



For further instruction, or how you can contribute to the zine, go to: creasesaugusta.weebly.com

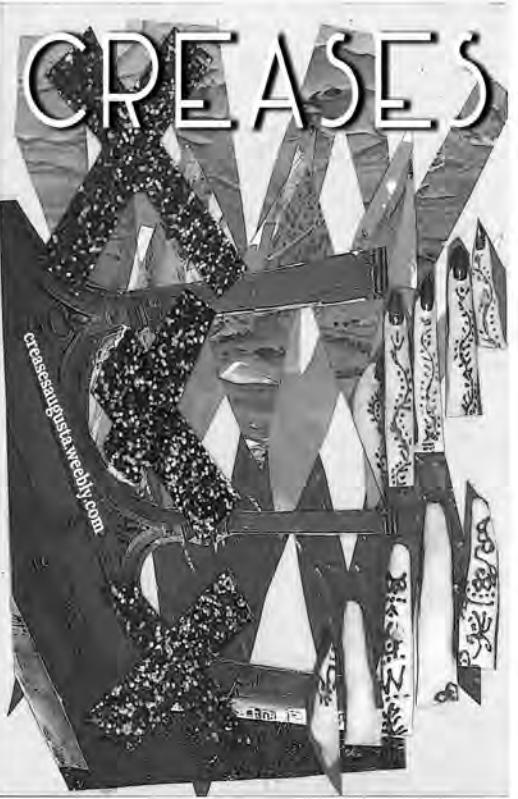
As always, you can donate to our ad-free cause by clicking on our PayPal donate button at [www.creasesaugusta.weebly.com](http://www.creasesaugusta.weebly.com). Happy New Year!

“New year, new me.” It’s a title statement, but it really describes the changes that will be coming to our little zine in this blank slate of 2016. For now, we will start off the year with a somewhat condensed version of the usual publication by showcasing all of the artists who participated in our last October. Here’s the catch: There will only be about 70 copies available for each artist! So, you can collect them all, or just a few. Next month, we will unveil a few positive changes and continue to charge forward into our second year in print.

*Letter from the Editor*

### HOW TO REFOLD

- Unfold book so it is a flat sheet with current pages facing up.
- Fold the paper in half hotdog-style, with opposite page on the outside.
- Open cut center so that it forms a diamond. Fold paper in to form a “+” sign.
- Fold paper along the crease to form a book.



# CREASES

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Submission Editor

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Contributor, Editor  
Publisher

**Jason Walter**  
Contributing Artist

**Snitch Karma**  
Contributor

<b>Deece Cassius</b> Comic Artist	<b>Jason Walter</b> Comic Artist
<b>Ethan McGee</b> Comic Artist	<b>Macy Goodwin</b> Comic Artist



The Fury of Overboats (a mashup of “The Very Hungry Caterpillar” by Eric Carle, “The Fury of Overshoes” by Anne Sexton and Joe Dante’s “Piranha”)

*F. Simon Grant*

Part I

In the light of the sun little piranha eggs lay under-water on waterplant leaves, waiting

in a row like kindergarten kids or a garden of deviled vegetables,

black, red, brown, like brass buckles or knuckles of gods,

Like your kindergarten feet hanging over dock in coldwater,

flopping like fins of fishbible.

One Sunday that spring break sun singing warm and POP! out of the egg came tiny and very hungry piranhas.

Remember when you couldn't climb fast enough into your own Overboats, only for play before the piranhas' eating.

The only horrorrama was slipping on the unfed,

falling below the tied and tall standing beasts of better greatness on Overboats.

Remember when you couldn't cut your own meat? Remember when you couldn't be someone else's eaten protein?

