

2026.02
Hmmburger

Build Up



Build Up

Mmm!

Greetings Burgerheads	5
Is It supposed to do that?	6
nevermind, bad idea	8
check your shoes	8
we made it	9
unintelligible	10
don't mind me, passing through.....	14
get bread.....	15
friday, huh?.....	16
sunbathe.....	18
a new kind of possibility	20
oh, no.....	22
threading	24

Stories and art by Vincent Gonzalez



Greetings Burgerheads

"Almost on time, but in scope," is how I would describe this issue. As it more or less helps cement this into a quarterly project for me.

This is a collection of drawings from the months of April to June. There are some short stories in the mix that were fun to write.

In the end, Hmmburger continues to be an outlet for ideas with no specific home and to get back into zines. I am very excited for the next issue, but that is not a thing to talk about in a current issue.

Good thing this is free!

Vincent



“You gotta see this,” he said to his coworker, “it came out of nowhere.”

He led him to the back of the kitchen, pushed and held the heavy metal door open for the both of them. The fan above the door blasted a mix of the cool air from inside and the lukewarm air from outside. As quickly as the fan tore through their senses, the door closed, the fan turned off, and the evening sun gave them a warm kiss and a blast of yellow-orange colored light.

“I was taking out the trash and this thing,” he gestured toward the communal dump to his coworker, “it was hovering over the grease trap. I think it’s an orb, but I’ve never seen one.”

“Orb?” his coworker interrupted.

“You know how I told you about that ghost podcast that talked about orbs the other day? Well, maybe they’re real.”

The two stopped a few feet away from the dump. There it was.

Something. Shifting, rotating, and pulsing.

“Is it a bug?” his coworker said.

“Weird bug,” he said trying to see if maybe there were fluttering wings or something to make the case, “but I don’t really see anything.”

It began take on color and emanate vibrant hues.

The air began to feel charged, similar to being on top of a mountain and your hair begins to rise. A hint of ozone and french fries. Instead of hair rising, tiny droplets began to rise from the grease bin and gravitate toward the spinning orb.

A smell of palo santo and french fries filled the air.

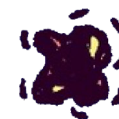
“Is it a fairy?” his coworker asked, “I’ve heard about fairies, but not orbs.”

