



Volume1/Number 2 June 2023

## OUR BRIEF STORY

**Founded by retired NYPD Law Enforcement Officers who want to provide high quality coffee to those who serve and those who support first responders and service members!**

### EXCITING NEWS

**NEW COFFEE FLAVOR**

**DARK ROAST**

**OUR "LATE TOUR" BLEND**



Scan for all our information and website.

# ***Pour The Finest Coffee***



I hope everyone is getting ready for a fabulous summer. First and foremost, I wanted to express our sincere gratitude for your overwhelming response to our first edition. It brings us immense joy to know that you enjoyed the content and found value in our publication. Your support and enthusiasm have been truly inspiring.

At Pour the Finest, our primary goal has always been to provide you with the best coffee experience possible. We strive to bring you the finest quality beans, carefully selected and expertly roasted to deliver exceptional flavors and aromas. Your appreciation for our efforts motivates us to continuously improve and exceed your expectations.

In addition to our commitment to excellent coffee, we also believe in giving back to our community. We are proud to be affiliated with NYPD, With Arms Wide Open. We strongly believe in the importance of fostering positive relationships and working together to create a safer and more harmonious environment for all.

Moreover, we are excited to share that we will be affiliating with The Happy Jack Fund. They are an incredible organization that supports families who have suffered the loss of a child by awarding their siblings scholarships to be used towards their higher education. <https://www.happyjackfund.org>

As we move forward, we remain dedicated to educating you about the wonders of good coffee. We want to provide you with a platform to explore the intricacies of different brew methods, the origins of various coffee beans, and the art of creating the perfect cup. We firmly believe that by expanding your knowledge and understanding, we can elevate your coffee experience to new heights.

Finally, I am thrilled to announce that the next episode of Joe Cucci's series is here. Joe has been working tirelessly to bring you a captivating and exciting story. Joe is always looking for new and exciting ideas. If you have a story that you would like to share please email Joe at...[PTFluckerroomnotes@gmail.com](mailto:PTFluckerroomnotes@gmail.com)

Once again, thank you for your unwavering support. We are privileged to have such an incredible community of coffee enthusiasts like you. Should you have any suggestions, feedback, or ideas for future editions, please do not hesitate to reach out. Your input is invaluable to us.

Stay tuned for more exciting updates and continue enjoying the remarkable world of coffee!

# The History of Coffee

According to the National Coffee Association of U.S.A.

## The New World

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In the mid-1600's, coffee was brought to New Amsterdam, later called New York by the British.

Though coffee houses rapidly began to appear, tea continued to be the favored drink in the New World until 1773, when the colonists revolted against a heavy tax on tea imposed by King George III. The revolt, known as the Boston Tea Party, would forever change the American drinking preference to coffee.

*"Coffee - the favorite drink of the civilized world." –*

*Thomas Jefferson*

## Plantations Around the World

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As demand for the beverage continued to spread, there was fierce competition to cultivate coffee outside of Arabia.

The Dutch finally got seedlings in the latter half of the 17th century. Their first attempts to plant them in India failed, but they were successful with their efforts in Batavia, on the island of Java in what is now Indonesia.

The plants thrived and soon the Dutch had a productive and growing trade in coffee. They then expanded the cultivation of coffee trees to the islands of Sumatra and Celebes.

## Coming to the Americas

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In 1714, the Mayor of Amsterdam presented a gift of a young coffee plant to King Louis XIV of France. The King ordered it to be planted in the Royal Botanical Garden in Paris. In 1723, a young naval officer, Gabriel de Clieu obtained a seedling from the King's plant. Despite a challenging voyage — complete with horrendous weather, a saboteur who tried to destroy the seedling, and a pirate attack — he managed to transport it safely to Martinique.

Once planted, the seedling not only thrived, but it's credited with the spread of over 18 million coffee trees on the island of Martinique in the next 50 years. Even more incredible is that this seedling was the parent of all coffee trees throughout the Caribbean, South and Central America.

The famed Brazilian coffee owes its existence to Francisco de Mello Palheta, who was sent by the emperor to French Guiana to get coffee seedlings. The French were not willing to share, but the French Governor's wife, captivated by his good looks, gave him a large bouquet of flowers before he left—buried inside were enough coffee seeds to begin what is today a billion-dollar industry.

Missionaries and travelers, traders and colonists continued to carry coffee seeds to new lands, and coffee trees were planted worldwide. Plantations were established in magnificent tropical forests and on rugged mountain highlands. Some crops flourished, while others were short-lived. New nations were established on coffee economies. Fortunes were made and lost. By the end of the 18th century, coffee had become one of the world's most profitable export crops. After crude oil, coffee is the most sought commodity in the world.

