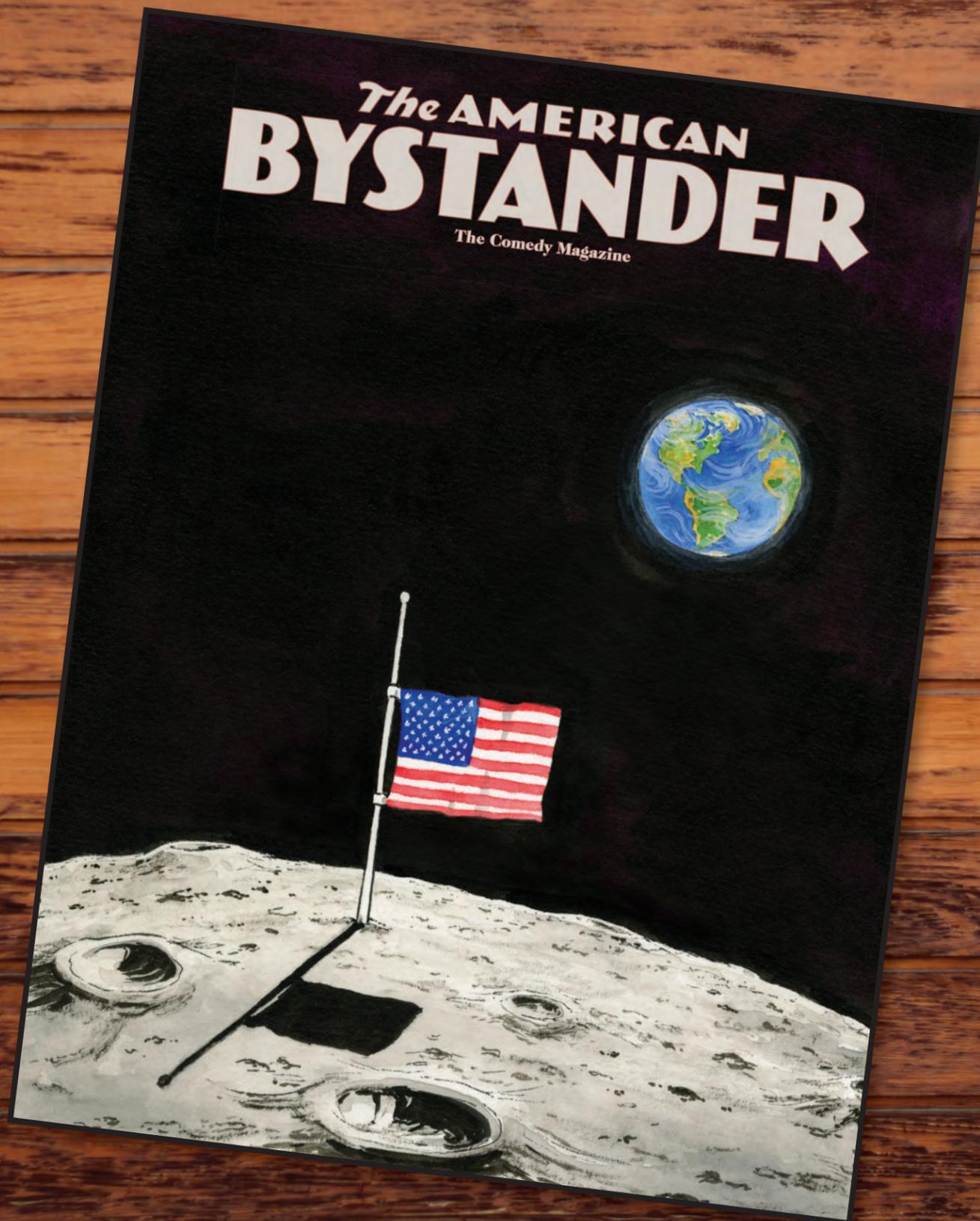


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A TESTIMONIAL

BY DAVID ETKIN

OUR COFFEE IS THE BEST

Jimmy's Diner will no longer be silent

Our coffee is the best. Disregard what you have heard from others. Forget what you think you know about the best coffee in the world. Our coffee is the best!

IT IS BETTER than the coffee your mother makes when you go home.

IT IS BETTER than the coffee they serve the president when he wakes up and demands "the best coffee!"

