me enough room to  
choke and then begin  
to choke again.  
One hour's lifespan will put me in place  
in line behind  
another desk  
next to another desk  
next to yet another one.  
Tonight by definition  
permits me the excuse  
to set fire to all my limbs.