*F. Simon Grant*

But they were still hungry:

Remember, big fish,

when you couldn't swim,

when you saw the red pool swelling,

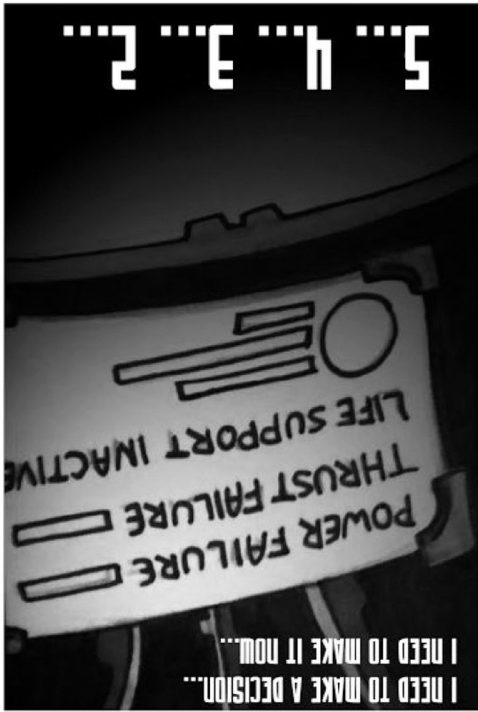
tried to swim screaming to Overboat safety,

slipped underlike heavy food?

Down the lake's inner thigh, like piss pouring, the piranhas ate through pairs of green boats where race winning and long lives of elevated selfhood seemed special only moments before being mixed as single liquid. Gobbled into belly to be piranha shit at lakebottom always.

But they were still hungry:

The piranhas looked for food starting in the lake's open womb, they ate through one whole applecol-first licking. Gobbled down all their red sweet juice.



I NEED TO MAKE A DECISION...  
I NEED TO MAKE IT NOW...



AN S.O.S. IS CERTAIN TO FAIL,  
BUT WHAT SORT OF MAN AM I  
IF I DON'T MAKE THE  
ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEM?  
ONE LIFE, IN DEFENSE  
OF...  
SIX THOUSAND,  
FOUR HUNDRED,  
TWENTY TWO.

THEY JUST SIT THERE,  
UNMOVING, UNKNOWNING...  
FROZEN IN SILENT JUDGEMENT OF  
A DECISION THEY CAN NEVER FULLY  
UNDERSTAND...



THE SHIP IS LOSING POWER...  
I HAVE TO DECIDE...

USE THE LAST OF THE POWER TO SEND A  
BEACON... A LAST DITCH EFFORT TO CALL FOR  
HELP, A MAIL MARY, OR DO I USE IT TO FUEL  
THE ESCAPE POD... SAVE MYSELF?



TO WEIGH SUCH A RESPONSIBILITY...  
IT'S... IT'S NOT SOMETHING I WAS EVER  
FULLY PREPARED TO UNDERTAKE.  
SIX THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED, TWENTY TWO.



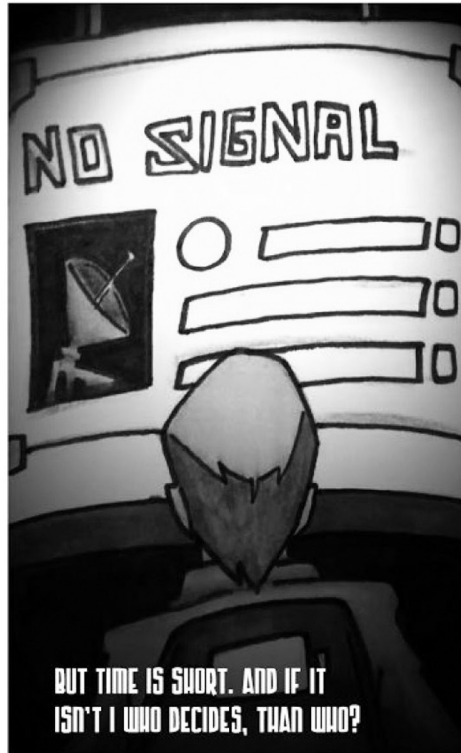
BUT I WILL LIVE...

IT'S A DECISION I WILL HAVE TO LIVE WITH...

