

## MYTH:

Ostriches can't fly

## DID YOU KNOW?

The only reason ostriches can't fly is because everybody told them they can't.

At ***BetterHealth.com***, we invite you to take a moment to look back and reflect on the first memory you ever had related to the stigma around Ostriches not being able to fly.

**We believe that dissolving this stigma is a MUST.**

Join us to start your healing journey and you'll soon be able to view your favourite jungles and savannahs from a whole other perspective!

*(Not to mention being able to fly away from your predators)*

Oh, my dear spinach,  
Thou art but a wilted weed,  
Boasting of thy noble iron,  
Yet thou canst not abide the gentlest  
heat,  
And straightaway thou faints like a  
maiden in distress.  
Thy virtue is praised, yet thy strength is  
but a tale;  
For in the pot, thou liest limp,  
A shadow of thine own green pride.



**GET 25% OFF THE LATEST LAWNMOWER  
ONLY FOR A LIMITED TIME**

**Don't have a lawn?**

*Shhh...* Nobody has to know, purchase the latest model and not only will people think you have a lawn, but a big one!

**Don't care about their opinions?**

***Expand your moral deeds! Become a hustler!***

There is always someone in need of a lawnmower, your community garden, a neighbour... Help them out, maybe even earn an extra few bucks in the process.

**A lawnmower is NEVER a bad idea.**



Dear whomever this may concern,

I opened a bag of your crisps today expecting the usual - beige, predictable, slightly salty slices of sameness. A snack designed by committee, forgettable by design. And then I saw it.

One crisp. Deformed. Darker than the rest - not golden, but blistered, bruised. The edges were warped and curled, like it had shriveled in on itself. It glistened with a shiny, greasy surface, and looked like it came from a potato that had sat too long in the dark - the kind that gives off that horrible stench: sour earth, chemical sweetness, something not quite dead but no longer alive either. And yet I ate it, and it was *phenomenal*.

The crunch was louder, thicker, it resisted more. The flavour was complex: deep, smoky, and faintly sour. It didn't just taste seasoned, it tasted seasoned by life. It was, quite honestly, the only crisp in the bag that had anything to say.

So here's the problem: if that is what your crisps can be - despite being born from some mistake - why are the rest so flat? Why are you sanding down the edges? Who decided bland consistency was preferable to actual excellence?

I'm not writing to complain. I'm writing to demand answers. Because the worst-looking crisp I've ever seen was also the best-tasting, and that's not just surprising - it's infuriating.

Make more like that, lean into the chaos, embrace the rot, or stop pretending you care about flavour.

Nicole Stott



They told me you would always be  
On the table, for my tea  
Swimming closer, for me to eat  
In a sauté, a delicious treat  
You fed me when I was very small  
But they say you're not there any more?  
I've gotta learn how to survive without you  
I've gotta eat my fries without you  
Cooking on the griddle without you  
It won't be the same without you  
But I don't want to be without you  
Fuck, I'm gonna try and do without you  
I'm gonna stop the people that hound you  
I'm gonna save the oceans around you  
You are so very grand, my dear  
In comics and captains, you reappear  
There's even software with your name  
So losing you should bring us shame  
You fed me when I was very small  
But they say you're not there any more?  
I've gotta learn how to survive without you  
I've gotta eat my fries without you  
Cooking on the griddle without you  
It won't be the same without you  
But I don't want to be without you  
Fuck, I'm gonna try and do without you  
I'm gonna stop the people that hound you  
I'm gonna save the oceans around you

**Original inspiration drawn from Without you - Avicii**

**Link to AI produced song:**

**<https://suno.com/s/f1zmVYhxcDUdCPfK>**