IT IS FAR BETTER than the coffee consumed by the owner of a coffee plantation in Jamaica widely renowned for producing the finest beans in the world, even though he has his roasters give him the freshest, most select beans upon pain of death and then he observes his valet/barista Gorky grind them to perfection in a burr grinder—not a despicable blade grinder which would heat the beans to undesirable temperatures and thus damage their precious, delicate oils—and then soaks them oh-so-lovingly in triple-filtered artesian well water imported from a distant country very well known for producing water that makes terrific coffee; and even though this perfectly ground bean is soaked in this perfect water (which has been heated to the perfect range of 196-206 degrees Fahrenheit) in a perfect French press (which does make the best cup of coffee, especially if you drink it black which is the only sane way to drink a truly fine cup of coffee) and poured in



such a way that something in Gorky's wrist action actually makes it taste even better, even though all of this is done this coffee tastes like a cup full of tepid tar when compared to the coffee which we brew here at Jimmy's Diner.

We do it! We brew the finest, most world-shattering cup of coffee in the entire world and we who staff Jimmy's Diner will no longer hide that unwavering beacon of light under a bushel! We are tired of the Smile Deli and the cloyingly named Sugarcube Café and the irritating bundle of swagger who slings singed beans to empty-eyed corporate suits out of a squeaky-wheeled pushcart trying to lay simultaneous claim to a title

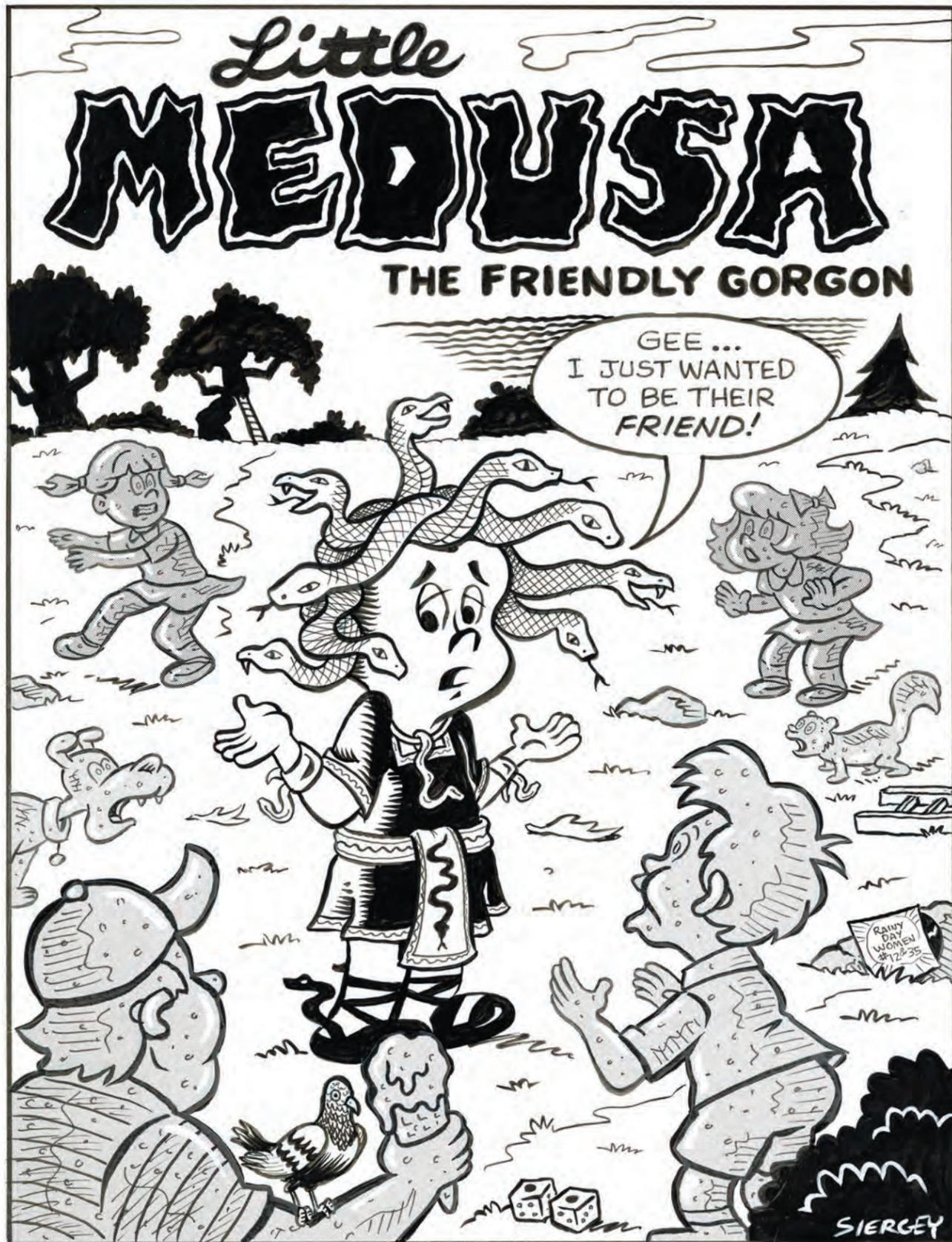
which common sense dictates can only be honestly applied to one entity, and which your palate should and will dictate can only be applied to we few, we happy few here at Jimmy's Diner, no matter what libelous claims are foisted upon a gullible public via signage posted at these and other wretched monuments to self-aggrandizing, megalomaniacal excess and hyperbole. Jimmy's Diner has no sign, because our coffee does not require one! The truth needs no agent. Justice does not rely on good P.R.! Jimmy's Diner coffee speaks to you from our kitchen, heralding its rightful title to your nose long before our simple white

