

One Undo or two

your coffee break paper

first of
four free issues

weekly review

Issue 1

Jan. 5-11, 2004

One Lump or Two

Your Coffee Break Paper

Weekly Review

“We don’t hang our mugs ‘round here.”

One Lump or Two is published on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday.

Current issues can be found by way of

[~~www.one-lump-or-two.com~~](http://www.one-lump-or-two.com)

This *Weekly Review* is a collection of the week starting on Monday and ending with Sunday.

In addition to the content in the *One Lump or Two* paper,
the *Perk at Work* comics that fall between the issues has been supplied here as well.

One Lump or Two is a publication of Jason Illustration.

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You can take the information presented in the articles with a grain of salt.
I prefer cream and sugar.

DOG SNIFFS GOOD, DOG SMELLS BAD

I'm a dog person. I like dogs. They don't draw blood with a scratch, they don't make your house smell like a litter box, they're more fun to walk, they like to have fun, they don't care if my waistline is anything but petite, and they don't destroy the drapery. There is one drawback though. The dog is a stinky creature. At least my dogs are.

When it comes to cats, I will admit that the cat itself is an OK smelling animal. It likes to clean itself all the time with the licking and what not. This is the cat making itself presentable. The fact that one really doesn't have to house train a cat is a plus. Unfortunately, the cat has a knack for making everything around it dirty. I don't understand it. If the cat's so sensitive about keeping clean, you would think that it would take the initiative to clean up after itself; purge the litter box, sweep up fur that's been shed, etc. Sometimes I think it's just a show. Kind of like those people who drive fancy cars they can't afford. Give it up cat. I'm onto you.

Now, when it comes to dogs, they have no delusions about being pristine. They know they get dirty. They even like it. They're like us when we were kids. We'd go out and play for hours, collecting up a good rank odor, and come home only to try to convince the parents to let us go a night without taking a bath. I understand that mindset. Unfortunately, under normal conditions, the dog will quickly "outrank" the human in terms of

smell.

I have this theory about the scent of the dog. It's like this:

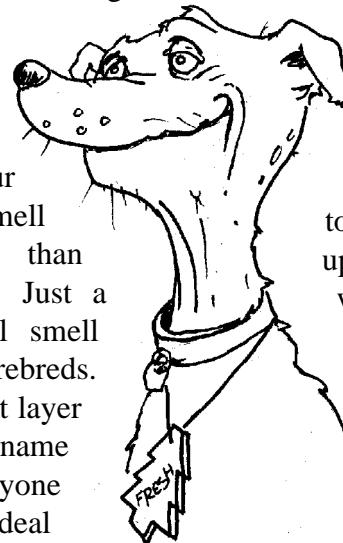
Each dog has three odors attributed to it. These odors are in layers from inner to outer and strongest to faintest respectively (bear with me folks, I really am going somewhere with this). The first odor layer is the "generic dog smell" layer. Every member of the canine species is identical on this layer. The smell is amplified by moisture in the form of rain or swimming pool. The second, somewhat less prominent layer is the "kind of dog smell" layer. Your blue heelers will smell somewhat different than your bloodhounds. Just a note, the mutt will smell worse than the purebreds. The third and faintest layer is the "(your dog's name here)" layer. Anyone who spends a great deal

of time with his or her canine companion will know the signature scent of that particular pet. This is the scent that somehow lingers after you wash the stink out of their stuff. It's not a bad smell. It's kind of sweet.

The funny thing is, that signature scent seems to fit the particular animal's personality to a "T". You could argue that it's all in my head but I'm sure there are some of you who'll agree. It's this layer of the

dog's odor that makes the other two layers bearable. Of course, if somehow the dog didn't have this last

layer, it wouldn't be hard to find another reason to put up with its stink. That's what dogs do. They love you and they make you love them no matter what. And that, my friends, is why I'm a dog person.



ODE TO THE BAD MOVIE

Why did I sit through your entire presentation?

If you were a salesman, I would have politely stated that I was not interested.

If you were my dinner, I would have feigned fullness to avoid finishing you.

If you were an itchy wool sweater, I would have removed you.

Yet I sat through you.

I listened to the entirety of your trite dialogue.

I endured your pathetic attempts to pull my heartstrings or to arise laughter.

I even followed your paltry subplots.

Upon your completion, I rued the event.

I paid good money for you.

Be it at the movie house or on VHS, maybe even DVD.

I do not wish to have my money back,

What I want is ever more valuable.

Bad movie, you owe me two hours.



