

# one lump or two

your coffee break paper  
weekly review

second of  
four free issues

Issue 2  
Jan. 12-18, 2004

## GETTING BACK TO THE GRIND

*Chef Erick helps you  
Know Your Joe on page 6*



# **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.  
*One Lump or Two* is edited by Jason Salas.  
*One Lump or Two* is produced with the help of contributing writers.  
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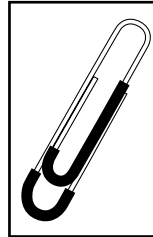
You can take the information presented in the articles with a grain of salt.  
I prefer cream and sugar.

# MAN BITES DOG AND OTHER THINGS THAT BITE

*Introducing a new bean to the blend; Julia Upton. Let's all give her a nice Lumpy Welcome!*

When I was in college, I was certain that my degree would be of some use. I am a singer-songwriter-musician-author-artsy-performing kind of girl. So what did I major in? Journalism. When I made the decision to pursue journalism, there was a rumor going around that artists of any kind were destined to a life of poverty and sadness. I am learning that you don't necessarily have to be an artist to live a life of poverty and sadness. You could simply be a journalist.

I've been writing creatively (or so I think) since before I could hold a pen (or so I am told). I quickly discovered that my love of creative writing would be suppressed by the journalism factor. There's nothing warm and fuzzy about cold, hard facts. I was young, I needed the degree and Journalism required only that I appreciate math and not learn it. I sped through my classes with only a narrow look into



the future.

So here I sit in front of my frequently crashing, outdated computer on which I have just completed another on-line wild goose chase of a job hunt. Should I stray from writing and become a salesperson (of which jobs are a-plenty)? Tempting, but it would never offset the cost of my toddler's daycare. Even with my husbands whopping teacher's salary, it would just be too hard.

I discovered that as a recipient of a four-year college degree, I have a leg up on those possessing a GED or a high school diploma. Those holding master's degrees have a leg up on me and it goes on and on. What does that mean in a dog eat dog world? It doesn't take a PhD to figure that one out. Right now it looks as though any job I get will probably pay me a little over minimum wage, just enough to pay for my student loans each month. This means I'm actually worse off WITH the degree. Now had I majored in visual art, music or theater, I could get a teaching job (of which jobs are a-plenty as well). For now I will just stay at home with my little one. To avoid allowing my brain become as mushy as the food my daughter offers me from her mouth, I will write for One Lump or Two. At least I'll be doing something I want to do and isn't that what it's all about? Sure I'll get paid in pinto beans, but believe me, it's a lot more than what I make now.

## SERVED ON ICE: A RECIPE

### Ingredients

- 7 Eight foot tall cartoon character replica foam rubber costumes
- 10 Actors who happen to ice skate
- 1 Skate dance choreographer
- 1 Director
- 5 Set up crew guys
- 1 Script that reads, "Skate around for a while"

### You will need

- 1 Ice Hockey rink (plastic window guards removed)
- 1 Zamboni
- 3-5 spot lights

Place 7 actors in foam rubber costumes. Leave other three as extras to help costumed actors get up if they fall down. Set all actors to the side. In a separate bowl thoroughly mix director, script, and choreographer. While that's setting, place Set Up Crew Guys and Zamboni in Ice hockey rink and allow to cool overnight. Once these harden, add the mixture of director, script, and choreographer to the Ice Hockey Rink. Add actors to rink one at a time (costumed first). Once all these ingredients are in the Ice Hockey Rink, thoroughly beat mixture until fluffy. Cook for 3-5 days on low. Garnish with spotlights and season with popcorn to taste. Serves 100-500 children.



# MARS: IF YOU PLANET, THEY WILL COME

What is it about Mars that makes us want to spend a gazillion dollars to get a man there? We've all seen the pictures. I could understand if it looked like Jamaica, but it's so barren and rocky. I'm not against space exploration or anything, but Mars? I know it's closest, but you don't have to date the girl next door.