# Where in the world has Pour The Finest been?



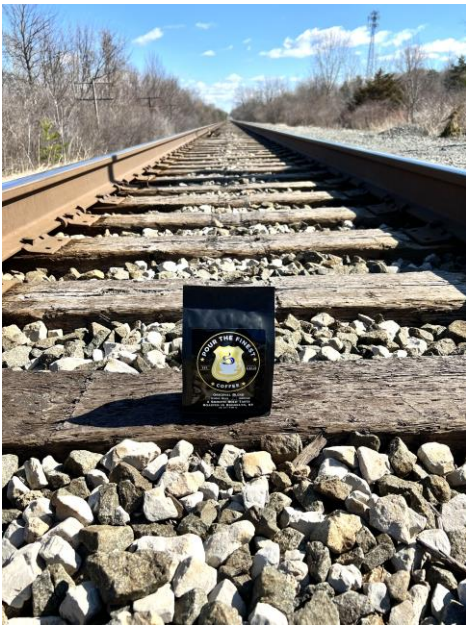
Vancouver Canada 2022



Glacier Alaska 2023



Lake Erie 2023



Buffalo, NY 2023



Paris, France 2022



Capri, Italy 2022

Order Coffee at [www.pourthefinest.com](http://www.pourthefinest.com)

# Our Affiliates and Supporters



**NYPD With Arms Wide Open** the charity serves NYC Finest families with special needs children.

The mission of our organization is to provide a forum where cops of all ranks, and their families, can attend meetings and discuss issues surrounding being the parents/ guardians/ caretakers of children with special needs. We have assisted many of our members with medical equipment, intensive physical therapy sessions in addition to what NYC insurance may not cover and provided financial support to families with children that have extended stays in hospitals.

We are a support group. A resource center. A clearinghouse of information.

Support **With Arms Wide Open** at <https://nypdwawo.org>



The Happy Jack Fund supports families who have suffered the loss of a child by awarding their siblings scholarships to be used toward their higher education. The Happy Jack Fund provides support to families who have experienced tremendous grief in the hope that, through the support of their community, they feel that they are not alone in their pain.

Support The Happy Jack Fund at [www.happyjackfund.org](http://www.happyjackfund.org)

## Painted Treasures by Chelsea



### Meet The Artist Chelsea Carol

Chelsea is a lifelong painter with a deep passion for the creative process. She received her BA in Fine Art painting from Hofstra University in 2005. Chelsea established Painted Treasures by Chelsea in 2011 after what started off as a side gig, painting + upcycling furniture, quickly grew into a full time career. As Chelsea's creative exploration and skillset evolved, so did her range of artistic goods and services.

Currently Chelsea's focus is on creating original paintings, murals and brick transformations Her unique, colorful style combines elements of pop art + abstract expressionism, bringing a contagious energy as she meticulously captures the inspiring spirit of her subjects. Elements from the faux finishes Chelsea spent the first 10 years of her career specializing in can always be found within her paintings; adding additional layers of depth and visual intrigue to her signature style.

Chelsea's immense gratitude for building a career doing what she loves propelled her to launch the Fallen Feather Project in 2017. She selects one recipient monthly to create a custom item for, aiming to bring comfort and healing to those afflicted with illness or loss by tapping into art's profound ability to move and heal.

Check out her amazing creations and beautiful works of As well as her wonderful book - ART UNCENSORED that is comprised of 43 original artworks created during 2020 to 2021 from the original Patriotic Series by Chelsea Carol. Visit Her Website At:

[www.paintedtreasuresbychelsea.com](http://www.paintedtreasuresbychelsea.com)



# Chelsea's current project.





The Patriot Cigar Company's story started with the idea of incorporating the love of cigars with the love for freedom and America. There is no better way to celebrate our love for our country and freedoms we cherish, than smoking a premium cigar.

After months of trying out different blends and working with master blenders, The Patriot Cigar Company arrived at some of the best blends they ever smoked and knew they had to bring these premium handmade cigars to the industry and share them with other freedom loving patriots!

Order premium Cigars at: [www.mypatriotcigars.com](http://www.mypatriotcigars.com)

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**Thin Blue Wick Candle Company**  
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•10% donated to support Law Enforcement & their families ❤️💙



**Thin Blue Wick Candle Company**

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**Public Safety Wood Works – TAMPA**  
**FLORIDA Based** Law Enforcement and Veteran owned wood shop offering custom trays, retirement gifts, signs, flags and more  
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# Tales from the Locker Room

**This is presented as a work of fiction and dedicated to nobody**

## Boomerang

Written by: Joseph Cucci

Somehow I ended up in transit.

I don't know how but I must've done something wrong. Being a transit cop meant I was responsible for patrolling the subways and all the critters that dwelled in the subway.

I was partnered up with a guy known as 'Boomerang.' Rarely anyone knew why he was called 'Boomerang' but I went with it. He had been on the job since Vietnam, was about 350lbs with an Afro the size of a pumpkin. His waste line and the Afro had both seen better days. Most police officers I knew carried all manner of things on their gun belt to deal with, well, all manner of things. Boomerang only carried a police nightstick and a handgun with no bullets. Or at least the rumor was he only kept five in his revolver and in the sixth chamber he kept a rolled up ten dollar bill. I wasn't about to ask him why.