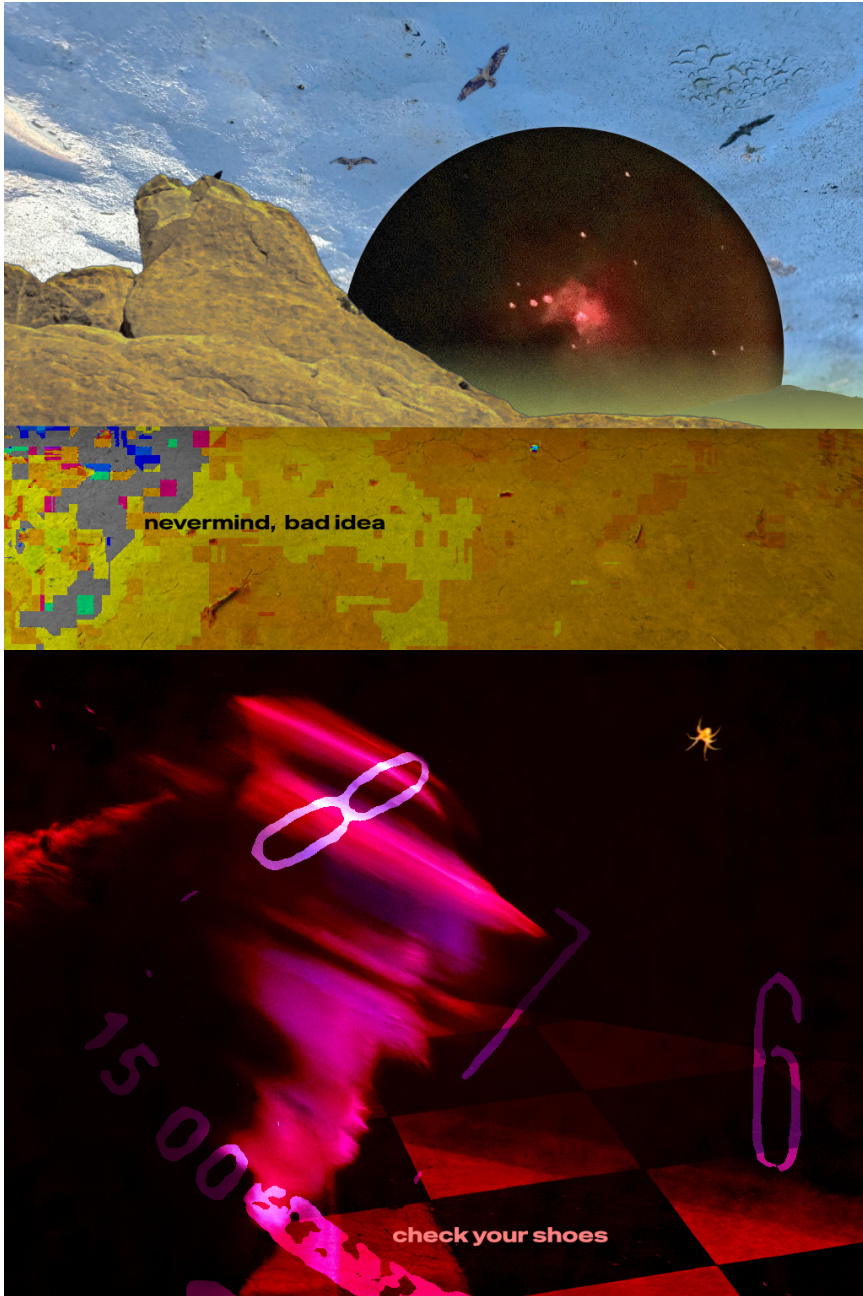
A crack appeared.

His coworker mutters, “Is it supposed to do that?”

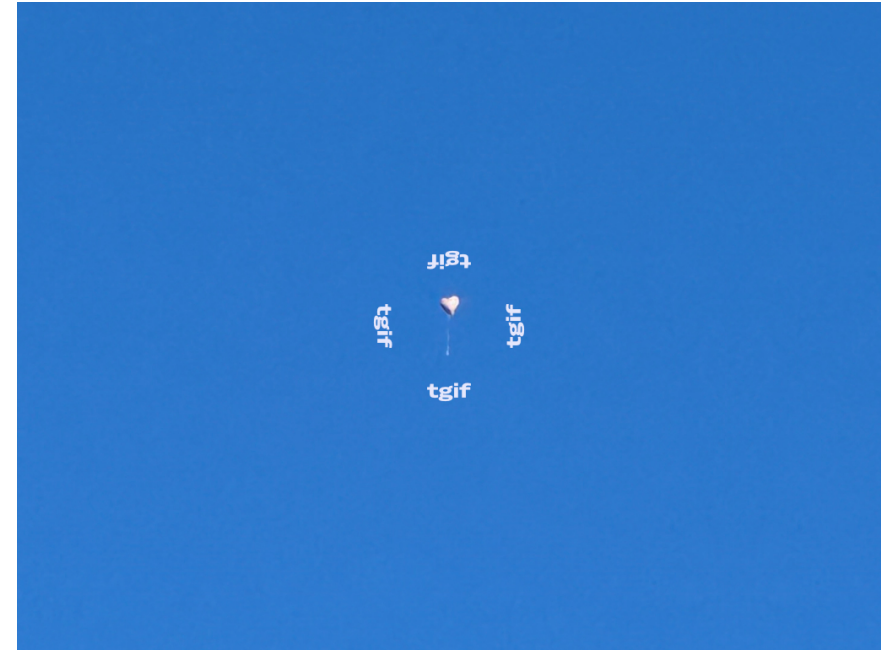
The crack began to grow and wrap around the space around the orb.

