

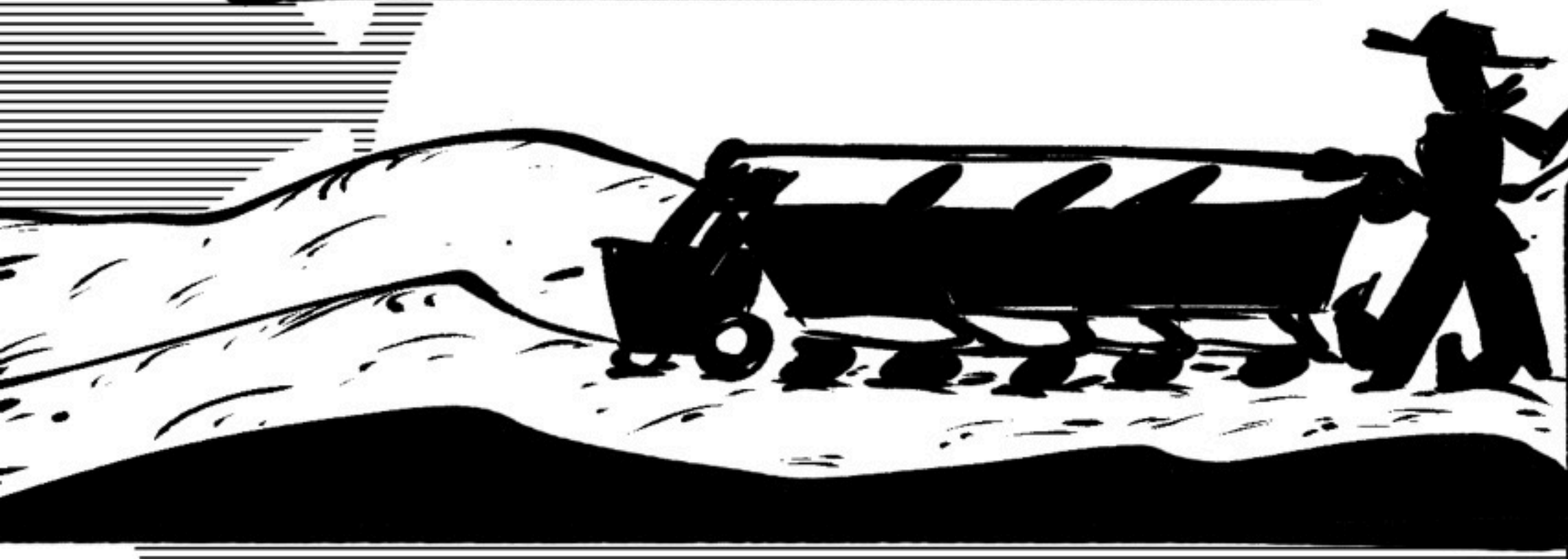


THE

GARBAGE
WAREHOUSE

Sp!der the Lag-Man

This is a tale about as old as two weeks ago, about a grocery store employee that spends a part of his 5 hour shift wranglin' carts.



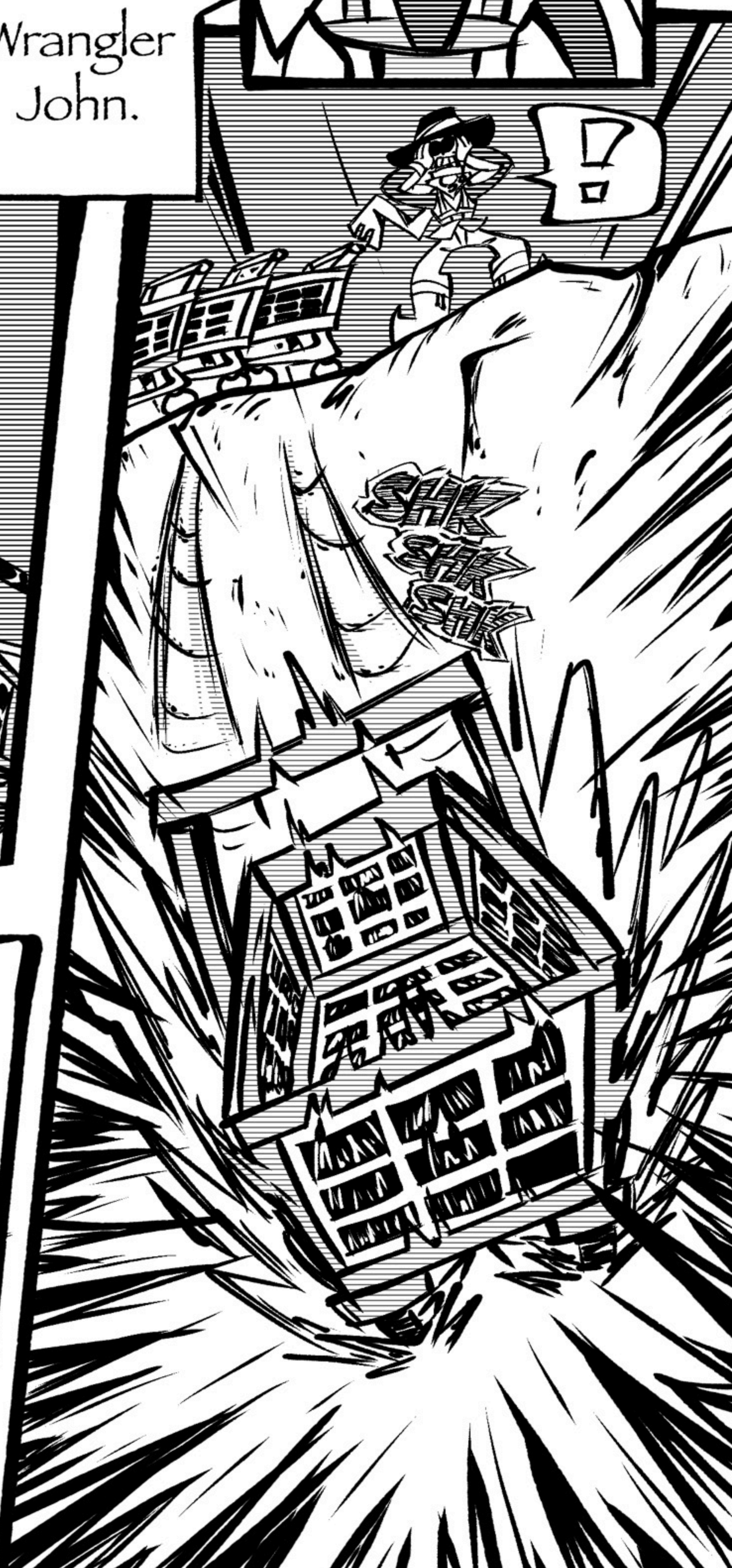
This here is Wrangler John.