I am from New Mexico. Being from The Land of Enchantment, I have a predisposition for *not* wanting to go to Mars. I'm not saying that by being a New Mexican, I don't want to explore, I just don't see why we should spend that money to send a guy to a walk around on rocks and dirt. I'm sure for about \$20 you could find someone in New Mexico who'll let your guy "explore" their backyard and the wonder of rocks and dirt and the absolute void of any life

form therein. He can get some good Mexican food as well. You can't get *that* on Mars.

I don't really have any say on where they want to go or how to spend the money, nor do I want to. I think NASA does a great job and I applaud all their efforts. I'm just pointing out t h a t there are alternatives. We

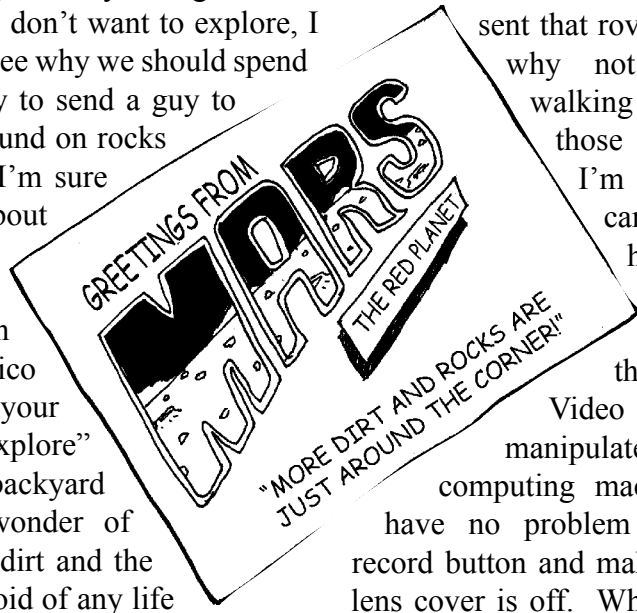
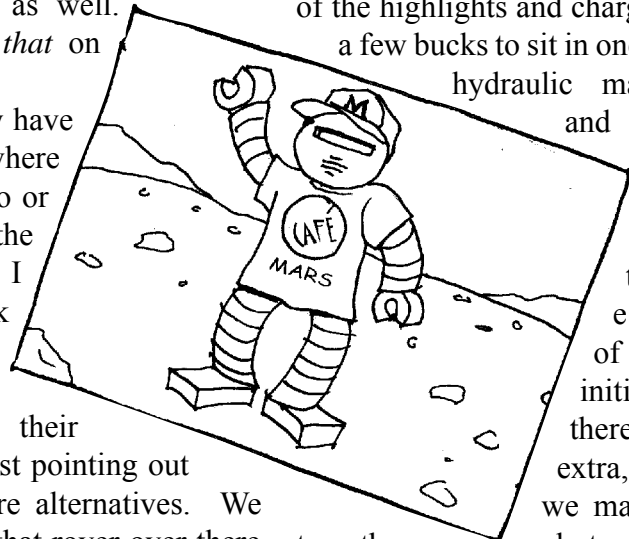
sent that rover over there, why not send that walking robot from those commercials.

I'm sure you can teach him how to use a camcorder. If some of those Funniest

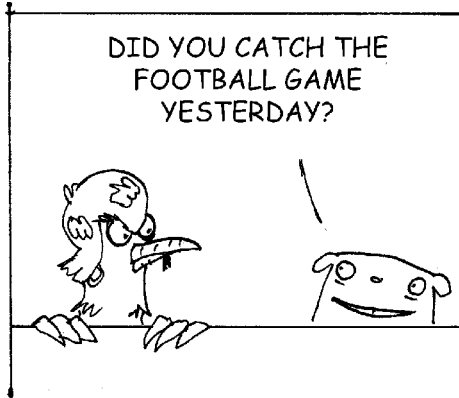
Video people can manipulate one, a super-computing machine should have no problem finding the record button and making sure the lens cover is off. When he comes

back, make a nice musical montage of the highlights and charge people a few bucks to sit in one of those hydraulic mall rides and watch it. Maybe you can recoup t h e expense of the initial trip. If there's a little extra, perhaps we may give it to the robot as spending money for when he makes his mall appearances.