“Hmm, maybe.”





If something is in your shoe,
let's hope you don't end up blue.



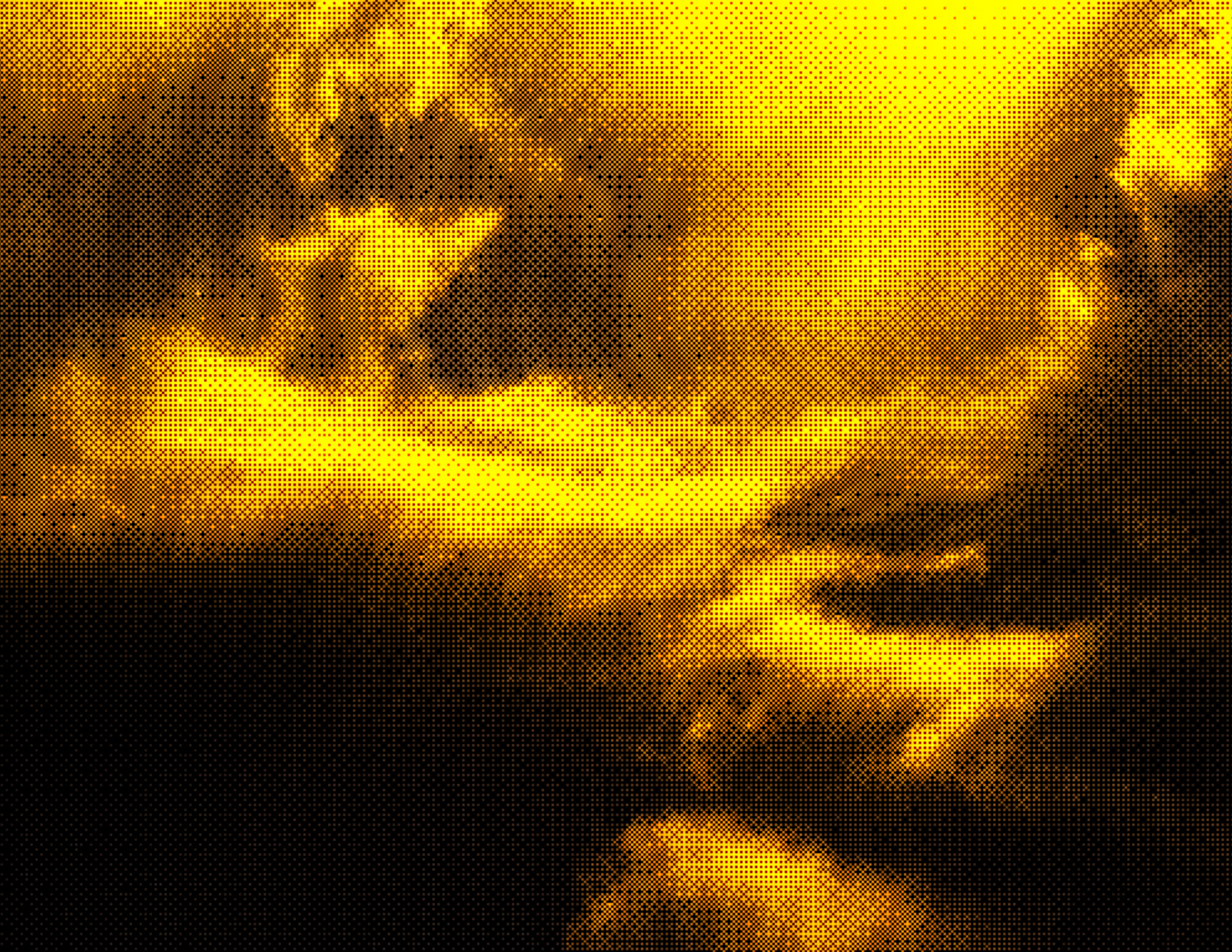
we made it
we made it
we made it
we made it
we made it
we made it
we made it



unintelligible

even more unintelligible noises

A simple move can reveal so many bugs.





don't mind me, passing through



get bread

“have you heard about it?” they asked.