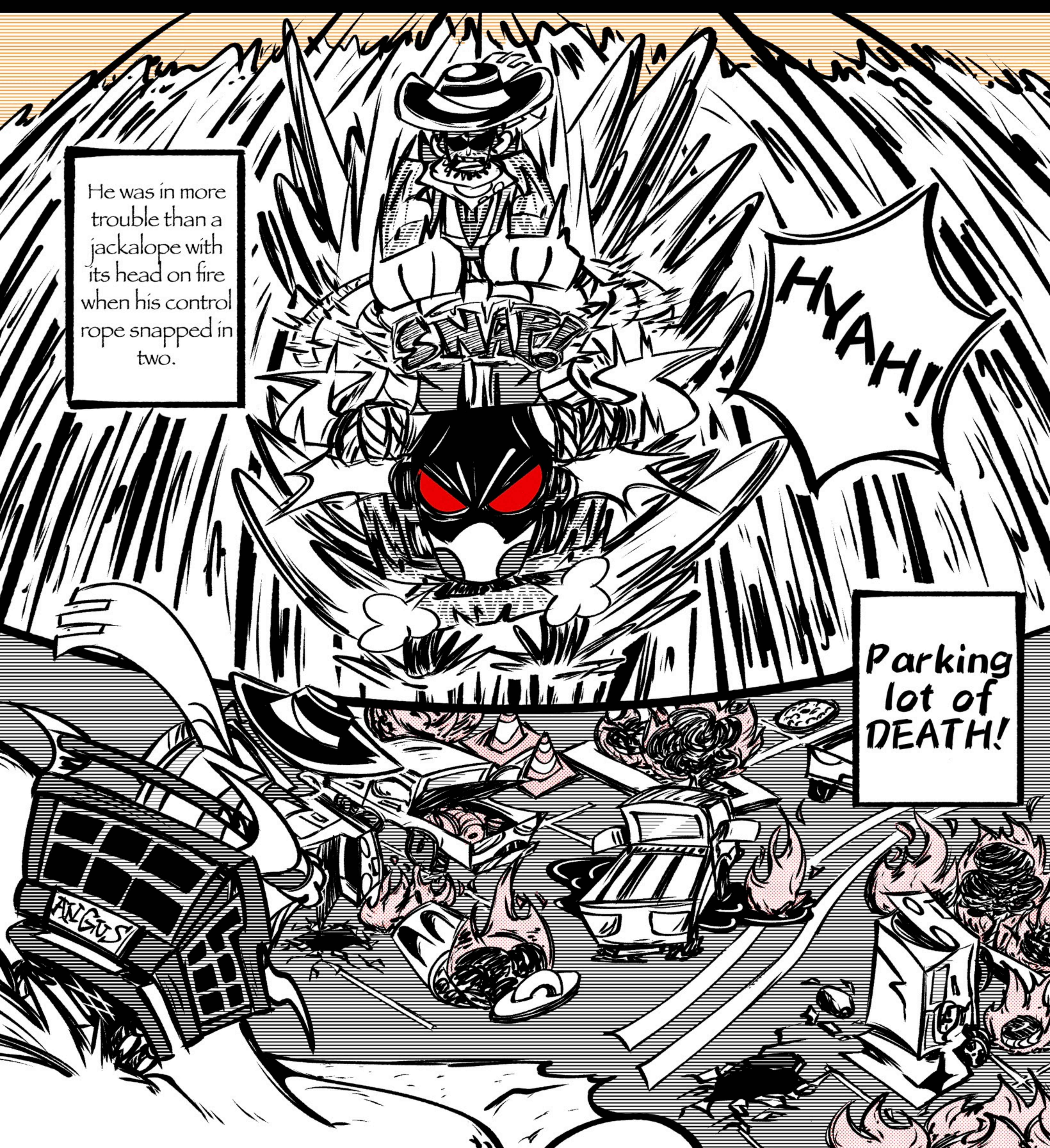


John is tasked with collectin' them there carts from the cart corral to the store entrance, including the Manager's special cart up front.



