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Dear Sal,

I was driving down Route 66 the other day when I came upon this grotesque masterpiece. By masterpiece I mean extremely proficient at being disgusting. I should have known just by the name, Mo's Café, displayed in burnt out neon signs that this place was going to be the king of dumps, and the empress of filth. Now Sal, get this. When I walked in, I almost fell face first because of the wet floors. Not only were these floors covered in food (probably at least a thousand years old), but also it was as if there was a sea of grease. I felt like Moses putting my foot down and seeing the parting of the grayish/greenish/yellowish sea. I hoped that the first human I saw could at least explain what was going on, but when I saw "her" my hopes were instantly demolished.

This person was something between a man and a woman and not only did she look like she was from the depths of hell, but the jokes she made assured that she must be from some kind of evil background. I felt like I had to take her to the "pon," literally.

As is my usual way of drowning out bad situations I decided to eat. The only thing available on the menu was grits and lard, so I just asked for coffee instead. To my utter surprise, they had what I wanted and the demon waitress receded into the back of the restaurant. I closed my eyes to try to find peace and quiet in the crazy café, but instantly regretted it when the stench of dank urine and frying fat drifted lazily into my nostrils. I opened my eyes to find another homo sapien, if you can call him that, sitting behind the

register. This person, most likely the infamous Mo character, was ????. Then, with his ??? this Norwegian ducktailed retriever. You'd think this would be easy to recognize because I have one of my own, but the ferocious barking mess looked as if it had been fed little and hit too much.

I glanced around the place to see if I could find any more ?? and couldn't help but think that the painter played a joke on Mo. The walls were this nasty shade of green, going on black from all of the dirt. Just as I thought the place couldn't get any worse, this family of four walked in.

The family fit into this place like a jigsaw puzzle (a really ugly one). The mother was a combination of being scantily clad and morbidly obese, while the father was yelling at their constantly fighting children. My coffee came, but this was more like coffee Jell-O, wiggling to my touch. Finally I found something decent in that crazy place, a ?? of ?? order. I know this might be hard to believe but someday I might come back to this place.