“it’s the future!” they proclaimed.

“you’ll have more time!” they promised.

“you’ll have lunch before dinner!” they professed.

i might have misheard the last one.

the reality is, one should have a decent breakfast. now
if they could promise a breakfast buffet every day,
well, then they’ll have my ear.

but for now, whatever bro, i have a meal with my
name on it and it’s far away from here.

new day, time to get bread.

take a bite of bread, it grounds you.

between each bite, flashes of horrors, fresh
from the word about town.

bite

as you swallow, an image you thought you’d
never see flashes before you.

bite, bite, bite

get bread.

A blue-tinted photograph of a plastic skeleton figure climbing a dirt mound. The skeleton is positioned on the left side of the frame, with its right arm extended upwards and its left hand gripping the edge of the mound. The background is a blurred, rocky landscape. A white text box is located on the right side of the image, and the text 'friday, huh?' is overlaid at the bottom right.

Eight minutes until it's time to go home. There is no reason I can't close my laptop now and walk away to enjoy the weekend, but here I am watching the clock. I probably could have logged off an hour ago, maybe even hours. Five minutes to go.

friday, huh?
friday, huh?



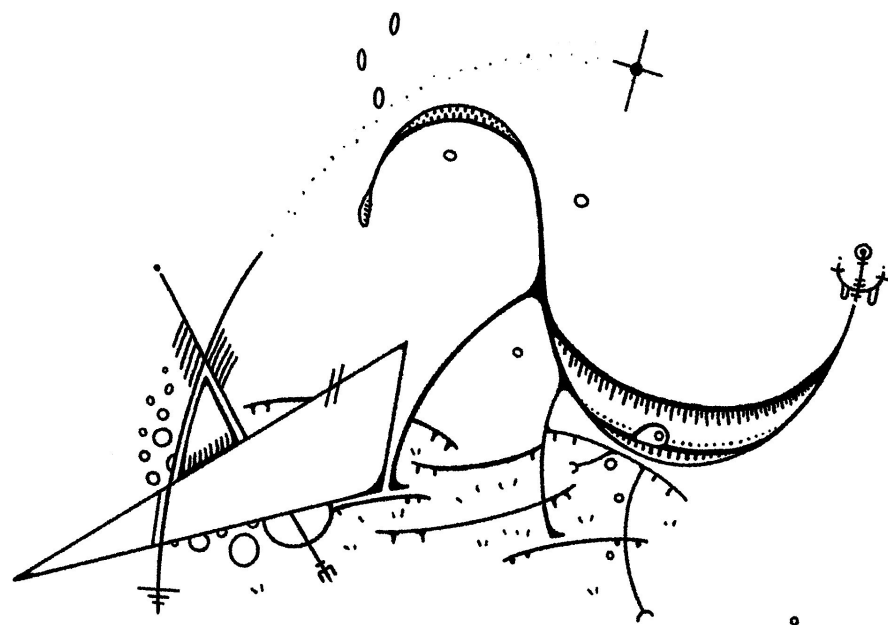
Ah, it must be noon because I feel the sun. That daily intensification of a crisping of what skin is left and a bleaching of the bones that are held together by stubborn calcified connective tissue.