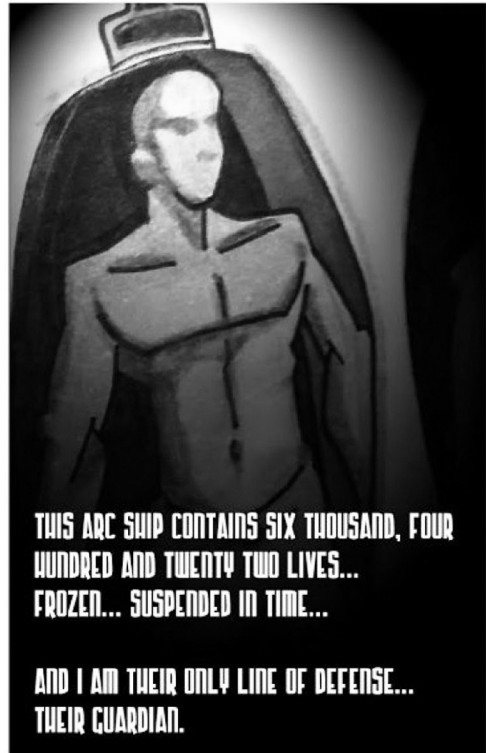


WHO GRANTS ME THE TITLE OF JUDGE?  
TO SENTENCE SO MANY TO CERTAIN DEATH?

DECISIONS. I'VE NEVER HAD  
TO MAKE ONE AS HARD AS THIS...



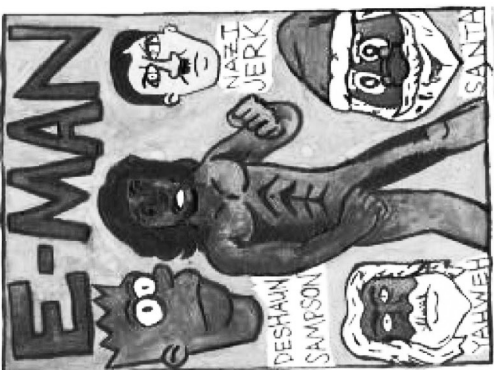
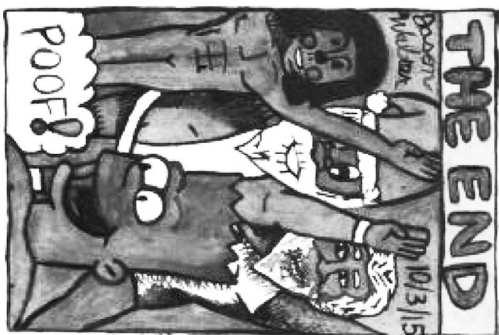
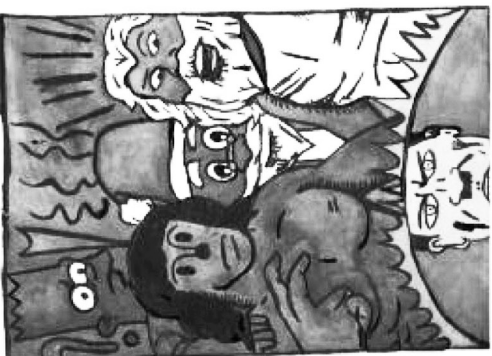
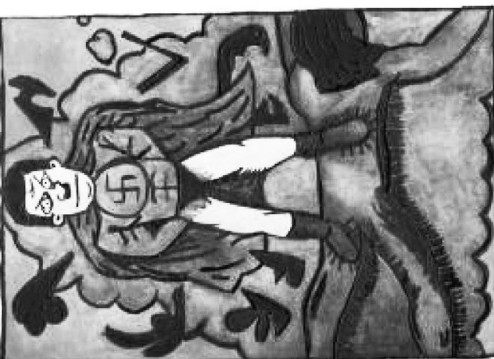
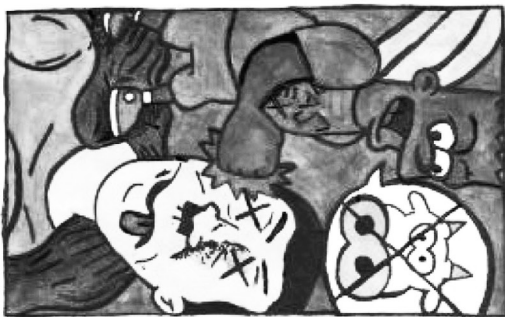
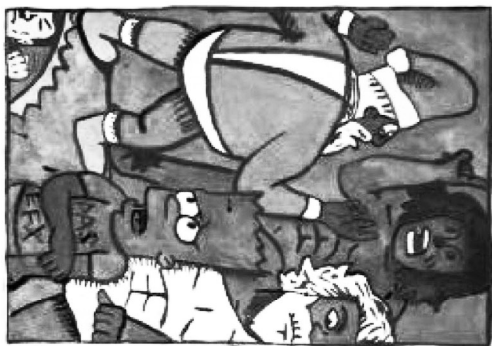
BUT TIME IS SHORT. AND IF IT  
ISN'T I WHO DECIDES, THEN WHO?

