

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 bastards; they keep their poker faces better than any Vegas pit boss. I could be their golden candidate, or they could be passing around my application for office laughs, mocking my syntax like a herd of ivy-league hyenas. Corporate sadism at its finest.

If that doesn't pan out, though, I'm considering going full rogue—posing as a Digital Nomad somewhere in Southeast Asia. Just think about it: a laptop and a smile, floating through the jungles of Vietnam like some tech-savvy vagabond. Although we both know I'd likely end up veering off course, chasing some vice or other, until I find myself nose-deep in the groin of a Thai ladyboy and then face-first on the grimy floor of a Bangkok prison

evening ritual, circling the pond like a gang of tiny sharks. The I suppose that's all for now. The ducks are beginning their guard? I've charmed my way past worse.

and head out to the horizon. Who's to stop me? The Spanish coast And the sea is the ultimate option. Build myself a seaworthy craft clenched between my teeth. It's good to have options, you know? could be swimming for the coast of Morocco with a knife go sideways and the apocalypse unfurls in its full, hideous glory, I of water—like a pressure release valve for Europe. If things really There's something to be said about proximity to that narrow strip sun burns away the bullshit, and I can keep an eye on Gibraltar. Spain sounds like the safer bet, doesn't it? A land where the reverse little drama. At least then the terror is authentic.

reading horror novels and watching the ducks enact their own replaced it with a brain-dead monkey president. I'm better off It's like someone pulled a plug on humanity's creative cortex and Honestly, I can't even bring myself to turn on the TV anymore. rather gnaw on a leather boot.

almost enough to make you embrace vegetarianism, though I'd Frankenstein's monster of river sludge and expired cat food. It's even get me started on the fish—some sort of unholily crossbred with a potato and left out in the sun to bake. And don't what they're passing off as produce at the local Rewe supermarket here. Jesus Christ, the apples here taste like they've been In either scenario, the fish and fruit would be miles ahead of living Buddha, anything can happen.

acrid scent of broken dreams. But who's to say? In the land of the cell, I can almost smell it now: the mold, the rotting fish, and the

Yours in squalor and expectation

Write back soon, or don't. Either way, this whole damned carnival keeps turning. But it'd be nice to hear a friendly voice through the madness.

just for a moment, that I'm at peace.

of overpopulation. I'll sit out here with a cigarette and pretend, almost beautiful, if you ignore the squawking and the raw stench sun is setting, casting a blood-orange light over the water. It's