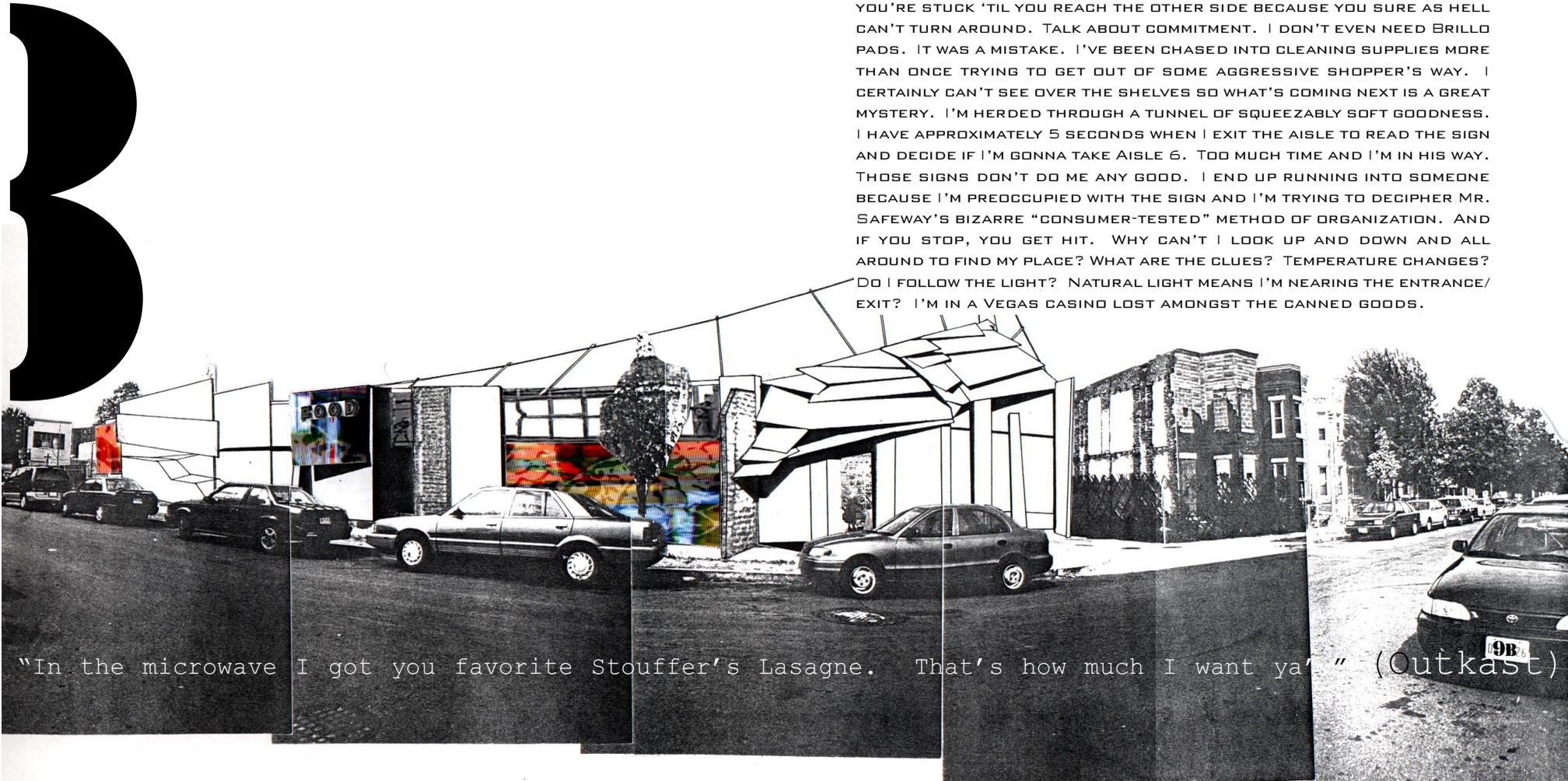


BITCH SESSION II:

THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL DRAWINGS OF A HORRIBLE SPACE. WHY EVEN LABEL THE SHELVES ON THE PLAN? THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. I AGREE. WHERE ARE THE SUBTLETIES THAT RESPOND TO THE INHABITANTS OF THESE SHELVES? ROB NEEDS MORE SPACE IN THE CEREAL AISLE. WE ALL LINGER THERE BECAUSE WE CAN'T DECIDE. CHECKING UNIT PRICES AND FAT CALORIES, WEIGHING HONEY-TOASTED GOODNESS AGAINST FIBER CONTENT. DECISIONS, DECISIONS. A DISGUSTING ABUNDANCE OF FOOD. TWENTY-FIVE VARIETIES OF TUNA. OIL OR WATER? FANCY ALBACORE OR CASUAL? PRE-MIXED WITH CRACKERS? FANTASTIC. WILL THEY EAT IT FOR ME TOO? AND ALTHOUGH WE DON'T LOITER BY THE PICKLES, IT'S AN IDENTICAL SPACE. WHERE'S THE LOGIC? WHAT ABOUT THE CHECK OUT? AISLE 5 IS IDENTICAL TO AISLE 3 WHICH IS IN TURN IDENTICAL TO THE EXPRESS LANE. THE ONLY DISTINGUISHING FEATURE IS THE SIGN DANGLING ABOVE OUR HEADS THAT LETS US KNOW IF WE CAN HAVE MORE THAN 15 OR WRITE A CHECK. THERE IS SOME SERIOUS CONGESTION UP HERE? ALL HE WANTS IS KETCHUP BUT HE CAN'T GET THROUGH THE JAM SO HE TAKES THE GRAND TOUR TO GET TO CONDIMENTS. PARDON ME. I'M ALWAYS IN THE WAY. KEEP IT MOVING. IT MAKES ME PARANOID. EXCUSE ME BUT I'M NOT THAT ADEPT AT MANEUVERING A CART THROUGH THIS OBSTACLE COURSE. MAYBE IF ALL FOUR WHEELS HAD ONE DIRECTION IN MIND. I NEVER MEANT TO KNOCK OVER YOUR MONUMENT TO CHEF BOYARDEE. AND ONCE YOU ENTER AN AISLE YOU'RE STUCK 'TIL YOU REACH THE OTHER SIDE BECAUSE YOU SURE AS HELL CAN'T TURN AROUND. TALK ABOUT COMMITMENT. I DON'T EVEN NEED BRILLO PADS. IT WAS A MISTAKE. I'VE BEEN CHASED INTO CLEANING SUPPLIES MORE THAN ONCE TRYING TO GET OUT OF SOME AGGRESSIVE SHOPPER'S WAY. I CERTAINLY CAN'T SEE OVER THE SHELVES SO WHAT'S COMING NEXT IS A GREAT MYSTERY. I'M HERDED THROUGH A TUNNEL OF SQUEEZABLY SOFT GOODNESS. I HAVE APPROXIMATELY 5 SECONDS WHEN I EXIT THE AISLE TO READ THE SIGN AND DECIDE IF I'M GONNA TAKE AISLE 6. TOO MUCH TIME AND I'M IN HIS WAY. THOSE SIGNS DON'T DO ME ANY GOOD. I END UP RUNNING INTO SOMEONE BECAUSE I'M PREOCCUPIED WITH THE SIGN AND I'M TRYING TO DECIPHER MR. SAFEWAY'S BIZARRE "CONSUMER-TESTED" METHOD OF ORGANIZATION. AND IF YOU STOP, YOU GET HIT. WHY CAN'T I LOOK UP AND DOWN AND ALL AROUND TO FIND MY PLACE? WHAT ARE THE CLUES? TEMPERATURE CHANGES? DO I FOLLOW THE LIGHT? NATURAL LIGHT MEANS I'M NEARING THE ENTRANCE/EXIT? I'M IN A VEGAS CASINO LOST AMONGST THE CANNED GOODS.



"In the microwave I got you favorite Stouffer's Lasagne. That's how much I want ya" (Outkast)