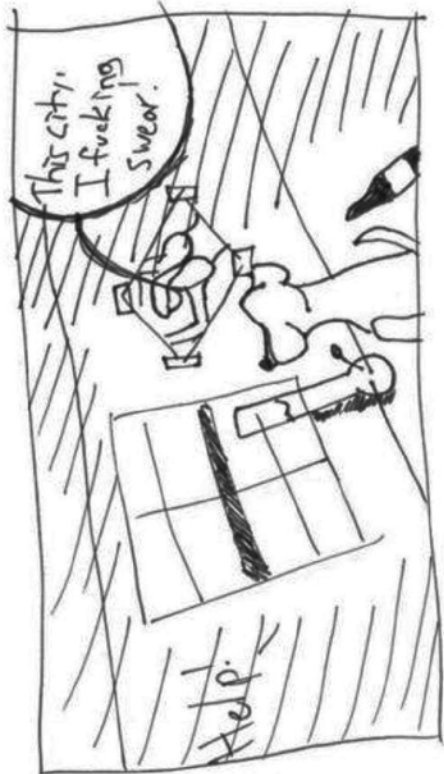
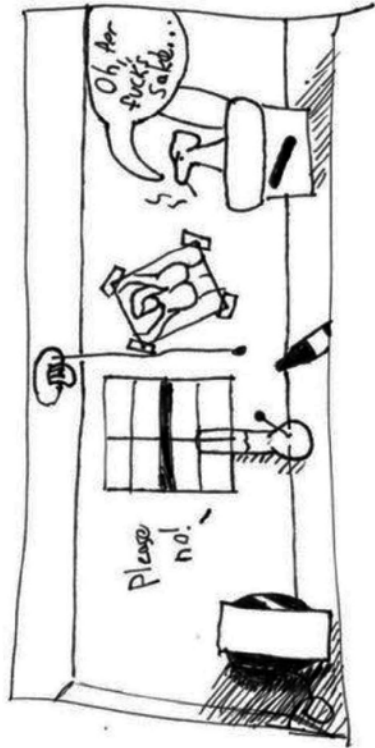
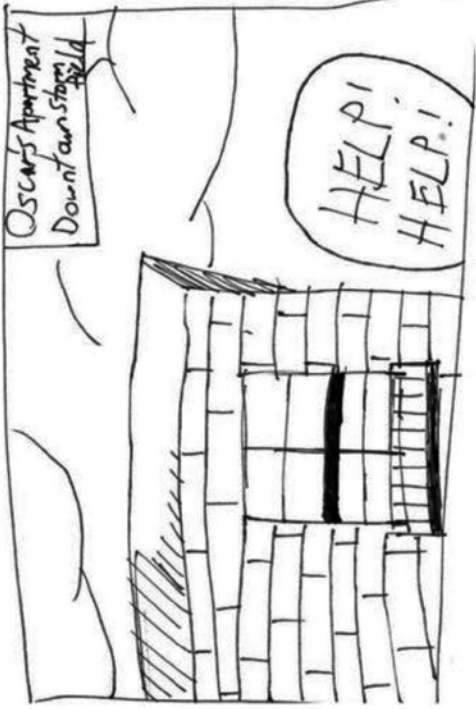
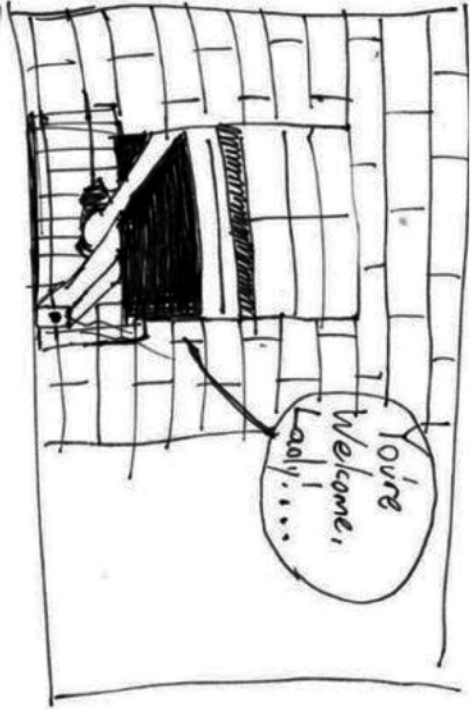