I am aware of all the holes in my plan. I realize that NASA people are infinitely smarter than I. I really do think visiting a whole new planet would be exciting. I guess I'm expecting too much of Mars when I should just love it for what it is. There's a chance that one day I too may be in the Mars area. If so, I'll eat my words (but only if I'm eating good Mexican food there as well).



## Perk at Work



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SALAS

# OFFICE BIRTHDAYS ARE A PIECE OF CAKE

Remember what you told yourself during the holidays about eating better AFTER the New Year? Remember all that candy and fudge you allowed yourself to have to enjoy the season? Was it worth it? Sure it was. You may have to suffer a bit because of it, but it's OK now that the holidays are over, right? Wrong. Odds are someone in your office had to go off and be born a few decades ago and it just so happens to fall in the all-too-crucial-to-my-diet month of January. Here comes the cake. I can already taste it.

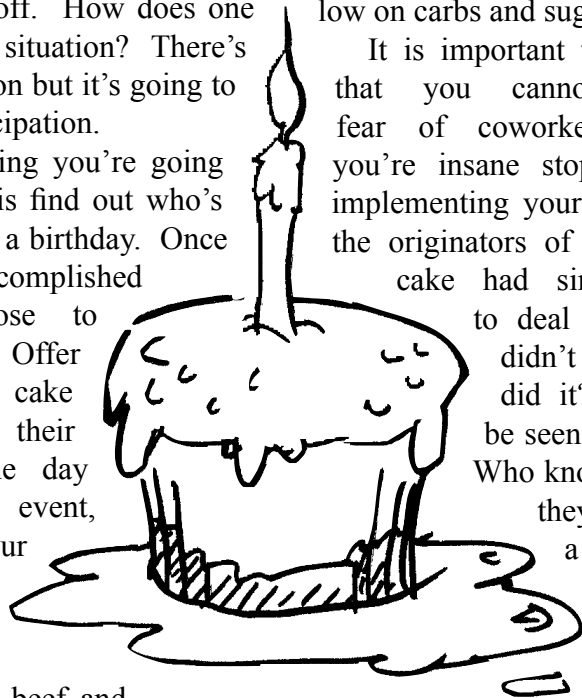
I have a theory that the birthday cake is the culprit when it comes to our overweight epidemic. Nowhere is this more prevalent than in the office environment. Coworkers come with birthdays. Birthdays come with cakes. Cakes come with sugar. Sugar is kryptonite to the dieter. Why? Because it would be rude to refuse a piece. Adam in accounting and Peggy in personnel both had a piece on your birthday. It's the least you can do to have a piece on their special day. Maybe just a sliver...

Now you'll feel guilty if you eat the cake and you'll feel guilty if you don't. We got us a good ol' Mexican standoff. How does one remedy such a situation? There's a simple solution but it's going to take your participation.

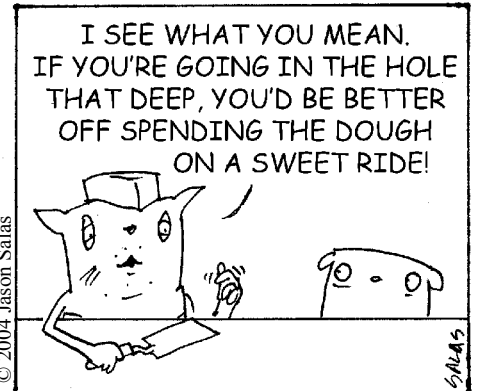
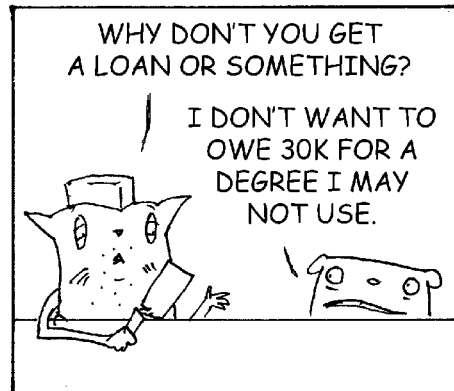
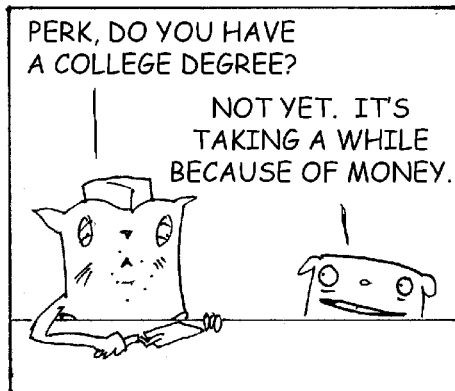
The first thing you're going to have to do is find out who's next in line for a birthday. Once you've accomplished this, get close to your subject. Offer to bring the cake for them on their birthday. The day before the big event, break out your cupcake pans and about a pound and a half of ground beef and a nice sized block of mozzarella cheese. Line your cupcake pan with those little paper cup deals and stuff a good amount of ground beef in each. Bake your meatcakes at 375° for about 35-40 minutes. Shred your mozzarella cheese and melt it on top of your meatcakes. This will act as icing. Store them in your

