



## Cart Wranglers

by Sean T. Hammond and Kelly Gunter

Rollin', rollin', rollin'  
 Keep those cart wheels rollin'  
 Keep those cart wheels rollin'  
 Inside!

As I drove into the parking lot of a local Übermart, something in my peripheral vision made me stop in awe. There, delicately tending a herd of young carts, were those proud and romanticized figures from urban mythology: the cart wranglers.

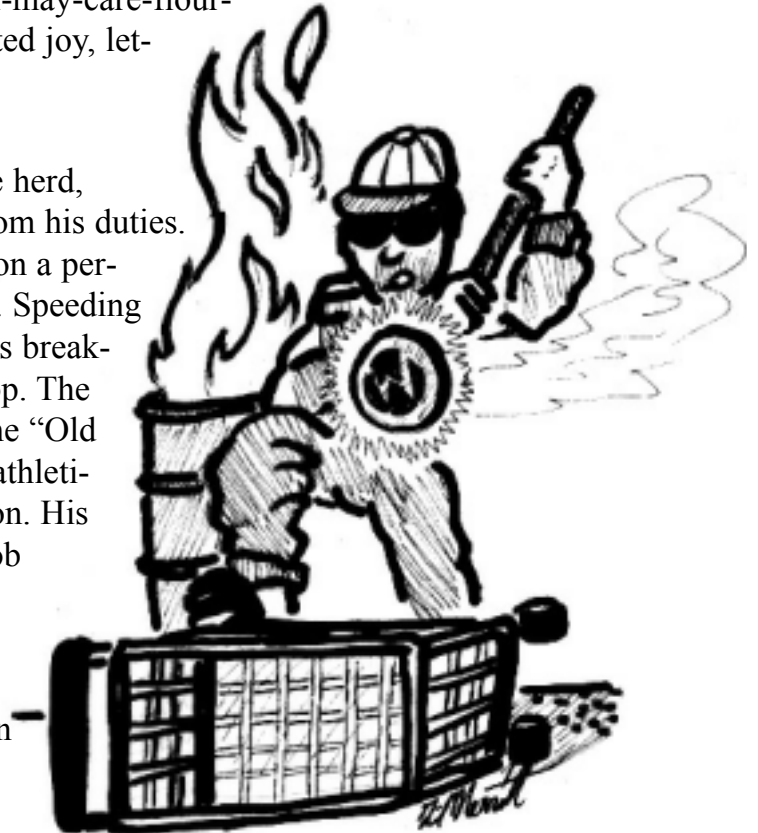
They were dressed just as Hollywood films have always portrayed them: in electric orange vests, ball caps to keep off the rays of the merciless sun during those long rides through the parking lot, spurs clinking across the blacktop, and a newly polished Remington worn protectively over the shoulder to deter the occasional rustler or wino. These noble fellows of old were guiding a herd of what looked to be 30 or 40 carts back to the store from their corrals in the lot. One strapping young lad at the front led the way. Another, older and more seasoned in the ways of wheels and gritted chrome followed behind to make sure no malingers were allowed to wander from the herd. These men held their heads high as they made their way between the rows of neatly parked cars, eschewing the blind backing of soccer moms in SUVs, their silhouettes dramatically backlit by the hot red of hastily illuminated brake lights.

Suddenly, amidst a pair of brightly coloured Beetles emerged a young lad of no more than seven or eight. Clutching the harness of a rapidly accelerating cart that was obviously from Arabian stock, the boy raced behind and in one final devil-may-care-flourish, leapt into the stirrups with a cry of pure exulted joy, letting the cart carry him where it may.

“Yeee-HAW!”

The young cart wrangler at the front of the herd, remembering his months of training, broke off from his duties. In one smooth motion he turned and accelerated on a perfectly gauged intercept course for the eager child. Speeding alongside the big metal beast, he gently slowed its break-neck pace to a safe canter, and eventually to a stop. The young wrangler was obviously being trained in the “Old Ways”; with his gazelle-like grace and powerful athleticism, one could hardly come to another conclusion. His wizened teacher nodded curtly in approval of a job expertly executed.

“Whhhhhoa, there son! You want to careful `round this here breed,” said the man in a slow drawl as the boy looked up in awe. “He ain’t been `pletely broken and is likely t’ cause some problems. I’ll take him from `ere, wot? Bob’s yer



uncle.”

As the wrangler led the cart toward the rest of the herd, it was clear there were going to be problems. The two front wheels wobbled from side to side, causing the cart to move in an erratic fashion; it was obviously spooked. Just as they neared the docile herd, a strong wind came up and the spirited Arabian collided with the line of chrome creatures.