YETI OR NOT, HERE I COME

As the weather turns harsh in the cold month of January, I can't help but to wonder how Bigfoot is doing. Does Bigfoot hibernate? Does Bigfoot have enough blankets? Is there a Mrs. Foot for him to cuddle up with on those especially chilly nights? I'm sure many of you share in my concerns.

Here's where I'll try to squeeze some information out of my brain about the subject at hand. Bigfoot is believed to be a large, hairy, bi-pedal, manlike creature. In Saskatchewan he is known as Sasquatch for reasons I have no idea. In Nepal, he is known as the Yeti. In the Himalayas, he is known by his comic-book-like name the Abominable Snowman. Some consider the Chupacabra of Mexican lore to be the freckled-faced little cousin to the Bigfoot but that's a whole other article within itself. In the U.S., he is called Bigfoot on account of the big footprints that he left in his wake. For our purposes, we will refer to our furry friend by his U.S. tag.

Recently there were some folks who came forward and confessed that they were playing a hoax on everyone

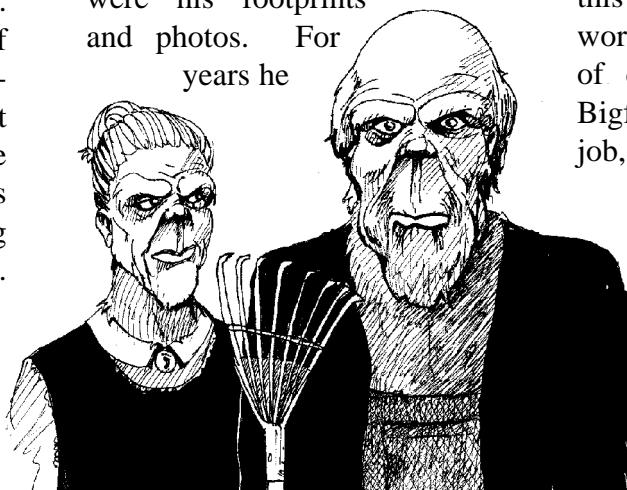
by fabricating Bigfoot footage and footprint casts. Does this negate the existence of Bigfoot? Let's try to think about how Bigfoot felt when he saw that report on his makeshift television. I have a theory that Bigfoot felt one of three things:

1. Bigfoot breathed a great big sigh of relief. He thought he had covered his tracks and these guys somehow stumbled upon one or two of them. Now, he can be construed as just another person playing a hoax to all who may happen upon him. Maybe now he can keep up with raking those leaves outside his pinecone hut.
2. Bigfoot grew angry. Those really were his footprints and photos. For years he

has been trying to make contact with "the furless ones" only to have all his efforts thwarted by some guys who happened to make a cast foot or two. What an outrage! People will no longer take him seriously. And he just bought that nice suit for his press release party.

3. Bigfoot had a bittersweet moment where he realized that everything has changed. He will no longer be a major figure in the enigmatic phenomenon world. This means no more hunters but it also means no more cover shots in *Weirdo Weekly*. Yet, in all this craziness, Bigfoot finds opportunity. With this de-hoaxing coupled with the world's increasing acceptance of different types of people, Bigfoot may now look for a job, window shop in the mall, take in a movie with the old lady. Maybe Bigfoot and wife can finally find some friends they can relate to.

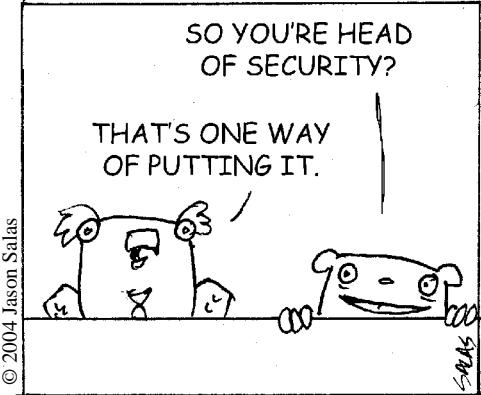
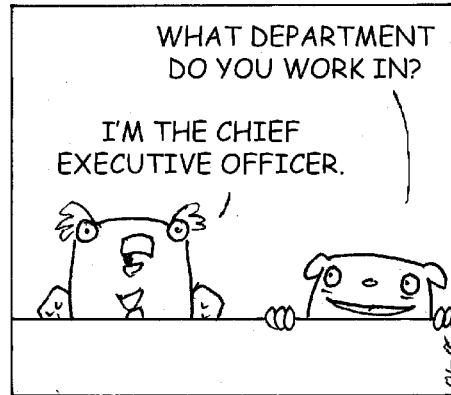
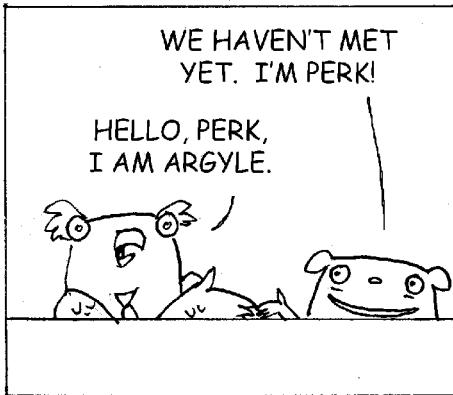
I think we all know number three is probably the most