"Ok kid, patrol for a while. Don't be stupid" Boomerang said.

"All right." I said.

I went out, Boomerang stayed in the little police room we had in one of the subway stops. Boomerang didn't seem to work too hard.

I took the train a few stops, got off and looked around. I took the train a few more stops, got out, and looked around. Not much action. I took the train a few more stops, got out and let the train go. I stood on the edge of a raised train platform taking in the view. The view was shit but it was something. Mostly abandoned buildings and empty lots.

I stood there a while and finally started hearing the faint sound of metal ringing out.

PING PING PING. Hitting the top of the subway overhang.

They were shooting at me somewhere from the high-rise buildings.

“Oh shit.” I said.

They kept firing. I stood there, almost in disbelief. Another train pulled into the station and the conductor promptly stated.

“What the hell are you doing outside kid? Get in.”

I got in.

Just before I went back to see boomerang, I went to check the subway bathrooms. I was told strange things occurred in these subway bathrooms and that it was my job as a police officer to intervene.

The first bathroom was clear. The second one had a man using one of the stalls. He had a large shopping bag in front of him, at his feet and he was moaning. What the hell was this guy doing? I thought.

As I got closer I noticed something was wrong with the shopping bag. It was too attached to the floor like someone was standing in it--

“You son of a bitch! Police! Open up!” I yelled as I pounded the door.

Then came two voices from inside the stall, one man and one woman??

“Ah shit.”

“Chill man.”

Either line could’ve belonged to either person.

“Open the fuckin’ door!”

It opened.

It was two bums performing fellatio. They were using the shopping bag to hide one of the pairs of feet.

“Don’t you have other things to worry about besides getting a blowjob in a bathroom stall?” I said.

The homeless guy zipped up.

“C’est la vie.” He said.

That was the strange thing about humans. At our lowest point we choose to mate instead of anything else. That must be how we survived this long. That's what the dodo birds never caught on to.

"Fuck you." I told him and I ushered them out of the stall.

They both ran out.

"Get a job!" I shouted.

I made it back to the train station police room; it might as well have been a halfway house. I walked in on Boomerang sprawled out on the recliner in nothing but his underwear. An inspiring sight.

"A bum was giving another bum a covert blowjob." I told him.

"Oh, Yeah they do that bag thing." Boomerang said. "Did you give them a summons, kid?"

"A summons for a blowjob? No I didn't." I said.

"Anything else."

"Yeah, I got off at Island Avenue and every inhabitant shot at me."

"Don't you know you ain't supposed to get off there? They'll kill your ass."

"Thanks."

"I said don't be stupid."

I sat down in the other recliner. Boomerang sweat profusely. He began going on and on about his ex-wife whom he was still in love with. Evidentially she had left him for a guy who had more bullets in his gun.

"She was one in a million! One in a million!" He said.

"There are enough one in a millions to hit everyone once."

"What about twice?" He asked.

I shrugged.

"C'est la vie." I said.

"Fuck you." He said.

Hours went by. It felt like days in that room. I sat there watching boomerang sweat listening to all the ex-wife talk. The ex-wife talk never ceased. He was killing me.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

I stood up fast.

“Relax.” Boomerang said. “Give me your memo book.”

I gave it to him. He took it and, still in his underwear, he went over to the door.

“The sergeant just gotta scratch your book to prove they seen you on post.” He said.

Boomerang opened the door maybe two inches; just enough to slide the memo books through. From the crack of the door the sergeant’s eyes appeared. He saw me standing there with a fat man in his underwear and said nothing. Boomerang passed the books through and a second later they were signed by the sergeant and passed back. Then the eyes were gone. I guess they saw us on post.

“Look.” I said. “I want to at least make an arrest so it feels like I did something.”

Boomerang became irate. He was a man of routine and didn’t like it disturbed.

“Fine! You want an arrest?” He said, as he got dressed.

Once dressed, he yanked the door open and went out. I followed.

At that moment a young man jumped the turnstile and began to run. He had just stolen from the city, which didn't have enough money to fix anything. Boomerang's eyes locked in on him. All this time I'd wondered why they called him boomerang. Then at that moment, boomerang unsheathed his nightstick and launched it with a vengeance at the perp.

WHACK!

The perp dropped to the floor.

“There! There’s your arrest.” Boomerang said.

And the nightstick hit the floor, the wall and ricocheted back around, back to old Boomerang’s hand.

Join our community!

If you have a story from when you were on the job consider sharing it with us at

**[PTFlockerroomnotes@gmail.com](mailto:PTFlockerroomnotes@gmail.com)**

The events you share will be told from the perspective of our protagonist, John Jameson. All stories will be anonymous and fictionalized to protect the innocent.