This extra incentive separated a number of the more spirited youngsters from the front, and they began recklessly racing away with the wind.

“Stampede!”

Forgetting the Arabian cart that had started this unfortunate line of dominoes, the two wranglers raced after the fleeing shapes, a virtual ballet of sound and motion. It was a race against time now, as several of the carts were headed for parked cars. Their handle bars glinted malevolently in the sun at the thought of that imminent question, “Hey...where’d that dent come from?”. At the last moment, it seemed disaster was unavoidable. Time stood still as the old wrangler came to a halt. Grasping a length of coiled rope in his strong, calloused hands, he lassoed the lead cart, just as it was about to greedily thrust its angry chrome into the supple side of a newly waxed Freudian Lexus. As *The Man* (TM) dug in, the cart’s forward momentum caused it to flip onto its side just before the unsuspecting automobile. The other miscreants, following close behind, found little other recourse than to crash into their downed leader and come to an ignoble end.

After righting downed carts here and tight-

ening wobbly wheels there, the wranglers were about to head back toward the rest of the herd when they noticed something was amiss. Cart rustlers from a neighboring plaza were prowling among the submissive carts they had left behind.

Expertly overwriting brands with cans of spray paint, it was obvious that these boys had been around a parking lot or two. They had already gotten three carts, including the Arabian, by the time our two protagonists returned, Remington’s a-blazing. A couple of beefy bagboys<sup>1</sup> emerged from the front entrance of the store and joined in the chase.

“Send’um back to Radio Shack, boys! Yeeeeeha!”, one cried out.

Fleeing before the onslaught, the rustlers escaped with only three carts as their prize.

“Hold up, men. No use followin’ them now, it’ll be dark soon. We’ll get ‘um in time.”

As I entered the store to make my purchases, those gallant, minimum wage walkers of the great blackened tar fields were still making their way toward the store.

Hours later, after having survived the trials and travails of shopping without a credit card, debit card, shoppers club card, or checkbook,<sup>2</sup> I saw the peaceful cart wranglers sitting around their campfire. Strains of music from harmonicas and Jew’s harps floated across the sodium-vapour lit landscape, and between mouthfuls of chewing tobacco and 100 proof, yarns were being spun about “the one that got away”. My heart ached at the sight as I recalled my childhood dreams. Oh well...I’m too old for that line of work now.



<sup>1</sup> The triple-Bs as we call them in the bidness.

<sup>2</sup> “You want to pay in cash? Hey!? When did they change the twenty dollar bill?”

# Episode 1

by the staff of the *Predator*

**Big Daddy:** Hey there, kiddees! Big Daddy here. Today we're going to talk about plants. We eat many different kinds of plants, some of them for fun, and some because Mom and Dad don't let us watch the TV if we don't clean our plates. There are two different kinds of plants. They are fruits and vegetables. It can be difficult for boys and girls to tell them apart, so we're going to play a game to learn the difference. Bobby, can you name a plant you eat?

**Bobby:** Umm...hamburgers?

**Big Daddy:** Oh, I'm sorry Bobby, we put catsup on hamburgers. They can't possibly be plants. You're going to have to go to the Wrong Room.

**Bobby:** Nooooo!

**Big Daddy:** How 'bout you Morty?

**Morty:** Ohh, no I don't want to answer please, uh...cauliflower?

**Big Daddy:** Good one, Morty! Cauliflower is a vegetable. Everyone remember: cauliflower is a v-e-g-e-t-a-b-l-e.

**Kids:** V-e-g-e-t-a-b-l-e!

**Big Daddy:** How 'bout the little lady in the red sweater. What's your name? Suzy? Can you name a plant that you eat?

**Suzy:** Grapes, Big Daddy?

**Big Daddy:** How clever, Suzy! Grapes are a fruit, and

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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when they are fermented they are a juice!

**Kids:** Juice!

**Big Daddy:** Good! Now we're going to talk about how to tell the difference between a fruit and a vegetable. We already know that cauliflower is...what?

**Kids:** V-e-g-e-t-a-b-l-e!

**Big Daddy:** Good! And grapes are fruit. The difference between fruits and vegetables is that fruits taste good by themselves, and to make a vegetable taste good, you

need to add cheese. So, kids, that means cauliflower tastes crappy without cheese...that's true, right?