But little did he know...





He was in more trouble than a jackalope with its head on fire when his control rope snapped in two.

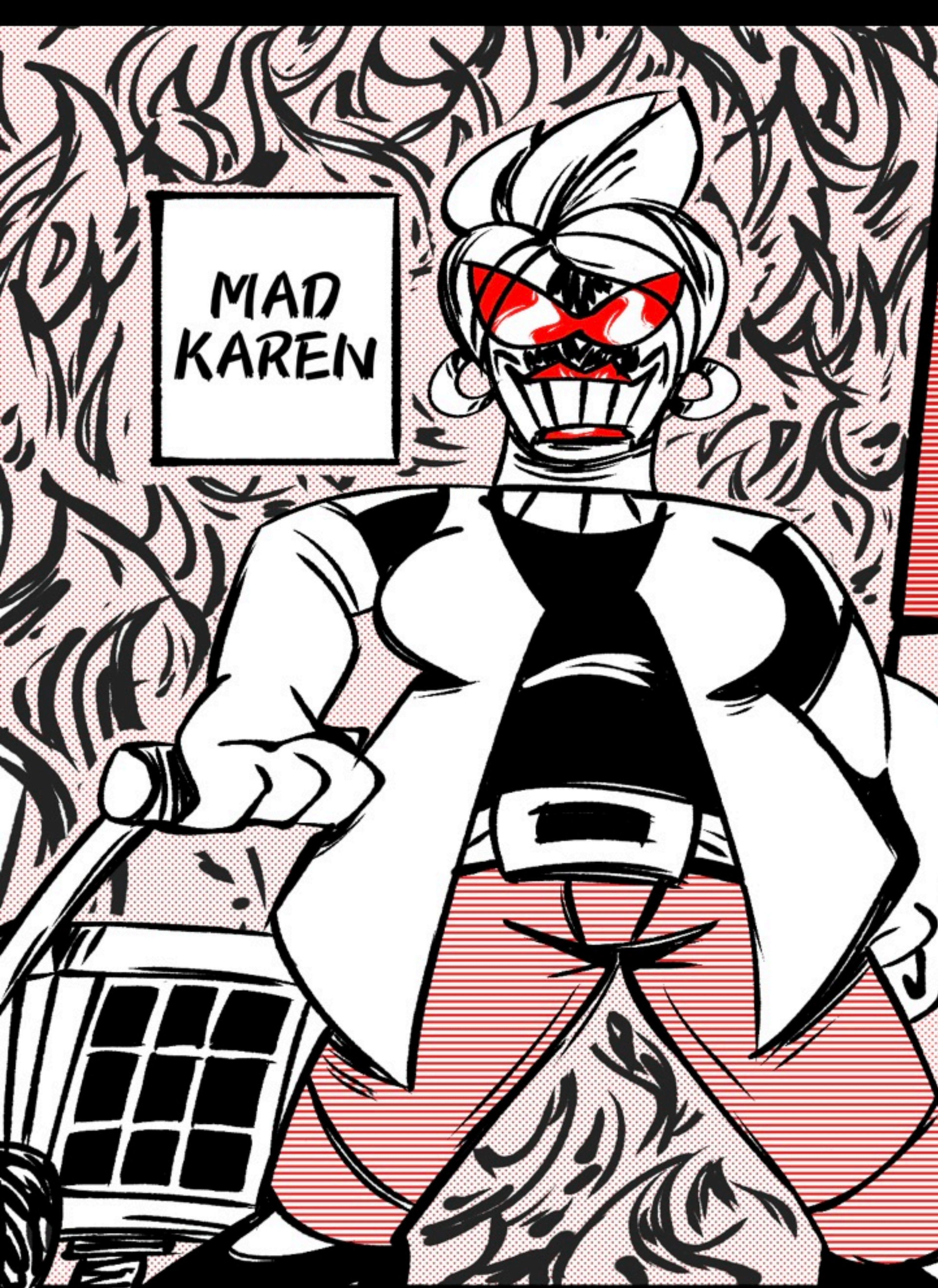
HYAH!

Parking lot of DEATH!



LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, "PARTNER"?