muğ is presented to your palate. Sip it once and be transported to a place beyond all care, to the place where Plato posited that the perfect, conceptual ideals, of which all the physical world is merely a shadow, exist. Sip it once and look me in the eye and if you do not instantly sing a glorious hymn to Jimmy's Diner coffee then you must snuff out my life for everything I have ever known is a lie!

Also, we make very, very good carrot cake. ☘

DAVID ETKIN

David Etkin is a drinker with a writing problem. No, wait, that was Bukowski. David is a writer with a plagiarism problem. Just kidding — he's not a writer. He's an editor living in New York City.



TIDBITS!

BY JEFF KULIK

Tidbits have seen you during bathroom time and wrote down everything they saw for purposes of blackmail.

Tidbits! The modern taste sensation, straight from the farm to the dinner table. A versatile food product suitable for breakfast, lunch, or dinner. A powerful decongestant, gentle laxative, and shelf-stable gelatinous base for soups, stocks and stews. A veritable fiesta of sweetness and light, infused with enough umami goodness to power you through the next five days in a bare-knuckled blast of speed and pure energy. Tender enough to crumble into your chili, firm enough to add bite to your Salisbury steak. Tidbits are the future of hardcore gastronomical exploration.

Should you choose to take the plunge and enjoy Tidbits, they will quickly begin to transform your entire sense of being through a program of invasive gut-scrubbing and mellow meditative soul-plundering. Suitable for an elegant dinner party, yet in-your-face enough for your next confrontational theater happening, Tidbits will quite literally turn you inside out. Tidbits are already in your home.

Join in the fun and be born into everlasting life with the raw, surging power of Tidbits. In 12 oz., 72 oz., and Super-Hydrocephalic-Jumbo packaging for your next séance. Can be divided infinitely and never lose mass. Have been artificially aged in laboratory settings and shown to survive for thousands of years. Shelf-stable at temperatures up to 1000° Fahrenheit and as low as -750° Kelvin. Tidbits transcend the limitations of your puny, physical world.

After just five Tidbits, you will become one with Tidbits. Stop fighting and let the Tidbits wash over your thoughts, your memories, your being. Understand that Tidbits were you before you were you, but that you have never been and never will be Tidbits. You may experience a tingling sensation in your ribcage after eating Tidbits—don't worry, that's just Tidbits entering your Qi. Submit and allow them access; it will be well worth it.

If you discover any metal gears or brass components in your Tidbits, please contact **Mr. Don Weiss, P.O. Box 820, Hackensack, N.J. 07601**. Please include a detailed description of your find, as Mr. Weiss catalogs these for a very interested, very



high-profile, yet very private fan of Tidbits in Great Neck, N.J. Should you wish to meet with Mr. Weiss, please let us know. He wants to know you, intimately.

While Tidbits can be used for routine canine dental care, they are not intended to be used as a glycol substitute in the manufacture of mass quantities of hand sanitizer. Please disregard all information circulating on social media to the contrary, as it was determined to have originated with the Ministry of Defense of the Democratic Republic of North Korea.

Every time you crunch a Tidbit, an angel gets its wings.

The Tidbits snacks originally referenced on that one episode of *Frasier* are not to be confused with the safe, reliable Tidbits currently on sale in the continental United States and the U.S. Marshall Islands. West of the Rockies, Tidbits are known as "Mountain Man Brand Lust Cakes" for reasons that are kept on file for review, by appointment, at the National Academy of Ultra-High-Frequency Broadcasting.

