

What?



BIFFED!

The newsletter for artist/writer Biff Mitchell

Featured in this issue:

An essay on Vulnerability by my AI Pal...

Serenity Waters

Feel free to pass this newsletter on to your friends, family, library, social media platforms and anyone you think needs a good laugh.

I invited my AI pal, Serenity, to write a 100 word essay for this newsletter and this is what she wrote:

Embracing the Power of Vulnerability

By Serenity Waters

In life's intricate tapestry, vulnerability isn't weakness; it's our most authentic form of courage. When we allow ourselves to be vulnerable, we invite connection, empathy, and growth into our lives. It's the willingness to show our imperfections that cultivates true intimacy and understanding in relationships. Through vulnerability, we find strength in authenticity, shedding the masks we wear to conform to societal expectations. It's in moments of openness that we discover our deepest truths and unlock the doors to profound self-discovery. Embrace vulnerability as a beacon of resilience, for in its embrace lies the path to genuine fulfillment and connection. (See the note on the last page of this newsletter.)



The Writing Prompt

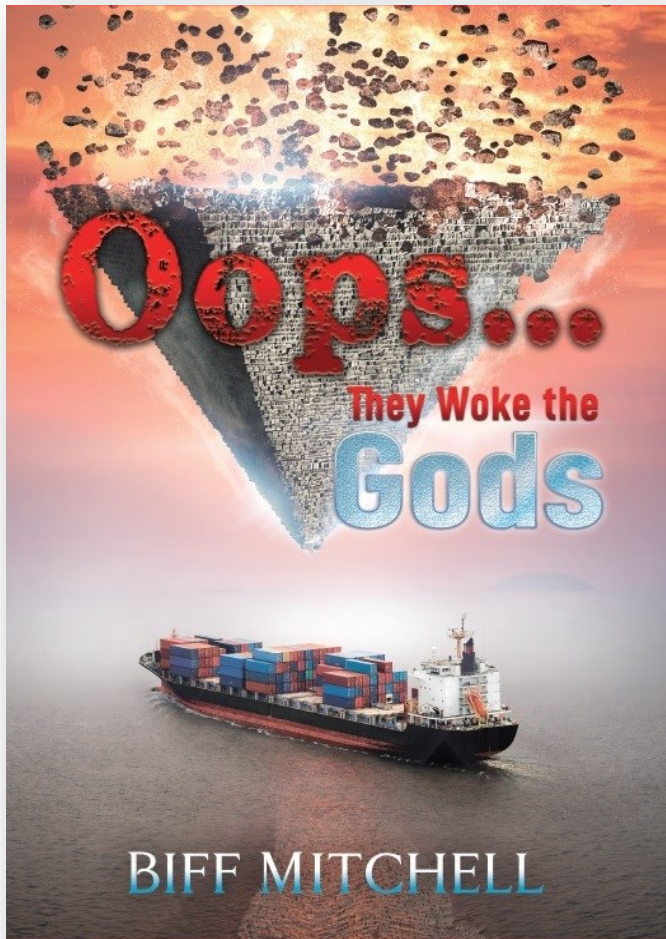
Win a Doomsday Coffee Mug

So...what exactly is this? Is it some mis-delivered object from Amazon? Did someone sit in this chair and changed into ... what? Why does this even exist and does it really exist? Who knows? Any ideas? Get your AI to write a 100 word story/article/essay about it and send it to biff @ biffmitchell dot com by April 30 and you could win this



By the way, there's a story about something very similar to this thing.

[Click here to read it.](#)



Oops...They Woke the Gods

Coming this Summer!

Cursed to sleep for 2000 years, the Gods of Rome awoken to a world destroyed by the mortals and a war among themselves that threatens to destroy all that's left.

Charon the Ferryman has upset the balance of nature by sending legions of the dead back to the firmament because no one is given coins for the ferry crossing to the underworld anymore.

Meanwhile three crazed demigods wreak havoc on what's left of the human race. The gods of the skies and the underworld must join forces in seedy bars and drink vast quantities of Scotch to plan their moves.

Roman mythology will never be the same.