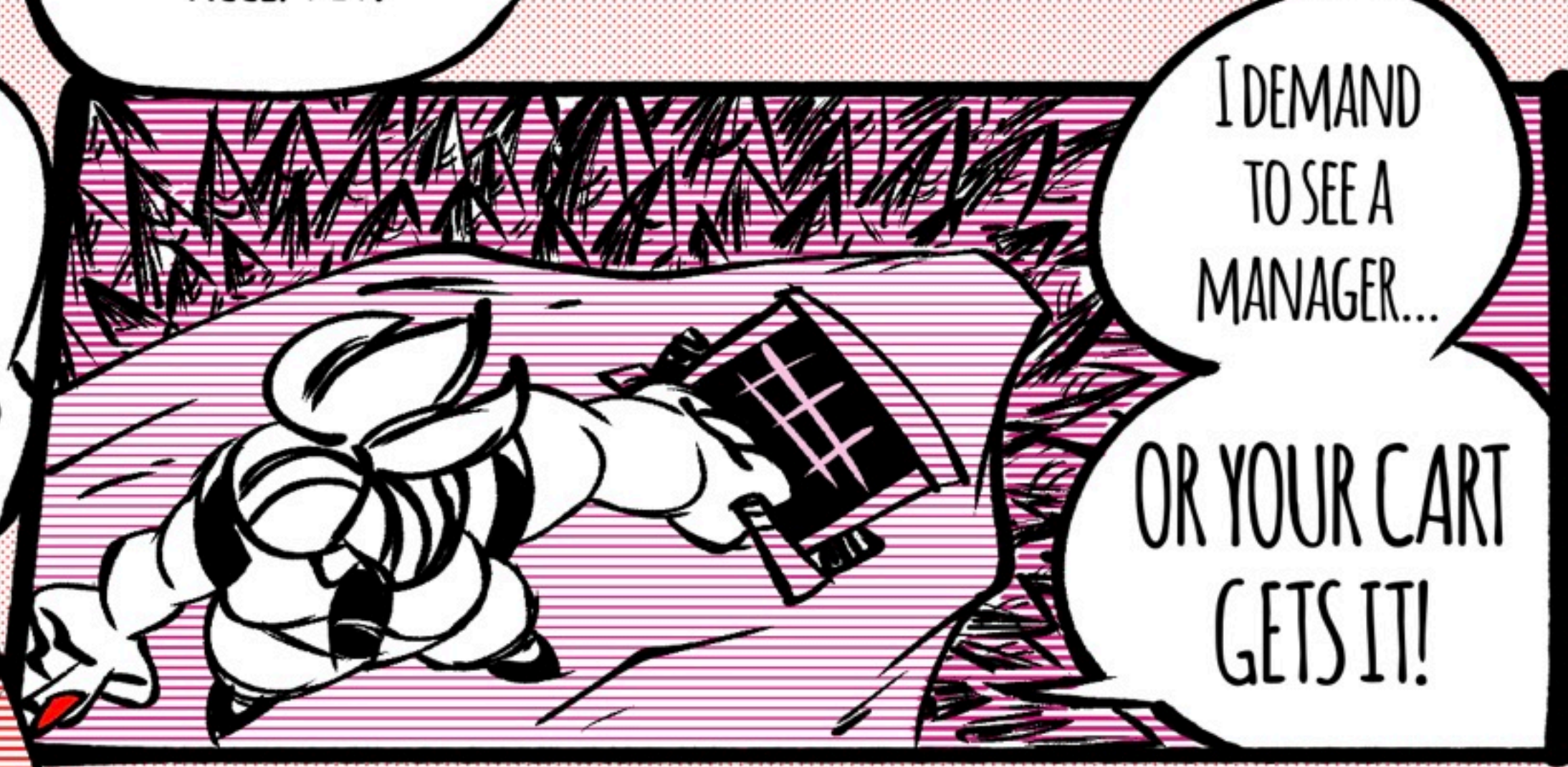
TURN



MAD KAREN



MY COUPON EXPIRED ONE MINUTE AFTER THE EXPIRATION DATE AND THEY WOULDN'T ACCEPT IT.



I DEMAND TO SEE A MANAGER...

