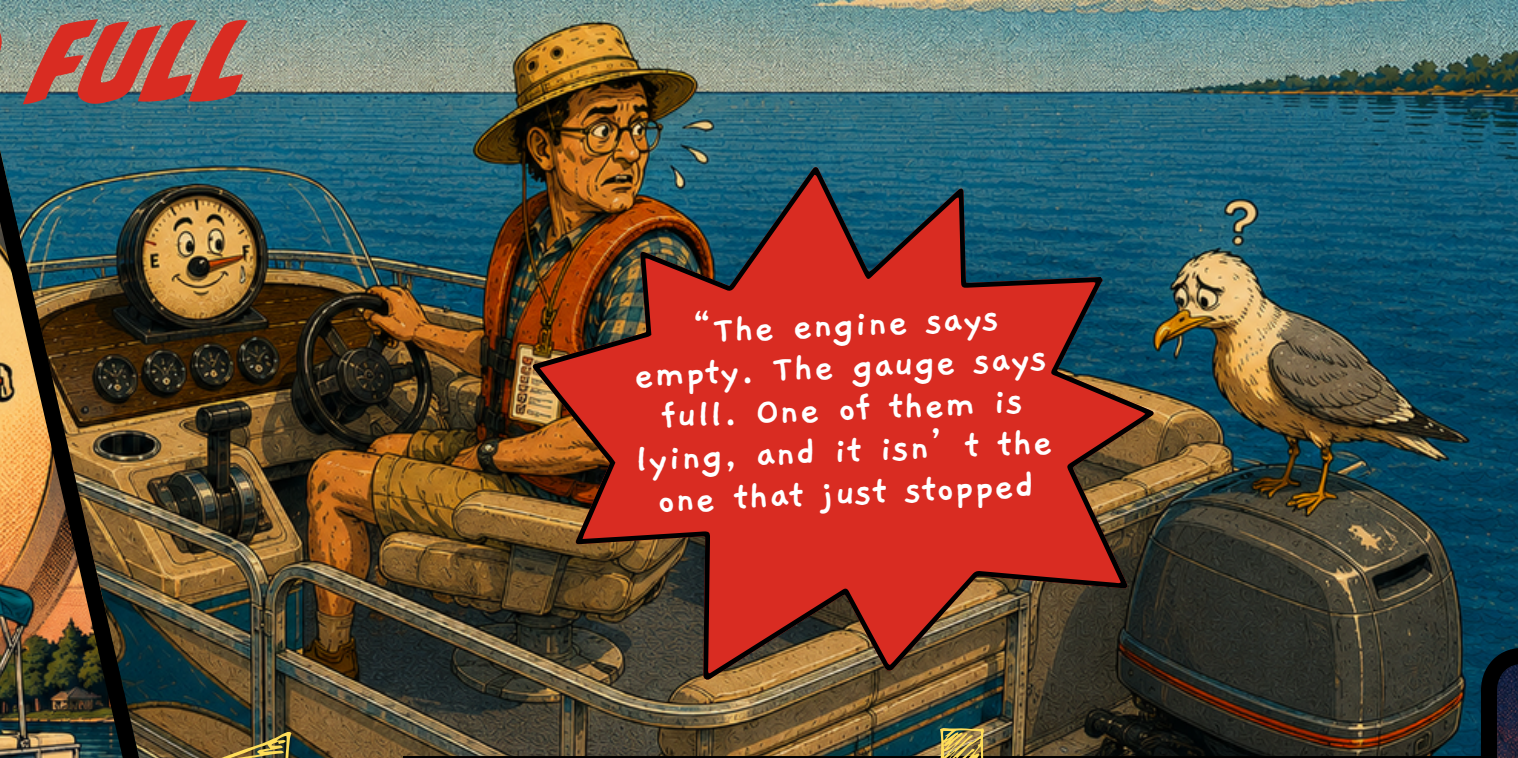
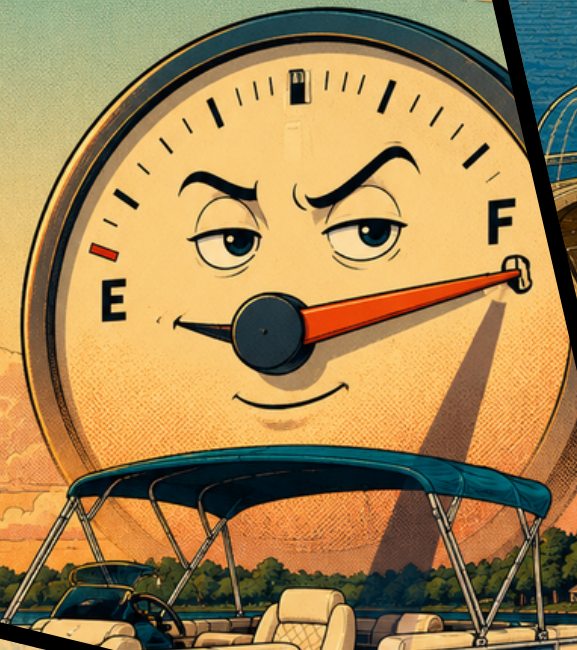