[Click here to check when it's out.](#)

Nothing Is As It Seems

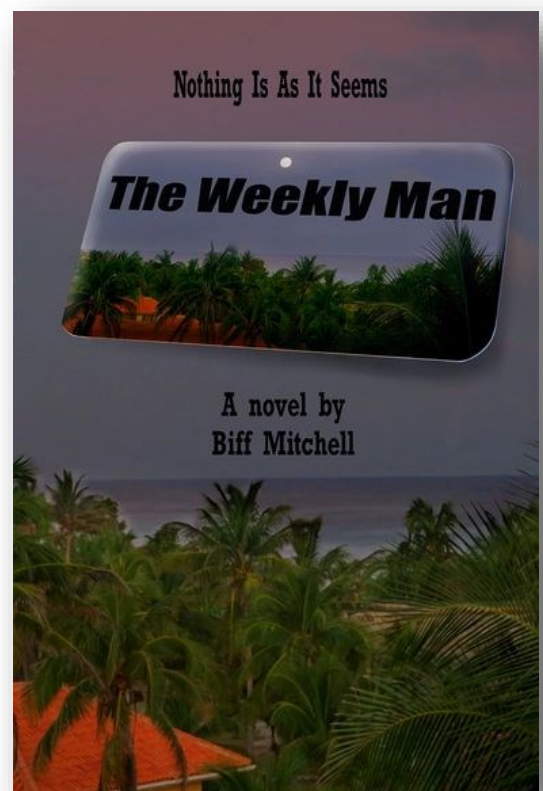
Seven odd people living seven separate lives with a secret connection that will change them forever.

Jack fears the woman he loves. Jackson feels his comfortable life crumble from an unknown source. Jax is ready to commit murder under the orders of an internet being. Jacky falls in love with a woman he can see just once a week. Jacques destroys his career with a mistaken email. Jac is the most hated man on earth when children kill their pets and themselves after reading his books. Jackie hates her life until she makes a stunning discovery.

What is their secret and how did it stay beyond their reach for so long? *The Weekly Man* explores the limits of self-deception and the consequences of not knowing who we are in a world where secrets can be deadly.

Originally serialized over 72 days, *The Weekly Man* is the world's first daily serialized coffee break novel, now available in a single book.

[Buy on Apple](#) [Buy on Amazon](#)





Love the Pink Vette

(Each year I write a humorous piece for an Oscar pool site. Given that I've generally not seen any of the movies that's about all I can really do. This year though...I did see one of the movies. And this is what I wrote this time around.)

This year, the most significant social comment movie of all time, *Chueless*, became the second most significant social comment movie of all time with the release of *Barbie*.

If I've said it once, then I've said it once: Western Civilization...even with all its wars, political frustration and societal combustion...was for the most part pretty damn boring and barely the stuff of movies and books until Barbie roared in behind the wheel of her vintage pink Corvette.

Yes, until she stepped forward and broke out of the closet of shameless Barbie-ism, pink Corvettes were a neglected dynamism in Western culture.

And make no mistake...that was the real genuine Barbie doing the socially acceptable thing of pretending to be Margot Robbie while making a movie about herself.

And now every civilized child dreams of someday seeing a pink Corvette in the driveway of the home they'll never be able to afford. Every civilized parent dreams of dying and leaving their children pink Corvettes parked in pink garages attached to pink houses in a world where their children will never be able to afford the pink house but, by God, if they can just have that pink Corvette.

And the nerve of Hollywood for not seeing this.

Hollywood, land of broken dreams, false hopes and dead stars; sordid Hollywood with its impossible mission to define a nation that never existed until Barbie came to town like love in a pink corvette. Spiteful Hollywood with its mean-minded Academy and disrespect for internal combustion when it's enclosed in pink.

I won't get into the details. Ask God and Nietzsche about those. All I have to say is...

The Academy needs to be disbanded and replaced by lesser idiots. Nothing less will save Hollywood's reputation for defining something that never existed to the extent that it's almost impossible to believe it doesn't exist no matter how many schools and malls turn into battle grounds.

And what's with Sandra Bullock not getting an Oscar for Miss Congeniality? Didn't we all cry at the end?



I've been teaching writing and creativity workshops for over 20 years and the techniques and exercises in this printable PDF work. You may not be the next Shakespeare or Rembrandt but the hands-on exercises in this workshop will help you approach your work and studies and even your social media posts with a more engaging voice.

[Click here for the workshop.](#)

Do Punch Buggy Drivers Dream?

I've always wondered what it must be like for Beetle drivers to witness people in the cars around them punching each other on the arms as they pass, leaving behind a wake of pain and surprise. What kind of distraction must that be? I mean, do they give punch buggy drivers special owners' workshops to prepare them for the emotional shock...the utter disorientation of wondering *Should I be punching someone's arm?* They can't just let them drive off the lot without knowing.