fridge to be reheated the next day or you can serve them cold. Not only is a tasty birthday treat, it's super low on carbs and sugar!

It is important to remember that you cannot let the fear of coworkers thinking you're insane stop you from implementing your plan. I bet the originators of the birthday cake had similar issues to deal with. That didn't stop them, did it? You may be seen as a pioneer. Who knows? Maybe they'll make a plaque or something in your honor but don't just do it for the notoriety, do it because you want to help with the fight against fat. Let them chide, let them laugh; just don't let them ruin your diet. Maybe if this whole thing catches on, you might be reading yours truly in a brand new publication called *One Meatcake or Two*.



## Perk at Work



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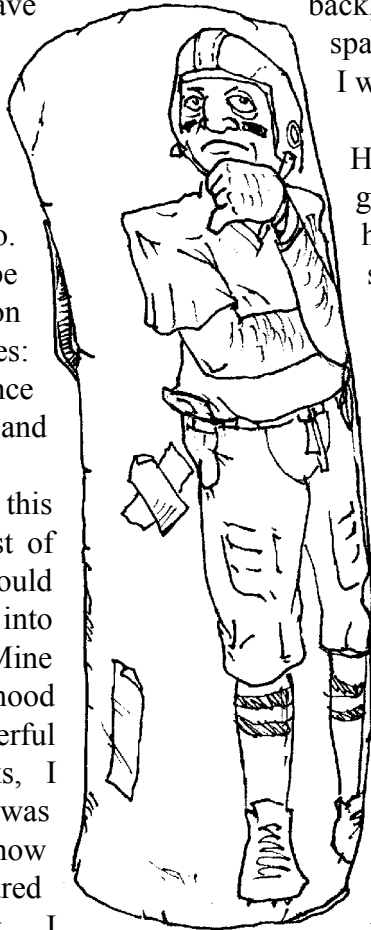
SALAS

# TACKLING DUMMY: BOLOGNA, NO BALONEY

The Tackling Dummy is back to answer more hard-hitting questions. For some of you new readers, Tackling Dummy is a column where I answer your questions with very little research and very little

brain matter. Have you ever seen a place kicker in football try to take down the kick-returner? There you go. Today I will be tackling a question for all the ages: "What's the difference between 'bologna' and 'baloney'?"

In order to answer this question to the best of my abilities, I should give a little insight into my childhood. Mine was a happy childhood filled with wonderful foods. Yes, folks, I was the fat kid. I was the kid that somehow reached a hundred pounds overweight. I



was the kid, if they had a school play, they would somehow try to add the character of "Andre the Giant" just so that I could have a part to play. I'd like to say I was the kid with personality but, looking back, my repertoire did not span such a broad spectrum. I was just fat.