**Kids:** Crappy!

**Big Daddy:** Right! And that also means that grapes would taste crappy if you ate them with cheese. Right?

**Kids:** Crappy!

**Big Daddy:** Wonderful, kids! I think you've got it. OH, hi Bobby, welcome back. We've just learned how to tell fruits from vegetables, but you still don't know how to tell plants from animals, so we're going to do a special program on next week's show just for you.

**Kids:** Just For You!

**Big Daddy:** Thanks, kids! You're the smartest kids I know! (Waving)

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Camera Operator:** And...we're...out.

**Big Daddy:** Hey, Bob, you want some ice for that eye? Looks pretty nasty. Cheryl! Get this stupid kid some ice!

More Big Daddy on page 5 of GDT...





# Howard's Happy Hour

The Food Rhyme  
(Gustatory Galore) by Howard Hao

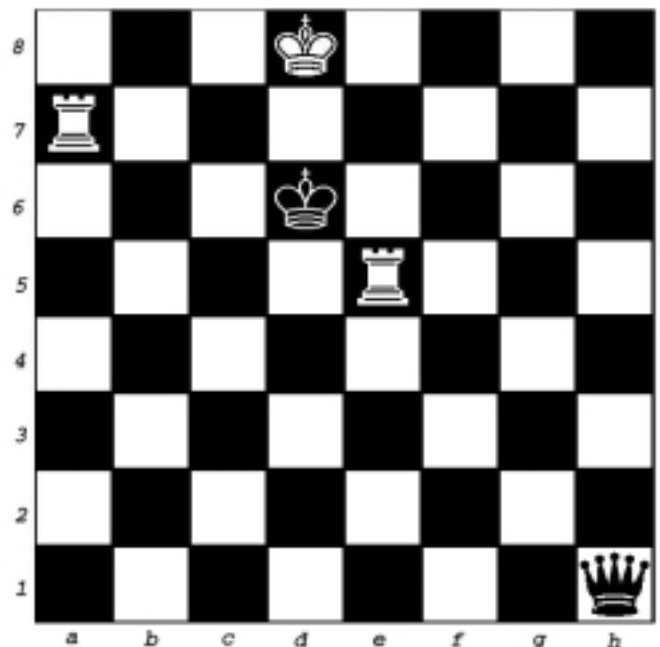
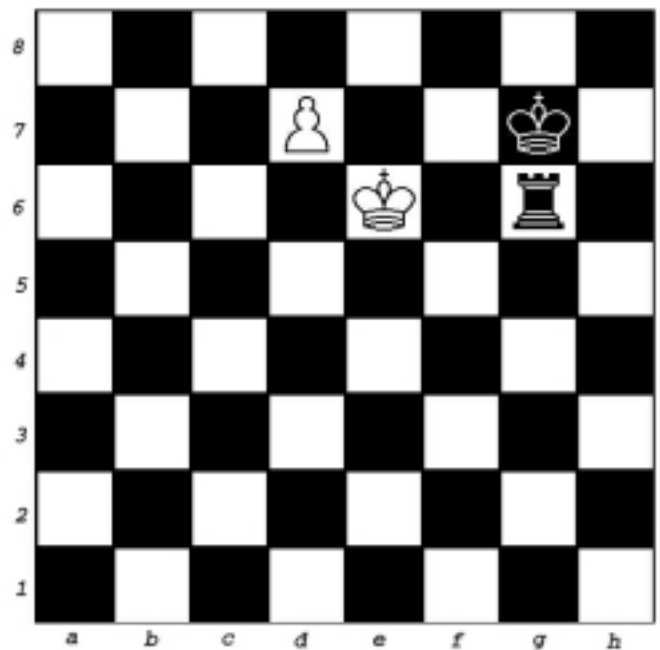
Cheesecake, escargot, kumquats  
 Red hots and hamburgs and halibut  
 Gyros and antipasto and shish-kebobs  
 Caviar, shark fin soup, roasted squab  
 Sirloin strips with a side of mashed  
 Other potato dishes: baked or hashed  
 Ginger on crisp fried flounder  
 Nuclear chili, New England clam chowder  
 Venison, rusks, quail, and fruit  
 Mocha in ice cream, biscotti  
 Vichyssoise, gumbo, and couscous  
 Flan, tempura, and hummus  
 Biscuits and crisps for the Brits  
 But for the Yanks, cookies and chips  
 A Buffalo sub, Chicago beef  
 New York City pizza, Philly cheese  
 Lobster, scallops, and fried clams  
 Deviled eggs, grits, grilled yams  
 Chicken fried steak and doughnuts  
 Croissants, lager, ale, and cold cuts  
 Wines: Merlot, Zinfandel, Chardonnay  
 Sauvignon blanc, a nice red Cabernet  
 Kimchee, pickles, basil, salt  
 Strawberry, vanilla, chocolate, malt  
 Artichoke hearts and cooked tofu  
 Collard greens and chicken stew  
 Calamari, terrapin, a big smoked ham  
 Cheese omelette, shrimp bisque, marzipan  
 Bird's nest soup and thick pork chops  
 Real bleu cheese, souvlaki, soda pop  
 Port wine, brie, gouda, swiss  
 Kale, celery: nice and crisp  
 Agave, uglifruit, and peaches  
 UHT milk, open-faced sandwiches  
 Jamaican beef patty, roasted chestnuts  
 Cherry danish, brownies with walnuts  
 Jams, jellies, preserves, watercress  
 Darjeeling, Irish and English breakfast  
 Cafe au lait, oolong, key lime  
 Minestrone with a hint of thyme  
 Baguettes, beignets, bagels, and more  
 So many dishes; gustatory galore!