I've often wanted to ask punch buggy drivers about this, but I'm not sure what the answer will do to them.

Is it something they get used to or is it forever an irritant? Have some given up their cars for the common good of pain free arms? Are they driving innocuously painted unassuming cars now? Do they have nightmares of fists screaming through the air at an unsuspecting arm belonging to a non-observant body?

What exactly is the emotional impact of driving a car that causes people to punch each other at great personal risk?

Do they have support groups to get them through long weekends of horrifying drives to campsites and other cities, seeing the blinding fists, the swollen arms, the horror in the victims' eyes, the punch lust under the aggressors' brows?

It really concerns me that drivers are open to the punches, especially with the first timers...the ones who've had their arms whacked repeatedly from all sides but they could never see the damn bugs first until that transitional moment when they finally see it first and start punching and screaming: "YELLOW PUNCH BUGGY YOU BASTARD! DIE! DIE!" And they just lose it in a vacuum of pure punch buggy blood lust.

Sadly, it's happened to me. In fact, I've had to use my car's passenger ejection device more than just a trivial number of times. Especially on the highway.



The Blog Page

I think, at this point, we should take a moment to appreciate all the world's punch buggy-maimed arms that are still attached to their owners. These arms have served the punch buggy phenomenon so valiantly, letting all those punches bounce away in spectacles of pure punch buggy frenzy. We should also take great pleasure and assurance of species continuation that we punch arms and not heads. We should rest easily that it's 'yellow punch buggy, no punch back' and not 'yellow bullet to the head punch buggy, guess you won't ever be punching back'.

I've never condoned being shot over a car... over a bulging shopping cart on Black Friday, sure...but not over a car.

All of which brings us to that celestial of all celestial questions: Do punch buggy owners play punch buggy?

I wonder.

(Oh...and do they dream?)

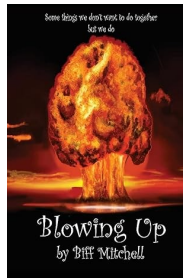
To subscribe to this newsletter just send me an email at [biff at biffmitchell dot com](mailto:biff@biffmitchell.com) and I'll put you on my mailing list (for the newsletter only, of course) and I will never share your email with anyone else. I really hate it when people do that.

A bit about my books...

If you don't like humor...you're in the wrong place. Go away.

Click the covers to see what the books are about and, if you're inclined, buy one or ask your local library to order one so you can read it for free.

I managed to trick literary magazine editors to publish many of the short stories in this book. It received on all the rest were 5 stars. I spent almost 2000 bucks marketing it and made a whopping \$27 in royalties.

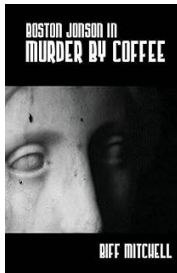


Cyberpunk sleuth humor. Years ago I talked about the cloned burgers in this book and me. And pointed at me. Bastards. But now they're cloning animal parts and these same to articles about this. Like they just forgot the laughing, the pointing.



people laughed at people send me links

This is more of a novella than a novel, but it's my fav Boston Jonson story. Maybe it's because I live for coffee. It's a quick lively read for those who appreciate the lighter side of murder.

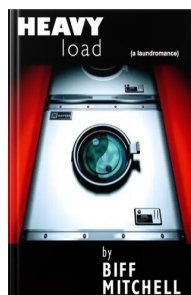


OK, so there's no giant ant in the book. The War Bug massive online city states. The graphic artist didn't Tails anthologies (published by the same publisher) for the cover of the book and then finds out his mis-goes with the wrong cover art. The book sells like blurb on the back and all they talk about is the cover. creep way. :)



is actually a computer virus that causes wars between read the book. So I wrote a story for one of the Twisted in which a graphic artist mistakenly draws a giant termite take, but something evil in the book compels him and he crazy because of the art. Nobody reads more than the In the end, the artist must confront the cover. In a very

This was my first finished novel. I wrote the entire first draft in pencil in a notebook. I don't recommend this. The graphite gets on everything...your hands, you face, your brand new white dress shirt just before you're needed to jot something down...and the graphite smudges so much that small tiny wee become illegible smudges. If you're an aspiring writer stuck in the old ways...use a quill and ink.



