

ORDERING INFORMATION

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Prices subject to change. Quantities are limited. We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone. All sales are final.

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Rotten Coffee & Old Timers

It's more than a bear hug!

It's a smack square on the funny bone!

It's an uppercut to your ego!

It's an all out assault on your false pride!

It's the best thing to happen to the program since nude meetings!

It's **Rotten Coffee & Old Timers!**

A straight shooting take on recovery from a man who has been sober so long his blood has turned to sulfuric acid.

What are people saying about William Street?

That rotten lousy bastard still owes me twenty bucks—angry and anonymous

I had no idea that sex could be like that—exhausted and anonymous

So, if you're dying to hear how it really works, don't hesitate for even a moment. Quantities are limited and prices are subject to change, so fill out this form and send in your life-savings. Then sit back with another cup of coffee and wait for your cynical enlightenment to arrive.

Rarely have we seen a person try to thoroughly follow our path. Those who do are often obnoxious, unbearable bores; usually men and women who are constitutionally incapable of keeping quiet at meetings. For us, this is very unfortunate. They are completely to blame, for they appear to be assholes who simply aren't drinking. They are naturally incapable of grasping a manner of living which contains even a hint of humility. Their chances are less than average. So are their personalities. There are those too who suffer from grave emotional and mental disorders, but many of them do recover if they have the capacity to stop lying, whining, fighting, and fucking anything with a pulse.

Our stories disclose in a general way, how we fucked up, how we got caught, and how we are paying for it now. If you have decided you want what we have and are willing to suffer untold humiliation and pain—then you are ready to take certain steps.

At some of these we talked and talked and talked, but never did a thing. We thought we could find an easier softer way. But we were too stupid to figure one out. With all the earnestness at our command, we beg of you to be fearless and thorough from the very start. Otherwise, use an alias, you psycho idiots! Some of us tried to hold on to our old ideas, and talking to them was like trying to find something in your grandmother's cluttered garage.

Remember that we deal with alkyhol—cold, beautiful, and cruel. Without help it treats us like toilet paper. But there is one who has all power—that one is Kim! May you never piss her off.

Half-pints availed us nothing. We stood at the turning point—kind of a cool rush—asking for more than we ever deserved only to end up at another damn meeting.

Here are the steps we took which totally fucked up our lives:

1. We admitted we might be in a little bit of trouble, but why blame the alcohol?
2. Came to believe that only God was more powerful than us.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God, *but only after we had exhausted all our personal resources.*

4. Made a cursory list of all the times we broke something—our word, a bone, a promise, their heart, the law.
5. Ruined a perfectly good Saturday afternoon reading our inventory aloud, hoping, that unlike our sponsor, God was somehow able to stay awake.
6. Were entirely ready to go on doing the same stupid shit.
7. Arrogantly told God to get the fuck off our lawn.
8. Made a list of all persons we have known, and became willing to get even with them all.
9. Took direct aim at such people whenever possible, especially when to do so would cause maximum damage.
10. Continued to deny we were totally fucked up.
11. Sought through prevarication and fornication to ignore the gaping hole in our soul, praying only that we were able to get off before the coroner carried our body out.
12. Having come to from our drunken stupor, we tried to sleep with or impress the hell out of everyone that walked through the door.

Many of us exclaimed, "*Screw you! I'm not doing any of that!*" Do not be discouraged. Only anorexics have been able to maintain anything like perfect adherence to their diet. We are not saints. Hell, most of the time we are cruel, insecure, and sycophantic. The point is, we don't want to end up locked up, knocked up, broken down, or six feet underground. The principles we have set forth might just save your ass. Only deluded, pompous assholes worry about spiritual perfection.

Our hospital charts, all the chapters in the big book we haven't read yet, and our police records make clear three pertinent ideas:

- (a) We are weak, drunken idiots who need help getting the lid off the pickle jar.
- (b) Many alcoholics have no idea what pickles taste like.
- (c) God is a pickle.

Rotten Coffee & Old Timers – \$9.00

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Please fill out all the applicable information.
Failure to provide all the requested information may prevent us from being able to process your order.

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