

A trip to walmart through the eyes of myself

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By : **KINGCANOESHOE**

A sick and twisted perspective of my weekly trips to walmart. Just a rough draft so very crude in its premature stage.

Published on  
**Booksie**

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So today I decided to run to walmart for a few common necessities. Going to walmart is the absolute worst experience ever, like going to the dentist knowing he is going to tell you that you need to floss more and brush for 4 minutes twice a day. Each time going to walmart surpasses the previous in its unpleasantness. As I enter the store I am greeted by some old decaying elderly person like a really old cat who wants you to pet it but alls you can do is cringe at how repulsive they are. Perhaps that is what they are hoping to accomplish, wishing one day maybe some shopper will come through the arches and snap their brittle osteoperosis neck. Yes its walmarts way of population control out with the old in with the new. This is what I think of every time I walk into the store and scurry past them avoiding eye contact at all costs. As the big swooshy 20 foot wide doors for the obese people to comfortably walk through, I scurry through with my head down avoiding eye contact like you do with those peddlers selling flowers and a fortune cookie sized paper attached to it at the redlights for veterans. As i pass by the old decrepid gentleman he says hello welcome to walmart and I keep walking but find myself shouting deoderant good!!! As I continue to tredge deeper into the danger zone of the heart of wal mart I think to myself Why the fuck did i shout deoderant to that old geezer he prob thinks im some kind of psycho hosepeice, hah psycho hosepeice walmart probly has one of those in the garden center...maybe? Oh well fuck it they will never be able to hunt me down among the mouth breathers in here so deeper i go no longer worrying about the consequences of shouting at the greeter. As I look at the other employees i just cant help to wonder what the application process is here. I measure it up to the opposite of porn casting where the girls in the videos must be sexy the casting here is clearly must fit the appearance of the following, down syndrome, extremely disfigured, injured in a horrific automobile and paralyzed or a midget. So as my discontent grew passing the horrific looking staff members i found my objective feet away from me. I picked out my soap product and deoderant and wondered perhaps i was just reciting my list in my head as the greater spoke to me and in a state of dissaray i just shouted what i had on my mind most recently.. Well now the tough part of the journey, navigating back to the cash register. Once you get to the register it is like playing what is behind door number three bob?!. What i mean by this is you pick your line and dont know what you will get you could go to the express land but usually the person running the register is the most handicapped because you have less items to keep track of. I once was buying vitamens and the cross eyed woman presisted to hold conversation with me telling me how her doctor makes her take 10 times the iron that come in the normal vitamens because she has an iron deficiency. I was thinking to myself jesus lady an iron deficiency is the least of your god damn worryâs have you seen yourself? you look like the beast from the goonies movie jesus..and at that very point she recommended a baby ruth bar to me because they were on sale hah ironic? or fate hmmm.... 12 items or less lines arent for our convience it is becasue that is all the person running that register can handing ringing up at a time anything over 12 and we will surely have a situation with a flashing checkout line on our hands or even lose them to the walmart. The walmart general manager would soon swoop in and deem that employee unfit for duty and will take them into the back and force them to crack their arsenic cap in their false tooth which you get upon being hired at walmart. Ok so i have scouted my line options and choose like number 23. Shit i chose 23? welp that cant be good since lost told me that the following numbers are cursed 4, 8, 15, 16, and 23. I guesse once i cash out im likely to be teleported to the island and eventually die in 1973 or 2004 whichever time they had the incident. After cashing out and walking through the gateway back to the real world. As i look to my left i see the security guard who is also >89years old. I wonder if truly this is a folly and alls this man has to do is press the red button underneath the donation tray and any thiefâs will be greeted by men in black suits who will then take you and put you in the dungeons underneath walmart and set you free in 20 years to roam the store amongst the staff and customers. I wonder to myself as i pass the sticky situation of the security guard at the

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door, that must be the reason when i enter a walmart people are still wearing 1980s styled looney toons shirts. Objective complete as i succesfully navigated throught the hellish parking lot avoiding the 34 carrige robot and the sunday drivers, as i wipe the sweat off my brow i can now i can safely depart to my house only ending up with the same mission in a few short weeks once i deplete my soap and DEODERant damnit!

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