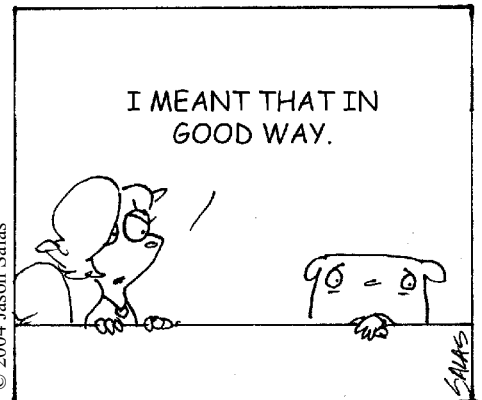
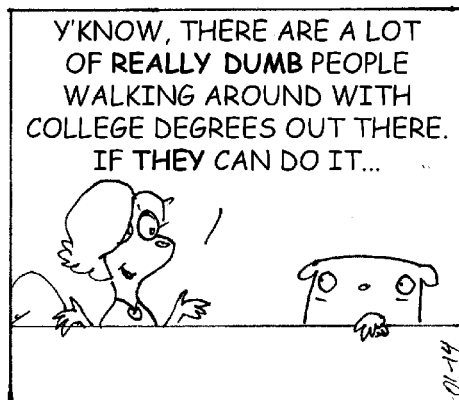
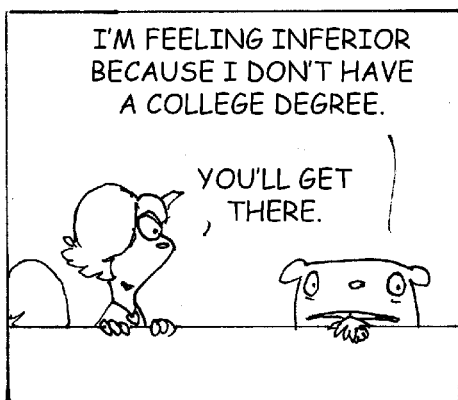
How does this happen? How does that one fat kid get to be so fat? Part of it has to do with the bologna sandwich. Have you ever seen those game shows where people have to do something like make a sandwich in a short amount of time to win kitchen appliances? Fat kids like me ate game show contestants like that for breakfast. I had the bologna sandwich making process down. I could collect all the ingredients, make the sandwich, and place the ingredients back in less than 10 seconds.

I was swift and graceful in my movements. It was not so much a task as it was a dance. My *Swine Lake* if you will. Eating time? Forget about it. A seasoned fat kid pro like me could down that sandwich in a matter of seconds. It was all about getting it in the gut and moving on to the next morsel. I was ravenous in my efforts yet quite clean to cover up my tracks. I could consume about four or five of these sandwiches in a day without my parents knowing, easily eating my siblings' share. Just a note, when we ran out of bologna, I would just make mayonnaise sandwiches for my monstrous appetite.

So, how does all this enable me to answer the question at hand? Well, anyone who spends that much time with bologna learns that it's no baloney. "Bologna" (with the "gna") is the food. That wonderful mixture of who-knows-whatzit pork parts. "Baloney" spelled with the "ney" is nonsense. There is no time for nonsense in fat kid land. Get in, get food, and get out. I don't really dwell on it too much

*(Continued on next page)*

## Perk at Work



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**TACKLING DUMMY:  
BOLOGNA...**

*(Continued from page 4)*

now. Much of what I did when I was younger was based on instinct on account of my brain being the size and shape of a gherkin. I think those are fond memories. Some kids had tee-ball, I had bologna. Some kids had makeshift forts. I had more bologna. Takes you back, don't it?

I could try to tell you what goes into bologna but I won't. For me, there's still a fat kid deep inside who sometimes directs my thoughts. He tells me to have a piece of pie. He tells me to eat extra stuffing. He tells me that all I need to know about bologna is that they use the baloney part of the pig to make it. Fine by me, my fat friend. Let's eat.




## THE LOT

mosca  
(mow-ska)  
fly

Time flies for the fly too,  
It just flies a little faster.

25



la mosca

35

**GET OVER  
YOURSELF HELP**

"Lots of folks don't know how much to tip the waitress at an eatery. All you have to do is take your total, divide it by  $\pi$ , take the square root, and then double that number. This will give you a pretty good estimate on what to leave."

"Too many of our young adults want fame. These poor souls are spending time and money to try to be the next big thing for people

to look at. What those Hollywood people fail to mention is that fame comes at a price and that price is your privacy. Trust me, I've been there. Back in '74 I was on a popular television game show. After that, the townsfolk started calling me 'Moviestar' and would ring me up at all hours to talk about my experience. This went on for about three weeks. It's not easy being famous."