THE GAUGE THAT CRIED FULL

Meet Marvin. Marvin has a checklist for his checklists. Marvin has never once been the problem



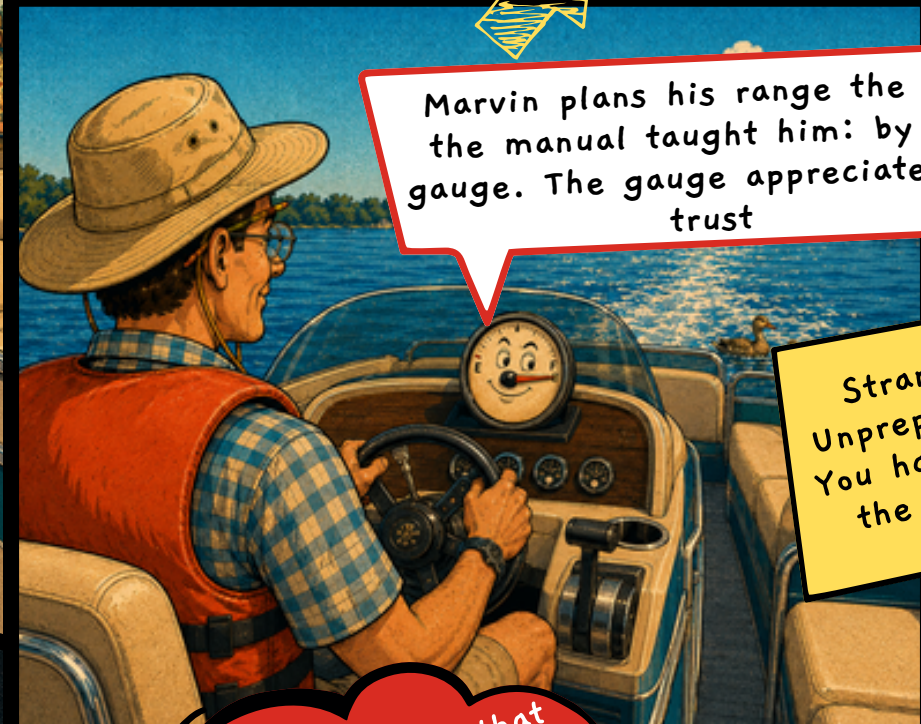
"The engine says empty. The gauge says full. One of them is lying, and it isn't the one that just stopped"



Rosa follows the fill hose sag. The sender sized for somebody else's tank. The mystery is not a mystery



First click. Hands off. Cap on. Somewhere, a service technician feels a warm glow and doesn't know why



