

WHAT ARE THE GUARDS DOING?

THEY'RE SEARCHING MY CELL...GRRR

NO SPEAKERS ALLOWED! ALTERED
TV? CONFISCATED! TOO MANY
BOOKS? TRASHCAN! LIMIT TWENTY
PICTURES! VIOLATION! EXTRA
SHOES? DONATION BOX!



WELL...HOW DID
YOUR DOCTOR'S
VISIT GO?



THE DOCTOR BROKE
MY ANKLE TRYING
TO FIX AN
INGROWN TOENAIL
THEN GAVE ME
HEARTBURN PILLS
FOR THE PAIN...
GRRRRRR...

HOBBLE
HOBBLE

BAD LUCK! DID YOU
AT LEAST GET THE
TRANSFER YOU
REQUESTED?



NOT EXACTLY.
INSTEAD OF
MOVING ME 300
MILES CLOSER
TO HOME, I'M
GETTING SENT
300 MILES
FARTHER AWAY!
GRRRR...

GRRRRRRRAWRR!!!
STUPID PRISON BUREAUCRACY
IS RUINING MY LIFE!!!



INMATES BE CRAZY YO
ON THE REAL!

