

“BIRD SWALLOWED BY GIANT ‘GLORY HOLE’ REPORTEDLY LIVES TO FLY ANOTHER DAY.”

That was the *actual* headline. But my brain mixed up the words, so instead I read—

“BIRD SWALLOWED BY GIANT ‘GLORY HOLE’ REPORTEDLY FLIES INTO ANOTHER DAY.”

Sweet Jesus, I thought. Someone—a mother fuckin’ mallard no less—has slipped the bonds of time and space, located our means of escape, traversed the existential glory hole of the human misery and returned to our shores bearing that blessed chalice, that holy grail, the knowledge that we CAN get the fuck outta here!!!!

I’m that desperate I guess.

So desperate to escape—(*beat, gesturing vaguely to everything*)—this (*beat*)—that I’m willing to ally myself with a suicidal mallard who has CLEARLY never heard of STDs. (*Beat*) Then I read the headline once more and thought, “Whoever named that thing obviously doesn’t really know what a glory hole is. (*Beat*) Or do they?”