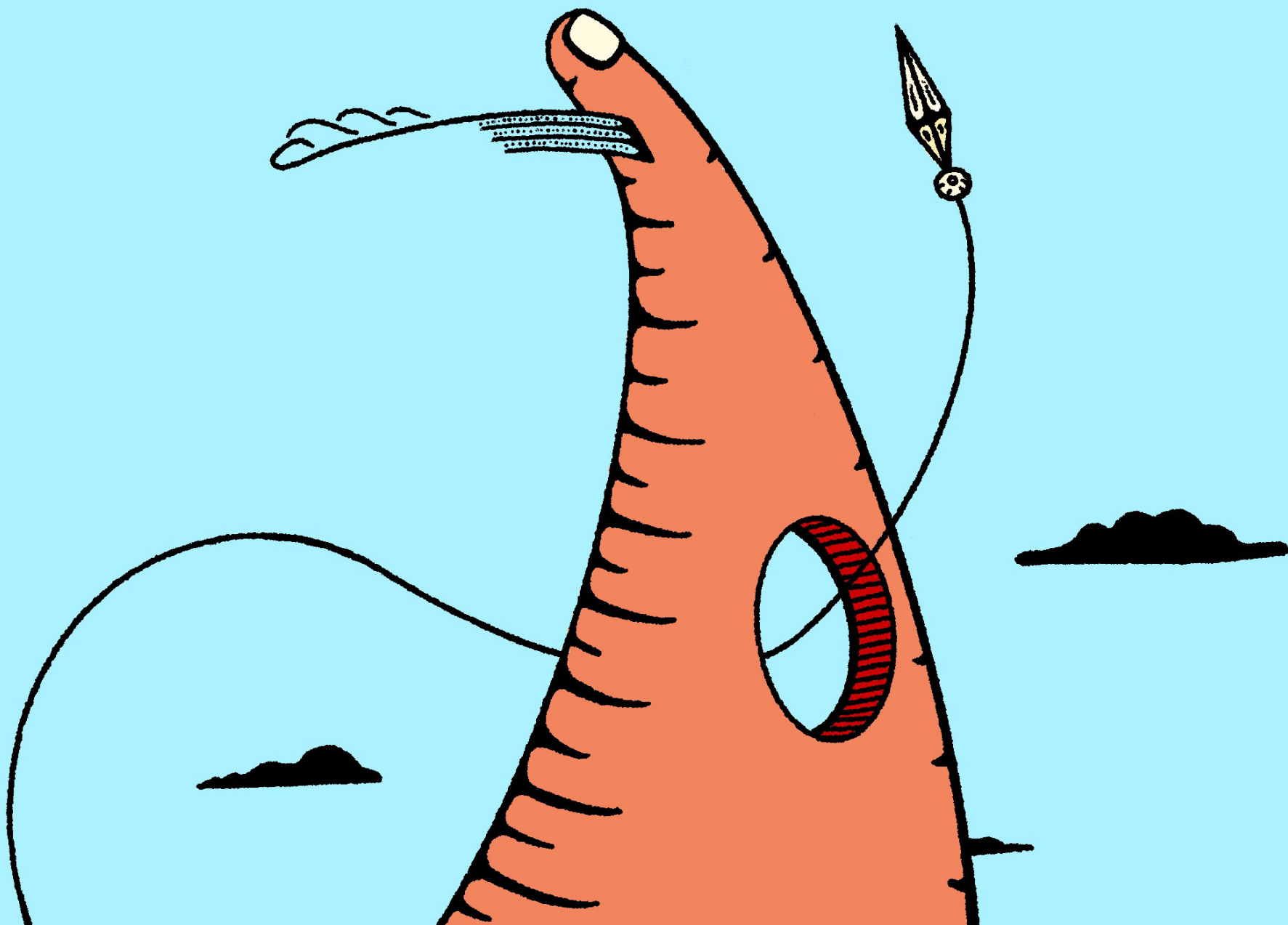
A joint holding two splintering bones pops and a relief washes over as I relax into my surroundings.