In this rendering, the woman is his wife. Humor me.

(Continued on next page)

Perk at Work



GEOGRAPHY? GEE, I DON'T KNOW

Where am I when it comes to geography? It's a silly pun of a question, but the sad thing is, my answer is an unimpressive, "I don't know." Where was I when they taught Geography in school? I don't remember ever really studying the subject. I hear people talk about how they had to memorize the fifty states and their corresponding capitals but I never did that. I don't revel in the fact that I'm geographically inept, I lament it.

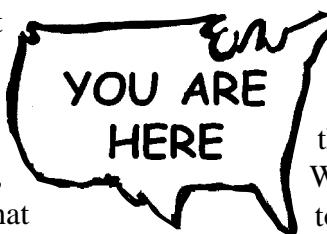
It really struck me as I was looking at one of those disposable Scotch® tape dispensers. I was laughing about how silly it was to put directions on that cardboard backing about how

to refill the dispenser. I began to wonder if Scotch® tape actually was invented by the Scottish and, if so, was it before or after golf. Then I realized that I didn't know where Scotland was. I know it's in Europe and I'm pretty sure it's by England and Ireland with all that UK business, but I couldn't tell you exactly where. Is it a country, a state, a neighborhood, a province? What exactly is a province? And speaking of England, what exactly is New England and how far does it stretch?

I will no doubt look up where Scotland is on a map. That's really not the point here. Sure it will help later on when I'm talking about Scotland, but what about Tasmania or Kerplacistan? I used to think Brazil was a city in Spain. How awful is that? These are entire countries, folks (well, maybe not Kerplacistan). These places have citizens and governments and cultures all their own. I'm still trying to wrap my brain around the U.S. It's like fifty countries in and of itself.

I know I'm not the only one who is lacking in this department. When I tell people I'm from New Mexico, they smile and say, "Well, welcome to America." What's worse is, even if I was from Mexico, isn't that America as well? Friends have shared with me similar woes on this subject. Is it a generational thing? Is it due to a lapse in the educational process? Whatever it is, we need to fill the gap. Here's the plan: everyone study up on the countries whose names start with the same first letter as your first name (e.g. the Richards and Rachels of the world will know Russia, Romania, etc.). That way if you ever wanted to know about Scotland, ask Sally or Sam. It's that easy!

Maybe I'll save that project for when I'm a full-fledged schoolteacher. It seems like it could be educational and fun. It won't be long until I can have a classroom of my own. At the rate I'm going with college, I should be fully certified to teach in the year 2037 (2055 if I go for that minor in geography).



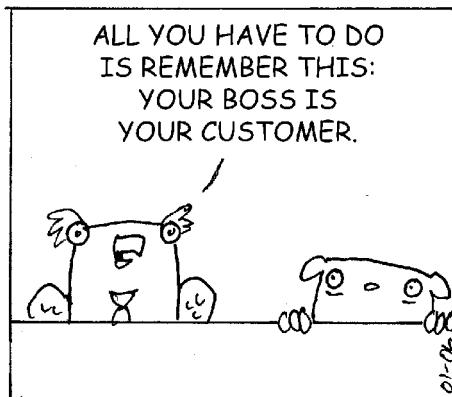
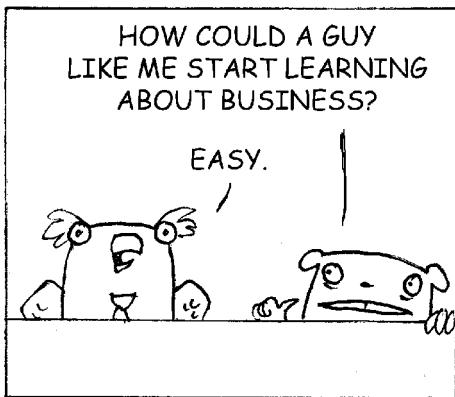
YETI OR NOT...