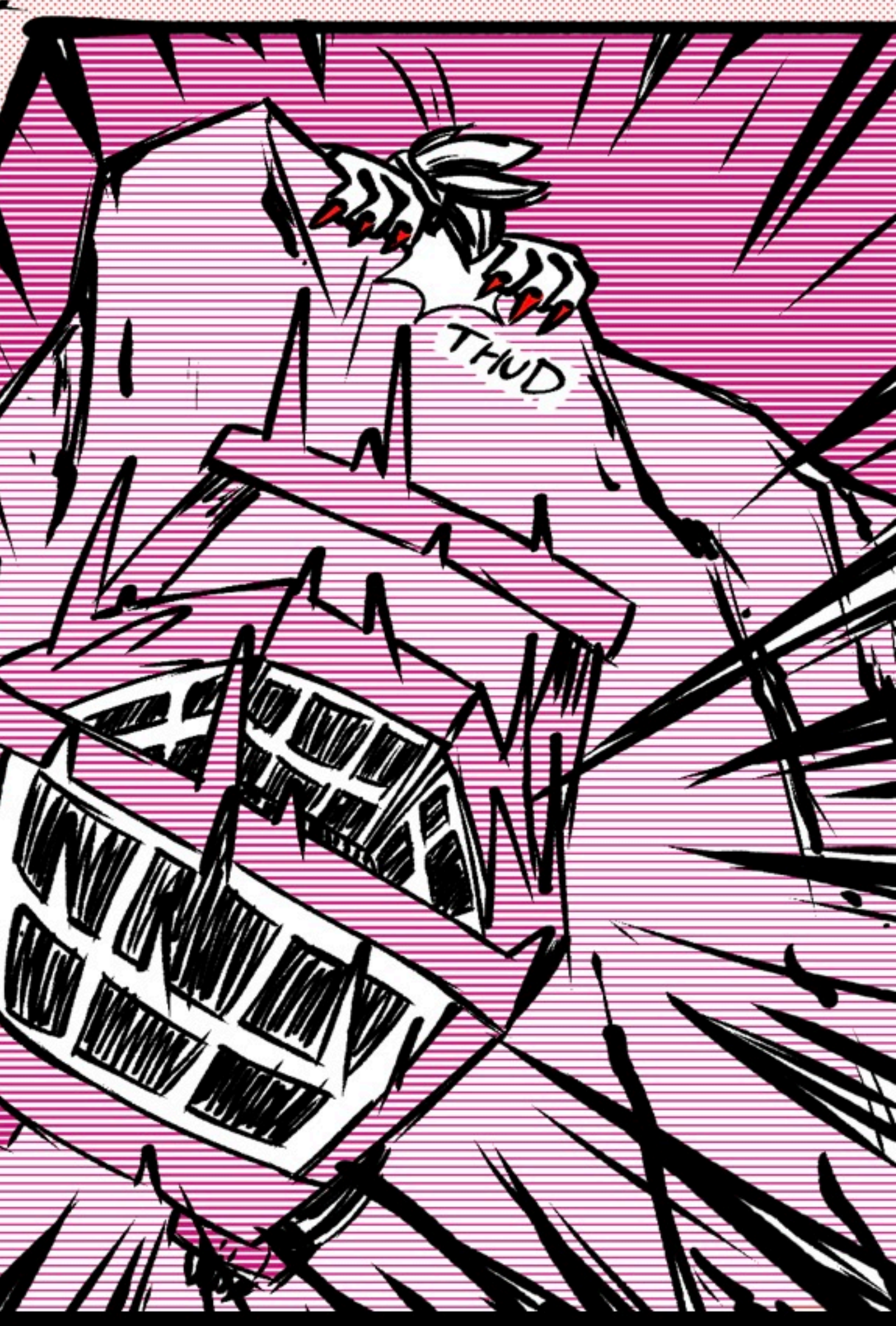
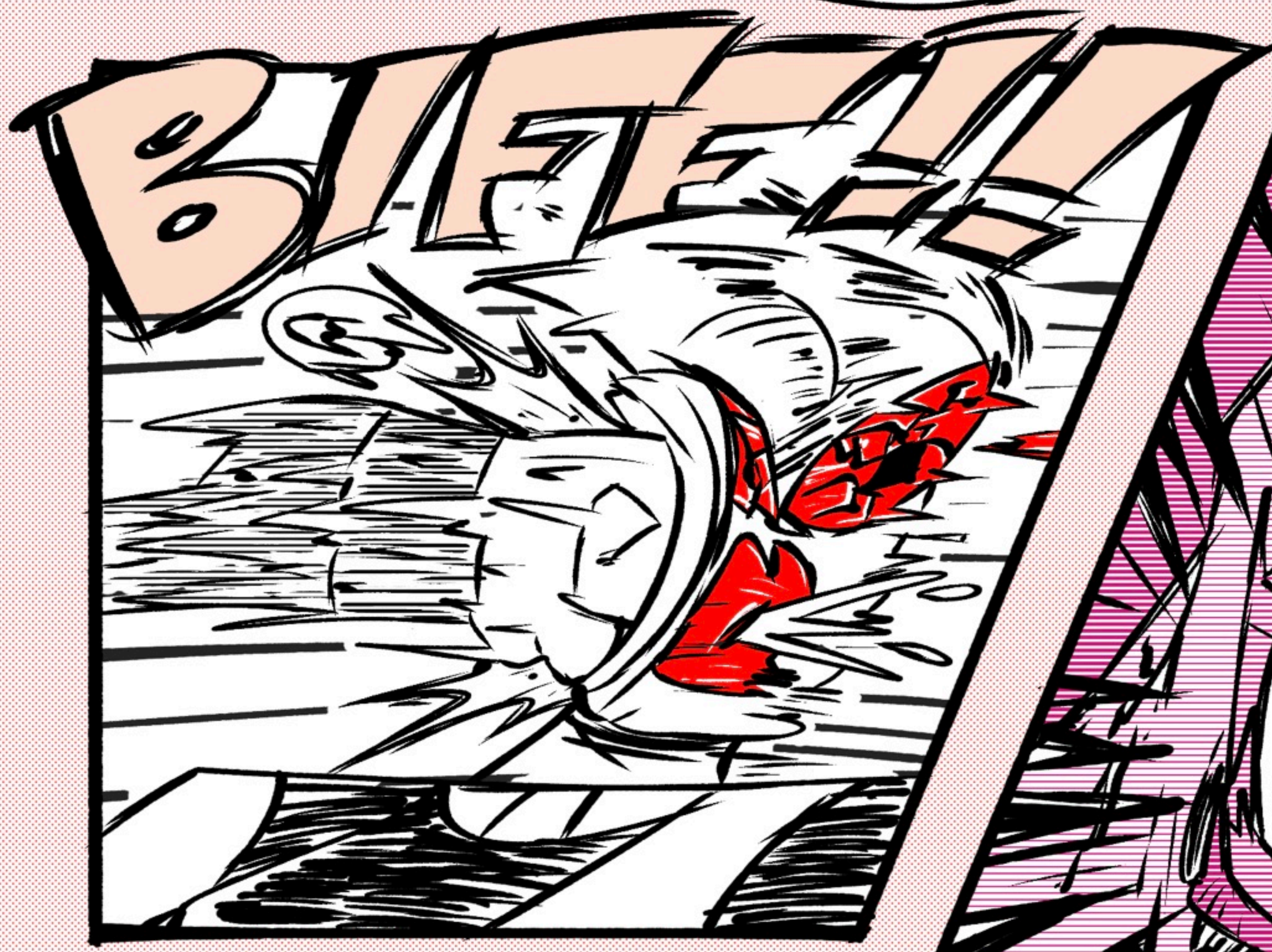