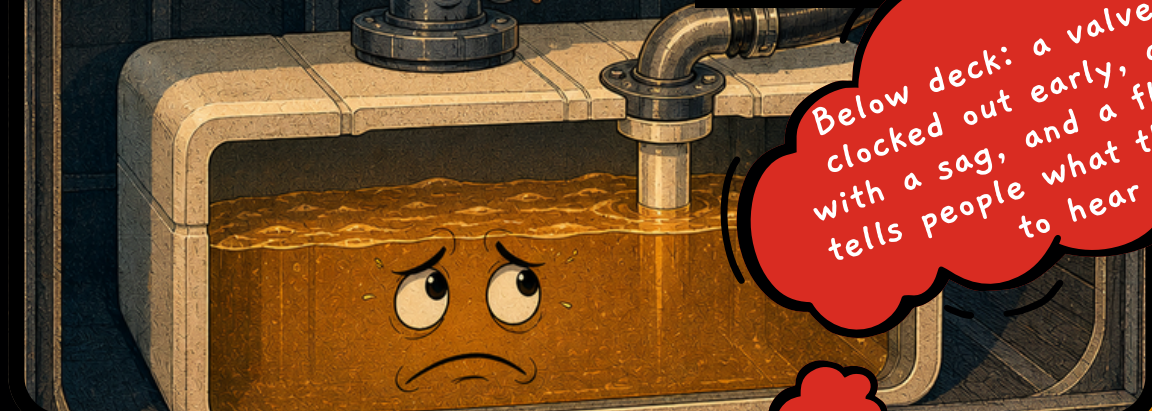
Marvin plans his range the way the manual taught him: by the gauge. The gauge appreciates his trust



Stranded, yes. Unprepared, never. You have to respect the organization



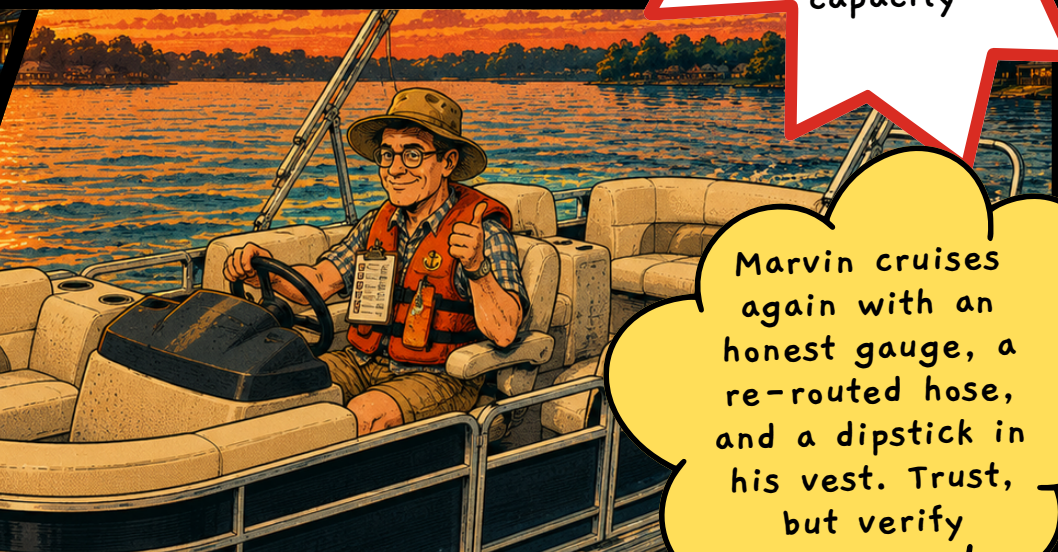
Exhibit A: one fuel sender, incapable of honesty. It read full at two-thirds of the tank capacity



Below deck: a valve that clocked out early, a hose with a sag, and a float that tells people what they want to hear



The tow of shame. The gauge maintains its story the entire way home. Committed to the bit.



Marvin cruises again with an honest gauge, a re-routed hose, and a dipstick in his vest. Trust, but verify