(Continued from page 2)

likely. It is in this respect that I urge you to help Bigfoot and Mrs. Foot when they make their way into our culture. Help them find suitable employment. Maybe you know someone who has a house for rent. We know they won't make a racket, however, they may stink a bit. We all know how it feels to be an outsider trying to fit in. Come on, friends. Let's give the Feet a good ol' "furless" welcome!



Perk at Work



JUST AS I FEARD, MY BEARD GREW WEIRD

I am not a good facial hair person. Those of you who know me personally will vouch for this. I am unable to grow a sufficient beard.

Recently, I took a hiatus from shaving. I let the leash off of my facial hair and told it to be free. It grew at a rapid rate of one hair per square inch of face per week. I'm not joking here, it's that sparse.

My beard, when "grown out" resembles the lawns of many a New Mexico backyard-small patches of growth here and there but mostly just barren landscape. What's worse is that the thickest of these regions is on my neck. You know where a normal guy grows a beard, how it's on his face and ends around the neck? Well, I'm the opposite. I have no growth in normal beard regions. If I had a mustache, I reckon it would probably grow in ok, however, I don't see myself as a mustache sort of guy. It takes too much looking in the mirror to get the mustache looking presentable. I don't like to look at myself. Furthermore, looking at my own facial hair only reminds me of the beard I cannot

grow.

For some, their beard is their essence. Perhaps you know some of these guys who style their beard in strange fashions or patterns. Some guys like to have an angled look to their beard. They groom it to a pencil-thin outline of their jowls. Other guys like images and shapes not unlike crop circles

upon their face. Still, no self-respecting boy-band member would find it stylish to shape their beards to resemble my unfortunate endowment of follicles.

If I were in a boy band, I wouldn't be the cute one or even the fat one but the Hispanic Amish-looking one. You'd be less likely to find me in *Fashionably Bearded Magazine* than in *The Freak-By-The-Week Sideshow Desk Calendar*.

I have always wanted to sport a beard though. I daydreamed about being reunited with old friends I haven't seen for some time and having a nice full beard. They would make comments such as "Oh, you have a beard, eh?" to which I can respond "I'm just trying it on



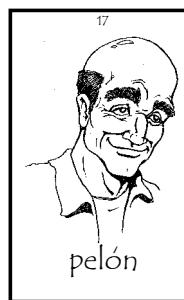
for size. Do you like it?" Few can understand what I'm going through. Maybe some of you ladies dream of the circus but I'm talking more to us men here.

I don't really mind the fact that I cannot grow a nice full beard; however, if I can't grow a full beard I would rather not have any facial hair whatsoever. To be honest, I have contemplated using that all-natural-rip-the-hair-completely-from-the-follicle product but it's a bit much, don't you think? The whole subject was rendered moot beforehand on account of my wife not wanting me to have the beard anyways. I'll be happy with what I have, or shall I say, the lack thereupon.



THE LOT

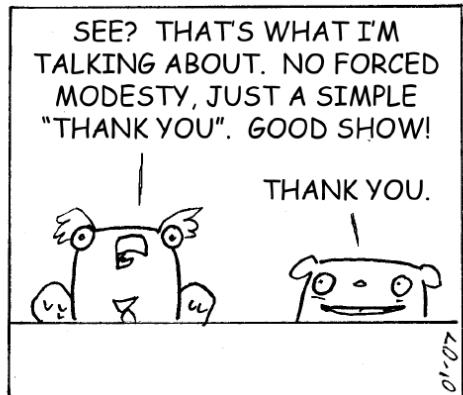
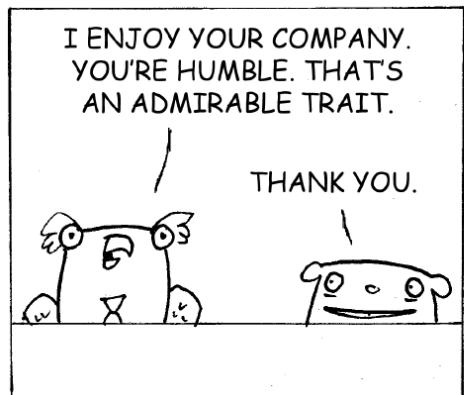
pelón
(peh-LONE)
bald (bald guy)



Be bold,
Be bald.



