You haven't touched your food.

Everything all right at work?

I don't know.

I don't like it much I guess.

My father went out of his way to get you that job, so you better damn well make sure you start liking it. That plant puts a roof over our head and the food on our plates. Now eat your dinner!
Harold?

Yes?

Heh.

Go get her, Harold!

Good m-m-morning, Candy. You look nice today.

Give her a kiss, Harold! Har, Har.

Thank you, Harold. You're very kind.

Mr. Mueller would like to see you.
The enemy is at the gates, Harold.

The goddamn Bufo.

They've got this nephew. Needs a job. "Something with numbers," they said.

You know how it is, Harold.

Not really, sir. No.

I'm giving him your job.

Just because you're my daughter's husband doesn't entitle you to special treatment.

But don't worry, I'm not firing you.

You want to work for me, don't you?

Yes, sir. Good.

You're being transferred to The Floor.

It's time you got your hands dirty.
The boss asked me to give you a few shifts on The Floor. Considering you're his son-in-law ain't like I got much choice. Name's Jack. I ain't as easy on the eyes as that girl of yours. What's her name? Candy?

She's not my.

Ha, Ha. I'm just teasing Harold. But I tell you what, you got good taste.

I reckon I'll be paying her a visit come lunch.

First things first. Don't go sticking your hands in there because these bastards will bite. You'd be surprised how many learn that lesson the hard way.

I wouldn't worry too much about 'em. You'll be working the line and nothing comin' down the bell's gonna be moving.
Let me give you some advice, friend. Don't make them out to be something other than what they are.

Dumb animals.

Everybody loves to eat, but nobody wants to know where it comes from.
Feels good don’t it? The end of a day.

Gonna be a good night too. Know why?

Got me a date with candy. Figured you’d get a kick out of that. I’ll fill you in on all the details tomorrow.

You and me? We’re gonna be real good friends. And friends help each other.

Like maybe you stay late tonight and lock up for me? Give me a chance to get cleaned up good for Candy. You do me a favor...

...and maybe I don’t mention your Candy flavored daydreams to the old man?
Father phoned. He's furious.

You don't know anything about what happened do you?

Well of course you wouldn't.

Apparently, the pens were left open. Wide open. The animals are everywhere. Father says he'll be lucky if he can get half the lot back.

He's already fired the new manager of yours.

What are you smiling about?

Eat your dinner!

Fine. If you don't like how I make your food...
...eat something else.

Animals.

Story by Eric Grissom. Art by Claire Connelly.