

JAMS



Donuts Don't Rock!

\$4.99



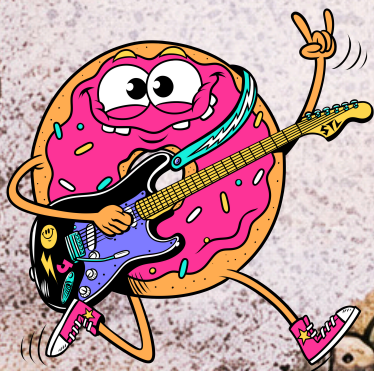
VAULT ISSUE #1
FEB 2026
ORIGINS

CREDITS PAGE!

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Everyone knows
DONUTS DON'T
PLAY GUITAR!



They Play Banjo



Hi, I'm **JAM.**

I was never very good at following the recipe.

Most donuts turn out exactly how they're
supposed to.

Me? I liked adventure.

And making messes.



Which probably explains why the
ONLY TIME anyone **YELLED**
my name was when I was in
trouble.



JAM!!!!

You're in **BIG** trouble, mister!



Getting yelled at wasn't so bad.

It was loud.

It meant something **exciting** had just happened.

And **exciting** was worth the risk.

JAM! JAM! JAM!



BAKERY

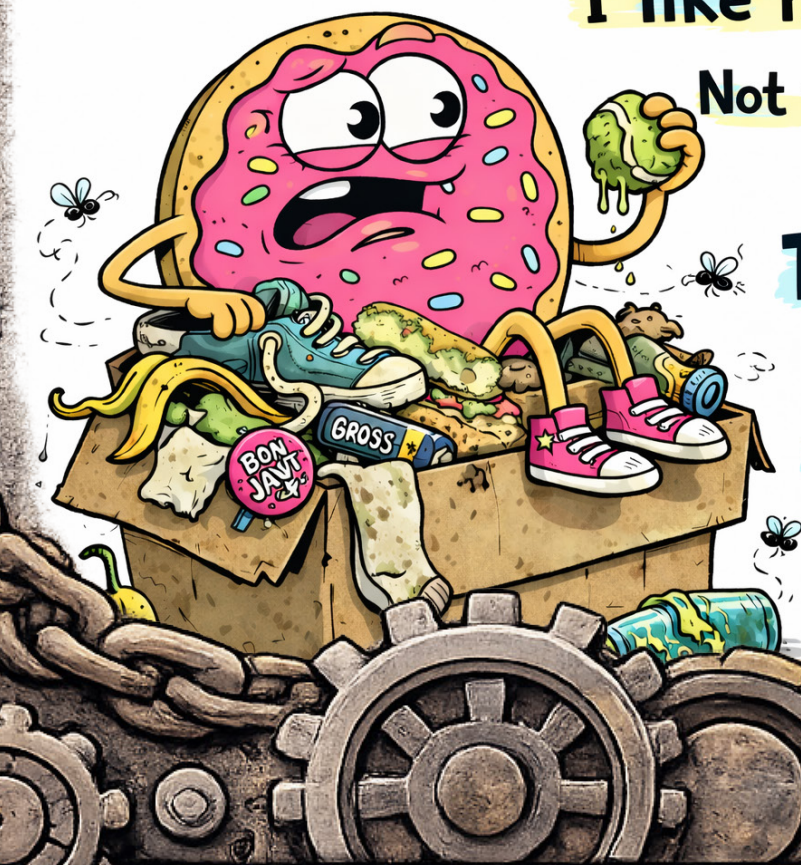
I've been
hiding
something.



I like human stuff.

Not the clean
human stuff.

The stuff
humans
throw away.



I've always been a collector. Not in a fancy way.
More in "this came from the human world and
I need to understand it" way.
I collect things humans leave behind.
Things they touch without thinking.

Rare things. Weird things. And sometimes...
gross things.

Like, you guys
are disgusting.
No offense. But also,
offense.

Just because **something** fell on the floor does not mean
it's collectible. I had to learn that the hard way. More than
once. Luckily, I'm starting to figure out what to collect...
and what to **absolutely** never touch again.

...AND SOMETIMES I EVEN FIND **GRAILS**
LIKE THIS **SUPER HERO MASK**
OR **FULL JARS** OF **PICKLES.**



Little did I know that one day
I'd find something that would
change everything.

It was scratched up,
Missing a string,
and probably broken.

But when I picked it up,
everything else disappeared.

And for a minute...

I **SOUNDED** AND **FELT**
INCREDIBLE.





But when I went to the bakery
to show everyone my skills,

I found out quickly that donuts hate guitar.
That or I just couldn't play very well...



But needless to say...
it was enough to get signs put
up around the bakery that said

DONUTS DON'T ROCK

They said donuts don't rock.

And maybe most don't.