Perk at Work



THE DELECTIBLE CHEF:

JUST THE SOUP OF US

Scenario: You want to go out. You want to go out with that special someone. You want to go out with that special someone but your bank account balance actually reads, "You're joking, right?" Here's a suggestion, try a Vietnamese Noodle House.

I don't know about where you live but here in Portland, OR there are literally dozens of such places. The place we recently visited was named Pho Hung. This was a small space, it was devoid of anything to distract from the simple, straightforward food. What the atmosphere lacked in décor, it made up for with lots of happy people sucking down steaming bowls of broth. We seated ourselves and the lone waiter brought us menus, tea, and water right away.

Most items are in Vietnamese, but they have numbers and English descriptions. As for the price, our experience was well under \$20 for two people including

tip. Perfect.

The soup is served with a long, short-handled soupspoons as well as chopsticks. The chopsticks are used for retrieving the noodles and garnish (fresh jalapeno slices, Thai basil leaves, beans sprouts and limes) from your bowl. What can be more romantic than watching the one you love clumsily trying to manipulate a pair of chopsticks?

Here are a few tips to remember for your date:

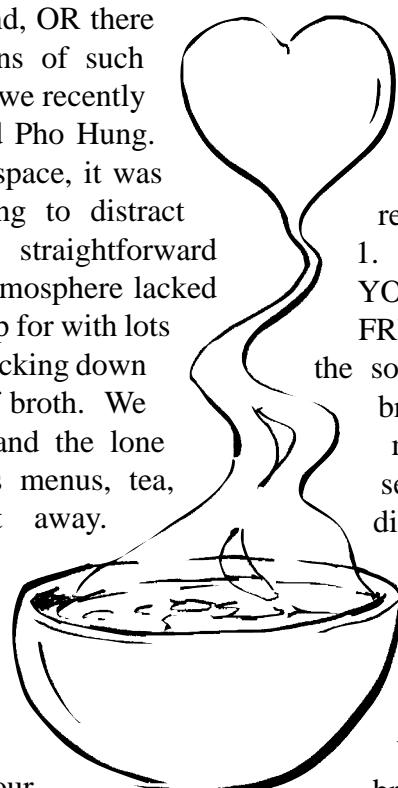
1. DO NOT BRING YOUR VEGETARIAN FRIENDS HERE! All the soup is made from beef broth. Some restaurants may include vegetarian selections but ours didn't.

2. Stick to the "popular" items. These will be less threatening to the palate. Most bowls will contain broth, noodles, cilantro, and strips of beef. Some of the advanced bowls contain

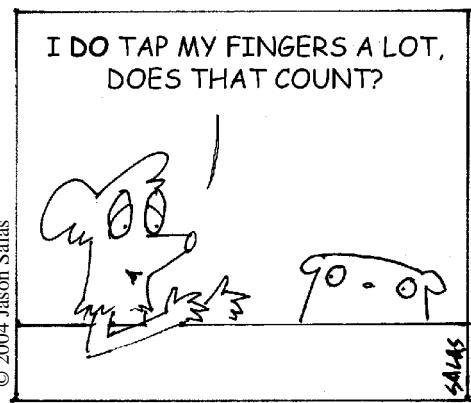
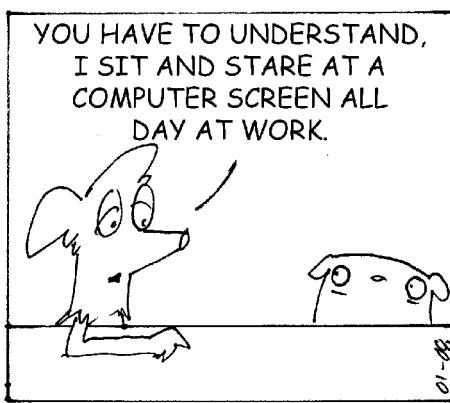
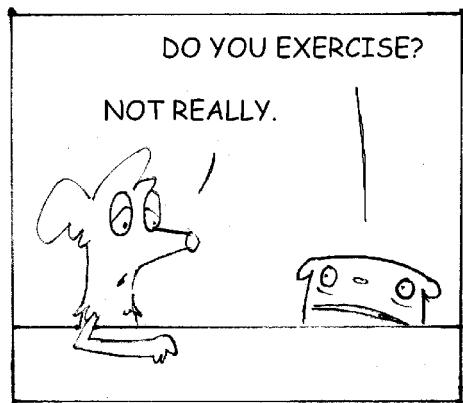
honeycomb tripe (the lining of a stomach), soft tendon (pork tendon. It looks like a chunk of fat, and slightly chewy, but very full of flavor.), and some may contain organ meat!

