ECUADORIAN RHINOCEROS BEETLE V.S. EMU

WHO'S THE REAL KING OF THE JUNGLE?
The Natural Cafe has seven dollars and seven cents on emu antibiotics and carcinogens are for McDonald's fans

The brutal life of a degenerate journalist affords few meals. Breakfast is pot and a pot of coffee. Lunch is the leftover fries from the significant other, or perhaps a cold Dr. Pepper. By 5 p.m. the blood sugar is perilously low, senseless violence is a very real option. Random strangers start rubbing the journalist the wrong way and vivid fantasies of red carnage unfold in his cortex. These thoughts are not his own; he is just another victim. Hunger has turned the world sour and sapped his strength. Near the end he lacks the energy to even feed himself, or the desire to choose a meal.

If the journalist is lucky, he may have one last resort. Sensing that writing is no way to feed oneself in a world that holds literature in contempt, he will have aligned himself with the nefarious ranks of the Advertisers and seek out a way to prostitute his skill for calories. If he is supremely skilled, he will have positioned himself to receive free meals (up to $30 for any one outing) and then write complete nonsense about the food he ate. Such is the life.

The journalist entered The Natural Cafe — located for your convenience at 5892 Hollister — on weak, underfed knees. A giant menu hung above the sweet-tempered employee who waited patiently for his order. The Natural Cafe’s gig is of course, natural stuff. No dead bloody lambs or mad cows, just a wide variety of tasty, healthy, salads, soups, sandwiches, pasta, chicken and fish.

The Natural Cafe is a vegetarian’s dream, second only to an entire house made of fresh, crisp celery. A vegetarian’s tongue could go round the world with the vegetarian burritos, stuffed spuds and stir-fry.

Twelve salads, 16 sandwiches, numerous appetizers — he was overwhelmed and beyond the ability to choose what would soothe his starving belly.

The fresh-faced, natural employee ensured him the Mt. Fuji Stir-fry was without comparison, and the journalist could see in her eyes that she was speaking the truth. He took her suggestion, the folded plastic green card with the number 38 on it, and paid the woman with advertising money.

"How much is that chocolate cake?" the journalist asked.
"Two-fifty. Did you enjoy your meal?"
"It was delightful," he said, "but how much is the cake with tax? I have $2.77 more to spend."
"How about you just take the cake and save your money for breakfast tomorrow. You look thin."
"Fair enough," the journalist shrugged, taking the cake. He notices for the first time the sheer beauty of The Natural Cafe’s decor. The light is soft, the statues are eastern, the candles have dark blue holders. With a full belly, the journalist thinks, it is much easier to love the things of the world. He finishes his cake, says thank you, goodbye, and stands alone on the windy sidewalk of 5892 Hollister. He lights a Camel Light and wonders if there’s something inherently wrong about smoking tobacco cigarettes on the porch of a tofu-slinging health restaurant.

He thinks, yeah, there is something wrong, but that’s cool. He smokes some more.
Different Action Scenes That Could Happen While Eating Mexican Food at the Restaurant Formerly Known as Luptas.

A man and woman suddenly rise from their corner booth and scream, "EVERYBODY FREEZE; THIS IS A ROBBERY!"

All across the room silence descends, chips are left mid-dip in their fresh green-and-red salsa. Silverware is dropped. The cook looks confused while the waitress just looks angry.

The mad couple jumps off the corner booth and orders everyone to take out their wallets, then they point to the waitress and demand money from the register. The waitress opens the register, only to reveal a paltry collection of ones, fives, two tens and a twenty.

"Where's the rest?" the crazy male robber yells.

The waitress laughs and says, "no mas." She points at the empty barstools and the one young couple sitting across the room.

The female gets panicky and starts waving the gun around screaming, "You said this would be the one, baby! This was supposed to be the last one, and you messed it up."

A passing IVFP patrol car sees the hysterical woman through the window and U-turns into the driveway. His headlights surprise the crooks, and they begin firing blindly into the windows.

A hip, intelligent college couple debates the finer points of nihilism as they sample their large portions of tacos, burritos and enchiladas. This is no fast food, greasy Americanized version of Mexican food. These are restaurant-style plates with tasty extras like beans and Spanish rice.

A Spanish radio station drifts through the seating area as the cook works fast and furious on the speedy, tasty meals. Suddenly the mariachi music cuts out and a serious sounding Mexican DJ starts talking rapidly and ominously. The lovely couple notices the large amount of people running past them on Embarcadero. At first it appears they are running toward the park. But closer inspection of their demeanor—their furitive looks over the shoulder—says they are running AWAY from the beach. They are carrying strange things like computers and pictures.

The couple puts down their scrumptious, low-cost food and looks out the window. The street is now full of people moving away from the beach. Some are being trampled; debris is strewn about the road. Behind them, looming up from the beach access, a mountain of water dwarfs the apartments and moves quickly over them, moving up the street like an unstoppable giant.

PHOTOS BY LINDSEY MEYER

Oooops... It’s my roommate’s (friend’s, boy/girl friend’s) BIRTHDAY!!! Get a Nexus Birthday for them... more personal than a card, faster than the post office. Under Storke Tower, M-F, 9-5