



THE ZINE may seem like a feat best left to the pros. But you can—and should—make this at home.

a prophetic  
VOW  
a sudden act  
desert shadows and  
blood....  
armor on the move."



next drop-off!

IG @intiershalfmeZine  
Don't trash! Pass to a friend,  
make copies even! ♥ B&C Ü

zero  
9922

FREE ZINE ♥  
nsfw

NEW WORLD

TIERS



HALF ME

START OLD

p15 take one!



# making a splash

fresh milk & cream,  
vanilla.

gooey goodness—

glossy  
frosting

dollops.

a scrumptious surprise awaits.

a little slice of  
heaven, **■■■■■**  
**■■■■■** irresistible





The prince

"bitch,"

said with a smile.

a pleasant

expression "my pretty,"

"Your precious

I

reached down and

grasped  
and forefinger.

between thumb

One taste strawberry

and I

knew I had to have him

his lips

if he

wished

poison

or

Fresh cherries

so

hands shook

his mouth

delicious, as always.

a

delight

cream

sugar

coffee

saps are flowing,  
notes of raspberry.



tucked it inside.  
release

# Coffee

ALL NATURAL  
MADE WITH  
Real Milk & Cream





was clearly entertained. "What did he call your guard?"  
"A bitch," the president said with a smile. "Claude has a way with words."

The big security man smiled, but it wasn't a pleasant expression. "Easy, my pretty," he said, finished with his inspection. "Your precious soufflé is fine."

"I found him in a small bistro off of Leningradsky Prospekt last year." Khartukov reached down and grasped the beginnings of a small belly between thumb and forefinger. "I have a bit of a weakness for pastries. One taste of Claude's strawberry macaroon tart and I knew I had to have him full-time in my employ."

The prince looked over the chef, pursing his lips appreciatively. Though lean, the Frenchman was broad through the shoulders. "He does look . . . capable."

"Oleg," he called to the security chief, "it is all right. Claude has had sufficient opportunity to poison me in the past if he had so wished."

Somewhat mollified, the Frenchman approached in short quick steps. Removing the dish's cover, he waved his hand over the dessert with a flourish. "Sir, you are in fine fortune tonight. Fresh cherries were available at that little open-air market off of Arbat, so I was able to prepare a fine compote." Still upset, his hands shook slightly as he served the president and his guest. "It may be too late to appreciate the dish's full effect. It is supposed to be served immediately out of the oven, but—"

Khartukov held up a hand as he removed his fork from his mouth. "Do not concern yourself, Claude. It is delicious, as always. Once more you have outdone yourself."

The chef was beside himself with joy. "Thank you, sir. I do my best." He stepped back and bowed.

Color





# THE <sup>♥</sup>Heart OF Art

Decades of ~~suppression~~

FIX AMERICA

MILITARY PROPAGANDA

~~Y~~ ~~PRO~~ ~~GAN~~

GAY PORN



love

turn you into  
Kinky

