

It's All Good At The Deli

Hidden between an Autozone and Bargain Mart, Reid's Deli thrums as a gritty haven for peculiar souls. Disguised as a sandwich shop, it's a bar with air saturated by permanent layers of cigar and marijuana smoke.

The carpeted floor, worn as the same 10 jokes growled by regulars, is also a damper for folks' dirtiest secrets. Every Thursday, geriatric rockstars fiddle with hearing aids as blaring classic rock performances sneak into the background. The L-shaped bar takes up less space than the eight slot machines that only the employees use. Patrons are constantly swapping broken stools for less broken ones.

A "Reid's Deli" sign, sloganed "It's all good at the Deli," centers the room. To the side, a large Budweiser banner whispers, "R.I.P. Uncle Randolph." I've never heard anyone mention him.

Chrissy, the waitress, hugs every visitor, while Cissy, the bartender, is sliding ice down someone's pants. Receipts consistently show lower totals than ordered, and people often tip more than their tab. Cissy rings a bell if you leave a Benjamin.

Initial drink requests are always unavailable, but the staff reads your eyes and intuits what your taste buds really need. They're always right; it's always good.