

My Dear Old Bastard,  
I write to you from a strange scene of natural anarchy and grotesque abundance. The duck pond retreat has transformed into a simmering cesspool of filth and feathered madness. I swear to God, these ducks are multiplying faster than a Mormon's wet dream. What began as a tranquil oasis is now a screeching, flapping circus of beaks and webbed feet, driven by an insatiable, primal hunger. Every morning, it looks more like a goddamn Hitchcock film—ducks packed wing-

to-wing like commuters on the Tokyo subway. They've developed a sort of duck mafia hierarchy, with the largest drakes ruling the pond like feathered Tony Sopranos. They stare at me with eyes full of dark intent, like they know something I don't. It's unnatural, I tell you.

Now, I could pack up and leave this waterfowl Armageddon behind, because I might be returning to Spain. Just cleared stage 2 of the technical interview. At least I think I did. It's hard to say with these

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Yours in snubular and expectation  
madness.  
be nice to hear a friendly voice through the  
whole damned carnival keeps tumbling. But it'd  
be nice back soon, or don't. Either way, this  
writer's gonna be a friendlier place.  
that I'm at peace.  
cigarette and pretend, just for a moment,  
overpopulation. I'll sit out here with a

Morocco with a knife clenched between my  
teeth. It's good to have options, you know?  
And the sea is the ultimate option. Build  
myself a seaworthy craft and head out to the  
horizon. Who's to stop me? The Spanish coast  
isn't exactly.  
Spain sounds like the safer bet, doesn't it?  
A land where the sun burns away the bullshit,  
and I can keep an eye on Gibraltar. There's  
guaranteed charm in my way past worse.  
I suppose that's all for now. The ducks are  
beginning to be said about proximity to that  
pond like a gang of tiny sharks. The sun is  
setting, casting a blood-red glow over the  
water. It's almost beautiful, if you ignore the  
squawking and the raw stench of

president. I'm better off reading horror novels  
and watching the ducks enact their own  
perverse little drama. At least then the terror

out in the sun to bake. And don't even get me  
stared on the fish—some sort of unholiness.

Frankenstein's monster of river sludge and  
youembreed cat food. It's almost enough to make  
you embrace vegetarianism, though I'd rather  
gnaw on a leather boot.

Honestly, I can't bring myself to turn  
on the TV anymore. It's like someone pulled a  
plug on humanity's creative cortex and

replaced it with a brain-dead monkey

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Jesus Christ, the apples here taste like

they've been crossbred with a potato and left

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