3. Be sure to try the side dishes. We feasted on vegetarian rolls that contained rice noodles, tofu, spinach, basil, and wrapped up in soft wontons and served with a nice mild peanut dipping sauce.
4. How's this for an oxymoron? Avocado Milkshake. I know it sounds awful but it's rich and tasty. Try one even if it's just so that one day you can tell your children how crazy you really were in your day.
5. If you still have room, the Vietnamese coffee is brewed right into your cup, and is sweetened with condensed milk. Very tasty as well.

So you're not buying that someone caviar on zipping them around the planet on a personal jet. It's still a little bit of somewhere else. Think of it as giving him or her the world... one bowl at a time.



Perk at Work



Reflections

ON SOLITUDE

Classes start up in a few days and not a minute too soon! I think this is the first time I've looked forward to school since the summer I grew into my ears. People don't believe me when I tell them that I was totally baby-colt awkward when I was a kid – big ears, buckteeth. I put the über in puberty! This is not like that though. This time I just need to get out of my apartment. I've been cooped up here for two weeks now and I think I have cabin fever even though I took my own temperature and I'm 98.6.

Winter break was a bust! Sure I was glad to have the break and to spend some time with my family but I had set aside a good amount of time to spend with Bob. I had the whole thing planned out. My Christmas gift to Bob was that we were going to go skiing with some friends and share this cabin. I thought this would be a good way for my friends to hang out with Bob to see that he's a real guy and not some Wall Street suit. Well, guess what? Bob goes off on how I'm just a kid and all my friends are kids and he doesn't want to be hanging out with a bunch of stupid kids.

Then he started talking about some generation rift between us. I told him I was like super mature for my age and that made him laugh which, in turn, made me irate. Needless to say, I was devastated. We broke up on Christmas Day. He didn't even get me a gift and stupid me got the ski trip AND the mahjongg (which he kept to, in his words, "remember me by"). What-ev's! He just wanted to keep it. I don't mind though. I did get it for him after all. I just was hurt about how he treated me and the crew. I think him calling me immature is like when pots and pans call each other black. You know what I mean?

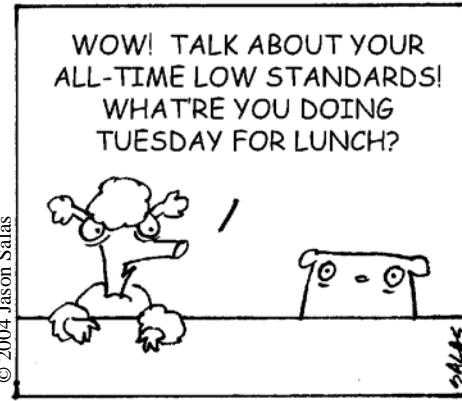
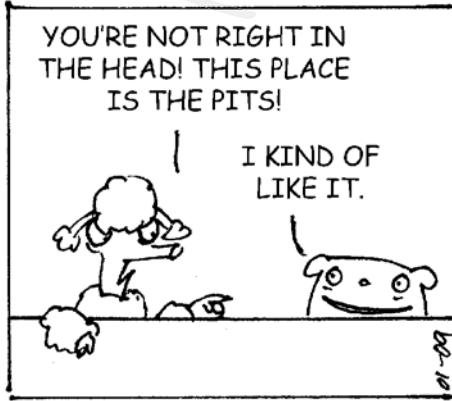
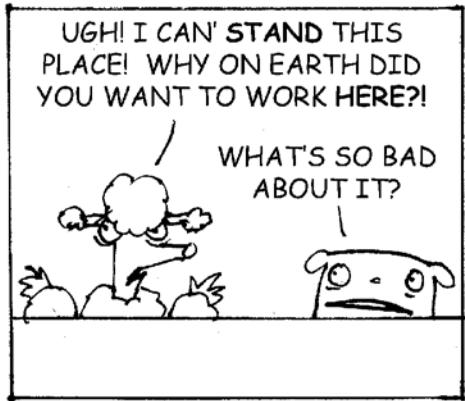
Since the fiasco, I've just been hanging around my apartment. I don't have a job to go to because I work on campus when classes are in session and I don't want to make the drive back to my parents. In short, I've been living la vida hermit. Seriously! Kim's still out of town and I haven't got in touch with my friends because I feel as though I ditched them in a way. So I've been hanging around here. Some days I don't even get out of my PJ's. I've been living off Chinese delivery,

pizza, and left over candy. I feel like a total pudge.

