

THE DAILY PRESSED DUCK GATE

BIG NEWS LITTLE CANARD DARK POND OF MIND DANGEROUS
TONIGHT MANY MYSTERIES GATHER WHO WAS ABUSED D
DUCK A KID KRONKEIT RATHER GRANDIOSE DOGS BARKED
TODAY CLEVER HUNTERS DID NOT MISS IS THE WORLD FULL OF
HALF-DEAD HALF-SOLD DUCKS IN DEATH'S KISS AND NOW THIS

(Advertisement)

Do you deeply resent your struggle to pretend to be good?
Do you deeply resent infinite adjustment to up-scale your darker mood?
Deeply resent struggling to be what you hate, my frustrated little anthromorph?
Red-face sick of being a stooge for goody-goody artists, my little slowburnomorph?
The morbid opinions of millions of land of hype and gory pinions- Is this your problem?
If you have to under-crawl like a slave, dream like a drudge, quack like an un-licked sap-
Scream like an over-burned, re-exploded, hyper-beaten hack always groveling for crap-
If hot feathers ember up your back in a polite fury's silent flap-
Is your life an over-exploited hustle in a heavy halter?
Your Self, an over-violated half-dead Duck, half-sold by a merciless Walter?
All this could be yours! ♦ Send no money! ♦ Nothing for you to buy!
Search your neck feathers for small expiration's almost dead sigh-
That hot little star quack you love to ignore! Live from that!
Ere Self fades as do blush of Mickey, the obsequious rat:
Ere your *You* screams like big bad wolf chewed cat:
Ere your *Life* lies like bone on Pluto's door mat:
(Call not even well-paid approximate boiling, luck.)
Yuck! After not many a simmer dies the Duck.

STARS SHINE BRIGHT ON SHATTER LIGHT. DEEP IN BACK OF THAT IS STAR WRACK
OF SIMPLE CANARD: ONE DEAD WHACK FLAT ON ITS QUACK SQUEAKS AN AD FOR
NEVER GIVE UP HOPE, SHUT YOUR MOUTH, OR TAKE SHIT: THEE. THE. THE. THAT'S
DO NOT NEVER EVER GO RIGHT OUT AND QUACK YOUR SELF UP YOUR ASS, FOLKS