## The Man to Oppress and Put Down

(White to Play and Win)

by Adam Fletcher

Black may have more material, but white wins in both cases. It is important to remember that nobody ever wins by resigning. Even if you are down material, look for opportunities such as these. Look for the next quarter.



# Big Daddy's Biology Show



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## Episode 2

by the staff of the *Predator*

**Camera Operator:** 3...2...

**Big Daddy:** Hey baby, you know why they call me Big Daddy, don't ya?...

**Camera Operator:** 1...and...

**Big Daddy:** But I could get you in, I've got connections you never even dreamed...

**Camera Operator:** ...rolling!

**Big Daddy:** C'mon Cheryl, baby, - Ahem, Hey there Kiddees! Big Daddy here. You all remember last week we talked about plants. Well, this week, we're gonna talk about the plant's ancestors. That's right: Animals! In the beginning of time when there was nothing on Earth but pry-more-dee-all soup - Can you say pry-more-dee-all, kids?

**Kids:** Premonitory!

**Big Daddy:** Good! So anyway, there was pry-more-dee-all soup in all the oceans and lakes, just-a steamin' that good-home-cookin smell, and you know what soup means? That's right, chickens.

**Kids:** Salmonella!

**Big Daddy:** Good! But anyway, in this broth at the beginning of time there were absolutely no croutons. Which is the only plant in chicken soup, as we all know. So that means chickens were the first meal to ever roam the surface of this lovely planet. Thus, animals were around before plants. But how do we know that animals are the ancestors of plants, and how do we tell the difference between plants and animals? All that and a bag of chips, after these messages...

**Camera Operator:** (holding up two fingers, then one, then none) We're out.

**Big Daddy:** Cheryl, honey, grab me a bag

of chips from the machine downstairs will ya? (turns around) Hey Donna, baby, you know why they call me Big Daddy, don't ya?

**Camera Operator:** Okay, 3...2...1...

**Big Daddy:** (holding a bag of chips) Welcome back, kids!

**Kids:** Hi Big Daddy!

**Big Daddy:** We know that animals came before plants because of the Big Soup Rule. But that doesn't necessarily mean plants are descended from animals; they could have developed on their own. But they didn't. The steaming pry-more-dee-all soup eventually started cooling down, over a long, long time. Billions and Billions™ of years. So when this soup started cooling down, well, there weren't enough refrigerators to store it all, so some of the largest lakes were left out to sit. After only a short while, they started to get moldy. Great big honkin' truckloads of green and blue and black mold, the really hairy-lookin kind, y'know?

**Kids:** Hairy!

**Big Daddy:** Right! And since the mold that grows on soup is a plant, that means plants came directly from animals!

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Big Daddy:** Well, now we know the history of the world, but how do tell plants from animals? Chickens were the first animals, and they have feathers, so can we tell an animal by its feathers? Well, no, because as we learned last week, hamburgers are animals, too, and there's no feathers on a hamburger, or at least not a good hamburger. Kids, if you get a hamburger with feathers on it, make sure you show an adult right away! Well, that's all the time we have for today, kids! See you next week on this same channel!

**Camera Operator:** (holding up one finger) ... and we're out.

Bobby: Bu, but, Big Daddy, what about telling the difference between a plant, Big Daddy, what about plants?

**Big Daddy:** Don't push me, kid, or I'll send you back to the Wrong Room.

**Bobby:** (eyes wide) N-n-no-no, Big Daddy, I'm sorry, Big Daddy, please don't.

**Big Daddy:** Run along, now, Big Daddy has some adult things to tend to. Cheryl! Get you little butt in here!



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The Good Doctor Z.  
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