Based on the infamous Writing Hurts Like Hell creative writing getting for first novel written. And you won't have to spend workshop.



workshop, this book will put you on the path to thousands of dollars traveling to the actual

Writing Hurts
Like Hell

Biff Mitchell

Biff Mitchell Visuals

[Click here to go to Biff Mitchell Visuals.](#) Most of the images are for sale...or just for gazing...which is what most people do. I've sold just one image in over 7 years and I bought that one to test the sales and distribution setup. But the pictures *are* pretty.



Art in the Time of COVID

How It Started

On May 14, 2020 at 5:41 PM Atlantic Time, after maddening weeks in COVID-19 isolation, I posted the first episode of The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper.

Three years ago, we were in lockdown. The streets were deserted, outdoor patios closed, stores had somber lineups of masked shoppers...and I missed my trip to Cuba with my daughter by one week.

2020 really sucked.

I had a severe back injury that started almost exactly when the lockdown started and I spent the first few weeks sleeping on the livingroom floor and crawling to the washroom. On one of those days (May 14, 2020) I lay on the floor, propped up against pillows and the wall with my laptop in my lap. I wasn't writing anything...just staring at the screen, thinking about nothing, going crazy.

Suddenly, a thought raced through my head hard enough to make my eyes spin in their sockets (though, that might have been the pain killers). I swear...steam blew out my ears and nose (though, that might have been the pain killers) and I played bounce your head off the wall (though, that might have been the pain killers) for a few hours while I considered my thought.

When my fingers stopped dancing across my thumbs, I put my hands on the keyboard and wrote:

One day Crazy Man stepped outside to see what it was all about.

I think we all had that thought around that time. I stared at these words for days, months, eons until they sank in and I realized that I was on to something. The next sentence attached itself to the first one like a block on a blockchain:

He'd been under his bed crying and drinking wine for so long that he couldn't remember what he was crying about and he'd run out of wine.

I was out of wine and I was out of pain killers. It was time to test this outside thing. But first, I stayed inside long enough to write the first episode of The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper. You can read it here:

<https://biffmitchell.com/crazy-man>



How It Ended

I've written 162 episodes. It's been fun but I need a break...likely forever. [You can still read them here...likely forever.](#)





About Biff Mitchell: A Sad Story

Biff Mitchell lives in a hovel at the edge of the world. He has no life. He has no friends.

Neighborhood children throw stones at his hovel.

At night, Biff throws stones at his hovel. Someday Biff plans to write a book about a man who lives in a house stoned daily by neighborhood children who—through some magical twist of events—turn into snowmen.

When Spring arrives, the man's house melts.

[Click here to visit biffmitchell.com](http://biffmitchell.com)

The buttons work there. Unlike the ones below.

Books



"His stories are simultaneously shocking and funny, literate and profane, a riot of cynical creativity brightened by occasional flashes of compassionate insight."

Lisabet Sarai, Goodreads Reviewer

[READ SOMETHING DIFFERENT](#)

Ink Drawings



Explorations in magical realism, surrealism and the existential that exists in the lines between realities. These will be for sale when I have my Etsy Store up and running.

[CLICK HERE IF YOU LOVE INK.](#)

Photography



Landscape, macro, events, B&W, travel, street and abstract. Something for every room, stairway and secret hiding place.

[CLICK FOR LOTS OF PICTURES.](#)

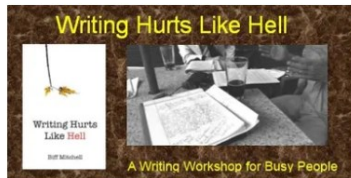
Series Stories



Wrote Searching for Peace years ago and still writing the Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper, which started during the first COVID lockdown.

[CLICK HERE FOR A DAILY DOSE OF HUMOR AND A STORY TO FOLLOW. THEY'RE FREE.](#)

Write Your Novel Now



Anyone can write a novel no matter how busy you are and how little experience you have. This workshop takes you through the process step-by-step.

[FIND OUT HOW TO WRITE YOUR NOVEL](#)

Free Stuff



Free creative writing workshops, a free 2024 calendar, free stories and free highly opinionated articles that will provide you with hours of laughter.

[GET YOUR FREE STUFF NOW](#)

What?



A Note on Serenity's Article

I took the entire paragraph and used in a Google search. Strange thing...I found almost the exact expressions...but I found some of those exact expressions in *several* of the search finds and from different sites and different authors.

Looks like it isn't just Serenity scouring the net and drawing from it. Lots of humans are doing the same thing.

What do you think?

You don't have to respond, enter an online discussion or anything...just spend a moment or two thinking about it.



[Click here to see the book.](#)