

*Our customers, before
they discovered
Tarbuck Coffee:*

“With my venti coffee,
my morning smoke,
and my hands full, I’m
tired of trying to steer
my car with my dick.”

“It’s a good thing that
cigarette smoke and
coffee stain the same
color. Otherwise my
teeth would look even
more like dogshit.”

This brochure is a parody. A satire. A joke. The Supreme Court says I can do this. If you’re a lawyer with one of the brands that are lampooned here, please don’t sue me.

And take some of those legal fees and buy yourself a fucking sense of humor.



*All of your
deepest needs...*

*now in
one place.*

Our Philosophy of Service

What, does this take a fucking genius? You're a goddamn addict, and your day doesn't start until you're properly stoked with a power dose of nicotine and several shots of freebase caffeine.

We don't see the Bill Bennetts of this world body-blocking the sugar addicts from entering the candy stores, or keeping Shamu the Land Whales from their next Super-Size Big Mac. But for *your* vices, everyone's a goddamn doctor and feels free to tell you, "you know that isn't good for you, right?"

Well, fuck that.

At Tarbuck Coffee, you can unashamedly stand up and say, "Hook me up, baby." And we'll charge you five bucks for fifteen cents worth of legal drugs, hand-picked by extremely photogenic illiterate starving migrant workers in Guatemala, El Salvador, Ethiopia and North Carolina, and then prepared to our exacting specifications.

Not that you give a shit, really.

Our Products

We start with the finest Brita-filtered tap water. Then we dump in a few hundred cartons of cigarettes and let it soak overnight.

This sludge is then run through our patent-pending process that is guaranteed to remove up to 84% of that disgusting wet tobacco flavor. Then we fire up the Mr. Coffee. Our menu lists hundreds of beans, grinds, and flavorings; pick whatever you like, it all comes out of a gargantuan can of Maxwell House.

Our beverages:

Tall. The smallest thing we have. Almost no drugs. We only sell this to children.

Venti. We call this large, but most of our customers get four refills.

Doubleshot. We leave one pot on the burner overnight; by the time we sell it to you, it's a near-solid of nicotine, caffeine, and carcinogenic alkaloids. Our top seller. Also available iced.

Espresso to Hell. Two doubleshots and two ventis, blended with about a cubic yard of ice and sugar. Served with a free Velcro glove, because otherwise you *will* drop the damn thing. *Note: due to liability requirements, this is only served at store outlets within five miles of a hospital with emergency intake service.*

Jobs at Tarbuck Coffee

Our ability to accomplish what we set out to do is based on the people we hire—we call each other "nic fiends." We are always focused on our fiends. We provide opportunities to develop your skills, further your career, and get you buzzed stronger than Robin Williams on primo coke.

We look for people who are adaptable, jittery, self-motivated, ADD-afflicted, passionate, and highly susceptible to chemical addition. If that sounds like you, why not join Tarbuck? We are growing in dynamic new ways and it's only a matter of time before the FDA shuts us down.

Tarbuck Coffee is an Equal Employment Opportunity employer. All applicants will receive consideration for employment without regard to race, national origin, gender, age, religion, disability, sexual orientation, veteran status, or marital status.

However, you damn well better be a fucking smoker.