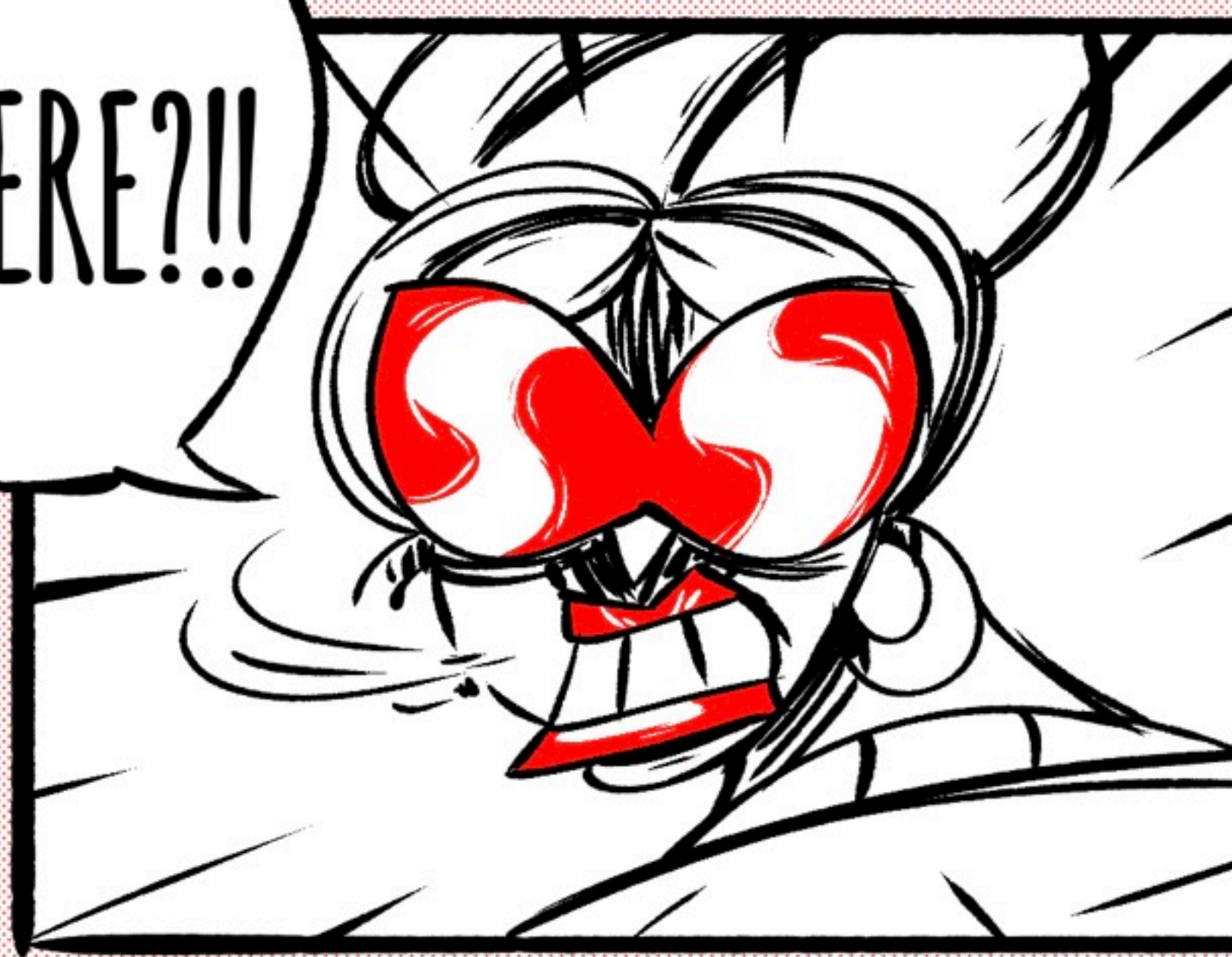
OR YOUR CART GETS IT!