**ODE TO THE  
TACO SALAD**

Taco salad, you're my kind of salad.

Other salads have leafy veggies,

Other salads have carrots.

Other salads have cucumbers.

You have seasoned ground beef,

You have sour cream,

You have guacamole.

Both salads contain lettuce and tomato, sometimes cheese,

But only you, taco salad, have the X-factor,

For you come in an edible bowl made from deep fat fried masa.

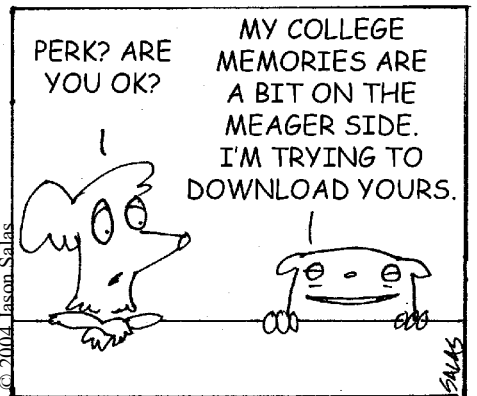
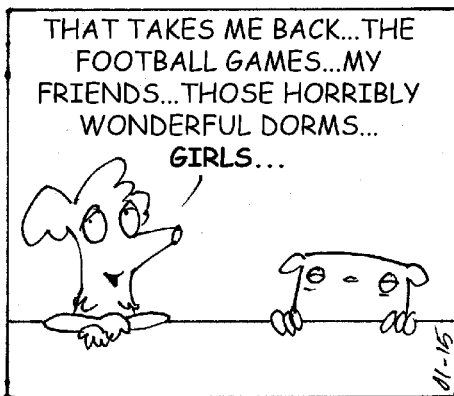
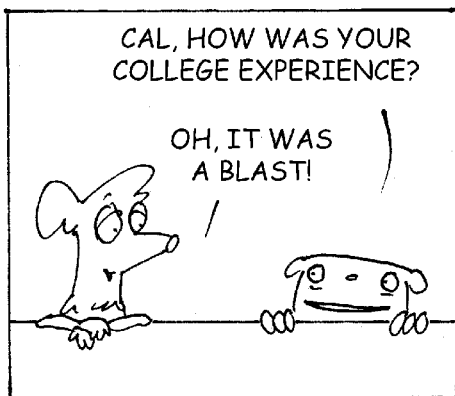
Other salads, they are without one,

I hear necessity breeds invention.

Where then is your crouton bowl?



**Perk at Work**



# GETTING BACK TO THE GRIND

Last week here in Northwest, we were given a wonderful winter surprise. A freak snowstorm shut down most of the greater Portland-Metro area. Many Portlanders were stuck indoors for the better part of three days without their Starbucks Fix. My roommate and I were one such group.

Now, we were not fortunate enough to loose power as well, for that would have meant no morning coffee at all. Them automatic coffee makers with the cool auto-on function don't work too well without the "juice." So, I spent these few days slumming around the local coffee houses on the quest to find out what makes their coffee better than everywhere else. The majority of the baristas that I talked to had one little secret that they wouldn't share, but all did have this to say, "its all in the grind." To dive in deeper I got personal with one barista. For namesake,

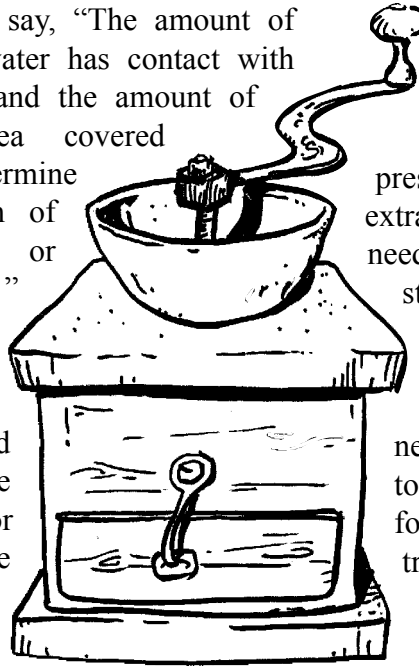
lets call her "Cutie Pie" and she works at "That Coffee House."

