

Dear Wal-Mart,

It has come to my attention that you recently pulled the new Jon Stewart book "America, the Book" from your shelves because it features phony pictures of a few Supreme Court Justices naked. Thank you. Thank you for taking it upon yourselves to choose what your tobacco chewing, filthy, baby-making machine, shoppers should and should not be exposed to. God forbid one of these fat disgusting un-wed mothers of Satan's spawn should see a mock photo of a naked person. Why I'll bet they've never seen a naked person in their whole trailer park dwelling lives. I'm willing to bet that they had all five of their kids as a result of their recently paroled boyfriend jerking off and flinging the goo at their privates.



Or is it to protect the children? Guess what, it's too late for these kids. They've all been raised on Big Macs and Coke products and the layer of shit on their faces is all the evidence I need that they're not gonna make it. Most of them will only live to see 16 if they're lucky. A stray pit bull in the development where they live or maybe a raging case of polio will take care of the vermin who wander your aisles long before seeing nudity can ruin them. Or perhaps the prospect of eventually turning into their morbidly obese mother who wolfs down cheese curls likes she's in the eating Olympics will inspire them to buy one of YOUR shotguns and "checkout in the express lane of life".

If America needs a watchdog to make sure the kids are safe, maybe Wal-Mart isn't the best candidate for the job. Most people in this country couldn't care less what you think is acceptable for us to see or hear for that matter. Don't you censor the CDs in your stores as well? Holy shit, if that 13 year old kid over there - with the harelip and two extra fingers because his dad is also his uncle - hears Eminem say "fuck", he might not grow up to be president. Give me a fucking break. That douche-face couldn't even spell president.

As tempting as it may be to try to get inside your customers' heads -- and there's plenty of room in there -- don't. I wouldn't care what the owners of Chuck E. Cheese think about what I read and hear and I don't care what you think either.

I'm quite positive that when Cletus finger-bangs his sister in the port-a-john outside the tractor pull, he's not thinking "gee, I'm sure glad Wal-Mart is looking out for us". He's probably thinking, "Hey, what's that smell?" That's about as deep as it gets for your shoppers.

If you want something useful to do with your time, think about this: reduce your inventory to include only the following items:

1. Diapers (adult size for your greeters and regular for your customer's kids)
2. Slim Fast (most of your customers desperately need it)
3. Vaginal cream (most of your customers desperately need it)
4. Chewing tobacco and related products (Styrofoam cups, coffee cans and anything else that can be used as a spittoon)
5. Condoms
6. SOAP! Lots of soap.

That's all you ever need to stock on your shelves. In fact, don't even use shelves. Maybe that's what's fucking these people up. If you've ever seen the conditions they live in you'd know they prefer to have their belongings just thrown on the floor in a big messy pile ... as if a giant monster ate all their stuff and then shit it out in one place. Make them feel more at home... Sit a few old broken down refrigerators out front, put your store on wheels, and really complete the effect. Make it so much like their own homes they never want to leave. Then, when they're all inside, burn it down.

*Love,
Bill Scott*