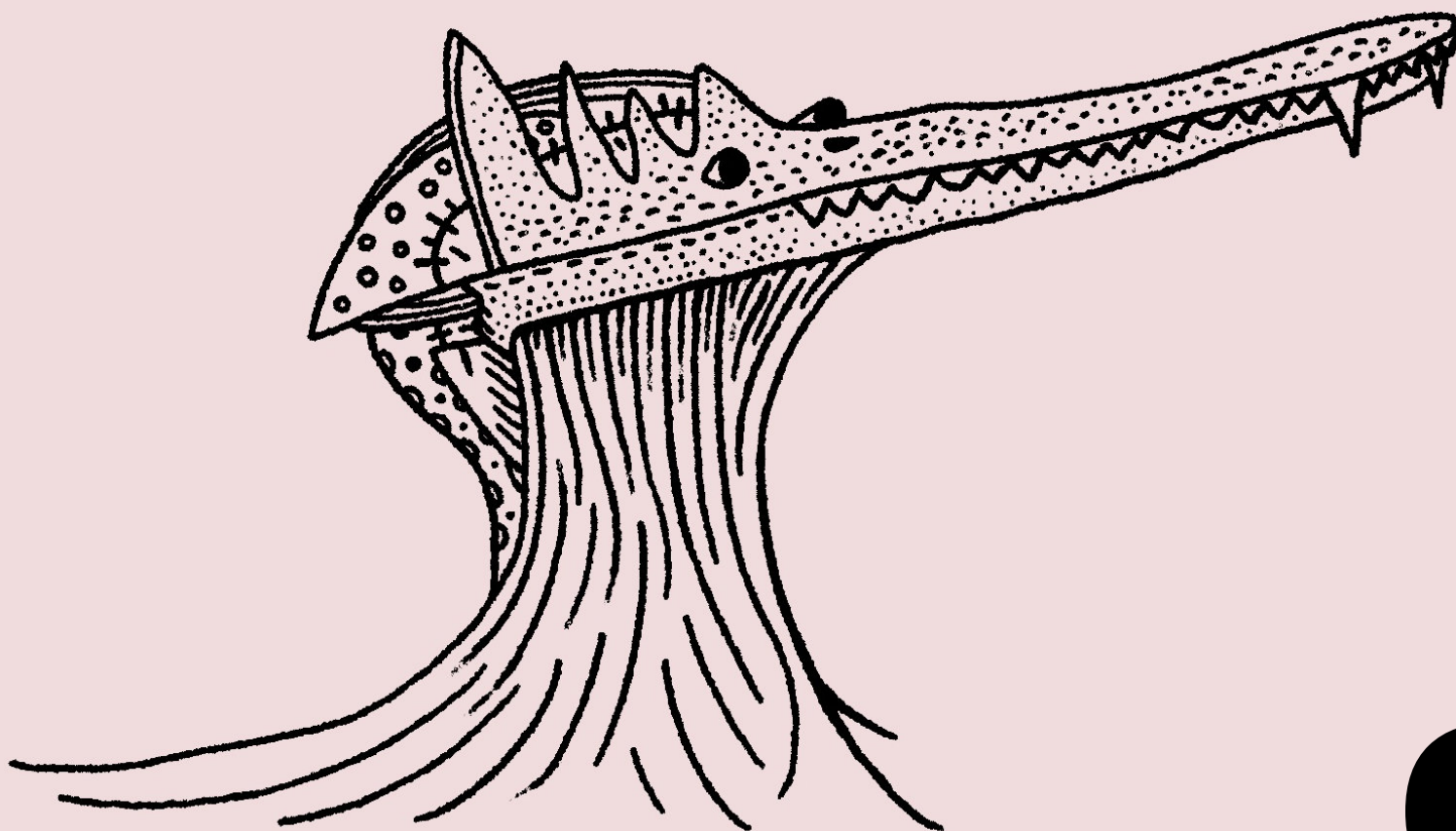


a new kind of possibility

you do it? great, savor that.







суа

hmmburger.com

*Don't
forget
your
breakfast!*