There is a silver rainbow to this cloud though. All this time alone has really helped me sort things out in my head. When you have a lot of time to yourself, you really start to see the world around you in a different light. Even though I don't want to admit it, I find I actually enjoy doing some pretty geeky things. I finished two books, I'm like really listening to music, and I even watched some sci-fi. I'm feeling shame because I once made fun of this one guy who asked me if I liked any of this stuff. I told him, "Only losers spent their time doing loser things!" Talk about Hagsville! Kent, if you're reading this, I'm sorry and I see why you like this stuff. Pickard rocks!

If you make one resolution this year, I suggest you resolve to take some time to get acquainted with yourself. I've learned a lot about the kind of person I was and the kind of person I now want to be just by not doing anything but lounging around and eating the occasional peanut butter cup. I bet you could too. Kisses!

Perk at Work



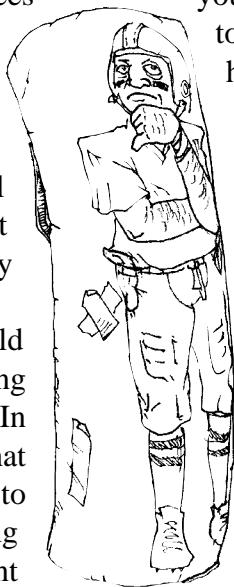
TACKLING DUMMY: TOUPEE OR NOT TOUPEE

The question we will be tackling today is in two parts. The first part is "How do guys keep toupees on their heads?" and the second part is "How do I make my own toupee out of the clippings from when I get my hair cut?" I will answer the second part first because it dove tails nicely into the first question.

I'm guessing that one could very well make a toupee using their own hair trimmings. In fact, one would think that this would be the only way to go about it. When sporting the toupee, one could point to the piece and remark, "See this? It's my own hair!" I hear that a toupee is quite spendy as well – just another reason to make your own.

The materials you may need for this project would be a piece of burlap cut in an 8" circle, some stick glue, and, of course, your own hair trimmings. You will want to let your hair grow out a bit so that you have plenty of play with the length of your toupee. Follow these steps:

1. Place burlap on a table-like



surface or Styrofoam head if you have one just lying around your house. Do not attempt to create toupee on your own head. It's too hard to see what you're doing.

2. Rub stick glue over ONE SIDE of the piece of burlap. This is the side you will adhere the trimmings to. Applying too much glue renders the piece stiff and causes the toupee to lose some appeal.

3. On the side with the glue, apply your trimmings. It's best to poke small groups of hairs through the glue into the

holes in the burlap. This secures them very nicely. Arrange the trimming how you like. Feel free to give yourself that part you always wanted or maybe even a cowlick for realism.

4. You may be tempted to try on your toupee as soon as you have it completed. I advise against doing this. You should wait at least five minutes to allow for any wet glue to dry. This also allows time for what I like to call "the settling of the trimmings".

After you have your toupee nice and dry, you are now ready to wear it. Some people may like to apply what's left of the glue to the other

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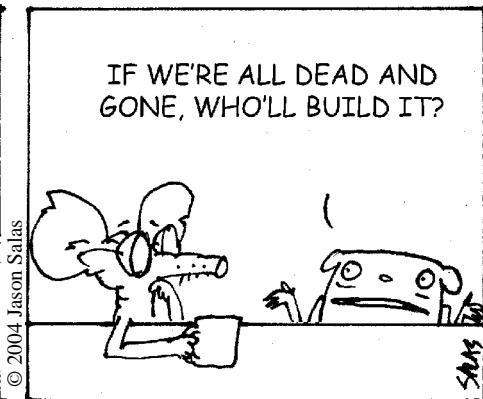
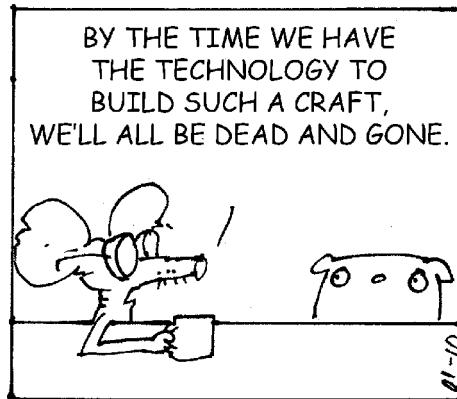
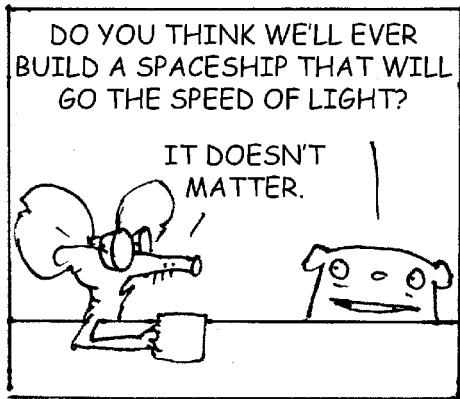
GET OVER YOURSELF HELP

