

We need to talk. About what could be the absolute lowest rung of human evolution. I'm not talking about corrupt politicians. I'm not talking about people who talk on speakerphone in public restrooms.

I'm talking about the people who finish loading their groceries into their mid-sized crossover SUV and then just abandon their shopping cart in the middle of an empty parking space! Or somewhere else!

Who raised you? Seriously, were you raised by wolves? No, that's an insult to wolves. Wolves are pack animals; they care about the survival of the community. You were raised by solitary, selfish dung beetles.

There is a corral. It is literally twenty feet away. It's constructed of bright, shiny metal tubing. It is a pen specifically built for the cart and its peers! But no, Brenda is already five minutes late to hot yoga, so **she just wedges the front wheels of her cart up on the landscaping mulch like she's parking a Jeep Wrangler in Moab.**



*"Technically, once the wheels touch the mulch, it's Landscape's job."*

# DON'T EVEN START

*On the small things that shouldn't matter – but absolutely do*

*"Well, I'm actually leaving it out so it's convenient for the next person."*

You did us no favors. Now I have to do a panicked 12-point turn to get my Honda Civic into the spot while three cars wait behind me, honking, because your rogue metal death trap is sitting right in the middle of the painted lines, just waiting for a light breeze to send it careening into my bumper. Where *Shopping May Be A Pleasure*, but today, *Parking Isn't!*

The shopping cart is the ultimate litmus test for whether or not you are a functioning member of a civilized society. Think about it. Returning the shopping cart is an easy, convenient task, and one which we all recognize as the correct, helpful thing to do.

Spoiler Alert: returning the shopping cart is objectively illegal nowhere. There are no Shopping Cart Police. You will not get fined. You will not get arrested. You gain absolutely nothing by returning the shopping cart

Which means you must return the shopping cart out of the goodness of your own heart. You must return the shopping cart because it is the right thing to do. And for the \$0.25 you'll get back at our soon-to-open Aldi's.

And if you don't? It means you are a savage who is only kept in check by the threat of actual prison time. It means if The Purge actually happened, you wouldn't be stealing TVs, you'd be the guy blocking the hospital entrance with a stack of unreturned flatbeds from Home Depot.

Just put the cart back, Brenda. *Namaste.*

- STORY, DRAWING: EDITOR