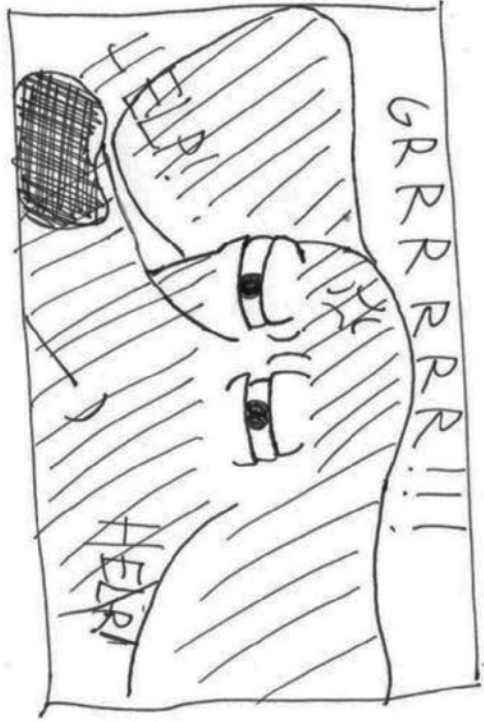
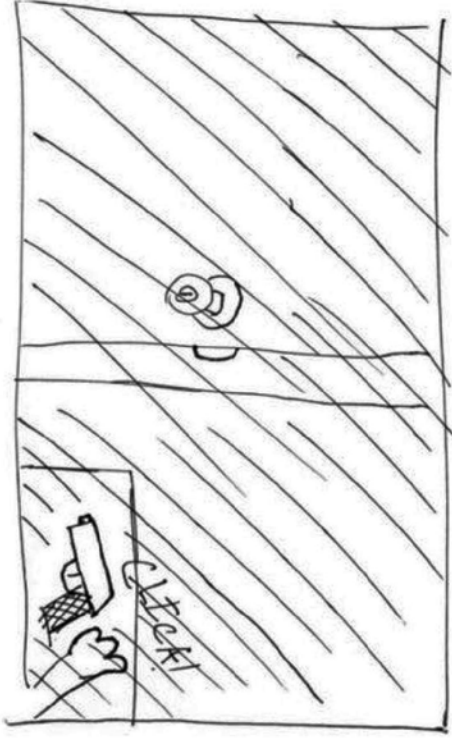
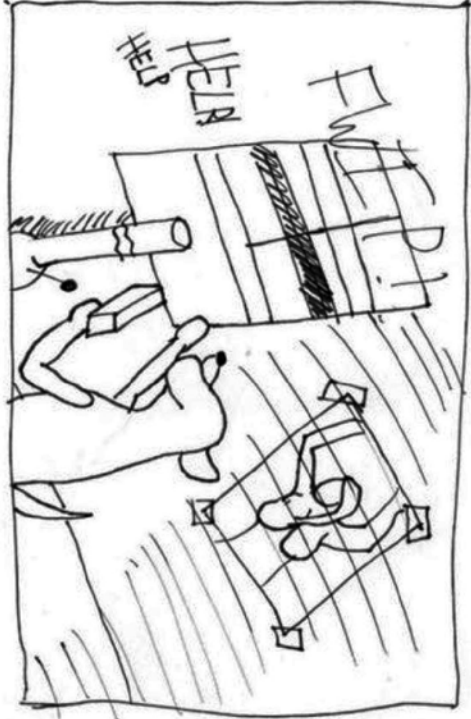