Around the beginning of every new year, some folks find themselves wanting to "get in shape". They get in shape by going jogging or going to a gym or weight lifting facility. Why spend good money for something you can do at home? Use that money for something useful such as an auger. I usually work up a good sweat just digging holes.

I find it odd that the word "short" is longer than the word "long" in terms of letter usage. What's even more interesting is by making the word "short" into "shorter" you've only made it that much longer than "long". When you think of it, it goes for the words "little" and "big" too. Now, would it compound the issue to say that less is more?



Perk at Work



TACKLING DUMMY: TOUPEE...

(Continued from page 7)

side and adhere the toupee to their scalps. I am not an advocate of this practice. Murphy's Law dictates that you will run out of stick glue right before a big event. I suggest saving the glue for that aforementioned big event and using a large, thin rubber

band for the time being. Nestle the rubber band within the trimming of the toupee to hide its appearance. Secure the toupee to your head by stretching the other end of the rubber band under your chin. You may want to use a rubber band that matches your skin color, however, if a suitable one cannot be found I suggest you grow your beard out a little to allow for cover.

There you have it. Just a little bit of know-how and some elbow grease and you have yourself a whole new head of hair. If anybody out there has a hard-hitting question they would like me to try to tackle, please write me, Jason Salas, at: jsalas@one-lump-or-two.com. See you next time.



POEM FOR THE PLAY-OFFS

Play-offs!

Play-out?

Play-good, Play-often, Play-on!

Play-awful, Play-out, Play-off!

Play-ball!



VERBOSE INFORMATION ABOUT ONE LUMP OR TWO

I don't blame you for not reading the copy on the cover of this publication. Much of what was used for that image is contained here.

One Lump or Two can be described as an anything-but-news paper. Your number one source for the latest breaking news stories is found elsewhere. We're not here to bring you the biggest stories from around your world; we're here to give you a break from them. Every now and then, something may creep into a column that looks like a news story and may walk like a news story, but it doesn't necessarily make it a news story. That's about the size of it.

My mission is to give you something to read during those precious fifteen minutes you have to yourself in the morning and in the afternoon. Those few minutes where you are paid to sit and sip some coffee or what have you while trying not to think about how many minutes you have left before returning to the grind. Folks, I'm talking about your break. It's what

I like to call "the best work perk". Some of you may enjoy getting away from work while others enjoy getting back to it. I like getting back to work. Some may think I'm a little nutty. I just like working.

It is my hope that you will find something within this publication that will bring a smile to your face. The world is full of things to drag you down and make you feel bad. You won't find that here. When it comes to coffee, I like to add cream and sugar to take some of the bitterness away. I hope to do the same for your day.

The One Lump or Two Weekly Review is a week's worth of material packaged together in one publication. One Lump or Two is published on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday. To view the current One Lump or Two editions, please visit www.one-lump-or-two.com. Since there is no Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday edition of One Lump or Two, the Perk at Work comic strip is included in the website and the Weekly Review.

Perk at Work is a comic by Jason Salas and can be found in One Lump or Two. Who is Perk and what does he do? Perk spends his break time at the café located on the ground level of the office building where he works. A table-like surface is fixed to the wall beneath the window facing the street where one can pull a stool up to and sit. You can find Perk here.

Perk works in the mailroom. While on break, Perk encounters coworkers from around the building. He can be found in the company of Cal the copywriter, Eugene in graphics, Moxy in marketing, Sheryl in distribution, Pat in accounting, Compa the café's sole employee, and others as well.

Where there's a coffee break, there's a Perk at Work.

Legend of Authors (in no particular order)



Jason Salas



Trevor Hodgkins



Julia Upton



Erick Schlosser



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Uncle Anonymous



You can direct any comments or questions to:

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one lump or two

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