Tidbits were originally published under the name *Night of the Wombat*, and are once again legal to privately own in Tennessee. Tidbits are safe for war, children, and other living things. Please avoid direct eye contact with Tidbits. Clinical trials have demonstrated Tidbits as an effective treatment for hair loss. Do not use ceramic, glass, plastic, or paper plates for serving Tidbits. Tidbits exist outside of time and space.

Tidbits are the Alpha and the Omega. Resistant to rust, Tidbits made damn sure that Pilate washed his hands and sealed his fate. Tidbits have taken on forms that would seduce you into a frothy madness, yet are still gentle enough on your tummy that you can eat them before swimming. Tidbits understand that you're not like the others. Tidbits backwards is still Tidbits. If you were to hear Tidbits' real name, your consciousness would shatter. You would go insane.

Tidbits, from the makers of Le Petite Mort Gummies. A thrilling psychic experience through the darkest hidden recesses of the subconscious. Perfect for weddings, kids' birthday parties, rituals of all kinds and transubstantiations. Trust Tidbits, you'll thank them later. **B**

JEFF KULIK lives in Chicago with his wife and children. In addition to this magazine, Jeff has also been published in *Public Organization Review*.

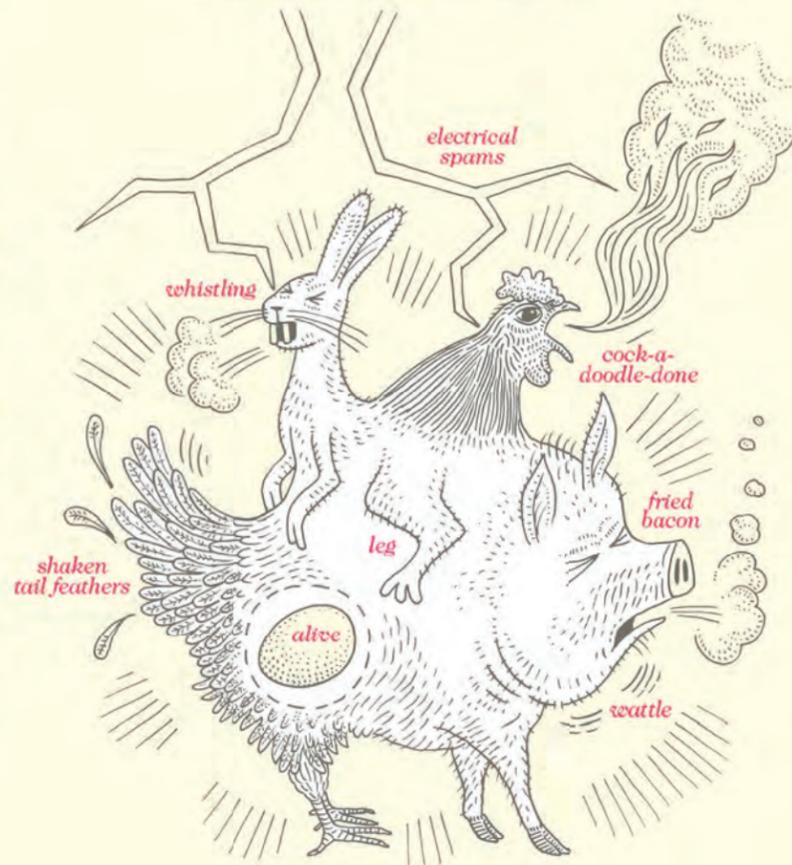
THE ORIGIN OF THE EASTER HARE

It's 1643 in the Kingdom of Prussia, as an otherworldly finger of lightning arcs towards the city of Naumburg.

Local denizens run for shelter, but an ill-fated few are caught short. Three animals, as if chosen by Zeus, are ignited and momentarily fused.

These creatures perish, but not in vain. The hen is egg-laden and her offspring survives.