So, the secret is in the grind, what the heck does that mean? Cutie Pie had this to say, "The amount of time that water has contact with the grinds and the amount of surface area covered will determine the strength of the coffee, or espresso." Confused? I was. So to clarify: If you grind your coffee at home, or at the store when you buy it, and you grind "gravel sized" grinds, you have weak watery coffee. There is nothing there to grab onto the water, and the water can move through at a

rapid rate. On the flip side, grind too small, and get the dusty grinds, you get over extraction, you exhaust the beans flavor before all the water is passed, and you then get bitterness and acidic coffee. Espresso is brewed under pressure, with a very short extraction time, so the grinds need to be to the "almost dust" state for proper flavor. There, that was a mouthful. Need a refill? Of course everyone knows that you need clean, cold filtered H2O to brew, or did you? Reason for this...Water contains trace minerals and dissolved salts that can clog up your coffee maker or espresso machine lines, and result in poor saturation or extraction.

What about the beans themselves? I took a trip to a large grocery chain

*(Continued on next page)*



## POEM FOR SNOW DAYS

There are no days like snow days,

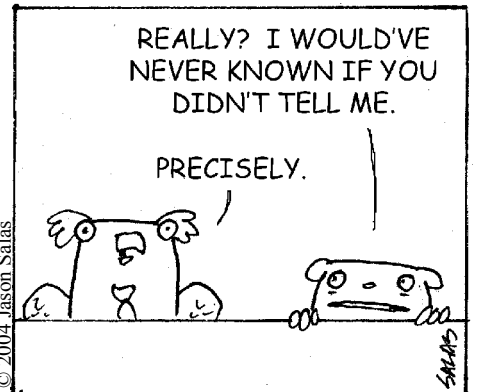
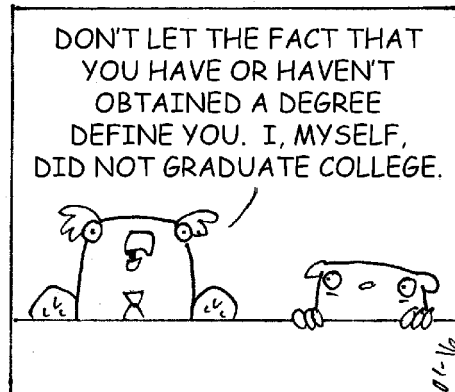
Those I-don't-have-to-get-up-and-go-days.

The only drag there is about 'em,

Is when we have to go without 'em.



### Perk at Work



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# GRIND

(Continued from page 6)

and asked the guy stocking their bulk bean section if he could give me advice on beans. He said the key to great coffee is freshness in beans. The beans we buy in the store have been roasted, and in essence “cooked.” This gives the toastiness and body to the coffee we eventually pump, pour, or siphon into our cups. Not everyone has a vacuum packer at home, or commercial operations to freeze dry our newly purchased beans, so the best thing to do is buy whole beans, in small enough amounts so that you need more on a weekly basis. Too many trips to the store? Buy large bags, remove what you need and freeze the beans. This preserves their oils and freshness for up to three months.

In closing, all I can say is, go to your local or favorite coffee house, step up to the counter, order your favorite, and put your trust into the barista behind the giant chunk of metal tubing, hot water and coffee beans. There really is an art to coffee and the best baristas around will not let you down. So raise your cup or mug, or thermos, and get to know a barista, they’ll make all morning rituals a little “perkier!”



# BITTER BEAN BLEND:

## HOW TO AVOID SUCCESS IN YOUR ATTEMPTS TO QUIT SMOKING

*Sometimes a cup of bitter and black is just what you need to keep you on track.*

Rationalize. Deny that you have a bad habit. Ignore warning signs. Ignore hints. Ignore people in general. Tell yourself that you deserve it. Set aside money for cigarettes. Use lunch money for cigarettes if needed. Carry a lighter. Carry matches. If possible carry both. Smoke more. Smoke often. Smoke more often. Make excuses to smoke. Make time to smoke. Tell yourself that you’re dying anyways.