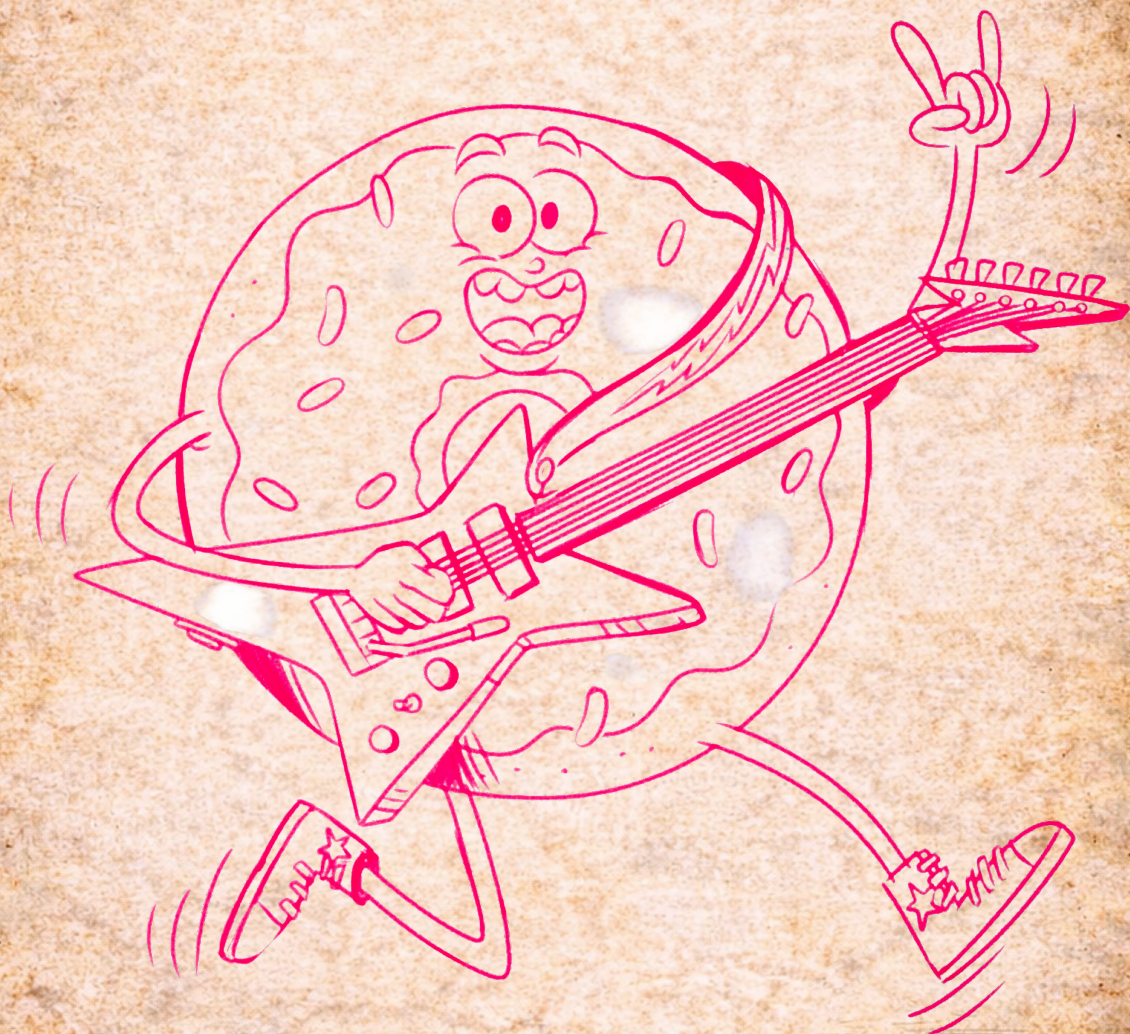
But I couldn't stop thinking about that feeling
when everything else disappeared.

So I picked up my guitar,
walked out of the bakery,
and went to find it again.

Next stop: wherever the music is.



Where JAM started...



Because sometimes the broken things
make the best music.

Thank you for reading.

Follow along to see where JAM's journey goes next.

Published by:
JAMS Organic Reserves LLC



JAMS VAULT Issue #1. Published February 2026
by JAMS Organic Reserves LLC.

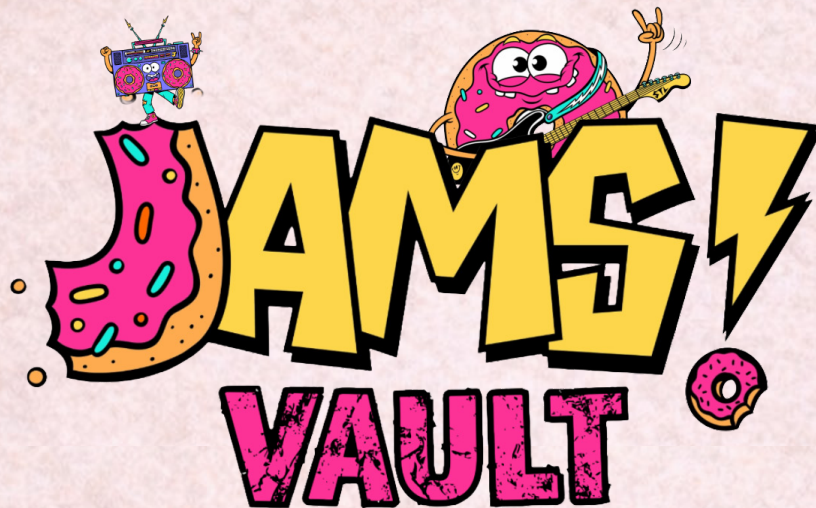
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Printed in the United States of America.





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