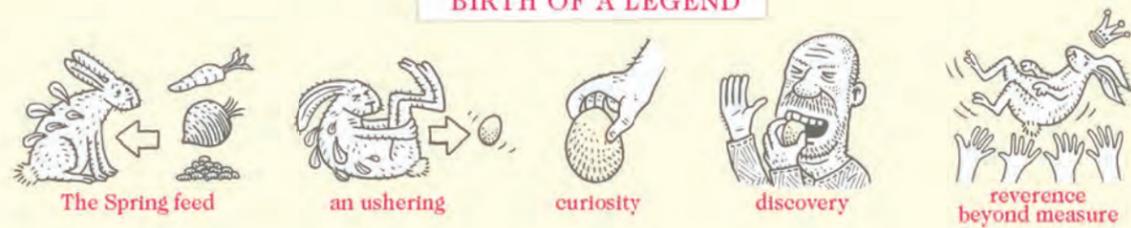
A FORTUITOUS MELDING



THE BLITZHASE MUTATION



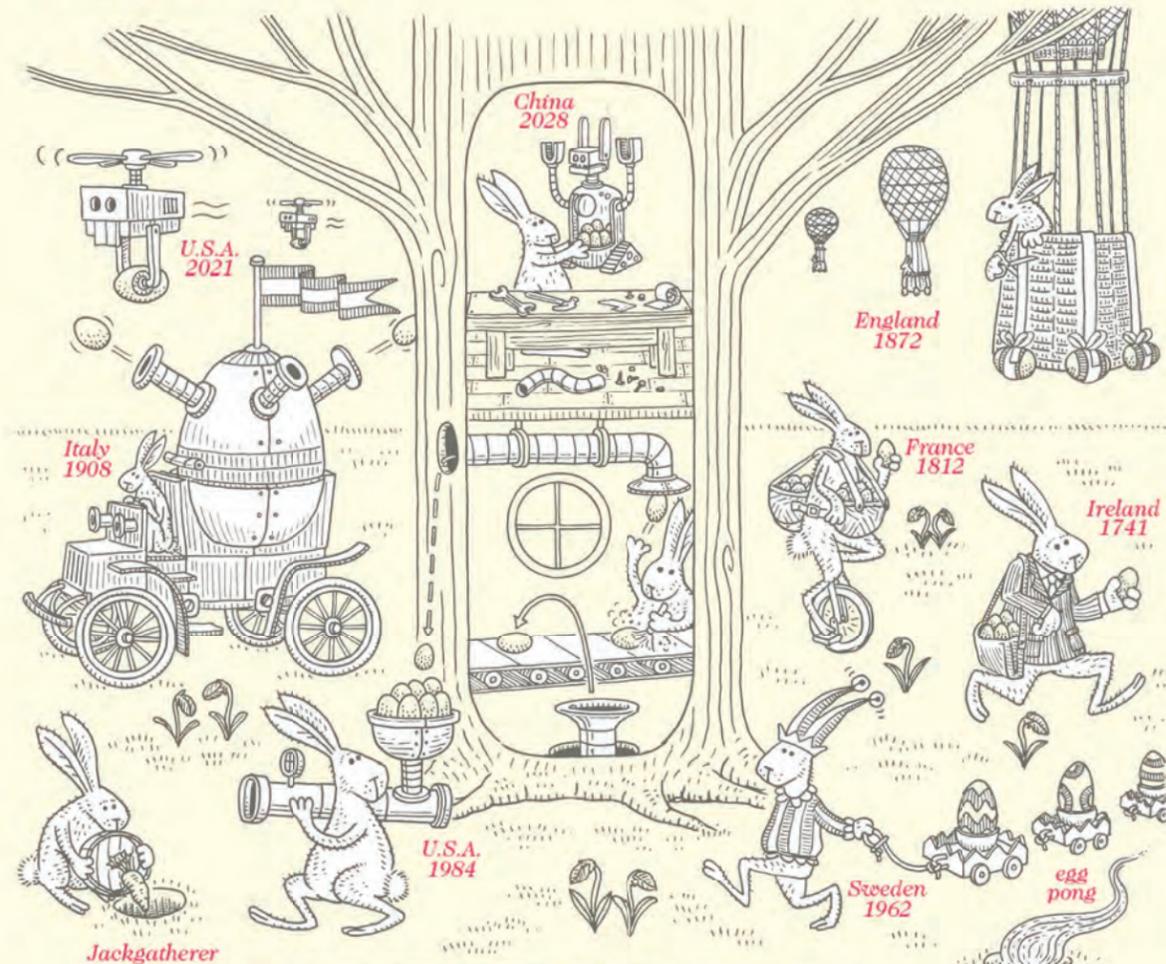
BIRTH OF A LEGEND



EVANESCENCE

Human veneration of the Lightning Hare ensured its survival, but their keen desire for oval treasures was at odds with its timid nature. Hence, to stymie these inquisitions, the moonlight ritual of pre-emptive deliveries was born.

Aided by rapidly evolving intelligence, and technological advances, der Blitzhase has remained unseen for hundreds of years -- though few in that time have failed to delight in its expulsions.



THE MAKING OF THE HARE'S WARES