Smoke after you eat. Smoke whilst you eat if it’s allowed. Complain if smoking inside is not allowed. Bum cigarettes. Buy cigarettes as soon as you run out (prior to running out if you can). Surround yourself with smokers. Try to get nonsmokers to smoke. Tell yourself it’s worth it. Quip to others that you won’t stop smoking because you’re “not a quitter”. Enjoy smoking. Tell yourself it’s something that defines you. Convince yourself that you have an “addictive personality”. Think of it as a hobby.

**Legend of Authors**  
(in no particular order)

	Jason Salas	
	Trevor Hodgkins	
	Julia Upton	
	Erick Schlosser	
	Carol Lake	
	Uncle Anonymous	

**THE LOT**

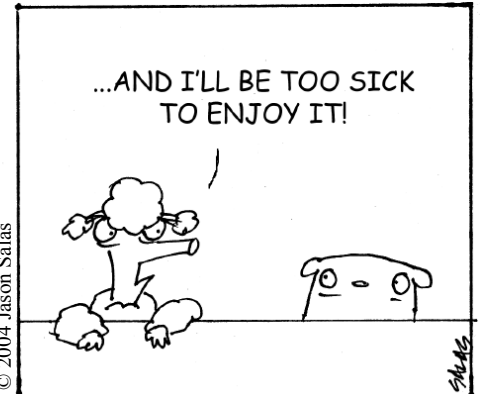
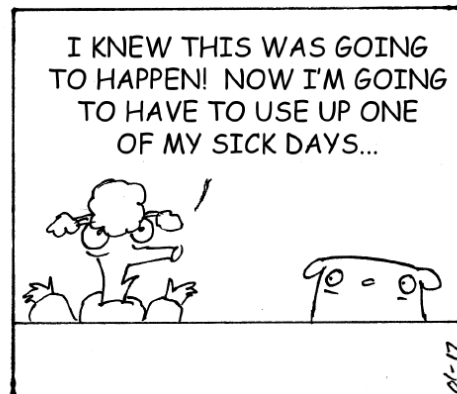
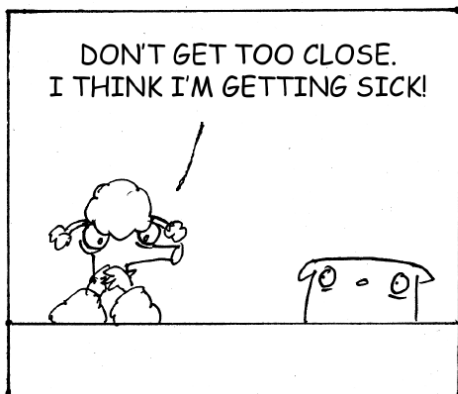
pajaro  
(PAW-ha-doe)  
bird

22

el pájaro

When you’re a bird,  
your body can float on the air  
like your song.

### Perk at Work



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# POEM REGARDING IMPLEMENTS OF DETERRENCE

They say they're spraying pepper spray,  
 Where once they just sprayed mace.  
 I think it's only fair to say,  
 It's jalepeño face.



# INFORMATION ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTING WRITERS



Trevor Hodgkins is not Bigfoot. Trevor Hodgkins is not a gumshoe. Trevor Hodgkins is just a small town boy whose small town happens to be L.A., California. His hobbies include junk food, dieting from junk food, and cheating on diets from junk food with junk food.



Carol Lake is a college student. Carol Lake is the *nom deplume* for this writer of the Reflections column. Unfortunately, Carol has had some bad “über-weirdo” experiences. She’s still writing for the time being. She’s a real trooper.



It’s not that Uncle Anonymous is ashamed of his writing, he just doesn’t want “all that fame nonsense”. The last thing he wants is to see himself in the front of a tabloid under the headline “Man Tells Exaggerated Fishing Story”.



Erick Schlosser is the kind of guy you would like to have as your personal chef if you could afford the services. He’s an all around great guy not to mention a whiz with the whisk. Erick’s got the Great Northwest covered for us.



Julia Upton is a musician who also happens to hold a college degree in journalism. Why she did that, she’ll never know.



your coffee break paper

You can direct any comments or questions to:

[jsalas@one-lump-or-two.com](mailto:jsalas@one-lump-or-two.com)

# one lump or two

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