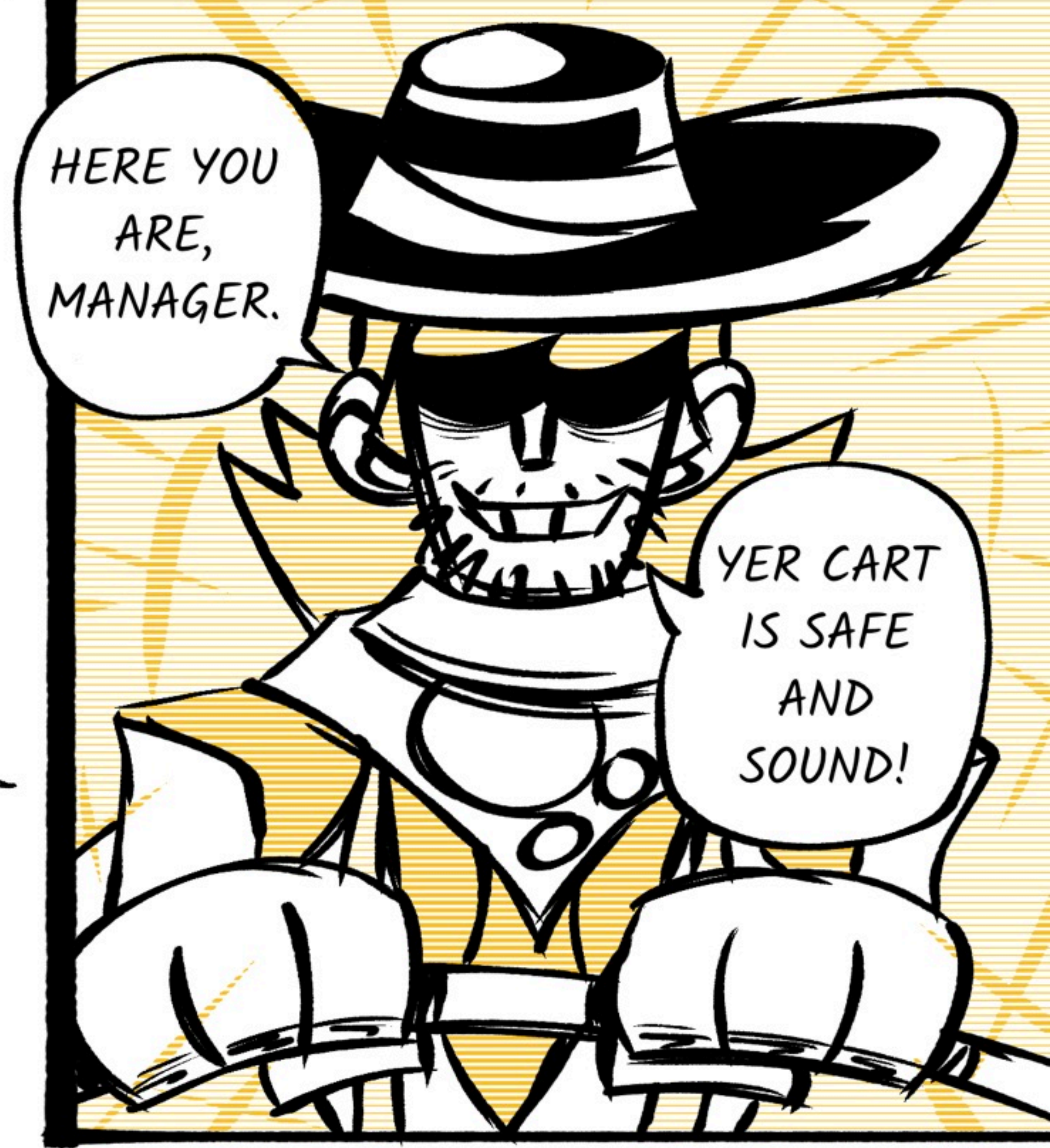
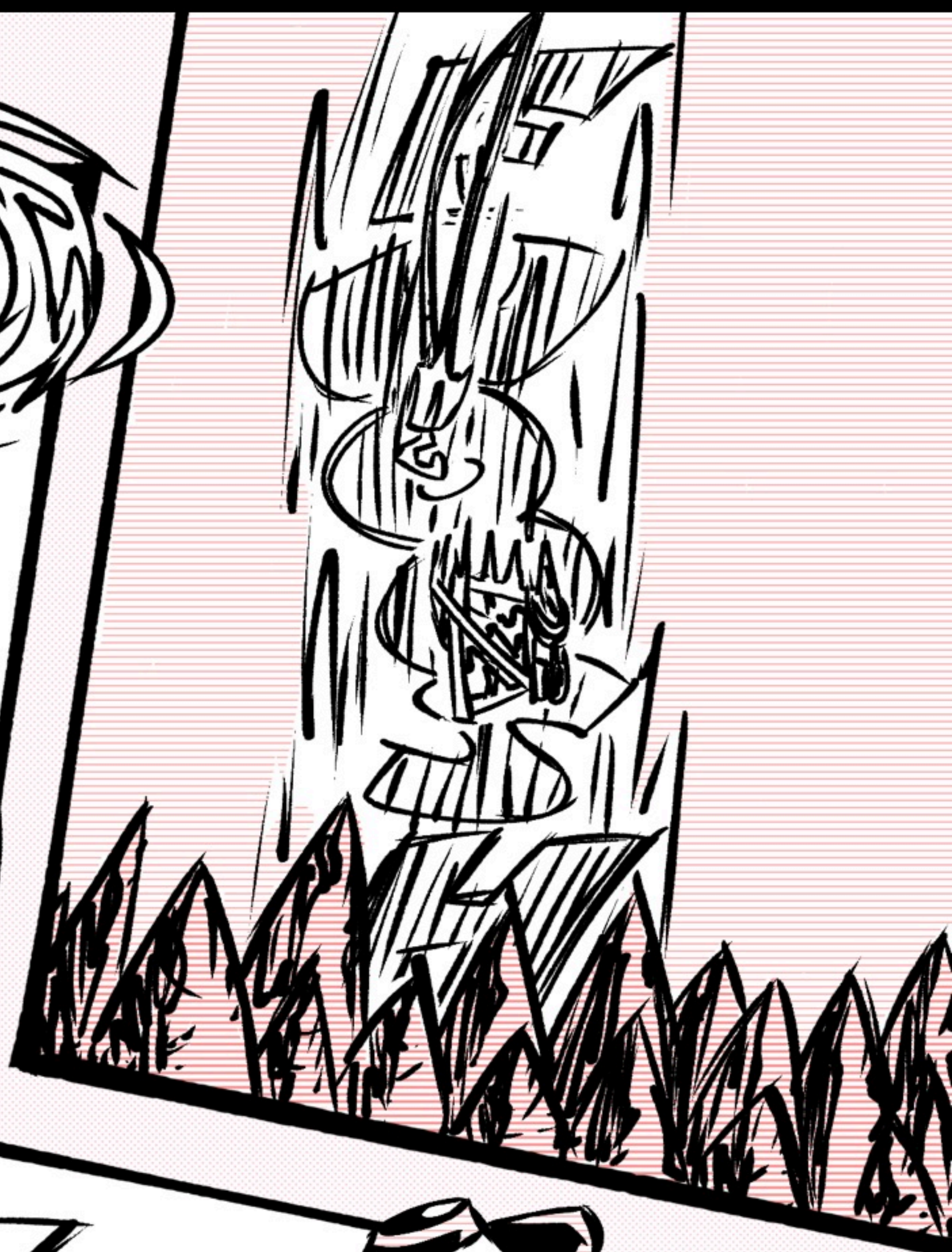
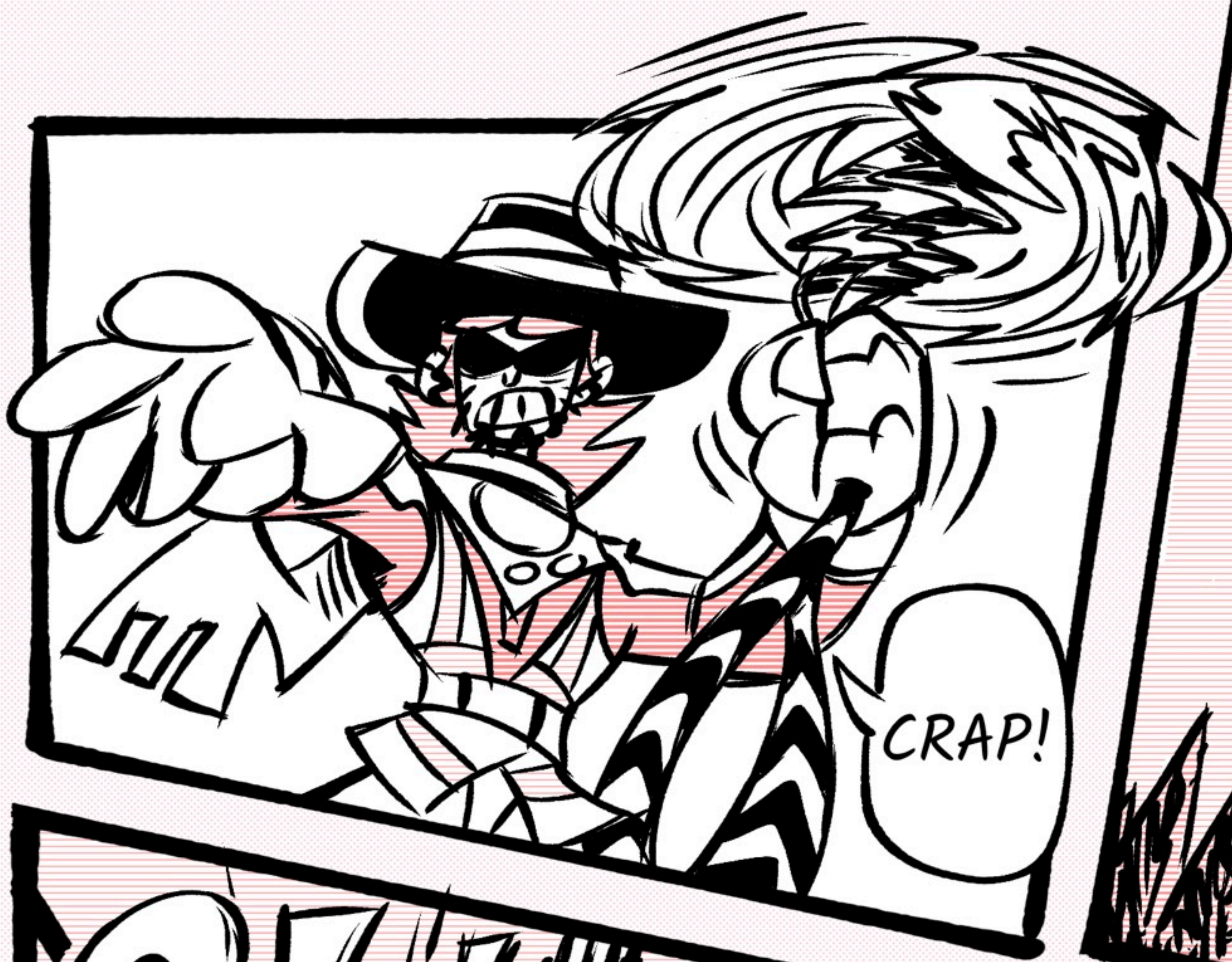


BEHIND YOU, SOMEONE WHO CARES!

THE COPS!!

WHERE?!!





Reality

YOU SPENT FIVE HOURS...

GETTING ONE CART?!

The store

GROCERY

The cart corral

The cart he was riding

There was never a cliff

The other carts he left behind

The same woman he also punched last week

John was then fired for horsing around with the carts and assaulting a customer.

Never to wrangle carts again.

END

SEW