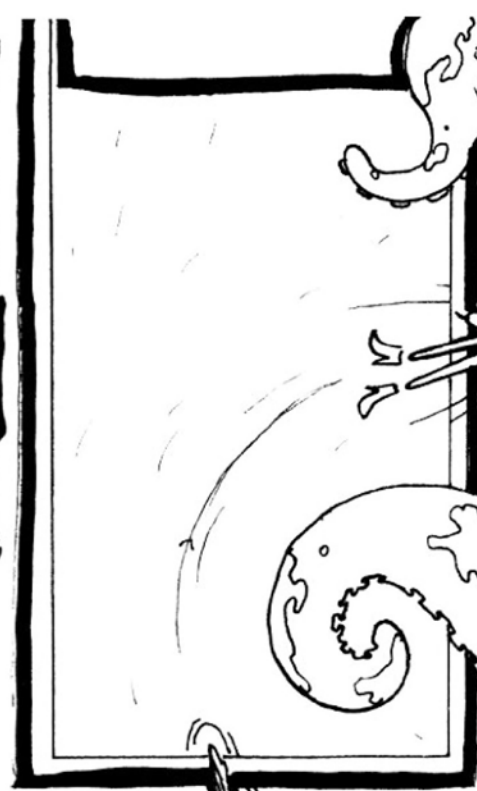
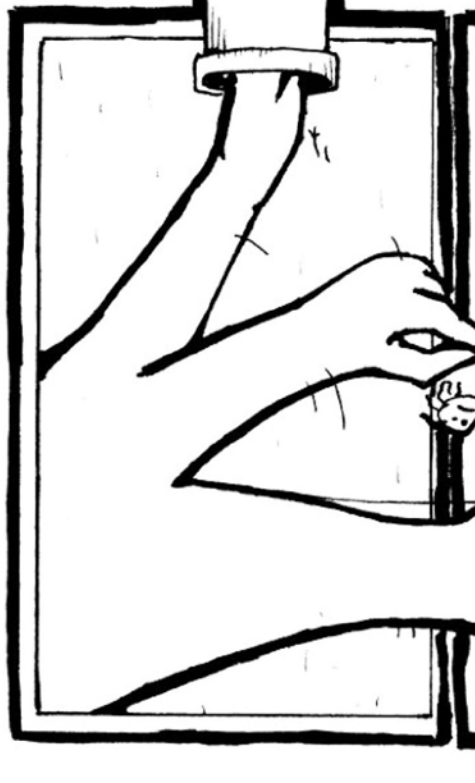
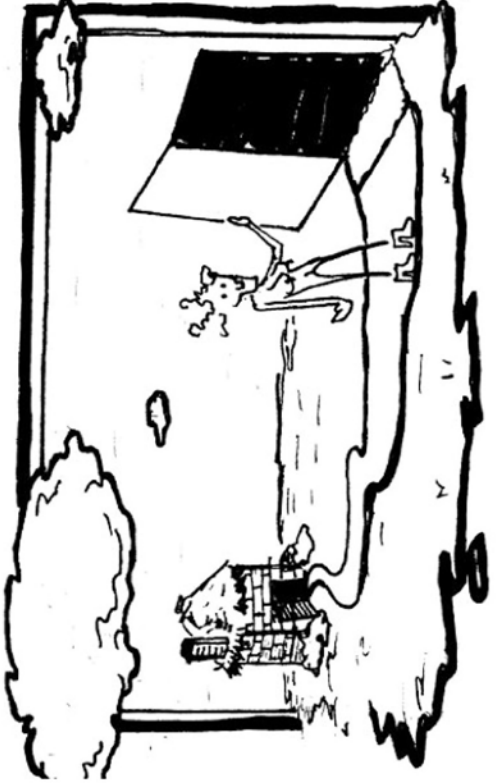
THIS ARC SHIP CONTAINS SIX THOUSAND, FOUR  
HUNDRED AND TWENTY TWO LIVES...  
FROZEN... SUSPENDED IN TIME...

AND I AM THEIR ONLY LINE OF DEFENSE...  
THEIR GUARDIAN.









MSG